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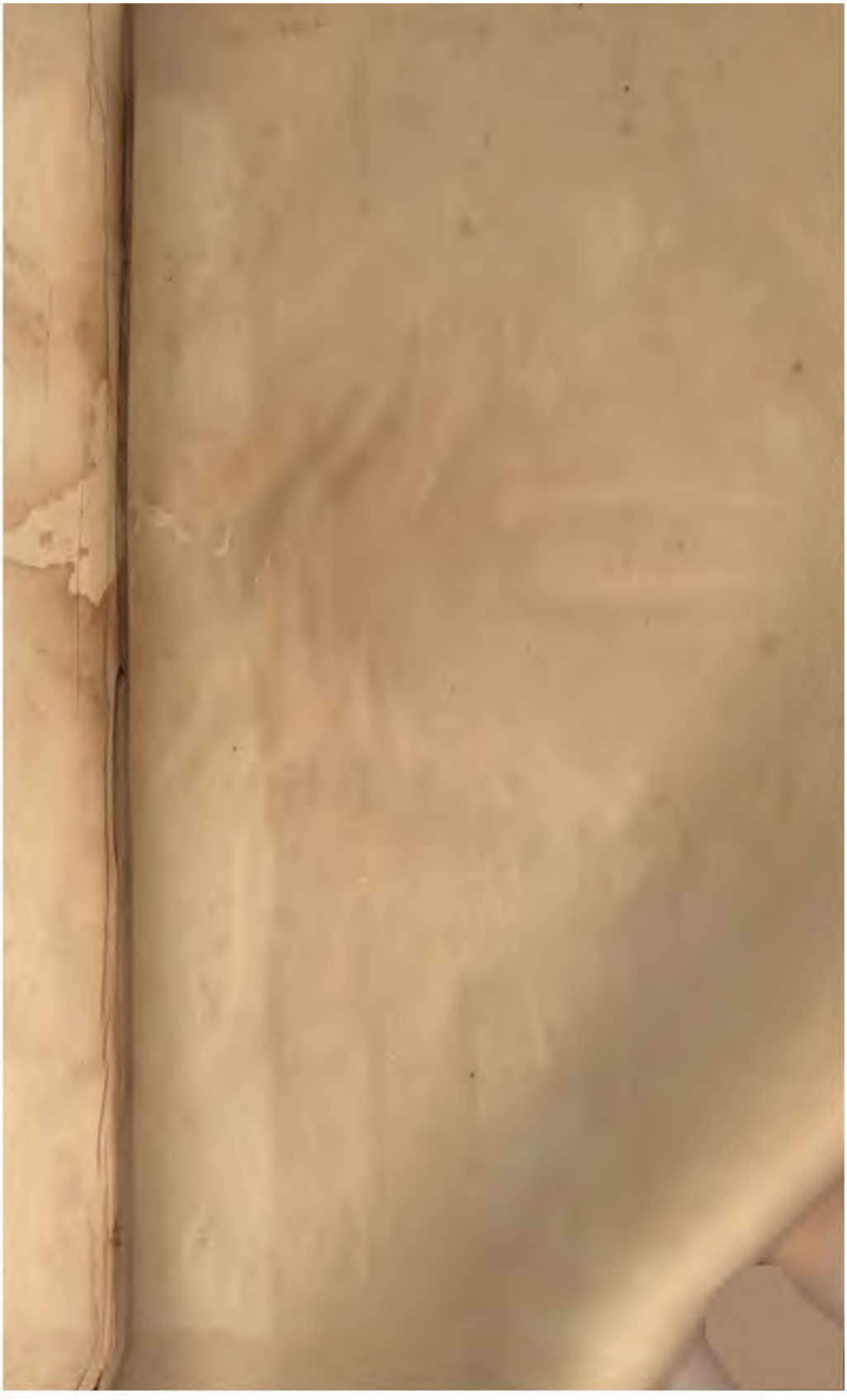
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A Weekly Journal.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.] DIX & EDWARDS, PUBLISHERS. [No. 26.
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SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

As late as eight-and-twenty years since, across the open road at the great western entrance into London, between the triple archway and screen of the Park and the triumphal gateway of Constitution Hill, there stretched a turnpike with double lodges. To that turnpike, half a century earlier, I wish the reader to accompany me. An unusual number of people are collected (it is Thursday, the 3rd of August, 1775) to see the king and queen returning from the drawing-room. It is not much of a show. Not even a gilt coach figures in it, or a prancing horse, or a company of lancers or dragoons. Only a stir is perceived at the further end of the crowd, two lines are formed, and through them come two sedan chairs, each surmounted by a crown and borne by two men in the royal liveries—majesty in the one exhibiting itself in very light cloth with silver buttons; and in the other wearing lemon-coloured flowered silk on a light cream-coloured ground. And so, between the two lines, observing, smiling, and bowing as they pass, George the Third and Queen Charlotte move away—and the sight is over.

But even then, for one person in the crowd, the scene appears not to lose all its interest. He is a small, thin, precise-looking man, in a dress of grave square cut, with a large bush wig, very sharp features, long nose and chin, a keen restless eye, a step as active and firm as though it carried sixteen instead of sixty winters, and a complexion certainly not tanned by an English sun. But he speaks English; and, asking of one who stands near what that noble red-brick house is that bears the look of having sprung up quite recently at the gate of Hyde Park, is told that it has just been built by the Lord Chancellor Apsley, on ground taken out of the park, and given him for the purpose by the king.

The stranger had probably more interest in the answer than he expected when he put the question. Within that house, he could hardly fail then to remember, there lived with Chancellor Apsley his father Lord Bathurst, the celebrated friend of Pope and Swift; from whose life, wanting now but nine years to complete its cycle of a century, Burke had drawn the happy illustration which he had thrown out six months ago in the House of Commons, in a speech already admired of all men, but to the man now standing by Apsley Gate more than commonly impressive. Having to move certain resolutions for a basis of conciliation with our American colonies in the dispute at this time raging, the great orator had pointed to Lord Bathurst's venerable age, for proof that within the short period of the life of man our commercial and colonial prosperity had risen, and for warning that the same brief space might suffice for its not less rapid fall. Here was one, said Burke, who had lived in days when America served for little more than to amuse Dutch William's subjects with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; who had survived to days when as much as England had won through the civilizing conquests and settlements of seventeen hundred years, had been added to her by that very America in the course of half a century; and who yet might be spared to see these fruits of man's energy blasted by man's folly, and all this glorious prosperity withered and passed away. As merely a burst of eloquence, this was a thing to be remembered; but to the stranger of whom I speak, it possessed a nearer interest. For if the resolutions with which it closed had not been contemptuously rejected, the revolution which had driven him here into exile might not in his days have begun. If concession to those American colonies of the right of taxing themselves, of the right of trial in places where offences were committed, and of the privilege of juries in Admiralty courts, had found more than seventy-eight supporters in a house of three hundred and forty-eight members, the peal of musketry which had broken over Lexington might not have been heard by that generation; and Mr. Samuel Curwen, prosperous merchant and Judge of Admiralty at Salem in New England, would not have found himself, a sudden fugitive from home, standing before Apsley House that August afternoon.

Two days after the Lexington affair he had taken flight from the port of Boston. His little native town of Salem was then in a flame. Some weeks earlier he had been pointed at and denounced for an ardent loyalist; but when the new militia bands had once crossed arms with the king's troops, this feeling,

broke all bounds. Everywhere men who had claimed the right to uphold opinions adverse to those of the majority of their fellow-citizens, were driven forth with ignominy. We are told to forgive our enemies, was the fierce cry which rose on all sides, but we are not told to forgive our friends. Mr. Curwen thought he might possibly escape unmolested in Philadelphia; but on arriving there, in his precipitate flight from Boston, he found the militia as eager to put shoulder to shoulder in peaceful Pennsylvania, as he had left them in puritan Massachusetts; drums were beating, colours flying; and he saw two companies of armed quakers, commanded by Friend Samuel Marshall, and Friend Thomas Miffin, parading the streets of the drab-coated city. So there was nothing left for this poor ex-colonial Judge of Admiralty, but to put himself on board a schooner bound for England, and try to find with us the liberty of opinion which America was then too bent on seizing for herself to have time to concede to her offspring. He was at sea nearly two months; and long before he landed at Dover, in July, the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought, and all hopes of peaceful accommodation closed.

When Judge Curwen fled from the rebellious colonies he was sixty years old, when he went back to the triumphant young republic he was sixty-nine; and of the eventful years which formed the interval—all of them passed in England, and all with the usual penalties of exile, though some with more than its usual enjoyments—he left a curious record in a diary which his surviving representatives printed in New York a dozen years ago,* and in which those past days with all their pains and pleasures, their hopes and their misgivings, still live for us with a vivid and singular reality. For the record was honest and genuine, as in the main the diarist himself was. He does not appear, indeed, to have been of the heroic stuff of martyrs. If the liberty of opinion he craved had been conceded to him, it would probably have involved nothing graver than the liberty to change his opinion; for he was clearly a man impressible by events, and would probably have saved himself a very long voyage, and very great inconvenience, if he could only have held his tongue till after the first few blows were struck in the war of his fellow-citizens for independence. Not that he was a time-server—far from that; his views within his line of sight were steady and unwavering; but in politics this line stretched but a little way, and took also a subsequent not dishonourable bias from his avowed liking for his native land. In other respects he was a man of fair learning, and more than average accomplishment; not at all intolerant of opinions at issue with his own; in religion a dissenter of the class still most prevalent in New England, in his tastes scholarly and refined, not ill-read in general literature, prone to social enjoyments, a reasonably good critic of what he saw,—altogether an excellent example of the class of men out of whom the Fathers and Founders of that great republic sprang; and a companion not less pleasant than instructive to pass a few hours with, as I hope the reader will find.

If he also finds, as he moves in such company through some memorable scenes long past, that on all sides views are entertained of the probable results of this quarrel between Great Britain and her Colonies, which at the present day appear almost too monstrous for belief, he will not be less kindly disposed to the elderly New Englander who felt that he could only resolve by headlong flight the many awful doubts that were besetting him of what must follow a contest so unnatural. With its only practicable issue, Separation, staring every one in the face at the period his diary begins—no one is bold enough to confront it. The idea is not more abhorrent to Lords North and George Germaine than it is to Chatham and to Burke. It will appear not less to the credit of Mr. Curwen's sagacity than of his humanity that he constantly urged conciliation, because he held steadily to the belief that America never would be conquered by arms; but not for an instant, till the very last, did he doubt that the downfall of both countries would follow fast on the heels of what was called "Independence." And all around him, whether favourable or not to the claims of the insurgent colonists, are not less firmly of *that* opinion. It was not till Mr. Curwen had been living more than two years in England, that (on the night of the 3rd September, 1777) he met one man at Bristol who held quite different views. This eccentric person will appear in our second chapter.

But whatever errors in political science might be prevalent—did the great mass of the people even on this side the Atlantic, though much ill-blood had been violently stirred, desire other than a speedy and amicable close to this breaking out of quarrel? Mr. Curwen tells us, no. The experience of his first two months in London sufficed to prove to him that though the upper ranks, most of the capital stockholders, and the principal nobility, were for forcing at all hazards supremacy of Parliament over the insurgent colonies, yet from the middle ranks downward the people were decidedly opposed to it. He went into all kinds of coffee-houses (a better index of public opinion in those days than the club-houses since have been), and though he found the resistance of America the standing topic of dispute, and the dispute "something warm," yet it was always "without abuse or ill-nature." Indeed in one

* It was printed in 1842, with the title of *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.: an American refugee in England;* under the Editorship of Mr. George Atkinson Ward, "Member of the New-York Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

of the very first letters he had to write out after his arrival, when he had not been five weeks in London, he mentions the surprise with which he had found "a tenderness in the minds of many here for America, even of those who disapprove of the principles of an entire independence of the British legislature, and ardently wish an effort may be made to accommodate." He went hardly anywhere into English middle class society that he did not, at the outset of this wretched quarrel, find a manly tolerance expressed for that of which he confesses he had himself in America been very far from equally tolerant. There was one house indeed, where with the noblest echo of this better feeling, he might also have heard a noisier and more violent majority eager to welcome extremities from which the bulk of the nation recoiled; but he could not find his way into it. In the fourth month after his arrival, Burke was upholding with unabated and unrivalled eloquence another motion in that house "to compose the present troubles and quiet the minds of His Majesty's subjects in America," but Mr. Curwen in vain exerted himself to obtain admission. After another month, Lord North in a very different spirit was urging there, amid *Hear hims!* of greater triumph and with a success of numbers more potent than Burke's reasoning or wit, his bill for absolutely prohibiting all future commercial intercourse with America; and still Mr. Curwen knocked at the gallery door in vain. He remonstrated at last; he spoke to Mr. George Hayley, M. P., whom he met in the Strand; and Mr. Hayley, an active and bustling City member in those days, now faded out of human memory, could only assure the respected ex-judge that really all strangers for the present time must be excluded, for the attendances were great, the floor of the House too small, and positively the members themselves could not get on without the gallery.

But if he must wait (it is only for a time) the unbarring of those inhospitable doors, many more genial ones have been meanwhile, and still are, opening to him. Let us go back a little, and retrace what amusements or occupations they were that relieved the first months of his exile. For this agitated time offered no exception to the law which prevails at every other, and which, in presence of the most trivial interests that can engage the individual attention, seems to dwarf the mightiest that affect the welfare of the world. It is of course not really so, as a very little reflection teaches us. We perceive it to be the result of one of the wisest of providential arrangements, that when we penetrate beneath the surface of the most wide-spread calamities that absorb the attention of history we should find the ordinary currents of human life moving on with little suffering or disturbance; and we can afford to leave entirely to the use of jaded men of fashion such regrets as Horace Walpole was at this particular hour indulging, that so little grief should be felt by the public for the public misfortunes, and that theatres, operas, parties, dinings, merry-makings, fashionable preachings, and Sunday evening promenadings, should still be in progress just as usual, though armies were surrendering, fleets showing the white feather, and an incapable ministry despoiling the Crown of what Horace protests is "its brightest jewel" —the Colonies of North America!

Judge Curwen has only been one day in London when he is to be discovered strolling about Westminster Hall, remarking it as something odd that the Master of the Rolls (then Sir Thomas Sewell) should be sitting in court with his hat on; finding the noise "much greater than would be allowed in our American courts;" thinking it unbecoming the dignity of a judge that, in place of peremptorily checking the noise and confusion, Mr. Justice Nares should actually submit to rise out of his seat, step forward, and lean down to hear; and giving other intimations of an old-world formality and love of grave precision which a modern visitor from the New World would hardly be expected to display. He saw, of course, on this and on other occasions the Chief Justice, and thought his manner very like "the late Judge Dudley of Massachusetts;" all but those peering eyes of his, which denoted a penetration and comprehension peculiarly his own. After that hard look at Mansfield, the man whose eloquence was ever loudest against his countrymen, and whose politics, admired in his Tory days in America, now appear to him far less palatable in these days of exile—(an "excellent judge and mischievous politician" is the character he gives of him)—he is most anxious to get sight of Wedderburn, who only last year had flung in Benjamin Franklin's face the grossest insult that language could frame; and in Mansfield's court he discovers the indiscreet and fiery little Serjeant, but not saying anything that was worthy of remembrance. In the Common Pleas he sees Blackstone, already famous across the Atlantic as the author of the Commentaries; and, before leaving Westminster Hall, he entertains himself in the committee chamber of the House of Commons at the examination of the witnesses in the case of the Worcester election, observing the M.P.s sitting on an elevated bench looking like a court of sessions, and noting that the examination is carried on by advocates "with regularity and decency."

From the law courts to the theatres is no violent step, reflecting as they do in pretty equal proportions the passions and humours of life, alike dealing largely in fictitious pathos and purchased buffoonery, and differing mainly in the fact that the law court beats the theatre in the reality of the catastrophes witnessed or inflicted in it. Mr. Curwen being a man of some taste, of course his first

attempt was to see Garrick; and on a night when he was acting Hamlet, he forced his way into Drury Lane. He found him in all respects greatly above the standard of the performers who surrounded him, yet thought him even more perfect in the expression of his face, than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice. But it is to be remembered that the great actor, now in his sixtieth year, was arrived at his last season, and after this was to be seen no more; a fact of which Mr. Curwen had no very agreeable evidence in attempting to get into Drury Lane a few months later to see him play Archer in Farquhar's delightful comedy, when, so enormous was the crowd, that after "suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation for two hours," he was obliged to "retire without effecting it." He attempted it with no better success a few weeks later, when the dazzling performance of Richard, which had first startled London five-and-thirty years before, was given for the last time; when their Majesties both were present, the theatre was again crammed to suffocation, and Mr. Curwen again turned back a disappointed man. He had to console himself as he might with Mrs. Barry at Covent Garden, where he saw and admired her fine person in Constance; where also he saw a lady play Macheath, thinking it "a great impropriety not to say indecency"; where he thought Quick a good actor, too; and discreetly singled out Moody for praise before the merits of that performer were publicly acknowledged. On the whole, though, this particular time was but a dull time for theatres, as the interval between the sinking of a great star and the rising of any other generally is; and there seems no reason to attribute to anything but the correctness of his taste the formal complaint of our American critic, that he has no wish to indulge a cynical or surly disposition, yet cannot help declaring that he finds great disappointment at the London theatrical performances. The bulk of the actors fell below his idea of just imitation. To his seeming they overacted, underacted, or contradicted nature; the nicest art of the stage, which is to mark the lines of separation between humours or passions bearing to each other only general resemblances, appeared to be lost altogether; the hero was a bully, the gentleman a coxcomb, the coxcomb a fool, the fine lady affected, insipid, or pert; and nothing but the lower grades of character, the gamesters, chambermaids, or footmen, were represented to the mark of what was true. As a reward to this well-informed lover of the theatre, however, for reaching London so late as the last season of Garrick, it so befell that he did not quit London till he had assisted at the first success of Mrs. Siddons, and saw the stage as it were re-awaken at the inspiration of her genius.

Nor was he, meanwhile, without other resources. He went to Vauxhall Gardens, a "most enchanting spot" in those days with glorious gravelled walks, shubberies, illuminated alcoves, and everywhere such myriads of variegated lamps, that the lord of Strawberry Hill was wont to protest he should never again care a button for trees that hadn't red or green lamps to light themselves up with. He took boat at Temple Stairs and went to Ranelagh, where he found infinite numbers of well dressed people, and rubbed up against the Duke of Gloucester and the French Ambassador. At an exhibition, silly enough in itself, called *Les Ombres Chinoises*, a badly arranged puppet-show, he saw, among several well dressed people of fashion, an elderly gentleman with a star on his coat, who was pointed out to him as Lord Temple and "supposed author of *Junius*," a notion which seems strangely to have slept from that hour till an examination of the Stowe papers re-awakened it not many months ago. He went to the Royal Academy Exhibition in Pall Mall (it was its last year there), and was yet more struck by it in the year next following —its first in Somerset House. In a very full house at the Haymarket he heard the humorous George Alexander Stevens's Lecture on Heads; and saw subsequently (of course) an imitation and attempted improvement of the same, where the heads shone forth in transparency, Captain Cook's calling forth elaborate eulogium, and Lawrence Sterne's the accompaniment of a pathetic apostrophe; —the exhibitor passing afterwards to very surprising tricks with cards, and winding up the whole with marvellous imitations of the thrush, blackbird, skylark, nightingale, woodlark, and quail. But songs more wondrous than these, the good New Englander heard on another occasion at Covent Garden Theatre, where, in honour of Handel (the musical saint of England, he exclaims, whose performances are as much read and studied as Romish manuals of devotion by their admirers), a performance of the oratorio of Messiah was given, with an effect he can only describe by heaping epithet on epithet, as noble, grand, full, sonorous, awfully majestic. "The whole assembly as one, rising," continues the earnest old man, "added a solemnity which swelled and filled my soul with an— I know not what, that exalted it beyond itself, bringing to my raised imagination a full view of that sacred assembly of blessed spirits which surround the throne of God."

Such was the character of the amusements that our great grand-fathers and great-grandmothers patronised, and incident to which, not seldom, other sights more grave were intruded. Thus, when our American holiday maker was crossing Clerkenwell Green one day in the hope of passing a pleasant evening in company with a fellow-refugee from New-England, "Mr. Copley the limner" and his family (among whom played a sprightly child of two years old, who was destined to become Lord High Chancellor of England), he was

startled by the sight of five couple of boys *chained together*, going under care of tipstaves to Bridewell—an exhibition, we grieve to say, which remained common and familiar in the same quarter for more than half a century afterwards. On another occasion, in that same neighbourhood, he was led by an awful curiosity, having heard that it was "notorious for its constant supply of Tyburn," into a court called Blueberry Alley, which he found to be, precisely what to our disgrace such courts remain at the present hour, "filled with small huttish kind of houses, the habitations of filth and vice." Having occasion to cross Hounslow Heath, his attention is arrested by "three monuments of human folly and divine justice"—as many gibbets with the remains of so many wretches, hanging in chains. At Tyburn itself, he sees thirteen executed in one day; in connection with which he has to note the melancholy consideration that robberies are nevertheless greatly increasing, as indeed is thieving of all kinds in the metropolis. Not long after, he beheld a similar exhibition of ten suffering in one day on the same scaffold. Quietly walking up Holborn on another day, shortly after having seen two pickpockets publicly whipped at the Old Bailey (when the assembled mob expressed much dissatisfaction with the very moderate lashing inflicted on the oldest offender, and loudly swore "he had bought off Jack Ketch"), he found a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age, and, inquiring what it meant, learnt to his horror that so many infants, "capable of being trained to useful employments, and becoming blessings to society," were already known for hardened young sinners, and at that instant were on their way to Newgate. What was his amazement, too, to find a clergyman of the Church of England suddenly carried off to Poultry Compter on a charge of forgery,—his real name Dodd, but better known by the name of the Maccaroni Doctor; and to remember that this was the same reverend divine whom, not many months before, he had heard at the Magdalen preaching from the text *These things I command you, that ye love one another*, "a most elegant, sensible, serious, and pathetic discourse, enough to have warmed a heart not callous to the impressions of pity," and which did indeed warm *his*, until his eyes "flowed with tears of compassion."

The tears of compassion due to Doctor Dodd in the pulpit, however, were certainly not due to him in his more proper place, the prison; and Mr. Curwen's feeling, when he heard what his previous career had been, took the very different and more natural direction of surprise that such a man should have been permitted to mount the pulpit at all. But without dwelling upon this, or seeking to account for the indifferentism which at that time had crept into the Church, and which the vigorous preachings of Wesley and Whitfield were rapidly driving out of it, let us accompany our New England visitor to one of those fashionable Sunday promenades at which it was then no unusual or indecorous thing to find yourself, in the evening, crowding and pushing past the parson under whose pulpit, in the morning, you had been sitting with reverent attention,—and of which the Doctor of Divinity so unexpectedly committed to the Poultry was a noted and constant visitor.

The Sunday evening promenade, says Mr. Curwen (and the remark may be not unworthy of attention with such a question as the Sunday admission to the Sydenham Palace still undetermined), had been invented because less objectionable places of amusement were closed by enactment. In lieu of such, the promenade had been instituted "to compensate for twelve tedious hours' interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, as yet unrepealed formally by the legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished." It was held at the house (now D'Almaine's) in Soho Square, which the Lords Carlisle occupied to within twenty years of this date, which Mrs. Cornelys had afterwards hired for her celebrated balls and masquerades, and which—on that ingenious but unsuccessful lady's retreat from it, to vend asses' milk at Knightsbridge—was fitted up with rooms *à la Chinois*, with variegated lamp-lit galleries, with grottoes of natural evergreens, with wildernesses of flowering moss and grass, with dimly-lighted caves of spar and stalactite, with Egyptian recesses mysterious in hieroglyphic panellings, and with tea-rooms and tea-tables for accommodation of a thousand promenaders. The employment of the company was simply walking through the rooms, and drinking (when they could get it) tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or negus, or lemonade; for which privilege tickets were purchased at the doors costing three shillings each. What such a place would degenerate into, the reader can easily imagine. "Though it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character," says our grave and elderly friend, "among the wheat will be tares; the ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, and attended by bucks, bloods, and macaronies." Full dress he found not requisite; but respectable habiliments absolutely so; and on the night he attended, the spurs of one promenader caught carelessly in a lady's flounce, whereupon the booted individual was obliged to apologise, and take them off. Yet very difficult it must have been for anybody, spurred or not, to keep clear of the flounces, seeing that the ladies appear to have come uniformly in two divisions, of which the first swept their track by long trails, and the other by enormous hoops and petticoats. A good thousand thronged the rooms on the night when Mr. Curwen was there; and such was

the jostling, interfering, and elbowing, that for his own part, he tells us, being old and small, he received more than a score of full butt rencounters with dames in full sweep, and had to admire the greater experience with which the yet more ancient Duke of Queensbery piloted his perilous way. Of the accommodation in other respects, he also enables us to judge. He made fifteen vain attempts to get a dish of tea; and when served at last, it was in a slovenly manner, on a dirty tea-stand. Of all the commoner tea resorts he had already had experience; —he knew Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House was not strange to him, nor was he unfamiliar with the Dog and Duck;—but never, in the humblest of such places of public resort, had he seen the company treated with so little respect by servants, as here. With Ranelagh, whose vacation it pretended to supply, it was not in that respect comparable; Vauxhall was a thousand times more agreeable; and taking himself off at the early hour of twelve, it was with no small content Mr. Curwen found himself once more safe in his own lodgings.

And now, week had crept on after week, month after month, and he was in the second year of his exile. The war that had driven him here was raging more furiously than ever; his wife Abigail, who had refused to accompany him on his flight, had been obliged to pay ten pounds in Salem to find a man for the American army in his stead; George Washington was proclaimed Lord Protector of the thirteen independent States; the hope, which even Jefferson once entertained, that England and her Colonies might have been a free and a great people together, was for ever gone; and nothing remained for such as held the ex-judge's moderate opinions but to prepare for a lengthened exile. Exactly twelve months were passed since he landed at Dover, and here was a letter just come from a friend at Salem—"filled with American fancies," Heaven help them! Nothing was dwelt upon in it but their power, strength, grandeur, and prowess, by land and sea; their policy, patriotism, industry; their progress in the useful arts, and their fixed determination to withstand the attacks of tyranny—"etcetera, etcetera, etcetera," adds Mr. Curwen, impatient of his correspondent's extravagance. For he feels, alas! that too soon, to their sorrow, these fanciful notions, like Ephraim's goodness, will "vanish as the morning cloud and early dew" into the land whither all such fatal delusions sooner or later pass. But meanwhile he may not shrink from the conclusion such letters put before him. He must no longer hope to measure his residence in England by the probabilities of weeks or months, but by the sad certainty of years.

London, then, can be no place for his continued abode. It is too expensive for the narrow means to which the necessities attendant on his flight restrict him. He must visit some of the leading country towns to ascertain whether without the cost of London, yet not wholly apart from the cultivated society to which he has been accustomed, his mode of life may be able to adapt itself to his altered circumstances. And perhaps, at some early day, the reader will not object to accompany him on this proposed ramble through the leading towns of Old England, and mark how little or how much they may still retain of what their visitor from New England observed in them Seventy-Eight Years Ago.

FISHER'S GHOST.

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbours—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a

drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher agone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "You must be drunk, sure-ly to get on about ghosteses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when, all on a sudden, he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbours will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and often repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated upon the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible-like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty. I saw Fisher to-night agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I won't hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I am now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel: but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" inquired Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool, exactly; for I was born and bred in York-shire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the gnost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot not only over grass but over the hardest

rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White's man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond; but, having finished this examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and, pointing to the middle of the pond, to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colours, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched, and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and by old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn those buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked: "These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that *I* had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition, and good-nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of

Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney-General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition: and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favour of an acquittal. The jury retired; but, after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.

A WALK THROUGH A MOUNTAIN.

I TOOK a walk last year through the substance of a mountain, entering at the top, and coming out at the bottom, after a two or three mile journey underground. Perhaps the story of this trip is worth narrating. The mountain was part of an extensive property belonging to the Emperor of Austria, in his character of salt merchant, and contained the famous salt mine of Hallein.

The whole salt district of Upper Austria, called the Salzkammergut, forms part of a range of rocks that extends from Halle in the Tyrol, passes through Reichenthal in Bavaria, and continues by way of Hallein in Salzburg, to end at Ausse in Styria. The Austrian part of the range is now included in what is called the district of Salzburg, and that district abounds, as might be expected, in salt springs, hot and cold, which form in fact the baths of Gastien, Ischl, and some other places. The names of Salzburg (Saltborough), the capital, and of the Salzack (Saltbrook), on the left bank of which that pleasant city stands, indicate clearly enough the character of the surrounding country. Hallein is a small town eight miles to the south east of Salzburg, and it was to the mine of Hallein, as before said, that I paid my visit.

On the way thither I passed through much delightful rock and water scenery. From Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, I got through Wells and Laimbach to the river Traun, and trudged afoot beside its winding waters till I reached the point of its junction with the Traunsee, or Lake of Traun. From the village on the opposite shore, I followed the same stream again upon its wanderings by mountain steep, and wooded bank, along the valley called after the river's name, until I came to Gmunden, where the Traun flows through another lake. At Gmunden I stopped to look over the Imperial Salt Warehouses. The Emperor of Austria, as most people know, is the only dealer in salt and tobacco with whom his subjects are allowed to trade. His salt warehouses, therefore, must needs be extensive. They are situated at Gmunden, to the left of the landing-place, from which a little steamer plies across the lake; and they

are so built as to afford every facility for the unloading of boats that bring salt barrels from the mine by the highway of the Traun. The warehouses consisted simply of a large number of sheds piled with the salt in barrels, a few offices, and a low but spacious hall, filled, in a confused way, with dusty models. There were models of river-boats, and salt-moulds, mining tools, and tram-ways, hydraulic models of all kinds, miniature furnaces, wooden troughs, and seething pans. I looked through these until the bell from the adjacent pier warned me, at five o'clock in the evening, to go on board the steamer that was quite ready to puff and splash its way across the beautiful green lake. We went under the shadow of the black and lofty Traunstein, and among pine-covered rocks, of which the reflections were mingled in the water with a ruddy glow, that streamed across a low shore from some fires towards which we were steering.

The glow proceeded from the fires of the Imperial Saltern, erected at Ebensee. I paid a short visit to the works, which have been erected at great cost; and display all the most recent improvements in the art of getting the best marketable salt from saline water. I found that the water, heavily impregnated, is conducted from the distant mines by wooden troughs into the drying pan. The pan is a large shallow vessel of metal, supported by small piles of brick, and a low brick wall about three feet high, extending round two-thirds of its circumference, and leaving one-third, as the mouth of the furnace, open to the air. Among the brick columns, and within the wall, the fire flashed and curled under the seething pan. Ascending next into the house over the great pan, and looking down upon the surface and its contents through sliding doors upon the floor, I saw the white salt crusting like a coat of snow over the boiling water, and being raked as it is formed by workmen stationed at each of the trap doors in the floor above me. As the water evaporated, the salt was stirred and turned from rake to rake; and finally, when quite dry, raked into the neighbourhood of a long-handled spade, with which one workman was shovelling among the dried salt, and filling a long row of wooden moulds, placed ready to his hand. These moulds are sugar-loaf shaped, and perforated at the bottom like a sugar mould, in order that any remaining moisture may drain out of them. The moulds will be placed finally in a heated room before the salt will be considered dry enough for storage as a manufactured article.

The brine that pours with an equable flow into the seething pan at Ebensee, is brought by wooden troughs from the salt mine at Hallein, a distance of thirty miles in a direct line. It comes by way of mountains and along a portion of the valley of the Traun, through which I continued my journey the same evening from Ebensee, until the darkness compelled me to rest for the night at a small inn on a hill side. The next day I went through Ischl and Wolfgang, and spent three hours of afternoon in climbing up the Scharfberg, which is more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon, to see the sunset and the sunrise. There was sleeping accommodation on the top: so there is on the top of Snowdon. On the Scharfberg I had a hay-litter in a wooden shed and ate goat's cheese and bread and butter. I saw no sunset or sunrise, but had a night of wind and rain, and came down in the morning through white mist, within a rugged gully ploughed up by the rain, to get a wholesome breakfast at St. Gilgen on the lake. More I need not say about the journey than that, on the fifth day after leaving Ebensee, having rested a little in the very beautiful city of Salzburg, I marched into the town of Hallein, at the foot of the Dürrnberg, the famous salt mountain, called Tumal by old chroniclers, and known for a salt mountain seven hundred and thirty years ago.

After a night's rest in the town, I was astir by five o'clock in the morning, and went forward on my visit to the mines. In the case of the Dürrnberg salt mine, as I have already said, the miner enters at the top and comes out at the bottom. My first business, therefore, was to walk up the mountain, the approach to which is by a long slope of about four English miles.

I met few miners by the way, and noticed in them few peculiarities of manners or costume. The national dress about these regions is a sort of cross between the Swiss Alpine costume and a common peasant dress of the lowlands. I saw indications of the sugar-loafed hat; jackets were worn almost by all, with knee-breeches and coloured leggings. The clothing was always neat and sound, and the clothed bodies looked reasonably healthy, except that they had all remarkably pale faces. The miners did not seem bodily to suffer from their occupation.

As I approached the summit of the Dürrnberg, the dry brownish limestone showed its bare front to the morning sun. I entered the offices, partly contained in the rock, and applied for admission into the dominion of the gnomes. My arrival was quite in the nick of time, for I had not to be kept waiting, as I happened to complete the party of twelve, without which the two guides do not start. It was a Tower of London business; and, as at the Tower, the demand upon our purses was not very heavy. One gulden-schein—about tenpence—is the regulated fee. Our full titles having been duly put down in the register, each of us was furnished with a miner's costume, and, so habited, off we set.

We started at a point that is called the Obersteinberghauptstollen; our guides only having candles, one in advance, the other in the rear.

We were sensible of a pleasant coldness in the air when we had gone a little way into the sloping tunnel. The tunnel was lofty,

wide, and dry. Having walked downwards on a gentle decline for a distance of nearly three thousand feet through the half gloom and among the echoes, we arrived at the mouth of the first shaft, named Freudenberg. The method of descent is called the "Rolle." It is both simple and efficacious. Down the steep slope of the shaft, and at an angle, in this case, of forty-one and a half degrees, run two smooth railways parallel with each other, and each of about the thickness of a scaffold pole; they are twelve inches apart, and run together down the shaft like two sides of a thick ladder without the intervening rounds. Following the directions and example of the foremost guide, we sat astride one behind the other on this wooden tramway, and slid very comfortably to the bottom, regulating our speed with our hands. The shaft itself was only of the width necessary to allow room for our passage. In this way we descended to the next chamber in the mountain, at a depth of a hundred and forty feet (perpendicular) from the top of the long slide.

We then stood in a low-roofed chamber, small enough to be lighted throughout by the dusky glare of our two candles. The walls and roof sparkled with brown and purple colours, showing the unworked stratum of rock-salt. We stood then at the head of the Untersteinberghauptstulm, and after a glance back at the narrow slit in the solid limestone through which we had just descended, we pursued our way along a narrow gallery of irregular level for a further distance of six hundred and sixty feet. A second shaft there opened us a passage into the deeper regions of the mine. With a boyish pleasure we all seated ourselves again upon a "Rolle"—this time upon the Johann-Jacob-berg-rolle, which is laid at an angle of forty-five and a half degrees—and away we slipped to the next level, which is at the perpendicular depth of another couple of hundred feet.

We alighted in another chamber where our candles made the same half gloom, with their ruddy glare into the darkness, where there was the same sombre glittering upon the walls and ceiling. We pursued our track along a devious cutting, haunted by confused and giant shadows, suddenly passing black cavernous sideways that startled us as we came upon them, and I began to expect mummies, for I thought myself for one minute within an old Egyptian catacomb. After traversing a further distance of two thousand seven hundred feet we halted at the top of the third slide, the Königs-rolle. That shot us fifty-four feet deeper into the heart of the mountain. We had become quite expert at our exercise, and had left off considering, amid all these descents and traverses, what might be our real position in the bowels of the earth. Perhaps we might get down to Aladdin's garden and find trees loaded with emerald and ruby fruits. It was quite possible, for there was something very cabalistic, very strong of enchantment in the word Konhauserankehrschachtricht, the name given to the portion of the mine which we were then descending. Konhauser-return-shaft is, I think, however, about the meaning of that compound word.

So far I had felt nothing like real cold, although I had been promised a wintry atmosphere. Possibly with a miner's dress over my ordinary clothing, and with plenty of exercise, there was enough to counteract the effects of the chill air. But our eyes began to ache at the uncertain light, and we all straggled irregularly along the smooth cut shaft level for another sixty feet, and so reached the Konhauser-rolle, the fourth slide we had encountered in our progress.

That cheered us up a little, as it shot us down another one hundred and eight feet perpendicular depth to the Soolererzeugungswerk-Konhauser—surely a place nearer than ever to the magic regions of Abracadabra. If not Aladdin's garden, something wonderful ought surely by this time to have been reached. I was alive to any sight or sound, and was excited by the earnest whispering of my fellow adventurers, and the careful directions as to our progress given by the guides and light-bearers.

With eager rapidity we flitted among the black shadows of the cavern, till we reached a winding flight of giant steps. We mounted them with desperate excitement, and at the summit halted, for we felt that there was space before our faces, and had been told that those stairs led to a mid-mountain lake, nine hundred and sixty feet below the mountain's top; two hundred and forty feet above its base. Presently, through the darkness, we perceived at an apparently interminable distance a few dots of light, that shed no lustre, and could help us in no way to pierce the pitchy gloom of the great cavern. The lights were not interminably distant, for they were upon the other shore, and this gnome lake is but a mere drop of water in the mountain mass, its length being three hundred and thirty, and its breadth one hundred and sixty feet.

Our guides lighted more candles, and we began to see their rays reflected from the water; we could hear too the dull splashing of the boat, which we could not see, as old Charon slowly ferried to our shore. More lights were used; they flashed and flickered from the opposite ferry station and we began to have an indistinct sense of a spangled dome, and of an undulating surface of thick, black water, through which the coming boat loomed darkly. More candles were lighted on both sides of the Konhauser lake, a very Styx, defying all the illuminating force of candles, dead and dark in its dim cave, even the limits of which all our lights did not serve to define. The boat reached the place of embarcation, and we, wandering ghosts, half walked and were half carried into its broad clumsy hulk, and took each his allotted seat in ghostly

silence. There was something really terrible in it all; in the slow funereal pace at which we floated across the subterranean lake: in the dead quiet among us, only interrupted by the slow plunge of the oar into the sickly waters. In spite of all the lights that had been kindled we were still in a thick vapour of darkness, and could form but a dreamy notion of the beauty and the grandeur of the crystal dome within which we men from the upper earth were hidden from our fellows. The lights were flared aloft as we crept sluggishly across the lake, and now and then were flashed back from a hanging stalactite, but that was all. The misty darkness about us brought to the fancy at the same time fearful images, and none of us were sorry when we reached the other shore in safety. There a rich glow of light awaited us, and there we were told a famous tale about the last Arch-ducal visit to these salt mines, when some thousands of lighted tapers glittered and flashed about him, and exhibited the vaulted roof and spangled lake in all their beauty. As we were not Archdukes, we had our Hades lighted only by a pound of short sixteens.

We left the lake behind us, and then traversing a further distance of seventy feet along the Wehrschachtricht, arrived at the mouth of the Konhauser Stiege. Another rapid descent of forty-five feet at an angle of fifty degrees, and we then reached Rupertschachtricht, a long cavern of the extent of five hundred and sixty feet, through which we toiled with a growing sense of weariness. We had now come to the top of the last and longest "slide" in the whole Dürrnberg. It is called the Wolfdietrichberg-rolle, and is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long, carrying us two hundred and forty feet lower down into the mountain. We went down this "slide" with the alacrity of school-boys, one after another keeping the pot boiling, and all regulating our movements with great circumspection, for we knew that we had far to go and we could never see more than a few yards before us.

Having gained the ground beneath in safety, our attention was drawn to a fresh water well or spring, sunk in this spot at great cost by order of the Archduke, and blessed among miners. Amid all the stone and salt and brine, a gush of pure fresh water at our feet was very welcome to us all. The well was sunk, however, to get water that was necessary for the mining operations. We did not see any of those operations underground, for they are not exhibited; the show-trip underground is only among the ventilating shafts and galleries. Through the dark openings by which we had passed, we should have found our way (had we been permitted) to the miners. I have seen them working in the Tyrol, and their labours are extremely simple. Some of the rock-salt is quarried in transparent crystals, that undergo only the process of crushing before they are sent into the market as an article of commerce. Very little of this grain salt is seen in England, but on the continent it may be found in some of the first hotels, and on the table of most families. It is cheaper than the loaf salt, and is known in Germany under the title of *salzkorn*, and in France, as *selle de cuisine*. In order to obtain a finer grained and better salt, it is necessary that the original salt-crystals should be dissolved, and for this purpose parallel galleries are run into the rock, and there is dug in each of them a dyke or cistern. These dykes are then flushed with water, which is allowed to remain in them undisturbed for the space of from five to twelve months, according to the richness of the soil; and, being then thoroughly saturated with the salt that it has taken up, the brine is drawn off through wooden pipes from Hallein over hill and dale into the evaporating pans.

We had traversed the last level, and had reached what is generally called the end of the salt-mine; but we were still a long way distant from the pure air and the sunshine. We had travelled through seven galleries of an aggregate length of nearly two miles; we had floated across an earthy piece of water; had followed one another down six slides, and had penetrated to the depth of twelve hundred feet into the substance of the mountain limestone, gypsum, and marl. Having done all this, there we were in the very heart of the Dürrnberg, left by our guides, and entrusted to the care of two lank lads with haggard faces. We stood together in a spacious cavern, poorly lighted by our candles; there was a line of tram-rail running through the middle of it, and we soon saw the carriage that was to take us out of the mountain emerging from a dark nook in the distance. It was a truck with seats upon it, economically arranged after the fashion of an Irish jaunting car. The two lads were to be our horses, and our way lay through a black hollow in one side of the cavern, into which the tram-rail ran.

We took our seats, instructed to sit perfectly still, and to restrain our legs and arms from any straggling. There was no room to spare in the shaft we were about to traverse. Our car was run on to the tram-line, and the two lads, with a sickly smile, and a broad hint at their expected gratuity, began to pull, and promised us a rapid journey. In another minute, and we were whirring down an incline with a rush and a rattle, through the subterranean passage tunnelled into solid limestone which runs to the outer edge of the Dürrnberg. The length of this tunnel is considerably more than an English mile.

The reverberation and the want of light were nothing, but we were disagreeably sensible of a cloud of fine stone dust, and knew well that we should come out not only stone deaf, but as white as millers. Clinging to our seats with a cowardly instinct, down we went through a hurricane of sound and dust. At length we were sensible of a

diminution in our speed, and the confusion of noises so far ceased, that we could hear the panting of our biped cattle. Then, straight before us, shining in the centre of the pitchy darkness, there was a bright blue star suddenly apparent. One of the poor lads in the whisper of exhaustion, and between his broken pantings for breath, told us that they always know when they have got half way by the blue star, for that is the daylight shining in.

A little necessary rest, and we were off again, the blue star before us growing gradually paler, and expanding and still growing whiter, till with an uncontrollable dash, and a concussion, we are thrown within a few feet of the broad incomparable daylight. With how much contempt of candles did I look up at the noonday sun! The two lads, streaming with perspiration, who had dragged us down the long incline, were made happy by the payment we all gladly offered for their services. Then, as we passed out of the mouth of the shaft, by a rude chamber cut out of the rock, we were induced to pause and purchase from a family of miners who reside there a little box of salt crystals, as a memento of our visit. Truly we must have been among the gnomes, for when I had reached the inn I spread the brilliant crystals I had brought home with me on my bedroom window sill, and there they sparkled in the sun and twinkled rainbows, changing and shifting their bright colours as though there were a living imp at work within. But when I got up next morning and looked for my crystals, in the place where each had stood, I found only a little slop of brine. That fact may, I have no doubt, be accounted for by the philosophers; but I prefer to think that it was something wondrous strange, and that I fared marvellously like people of whom I had read in German tales, how they received gifts from the good people who live in the bowels of the earth, and what became of them. I have had my experiences, and I do not choose to be sure whether those tales are altogether founded upon fancy.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
 Grief will pass away—
"Hope for fairer times in future,
 And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
 Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
 Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
 "Soon she will forget"—
Bitter truth, alas, but matter
 Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
 Turn to other things:"—
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
 'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
 And the stranger greet:
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
 But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
 By her dusky wings;
And she 'll whisper low and gently
 Blessings that she brings.

THE LAST CRUSADER.

Rafaelle, the Angel-limner; Guido with his heavenward turned visages; the ghost—stalwart, grim, awful—of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, pointing with a giant hand* from the midst of the gemmed raiment and rich carnations of Sebastiano del Piombo; with these the grand old white-bearded man Tiziano Vecelli, so affectionately called by his countrymen *the* Titian, with hues as gorgeous as his own Venice. Such are my glorious company in one of the shabby suite of shabby rooms near Charing Cross, called (in a spirit of polite irony, I presume,) the National Gallery. Shabby, paltry, in bad taste, miserably inefficient as these rooms may be for the purposes they were intended to fulfil, while I have these great masters of Art around me I can forgive and forget the ugly hive that holds so many sweets: the barn-like frontage, the mustard-pot dome, and pepper-box cupolas. I am not alone. The Grenadier Barracks may be close behind me, with most unromantic fifing and drumming in the yard thereof, for ever calling discordant echoes from the purlieus of Leicester Square; with inartistical-looking privates lolling out of monotonous windows, with doors, jamb-studded by lance corporals returning from the fatigue duty of carrying home their better-halves basket of newly mangled linen. The neighbouring sky may be obscured by puffy steam issuing from the work-a-day baths and wash-houses. There may be little charity children, hard by, droning forth spelling-lessons in St. Martin's Schools. Sallow paupers may be uncomfortably stone-breaking, oakum-picking, bone-crushing, handmill-grinding, all in direct opposition to good taste and the advancement of the Fine Arts, in the inner yards of St. Martin's workhouse; but I can condone all their common-place delinquencies, and all the short-comings of the locality, the *entourage*, the population, Cockspur Street with its hideous statue, St. Martin's Lane, the ginger-beer fountains, the post they have stuck Nelson on. *Here*, in the one-pair front of the National Gallery, I can walk with the peacocks in the rainbow-marbled palace of Dido; good master Steenwyck my gentleman usher. I can bide under the trees with Pater Æneas in the

* It is matter of artistical tradition that the figures in Sebastiano del Piombo's great picture of the Raising of Lazarus were *drawn* by Michael Angelo, who wished to pit the Venetian painter against Rafaelle, and knowing the proficiency of Sebastiano as a colourist, and his weakness as a draughtsman, designed his picture for him.

storm. I can tremble when Lazarus rises, and weep when the Angel lifts His auburn tresses in pious Francia's canvass. I can fondle the little lamb that Saint John is leading in the desert, can wipe the moisture from the swimming eyes of the Gevartius of Vandyck, can count the furrows in the forty per cent. face of Rembrandt's Jewish Rabbi.

But not for these is my admiration, sir, to-day. My frying-pan (to be vulgar) is for other fish. I am spell-bound by the canvasses of another painter, newly gone to his reward—taken too soon (though his years had come to those that can be counted but as labour and sorrow) from us and Art—whose birth and death were both of modern date; but who is surely as old a master as any of the Sampsons of the brush—as any strong Gyas or strong Cloanthus of the easel and maulstick here present. Proximate to where Claude Lorraine is toying with the Queen of Sheba, stands Joseph William Mallard Turner a-building of Carthage with bricks of gold and silver and jewels. And *that* builder against the Frenchman for any stake you like to mention!

Few of us there be but have laughed, long and loudly, at the monstrous splodges of colour the marvellous man sent of late years to the Royal Academy exhibitions, and bade us, authoritatively, reverence as pictures. What jokes we made! what humorous censures we passed upon those eccentric performances! *Now* that the Master is dead, the evil that he did lies buried with him. For all his faults, and eccentricities, and madnesses (if you will) we will proudly and lovingly remember our Englishman as the greatest landscape-painter the world ever saw. Such, at least, be *my* remembrance of Joseph Turner, the barber's son, who was the Milton of his art—who painted the "Shipwreck" and the "Building of Carthage,"—who sleeps the great sound sleep now in the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, but who lives, and holds his own against all comers among the greatest of the ancient masters in our Gallery.

And, filling mine eyes with the Building of Carthage, the nascent palaces, and growing terraces, and embryo fountains, I turn, in thought, from Carthage built to Carthage ruined. Musing upon the delended city, slowly, sadly rise before me the shadows of its greatness—visions of its magnificence, its decadence, its various fortunes and woes, its headlong fall, its utter erasure and blotting out from the roll of cities.

Stand, Pilgrim, on the summit of Byrsa, and gaze upon the ruins of Carthage, for it hath its ruins yet: yea, to this day, in spite of railroads and submarine telegraphs and tourists from Peckham Rye poking about the Levant in the steam-boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. The ruins of Carthage resemble those of Sparta: meagre in data, too shattered to confirm, too dilapidated to elucidate, they yet cover a considerable space. Gaze, Pilgrim (shading thine eyes from the hot African sun, though the year is yet no older than its second month), fig-trees and olive-trees spread forth their earliest leaves; the haughty angelica, the scrolled acanthus, form tufts of verdure scattered among starred and shapeless masses—rocks almost—of feverish marble, that once were temples, palaces, columns, amphitheatres. Far away in the distance gaze upon the Isthmus, upon the double sea, upon the hazy islands, upon smiling plains, blue lakes and delicately rose-and-purpled mountains, upon fields, forests, ships, aqueducts, Moorish villages, Moslem hermitages, minarets, and the white houses of Tunis the whilom piratical. Silent as are these hot plains (for the sun is high in the heaven, and few Tunisians care to stir abroad in the day-heat), legions of shadows of the men and women who have lived their course of life in Carthage flit solemnly across the landscape: Dido, Sophronisba, and the noble spouse of Asdrubal; Hannibal and Marius; the Roman revenge, and the Carthaginian women weaving their hair into bow-strings. These broad Afric lands stand no need of sowing with dragon's teeth for an army of recollections to start up armed and appointed. Come the mailed men—the serried legions that fought at Scipio's bidding. Comes the shadow of Utica and of Cato's house. Alas! that it should be but a shadow. Caprœa yet can show the ruins of the palace of Tiberius; but of Cato's dwelling there remains nor stock, nor stone, nor vestige. Come the days of the barbarians—come rapine and slaughter, and ruined houses and choked-up fountains—come the Vandals, the terrible Vandals; and, no less terrible though more polished, Belisarius and his Byzantine hordes. Come the cruel Moors with their Sultan, and where his horse's hoof has touched the earth there grows no more grass. Lastly comes, Pilgrim, ravening for Saracen blood, hot upon their track, Louis of France, called the Saint, the Last Crusader. An you would know how it sped with him in his last crusade, and how the Angel of Death struck him amid the ruins of Carthage, you shall hear in this my reverie.

In God's year 1269, Louis the Ninth of France is no longer young. Cares of state and private sorrows, fierce wars and pious vigils, have combined, too, with years to enfeeble his health, and bow his erst stalwart frame. He cannot sit his charger for any length of time. His two-handed sword and massive triangular shields are burdens to him. His casque weighs heavily on his brow. Wearisome are the strong shirt of mail, the massive greaves, and cuissons, and jamb-plates. Saint Louis grows old and weak. But his soul is strong, and yearns as vigorously as ever (piety prompting) for the redemption of the Holy Land from the miscreant Paynims. His will is, now, in the November of his life, to go beyond sea once more, and do battle for

the Cross. The great ones of the kingdom, haughty holders of ducal fiefs, mailed barons and belted knights are summoned to Paris, and the King paints to them, in colours as vivid as he may, of the Christian woes in Palestine—of the perils of the Sepulchre and of the Holy Places. And not only of the dolours of Palestine, but of the Christians of that Egypt and of that Alexandria of which St. Cyril once was pastor—of that Africa in whose burning deserts good Saint Jerome awed the savage lions with the Word. And he declares his fixed resolution to go, armed, to succour his afflicted brethren in the East, and to slaughter (parenthetically) those other brethren of his who wear turbans and scimitars. They are to be remorselessly extirpated—for the greater glory of Heaven. So saying, he takes the cross from the hands of the Pope's legate, and gives it to his two sons.

The ducal fioffers, mailed barons, and belted knights take the cross also in great numbers, directly their lord the King has set the example. Piety becomes fashionable. Takes the cross a brother-king and king-brother of Louis, to wit, Charles of Sicily. Takes it furthermore Edward Longshanks, Prince Royal of England, with as little scruple as he will take Wales and Scotland some of these days. Takes it Gaston of Bearn, and the Kings of Navarre and Aragon. The fair dames of Europe, undaunted by the grim reports of Paynim fevers and Paynim swords, prepare to follow their lords. The lady of Poitiers, the Countess of Brittany, Jolande of Burgundy, Jeanne of Toulouse, Isabella of France, Amicia de Courtenay; youth and beauty of blood-royal—these quit the distaff—which queens are not too proud to handle in 1269—and follow their husbands beyond the salt sea. Their white hands are not satisfied with buckling on the armour, or lacing the morions, or knotting the scarves of their true knights. The taper fingers long to be unbuckling the armour-straps after victory—albeit, perchance, there shall be other work found, ere long, for the pretty digits: unguents and bandages to be prepared for the wounded; orisons to be said, with clasped hands, for the souls of the dying.

Saint Louis makes his will. To Agnes, his youngest daughter, he leaves ten thousand francs as her wedding portion. To his Queen Margaret, he leaves four thousand francs. Then he appoints two Regents to rule over the kingdom during his absence: Mathew, Abbot of St. Denis, and Simon, Sire of Nesle. After which he will go take the oriflamme.

Now the oriflamme, as you should know, is a standard of silk, attached to the end of a lance. Now its colours are "Samite vermillion, cut to the guise of a pennon, with three peaks, and having round it hoops of green silk." In times of peace, over the high altar in the abbey of Saint Denis, sheltering the tombs of the Kings of France; in times of war it is borne before them in the front of the battle, where the King's place should be. From the hands of Abbot Mathew Louis receives the sacred standard. At the same time they gird his loins with the *escarcelle* (a girdle), and put into his hand the *bourdon* (a stick), which are called the consolation and sign of journey. And the delivery of these is so ancient in the Frankish monarchy, that it is patent that Charlemagne sits on his throne in his tomb beneath the dome of Aix-la-Chapelle, girt with the golden girdle, and armed with the jewelled staff he was wont to carry in Italy.

The morrow, after praying at the tombs of the martyrs, and placing his kingdom beneath the protection of the patron of France, he proceeds in great state and ceremony, but with bare feet (as also his two sons), from the Palais de Justice to the church of Notre Dame. The evening of the same day he leaves for Vincennes, where he bids adieu to his Queen Margaret, "gentle, good queen, full of great simplicity," says Robert of Sainceriaux; afterwards he quits for ever the old oaks of the forest of Vincennes, the venerable witnesses of his justice and of his virtue.

"Many and many a time," writes the good Sire de Joinville, "have I seen the holy king-man (*saint homme roy*) sitting at the foot of an oak in the wood of Vincennes, and making us all sit down over against him on the green grass; and all who had matters concerning which they desired speech with him, were suffered to address him without any sergeant or usher offering them hindrance. Many times, so, in the time that is gone, have I seen the good king come to his garden that is in Paris, vestured in a coat of camlet, a surcoat of tiretaine without sleeves, a mantle above of black sandalette; and there have his carpet spread for us and for him to sit round about among the flowers, and there did despatch for his people, both high and low, as he did in the bygone at Vincennes."

There is a gloomy, gothic, silent, fever-stricken seaport down in the dusky South of France, called Aigues-mortes; and from here, on the 1st July in God's year 1270, Saint Louis sets sail—he and his warriors, on his last crusade. Three schemes had been mooted in the King's councils: to disembark at Saint Jean-d'Acre; to attack Egypt; or to make a descent on Tunis; there being Paynims to be slaughtered, and Christian laurels to be won, at each of these three points. Unhappily, Saint Louis takes the last of the three courses, for a reason you are to hear.

Tunis is now governed by a prince whom Geoffrey of Boileau and William of Nangis call Omar-el-Muley-Moztanca. The historians of the period do not state why this prince should have feigned a desire to embrace the Christian creed; but it is probable enough that having heard of the strong crusading

armaments preparing in the ports of the Mediterranean, he thought it worth while to send ambassadors to the court of King Louis, flattering the holy king with hopes of an exemplary conversion, on his (Muley's) part illusive and improbable. This he has done on the King of France first taking up the cross—not knowing probably where the storm would fall. His deceit brings the storm right upon his own head; for King Louis, being in doubt as to the sincerity or hypocrisy of this Mussulman neophyte, resolves to unriddle the pious enigma with a solution of glaives and hauberks, and steers direct to Tunis to convert Muley, *bon gré*, if he can, *mal gré* if he cannot.

Perhaps a little political reason lurking beneath this pious resolve: The Tunisians have infested the seas for years; their rovers intercept the succours that are sent to the Christian princes in Palestine; they furnish neighing steeds, bright weapons, and strong soldiers to the Sultans of Egypt; there are the centre of the intrigues that Boudoc-Dari keeps up with the Moors of Morocco and the Moors of Spain. So that, besides his anxiety for Holy Cross, Saint Louis *may* wish to clear out a nest of pirates and brigands.

Saint Louis sails gallantly into the Bay of Tunis at the end of July. About this time a Moorish prince has undertaken the task of rebuilding Carthage; some new houses already begin to show their heads among the blocks of ruins, a freshly built castle crowns the summit of the hill of Byrsa. The Crusaders are struck by the beauty of the country, covered as it is for miles with olive trees. Omar el-Muley's conversion has already vanished into air. To the Christian salutations of King Louis he responds by a savage menace, that if one single Crusader lands, every single Christian subject of his in Tunis shall be momentarily massacred. But this menace has no effect on Saint Louis and his host. They land incontinent; they encamp in the Isthmus of Carthage, and the French King's almoner takes possession of the country of Hannibal, saying these words: "I say to you the ban of our Lord and of Louis, King of France, his sergeant." This same country and spot has heard spoken Getulian, Syrian, Vandal, Greek, and Arabic, and always expressing the same passions, couched in different tongues.

Saint Louis resolves to take Carthage before besieging Tunis; for Tunis is rich and strongly fortified. He drives the Saracens from a tower, which defends the cisterns of Carthage; he rases the new castle; in fancied security the stores of the exhibition are disembarked, ultimately also the noble dames; and, by one of the revolutions that centuries bring round, the great ladies of France establish themselves among the ruins of the palace of Dido.

But fortune is fleeting, and fate is remorseless, and prosperity evanescent. Carthage is taken; but Tunis yet remains to be subdued, and Tunis cannot be taken without succours being received from Louis's brother the King of Sicily. Sweltering, perforce, on the sandy isthmus, the army is attacked by a contagious malady which, in a few days, diminishes its strength by one-half. The fierce African sun literally devours men accustomed to dwell beneath a mild and equably temperate sky. In order to augment the misery of the Crusaders, the Moors fill the air, by means of machines, with burning sand; in their infernal ingenuity they imitate the effect of the famous khan-sim or wind of the desert—an ingenuity worthy of the awful solitudes in which it has been engendered, showing to what pitch men can carry the genius of destruction. Continual combats and skirmishes weaken the forces of the army; the living no longer suffice to bury the dead; the corpses are thrown into the ditches that form the entrenchments of the camp; these soon overflow with the stream of death.

Already the Counts of Nemours, Montmorency, and Vendôme, are dead; the King has seen expire in his arms his best beloved son the Count of Nevers. Then the arrow strikes him; and from that moment he knows that its wound is mortal, that the blow is sufficient to prostrate a frame already half-worn out by fatigue, mental and physical. Yet sincere in all other things—loving the truth above all—Saint Louis dissimulates now. He hides his illness from his courtiers and his people; he feigns vigour and cheerfulness while the hand of Death is weighing him down. Still struggling, and fighting Death with bold front and resolute mien, he goes daily and nightly the round of the hospitals. From holy works he passes to royal duties. The safety of the camp has to be looked after; an intrepid front has to be made to the Paymins; justice has to be rendered to the King's lieges, beneath the shadow of the King's tent-curtains, as in the old days beneath the oaks of Vincennes.

For days, Prince Philip, the eldest born and heir of Louis, has not quitted his royal father. He is at last obliged to keep his tent; then, thinking that the hours of his utility to his people are numbered, but that it behoves him to provide for their well-being even after his death, he writes his will. Ducange, the antiquary, has seen the manuscript in the saintly King's own writing. The characters are large, yet feebly traced; they are the weak expressions of a strong soul, for the will is full of wisdom, and goodness, and simple-mindedness, and sage advice to his son Philip for the well governing of the kingdom and people that are soon to be his.

On the Monday morning, the twenty-fifth of August, Saint Louis of France, being in extremity, demands and receives extreme unction; then he causes himself to be stretched on a bed of cinders, and—crossing his arms over his breast, and raising his eyes to Heaven—waits for death.

The sight has been seen but once, and

never will be seen again. The horizon becomes dotted with black specks—these specks are ships—these ships are the fleet of Charles of Anjou, King of Sicily, laden with arms and men and munitions of war for the Crusaders. The hills and plains around Tunis are swarming with the Moorish hosts; but in the camp of the Crusaders there is a dead silence; the only figures to be seen are wasted, emaciated, death-stricken soldiers slowly and painfully dragging themselves to the tent of their expiring king. Within that tent, towards the third hour of the afternoon, Saint Louis giving one sigh says, clearly and distinctly, these words, "Lord, I shall go into thine house and enter into thy temple!" and dies.

So ran my reverie of the Last Crusader. He was a Christian and a King worthy of better times and better deeds. Long the old knights and gentlemen who followed him were proud to say that they had been crusading with Saint Louis; "and I have had made," writes the honest Sire de Joinville, "an altar in honour of God and of 'Monseigneur Saint Loys.'"

DIETS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Those among us who are sufficiently in the sunshine of fortune to possess golden luxuries—whether in the forms of plates or dish-covers, candlesticks or candelabra, racing cups or presentation plates, watch-cases or watch-chains, ear-rings or finger-rings—are not fully aware of the solicitude with which Her Majesty's Parliament supervises the gold; to see that it is of the right quality; to see—not, perhaps, that all that glitters shall be gold—but that all which is called gold shall have some sort of claim to that designation.

It is of old standing, this supervising authority over the goldsmiths. So long back as the reign of Edward the First, an Act was passed to settle this matter: to determine which, between two kinds of jewellery, shall be deemed the real Simon Pure. No article of gold or silver was to be made with a baser alloy than those named in the Act; and none should pass into the market until its quality had been assayed, and a leopard's head stamped upon it. The wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company were empowered to go from shop to shop among the goldsmiths, to ascertain that the gold employed was of the right "touch," or alloy. Then, Henry the Sixth's parliament enacted, among things relating to silver, that all silver articles should be at least as fine as "sterling;" that every workman or maker should stamp his mark on every article; and that every maker's private mark should be made known to the Goldsmiths' Company. Several early charters gave to this powerful Company a general control over the gold and silver trade; the wardens were constituted judges of the standards of the precious metals; and they were empowered to search out and destroy all specimens of "deceitful work"—that is, work made of gold or silver below the standard. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that they were entrusted with the privilege of stamping manufactured goods. In the time of Elizabeth a statute declared the well-known "twenty-two carats" fine to be the standard quality which all gold manufactures must reach; that is, an alloy of twenty-two parts of gold to two of silver; while the standard for silver was to be eleven ounces two pennyweights of fine silver in twelve ounces, the rest being copper. The wardens had no bed of roses, it would seem; for an Act passed in 1665 recited, "that the wardens of the said Company, in punishing defaults in the said trade, had been at great charges, and at the peril of their bodies as well as at the loss of their goods; so that the wardens then late, on account of the menaces and assaults from the workers, could not put into execution the authorities given to them by former charters." The Kings, and Queens, and Parliaments laboured hard to ensure the goodness of the precious wares; for in 1738 a new statute strengthened the provisions of all the old ones, especially as to the standards for gold and silver. There was, however, an exemption in favour of jewellers using gold in certain of the trinkets made by them: the gold might in such cases be lower than the standard. All the goods, when found to be of the proper standard, were to be stamped with the initials of the worker, the arms of the Company, and a distinct variable letter to denote the year; but in mercy to the fragile structure of the tender family of pencil-cases, tweezer-cases, necklace beads, rings, buttons, thimbles, filagree work, toothpicks, chains, and such-like—they were exempted from the rude visitations of the stamping process.

The Government made use of the Company as a means of insuring the payment of a duty imposed (in 1719) on plate; this duty was sixpence per ounce. The Company kept a sharp eye on the makers, and the Excise on the Company; and assay-papers and receipts were planned with all due formality. The Company were of course not expected to do their work for nothing; they were to receive tenpence for assaying and stamping a gold watch-case, fivepence for a gold buckle, fifteen-pence for a gold snuff-box, half-a-crown for any piece of gold plate under thirty ounces, and so on. There is a curious use of the word *diet* in the Act just named; it being enacted that, from every piece of silver plate, weighing above four pounds troy, sent to be assayed and stamped, the wardens are empowered to take out or detain a diet not exceeding ten grains per pound.

Thus did Parliament, reign after reign, throw its protective shield over these luxuries. The Goldsmiths' Company had at first control over all the kingdom; but similar guilds were afterwards established at Exeter, Bristol,

Newcastle, and a few other towns. About the year 1773, the towns of Birmingham and Sheffield, having become somewhat conspicuous for their works in gold and silver, and feeling the annoyance attending the sending of their wares for assay and stamping to distant towns, obtained powers to establish companies under the title of 'Guardians of the standard of wrought plate.' These bodies were to choose wardens, assayers, and other officers; and we now learn what is the meaning of the *diet* of those towns. The assayer for each town (Birmingham for instance), is empowered to scrape eight grains from every troy pound of the silver plate or other article sent to the Company's office to be assayed and stamped; this he equally divides into two little parcels, one of which is immediately locked up in the *assayer's box*, while the other is operated upon. After the assay, the article is broken in pieces if below the proper standard, and the owner has to pay sixpence per ounce for the assay; but, if it be standard as above, the article is stamped, and a fee paid according to a certain graduated scale. If the four grains per pound be more than enough for the assay, the overplus goes as a perquisite to the Company. But now for the assayer's box and its contents. If the standard of each piece of plate be right and proper, the remaining little parcel of four grains per pound is taken out of the assayer's box, and with due formality deposited in a more honored receptacle called the *diet-box*. By the end of a year, this box contains diets or samples of all the plate found by assay during the year to be proper in standard. Once a year, the officers of the Company send up this box to the Mint in London; where the Assay-master tries the little bits or diets, in order to see that the Birmingham assayer has not departed from the true standard: if he has, his pocket is made to suffer.

These Birmingham and Sheffield guilds, like those of London, York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle, were made a kind of cat's paw for the Government, in respect to an increased duty of 8*s.* per ounce on gold manufactures and 6*d.* per ounce on those of silver, imposed in 1784. The wardens, after assaying and stamping, were to receive the duty before returning the articles; the Excise demanded it of them whether they had received it or not; so we may be pretty sure that the wardens of the respective Companies did not let the owners escape scot-free. The owners paid the duty to the Companies; the Companies handed it over to the Excise; and the Excise gave them 6*d.* in the pound for their trouble.

As there is no good reason why all the world should agree about these standards of purity, it is no wonder that manufacturers should have occasionally tried to obtain some variation. The legislature settled this question, in 1798, by allowing two standards for manufactured gold, one of "twenty-two carats," and the other of "eighteen carats;" the same Companies were to assay and stamp both kinds; and the same stamps were to be employed all excepting the "lion passant," which royal animal was to be exclusively appropriated to the finer kind of gold. So recently as 1844 these little peddlings with industry (for such they are apt to appear in these our free-trade days) were further modified. It had been found that, by stamping gold and silver with the same dies, a little hocus-pocus might possibly enable a dishonest person to pass off a silver gilt article for gold; it was therefore enacted that all the gold articles of "twenty-two carats fine" should be stamped with the mark of a Crown and the figures 22.

All these curious statutes, with a few curious exceptions, are still in force; and form a body of industrial law which is more likely to diminish than increase in future. The great City Companies have in many cases outlived their duties, though by no means outlived their wealth; but the Goldsmiths' Company has still both duties and wealth. The following is pretty nearly the relation, at the present day, between the four parties interested in gold and silver manufactures—the Crown, the Goldsmiths' Company, and the manufacturers, and the public.

Every article made in or near London of gold or silver, except certain trinkets and small wares, must be sent to the Goldsmiths' Hall near Cheapside. The maker must previously stamp his mark upon it, which mark must be known and approved by the Company. It is assayed at the Hall; it is broken up and returned if below the proper standard, but stamped and returned if of due quality. The Company employ persons to scrape a few fragments from every article, for the purpose of assay; and these persons, to ensure their thorough knowledge, must have served a seven years' apprenticeship to a goldsmith. There being many gold and silversmiths, and manufacturers of watch-cases and chains, living in and near Clerkenwell, the Goldsmiths' Company, when they rebuilt their Hall some years ago, determined to build it on its present central site, rather than remove it nearer to the Mint. There is a constant running to and fro between the workshops and the Hall; and many losses might occur if the Hall were too far distant. Clerkenwell and Foster Lane are the two poles of an electric chain, having links of silver and gold—a figure, by the way, which we fear is not quite faultless; for these two metals, though electric in a moral sense, are not much so according to lecture-room philosophy.

When the wardens and assayers of the Company are examining the articles sent to them, they have power to reject any in which, according to their judgment, there may have been too much solder employed; because solder being less valuable than the metal soldered, the standard of the whole bulk may perchance be reduced too much. The duties of the

Company therefore, may be said to be fivefold, in respect to the principal articles of gold and silver sent to them—viz., to see that the gold or silver is of the proper standard; to see that the silver is not plated silver, or the gold silver-gilt; to see that the solder employed has not been too much in relative weight; to stamp the article when approved; and to receive money when the article is returned to the owner. This money consists of a small sum for the stamping-fee, and a much larger sum for the Government. The present duty —seventeen shillings per ounce for gold, and one shilling and sixpence for silver—is practically reduced to fourteen shillings and two pence, and one shilling and threepence, an allowance of one-sixth being made to the manufacturer for a slight reduction in the weight of each article during the finishing processes; this finishing being always conducted after the assaying and stamping have taken place. The Company pay these duties into the Bank of England, where they are placed to the account of the receiver of Stamps and Taxes; and the Company, having thus acted as tax-gatherers, are paid for so doing at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. The Company receives about four thousand a year from the manufacturers for assaying and stamping, and about two thousand a year from the Government for collecting the tax. There is one deputy-warden appointed by the Company, with a salary, to superintend especially these matters; and under him are an engraver of punches, three assayers, two weighers, three drawers, and a cupel-maker.

Boys carry the articles of plate between Clerkenwell and Foster Lane. Let us suppose that young Tom Simmons, a Clerkenwell apprentice, arrived or arriving at years of discretion sufficiently to be trusted, takes a piece of unfinished plate to Goldsmiths' Hall. The weighers ascertain the weight, calculate the duty at so much per ounce, set down the fee required for assaying and stamping, and enter the items in due form. The drawers or scrapers then take the piece of plate in hand. They examine it to see that the several parts all belong properly to each other, and that it is not charged with a suspiciously large amount of solder. This examination being satisfactorily concluded, they draw or scrape a few fragments from the surface of the article, just sufficient for the purposes of assay; and if there be a shadow of suspicion that there are different qualities of metal in different parts of the article, the scraper is applied to all those parts, and a fair average made of the whole. Then comes the third stage in the history: the drawers hand over the little fragments to the assayers, who proceed to determine whether the metal be up to the standard. If all be right up to this time, the drawers again take the piece of plate, and stamp it with the requisite marks. If all be not right, if the metal be lower than the standard, the article is retained until the following day; it is again tried, and if again found wanting, it is broken up; but if the manufacturer, willing to save his poor bantling, should ask for a third trial, and should be willing to pay another shilling for it, he can do so; the third verdict is final, there being no appeal against it; and the broken piece of glitter is sent home in disgrace. But *our* piece of plate we of course assume to be standard. After the assayers have reported well of it, and the drawers have stamped it, the weighers re-weigh it; and then there is very little else to be done before Tom takes home the piece of plate to his master's.

The principal of adulteration (pity that we should have to use such a term) sometimes creeps into these golden products. The maker of a watch-case may, if he be less honest than his compeers, make some of the tiny bits of less than perfect metal; but the drawers baffle him; they scrape from all the parts, good and bad; and if there happen to be former peccadillos attached to his name, the scrapings are made yet more carefully; and he must abide by the average result of the whole. The assayers are not allowed to know to whom the several little packets of scrapings belong; these are wrapped up separately by the drawers, with certain private marks and numbers, and are placed in boxes; and the assayers take them from the boxes, assay them, and report the results, without knowing who are the parties affected by their decision. Thus are there one or two hundred assays, more or less, made every day at the Hall: one assayer confining his attention to gold, and two others to silver.

The Company, in order to have some test that their servants have properly performed the duties entrusted to them, hold a kind of annual scrutiny—an assay of a more formal nature. Portions of the scrapings resulting from the assays made during the year, amounting possibly to fifty thousand, are kept, sufficient to form a judgment on the whole. The practical members of the Company are convened—leaving out the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who somehow become members of this as of the other great City Companies—and the parliament, or jury, or judges, or arbitrators, or scrutiners (call them which we may) melt down the scrapings, and make a very careful assay of them; the result of this assay shows whether or not the three assayers have done their year's work well. But the *diet* of the Birmingham and Sheffield assay is more official and more imperative; we must briefly notice it.

The golden doings of Birmingham have undergone very considerable change within the last few years. Time was when the "toy-shop of Europe" produced immense quantities of gilt toys, which occupied some thousands of hands; the buckles, the snaps, the clasps, the earrings, the bracelets, the rings,

the brooches—as well as other articles which we may designate toys, or trinkets, or sham-jewellery — were thrown upon the market most unsparingly. Such is not now the case; and many causes have led to the change. Fashion has, in many instances, refused to sanction that which she formerly applauded; the gold became thinner and thinner upon the toys, until people began to be ashamed to call it gold at all; the French showed that they could make gilt-toys presenting more graceful designs than our own; while the designation of "Brummagem goods" became rather humbling to those who decked themselves therewith. Thus the gilt-toy trade has declined in that town; but others have arisen which place the golden labours of the townsmen on a better footing. The manufacture of good jewellery has increased; while the rise and spread to the remarkable electro-plating process have given an immense impetus to the employment of the precious metals at Birmingham. How the Birmingham men use their gold and silver, it is not our province here to describe; our fourth volume (at pages 113 and 456) has already done this. Suffice it here to speak of the official inspection of the gold and silver work produced.

The diets or small parcels of scrapings, as mentioned in a former page, are sent up to London from Birmingham in the diet-box, and placed in the hands of the Queen's Assay-master. Here they are examined and assayed, and tested with certain gold and silver trial plates made expressly for this purpose. If the quality be below standard, the Birmingham Assay-master is fined; but if it be equal or superior to standard, a certificate is returned, which is an acquittal for a whole year's labours. A certificate for the Birmingham gold assays takes somewhat the following form: "These are to certify that, having this day duly assayed and tried the gold Diet from Birmingham, of twenty-two carats of fine gold, and two carats of alloy, and also the gold Diet of eighteen carats of fine gold, and six carats of alloy, pursuant to Act of Parliament 5 Geo. 4, sess. 1824, and having made such trials in presence of ——, especially appointed by the Lord's Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to attend the same; I find, in comparison with the respective gold trial plates made for that purpose, that the Diet of twenty-two carats fine is ——, the said Diet of eighteen carats fine is —— the said trial plates, and do therefore report that the said diets are sufficiently fine, and fully conformable to the true intent and meaning of the Act aforesaid." The Queen's Assay-master signs the certificate, in which there are blanks left for indicating whether the gold is "equal to" or "superior to" the standards respectively referred to.

Query: If the Government duty were abandoned on the one hand, and the Companies' privileges on the other—if manufacturers and purchasers were allowed to make their own bargain uninfluenced by all this official parade—would it not be better and cheaper in the end that these diets should die away? Are they not relics of the same antiquated system which at one time gave curfew laws, and at another sumptuary laws? When trades are too young to run alone they are protected; but they are all getting out of leading-strings now-a-days one by one. Gold and silver working is certainly an old trade; but (we wish to leave room for correction) it may just possibly not be old enough to be left to itself.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

Monsieur le Cure is a good man, and I am glad to make his acquaintance. He is about forty, with a dark open countenance and a pleasant smile; by the way, I never saw a fair Curé. He is rather inclined to be fat, but has nothing sensual about him, and is so full of amusing harmless stories that he might have been the companion of ladies and children all his life—perhaps he was once—for the story of M. le Curé's life is rather a strange one, that is, strange to us; but common enough in France. M. le Curé began life in a regiment of dragoons, and served with great distinction in Africa. Suddenly, however, he took a disgust to the world; a woman he had loved long and well, married his friend; his trusted, intimate friend. He was no common man who could either give or take back his affection lightly; and he did one of those touchingly generous things that seem more to belong to romance than to real life. To punish the woman who had jilted him (and let us hope it did punish her) he gave her every franc he possessed in the world; and then, taking her faithlessness and his friend's treason to heart, he retired from society, became a village pastor, and never let them hear of him again. That young man's grief is long healed now, and M. le Curé is a happy man; as indeed he ought to be. Having suffered, he can cheer; and he knows the world and how to deal with those who are not yet weaned from it. M. le Curé likes sometimes to speak of his early life, and he is fond of saying, "I entered life by the great gate: I was wealthy and high born, and I had ten years of every pleasure that the world has to give, but to have those ten years over again, I would not give a single day of my present life."

M. le Curé makes no pretence of needless austerity, and eats and drinks as honestly as, I dare say, he does everything else. He has asked me to pay him a visit before I go, and I shall do so.

It is not long before I redeem my promise to M. le Curé and pay him a visit. I am admitted by a decent-looking body, with her grey hair modestly arranged under one of those charming snowy caps, for the making of which French countrywomen have quite a mission. I take the liberty to mention that M. le Curé's

solitary servant has grey hair, because it is as well that a scandalous public should learn that M. le Curé is not allowed to keep any female servant under forty years of age.

M. le Curé is attending to his school when I arrive, but I am informed, in a patois that rings homely and pleasant on the ear, that he will return in about a quarter of an hour, and I am shown into his room meanwhile. There are no nice easy reading-chairs; no snug sofas; no tea and toast air about the place. It contains but two hard wooden chairs, a painted deal writing table worn white at the edges by the rubbing of M. le Curé's serge gown against it, a bed, three drawers with brass fittings, a clock, and a small (too small) book-shelf. On the writing-table is a manuscript which looks like a half finished sermon, and from which I turn away my eyes respectfully.

With M. le Curé's books, however, it is a different question, and not knowing what to do with myself till he comes, I pass my time in trifling with their leaves. Let us see, what have we here? "Reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith." Very good; and here—"Statistics of Crime in the Provinces;" better still. Here is an illuminated Missal, evidently prized highly by its owner, and doubtless the work of many a lonely hour of the quaint-minded imaginative old monk who spent his time over it. What a record of time wasted, yet what volumes of thought and poetry we can puzzle out; sometimes veiled, and but thinly veiled after all, in those odd devices and uncouth figures! What smothered satire, what keen, strong, human feelings that could find no vent but this for their deep silent current! What sad lives of struggle against the flesh, and battling with a world that had too many charms!

But here comes M. le Curé himself, with his pleasant thoughtful smile and kindly greeting. He says, simply, he is glad to see us, without set phrase or compliments, but we feel that he is speaking the truth, and I am grateful for it. He has a good deal to say for himself, and says it pleasantly. He offers us, also, some refreshment, which we do not take; in the first place because we think that the 800 francs a year and promiscuous hospitality hardly go well together, and also because we have not long breakfasted, and do not want it.

MA SŒUR, THE GOVERNESS.

Ma Sœur and I are great friends. She is the nursery governess of my host's daughter; who is a fresh little daisy of a girl some five years old, with pretty surprised eyes, and hair of rich French brown, and rosy cheeks, and cherry lips which put one in mind of summer to look at them were they not so fresh and so cold. What a decent homely worthy body she seems, Ma sœur, in her black dress, and snowy coal-scuttle cap that would look so abominable on any one else; with her rosary round her neck, her busy hands always at some task, yet always so clean and nicely kept. I could fall in love with Ma sœur if we were both twenty years younger; and if I were a little boy under her care I should love her very dearly. Any other love, Ma sœur is not exactly the sort of person to inspire or to feel; although who knows what a deep romance, what a wealth of broken hopes those quiet hearts often conceal?

Ma sœur may be forty or perhaps forty-five, but time has dealt kindly with her, and she has one of the most beautiful and healthy complexions I ever saw. I am sure Ma sœur has a good conscience, though I have not known her a week. Her clear blue eyes, calm and well opened, a pleasant tone of decision in her voice, (as if she always knew the right thing to do and no consideration would make her do the wrong one), convince me of this. I should say that Ma sœur would be the very providence of a sick bed; so active, so quiet, so watchful, so full of resolute common sense.

Ma sœur dines and breakfasts with us, and at other times retires into the nursery—a pleasant room, with a fine prospect over river and woodland—where she can hear the birds sing and can scent the odour of the flowers through the open window in summer time; while double casements keep out the cold in winter, and give an agreeable air of warmth and comfort to the room. She is always cheerful and unembarrassed, let us come in when we will; and although the room is tolerably full of furniture, and has by no means the usual appearance of that bare prison with bars to the windows which is called a nursery in England; and though she has the charge of as merry a little romp as may be, I do not remember ever to have seen a chair that did not seem well placed, or a curtain torn.

The fact is Ma sœur respects herself: she knows her position in the family is one generally esteemed and looked up to. She considers therefore, I'll be bound, that it is part of her duty to support its credit, and would not have her room caught in disarray by Monsieur le Conté or his guests on any account. She does not, therefore, straighten her waist and play with her chatelaine like a heroine of romance under unfavourable circumstances—as I have seen some young ladies' governesses do—perhaps because she has neither waist nor chatelaine visible to the eye; neither does she scuttle into the next room pushing her charge before her and leaving part of her dress as the door slams behind her, because she has a wrinkled stocking, and the child had not had its hair "done." She does not bristle up like a porcupine—all accidence of grammar, and 'ology—and wonder why strangers are brought into the nursery; but Ma sœur gets up when we come in and smiles pleasantly, thanks us for our visit. Mademoiselle is caught up in papa's arms—the strong man and the little child a pretty picture, he clinging to her as the very hope that

bound him to life –and down we all sit for a quarter of an hour's conversation about all sorts of nice little subjects Ma sœur can talk upon.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH.

It would appear, from the long list of eccentricities we are about to extract from the Government report on the local charities of the country, that as soon as a man sits before the form of a "last will and testament," his ideas begin to run riot. He sees all sorts of odd cranky ways of purchasing a snug local immortality by the investment of twenty pounds, to be called the Wiggins charity; he dreams of the far-off years when the grateful recipients of his perennial bounty will demand to know who was Wiggins, and whether Wiggins was duly honoured and recognised in the century to which he belonged. Another gentleman sits before his "last will and testament," and has a mind to make a noise after his death—but a noise on the lowest possible terms. If immortality is to be purchased in Appledom for the small charge of seven shillings and sixpence per annum, he is not the man to leave eight shillings for the purpose: therefore he bequeaths a leg of pork to the parish bell-ringers, to be discussed on New Year's morning, after the bell-ringing. He feels that this bequest will lead annually to the question, who was Chapenier—the munificent donor of the leg of pork. Thus, for the small charge of seven shillings and sixpence, Chapenier feels that he can place himself before the parish for ever. He determines to go down to posterity on a leg of pork.

"A maid deceased" figures on the papers of the parish of Hampstead, as the donor of forty pounds, to be distributed by the churchwardens in a halfpenny loaf to every soul, rich and poor, in the parish. This is a happy way of spreading a little bounty over a large surface. The parish of Paddington is also endowed with an eccentric gift from "two maiden gentlewomen," in the shape of a piece of land, the rental of which (forty pounds eighteen shillings per annum) is applied in the purchase of bread and cheese for the poor —which refreshments were formerly thrown down from the parish church, to be scrambled for by the people congregated in the churchyard. In the same spirit of eccentricity, one William Clapham made a will in the year 1603, by which he bequeathed the yearly sum of four shillings and fourpence, to be laid out in figs, bread and ale, for the poor scholars of the free-school in Giggleswick, Yorkshire: and to this time these poor scholars, on one day in the year, enjoy a feast of bread and figs—to the glory of William Clapham. When a lady, who wished to be nameless, wrote, "I give and bequeath one hundred pounds, the interest of which shall be applied by the authorities of St. Andrew, Holborn, to the relief of six poor lying-in women, the wives of Irishmen, living within the Saffron Hill Liberty of the parish, she taught a lesson to all future donors of figs.

Contrast this with the bequest of one Thomas Mosely, who, it is thought, many years ago bequeathed a dole of one penny to every person in Walsall. When the commissioners went their round, they found that the Walsall corporation employed three persons to make the disribution. These began their operations on New Year's Day, and went gradually through the parishes, giving to every inmate of every house the dole of one penny. In this manner they threw away sixty pounds. The yearly bull bequeathed in 1661 by George Staverton to the poor of the township of Wokingham, Berks, to be baited—and then to be sold; the proceeds to be distributed among the poor children of the township in the shape of shoes and stockings—led to a riot in 1835, when the people broke into the place where the bull was yoked, and, in defiance of the authorities, revived the barbarous custom of baiting. Thus for six pounds a year George Staverton contrived to purchase local notoriety for his name, and about one hundred and seventy years after his death to provoke a riot.

Eccentric testators have spread their eccentricities all over the country. There is hardly a parish that does not enjoy the fruits of testatory eccentricity. I think I see Matthew Wall, who, in 1595, wrote "I give and bequeath," and appended to these words the following provisions for the perpetuation of his name on the smallest possible terms:—To the sexton to make up the testator's grave yearly, and to ring the bell, one shilling and tenpence: To sweep the path from the testator's house to the church-gate every year, one shilling: To the vicar of Stortford, to make proclamation yearly, on Ascension and Michaelmas Day, that the testator left his estate to a Matthew, or William Wall, as long as the world should endure, eightpence: To the parish clerk at Hallingbury for the same, eightpence; and to the minister and churchwardens, to see the testator's will carried out, five shillings. Matthew Wall also gave twenty groats to twenty boys, and ten threepences to ten aged and infirm persons. The general intention of Matthew in this document is a little too obvious: he bungled in his bargain for local immortality. Edward Strode, who wrote "I give and bequeath" about one century after Wall, did not exhibit any remarkable advantage over the little hero of Stortford. Strode fixed upon Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, as the abode of his immortality; and caught the happy idea of founding almshouses to be called by his name. More—he determined that the recipients of his bounty should wear the badge of his charity upon them: that the letter E should "be cut large in blue cloth, and well sewed on the right sleeve, and the letter S on the left sleeve, plain to be seen." Thus Strode contrived

that four poor old men of his parish should wear his livery, and carry the initials of his name about the country for ever. I can picture Strode to myself also:—a weak man anxious to make a bargain for his soul and a salve for his vanity at the same time. Let me also recall the pompous bequest of the merest pittance made by William Norrice in 1611, to the parish of All Saints, Leicester, "in consideration of the love which he bore" to it—and to himself. He granted fifteen shillings, "issuing out of certain garden-ground in or near Soar Lane, upon the conditions that the minister and churchwardens should yearly, upon the Sunday next before the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, in the afternoon, meet and elect forty-one of the poorest people inhabiting in the parish of All Saints, and deliver a list of their names in writing to the clerk of the parish, and cause him to give notice that all persons whose names were contained in that note should personally attend evening prayer on St. Bartholomew's Day, and that the minister should, on the said feast day, after the second lesson at evening prayer, exhort the people to praise God for his mercy in providing for the poor, and should make choice of some fit psalm for that purpose, desiring the people to sing that psalm with him; and after evening prayer the minister and churchwardens should cause the clerk to call the said forty-one people into some convenient place in the church, calling each by his name, and in a loud voice, and to give each fourpence, and the minister and churchwardens, and clerk were to have fourpence each; all which being satisfied, the said poor should depart, glorifying God, (and William Norrice): and default of all this formality, the annuity should cease." And all for fifteen shillings!

It is not certain, however, that we might not reasonably prefer the will of William Norrice to one of those documents where reckless munificence is recorded. It is difficult to give well. In 1790 George Jarvis, Esq., of Stanton upon Wye, Herefordshire, left thirty thousand pounds to be invested in Government securities, the interest to be distributed in money, provisions, clothes, or medicine amongst the poor people "of this parish of Bredwardine and Litten." In 1822 this fund amounted to ninety-two thousand four hundred and ninety-six pounds, seventeen shillings, and ninepence, the interest of which was to be distributed amongst the poor of three parishes, the united population of which did not exceed eleven hundred and eighty persons. The yearly fund distributable amounted to three thousand pounds. This was a source of great attraction to the country people round about, and encouraged the idle and dissolute to come and plant themselves within the genial influence of Mr. Jarvis's bounty. Thus George Jarvis, Esq., did not effect much good by his munificence; it is more than probable, on the contrary, that he contrived to do much evil by it.

We run over innumerable bequests of money to preach sermons about the Armada; to return thanks that the fire of London was no worse; to encourage servants to remain with their employers; to invigorate "the inner man" of bell-ringers; to tempt "poor maidens" into matrimony; to console the weary hours of single ladies who have arrived "at a certain age;" to reward labourers who have reared infinitely large families on infinitely low wages; to give clean gloves to churchwardens, and targets to local sportsmen; to apprentice deserving little boys, and sing doggrel verse to condemned murderers; to encourage loyalty, and promote education. Two objects are curiously associated by John Perram of Newmarket, who, after the important words "I give and bequeath," wrote to the effect that a marriage portion of twenty-one pounds was to be given out of his estate yearly to a parishioner, or, in default of a marrying parishioner (who must not be worth twenty pounds), to the winner of the next town plate!

The ingenious eccentricities of testators are, in fact, endless. They have tacked sums to churches for the most curious purposes; in the olden time, to strew the sacred edifices with rushes or new hay; and, comparatively in modern times, to reward men who will undertake to wake those who sleep during a dull sermon and "to whip dogs out of the church." These bequests have been made to many country churches, and zealous men have been found to do these offices for the yearly sum of eight shillings. Even the inattention of boys during divine service long ago attracted the attention of testators. Much money has also been given and bequeathed to sextons and pew-openers, and to the guardians of churchyards, and enormous sums have been set aside to decorate testators' graves: to plant them with rose-trees, or cover them with flying angels.

These vanities and pomps are however relieved, as we run through the list, by tender touches of goodness and piety. Here and there we feel that a good soul has dictated the words that follow "I give and bequeath;" that here the bountiful hand was opened—not to be seen by a staring world, but for the love of doing good; that strong affection, regardless of the applause that may follow the deed, made its noble offering to its object. In a history of bequests the curious reader may find touches of pathos that must move him deeply; traces of quiet goodness that make the vulgar ways of the coarser part of the world sweet again; revelations of an inner spirit which redeem the harsh appearances of social life. The sternest men have softened before a last will and testament; the most abandoned profligates have paused before this solemn document, to do an act of redeeming goodness.

That is a touching pillar planted on the road between Penrith and Appleby in the year

1656, by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, to commemorate her final parting with her mother on this spot, on the second of April, 1616. The inscription declares that Anne of Pembroke gave four pounds to be annually distributed "upon the stone hereby" amongst the poor within the parish of Brougham. Well, after forty years of troubles—and troubles that must have cost the "pious Pembroke" many a bitter hour—it is pleasant to think of the daughter returning to this spot to consecrate it. Four pounds a year could not do much good, you may say, to the people of Brougham; but it may consecrate the spot in years of scarcity by the thanks of people sorely pressed; and the spirit of tenderness which dictated the bounty is something to think of every year.

Bequests to promote the friendly intercourse of neighbours are not rare; but that of Church Street, Kidderminster, is not the least remarkable of these. The original bequest is said to have originated with a maiden woman who left two pounds to be put out to interest, the proceeds to be divided, in the shape of farthing loaves, to all the children born or living in the street, in the presence of all the male inhabitants of the street who might choose to attend the ceremony. Later, John Brecknell, of this street, bequeathed one hundred and fifty pounds to be put out to interest; and the interest to be applied in giving to every child and unmarried person born or living in the street a twopenny plum cake on Midsummer Eve—to furnish tobacco and ale to the male inhabitants—and the balance to be divided amongst the poorest people of the street.

We may now pass rapidly along lists of bequests in gratitude for escapes from imminent danger; for hired prayers for the repose of testators' souls; and other equally pious and unselfish objects. Yet should I wish to trace in faint outline the general plan of a great and glorious bequest—one in no way eccentric, save for its utterly unselfish character. Let the testator be a bishop, and by birth a nobleman, and so combine with the Christianity of a Churchman the hereditary wealth of a peer. His sphere of action lies to the north—say some hundred and sixty miles from London. He has a great estate, and an observing eye. He sees within his spiritual jurisdiction many conflicting social elements, many injustices, many hard and appalling battles. He sees colleges where deficiencies of income make worthy scholars ridiculous; curacies where good men are starving; nooks and corners where forlorn children are growing into ignorant brutes; and other phases of social life which he cannot quietly contemplate. With these matters vividly before him, he sits at his desk, takes the form of a last will and testament, and after the words "I give and bequeath," writes, my castle and my lands, to lessen all these evils. In a few years, in the hands of honest trustees, scholars find themselves on a fair equality with their companions; curates are able to live decently; schools are founded here and there; poor boys are apprenticed; and the castle becomes the home of shipwrecked seamen. For hereabouts the coast is very dangerous, and the shipwrecks are frequent. The castle stands on a lordly eminence, and commands the coast for many miles:—it has been a border citadel, but is now to bear friendly warnings to the ships that pass on their way. Within its great walls much pompous revelry has been held;—now it is fitted up to receive shipwrecked men; to accommodate the children round about with school room; to husband medicines and supply medical skill for the benefit of the needy peasantry; and to fire minute guns, as friendly warnings to ships at sea on foggy nights, when men tremble at the helm, and look up in vain for the stars, or aside fruitlessly for guiding lights. Near at hand is a harbour, and round about a fishery; the first is improved and the last developed—and the people are prosperous and happy.

The vast sums that have been scattered over the country to accomplish foolish and miserable ends, by vain and stupid testators, may fairly suggest a warning. There is something very magnificent about Bamborough Castle (the castle we have just described), and something very good about the Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who turned it into a seamen's hospital; but, in the long list of bequests buried in Parliamentary blue books, it is easy to find many—we are afraid to say a majority—in which vanity has guided the testator's hand. We do not envy the maids of a certain village their eleemosynary petticoat; we cast no longing glances at the twopenny plum-cakes of Church Street, Kidderminster; we have not the slightest wish to cut a single slice from the pork bequeathed to the bell-ringers of Harlington; but these bequests may be pertinently submitted to the calm and dispassionate consideration of all persons who are in a position to append any words to the well-known form "I give and bequeath." And all such persons will do well to remember before they gratify, not to say Vanity, but even what would be commonly (often erroneously) called Charity, whether they are neglecting claims of Justice. Think of this, will-makers! I may "give and bequeath" my soul to everlasting sorrow and remorse, if I neglect those paramount claims, for any consideration.

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PERFIDIOUS PATMOS.

THE natural place of refuge for a hunted man is an island. None but those who have known what it is to be pursued from place to place, who have been aware of such and such blood-hounds upon their track, of such and such scouts waiting at given points to lead them down to death or captivity, can form an idea of the feeling of security engendered by the knowledge that there is between them and their enemies a bulwark far more impregnable than any gabion, glacis, bastion, or counterscarp, that Vauban ever dreamed of, in the shape of a ring of blue water. So islands have been, in all ages and circumstances, the chosen places of refuge to men who could find no rest elsewhere for the soles of their feet. Patmos was the elected asylum of St. John the Apostle. In Malta, the last Christian knights of Palestine, driven from their first island refuge—Rhodes—found a haven of safety, and founded a city of strength against the infidels. The expiring embers of the Druidical priesthood smouldered away in the impenetrable groves of the island of Anglesey. The isles of Greece were the eyries of poetry, and art, and liberty, when the mainland groaned beneath the despotism of the thirty tyrants. The Greeks located their paradise in the islands of the blest. Madeira spread forth pitying, protecting arms to two fugitive lovers. Charles Edward hid in Skye. Once within the pleasant valleys of Pitcairn's Island, Jack Adams and the mutineers of the Bounty felt secure and safe from courts-martial and yard-arms. There is a hiding-place for the pursued of sheriffs in the island of Jersey and in the Isle of Man; in which latter insular refuge Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, sheltered the last remnants of the cause of the Stuarts against Oliver Cromwell. The dogs of Constantinople found protection from the sticks and stones of the men of Stamboul, in an island in the Bosphorus. The last of the London marshes staunchly defy drainage from the strongholds of the Isle of Dogs; and there is a wall of strength for the choicest London fevers, and the dirtiest London lodging-houses, against Inspectors Reason and Humanity and their whole force, in and about the mud embankments of Jacob's island.

But, chief and pre-elect of islands on which camps of refuge have been built, is the one we are happy enough to live in, the Island of England. There are other islands in the world, far more isolated, geographically speaking, far more distant from hostile continents, far more remote from the shores of despotism. Yet to these chalky cliffs of Albion, to this Refuge misnamed the perfidious, come refugees from all quarters of the world, and of characters, antecedents, and opinions, pointing to every quarter of the political compass. The oppressor and the oppressed, the absolutist and the patriot, the butcher and the victim, the wolf and the lamb, the legitimist as white as snow and the *montagnard* as red as blood, the *doctrinaire* and the socialist—men of views so dissimilar that they would (and do) tear each other to pieces in their own lands, find a common refuge in this country, and live in common harmony here. The very climate seems to have a soothing and mollifying influence on the most savage foreign natures. South American dictators, who have shot, slaughtered, and outraged hecatombs of their countrymen in the parched-up plains of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, roar you as mildly as any sucking doves as soon as they are in the Southampton water—make pets of their physicians, and give their barbers silver shaving dishes; pachas of three tails, terrible fellows for bowstringing, impaling, and bastinadoing in their Asiatic dominions, here caper nimbly in ladies' chambers to the twangling of lutes; hangers of men and scourgers of women forego blood-thirstiness; demagogues forget to howl for heads; and red republicans, who were as roaring lions in the lands they came from, submit to have their claws cut, and their manes trimmed, drink penny cups of coffee, and deliver pacific lectures in Mechanics' Institutes.

England, then, is the Patmos of foreign fugitives—a collection of Patmoses, rather; almost every seaport and provincial town of any note having a little inland island of refuge of its own; but London being the great *champ d'asile*, the monster isle of safety, a Cave of Adullam for the whole world, it is with this Patmos that I have principally to do.

Years ago, Doctor Johnson called London "the common sewer of Paris and of

Rome;" but at the present day it is a reservoir, a giant vat, into which flow countless streams of continental immigration. More so than Paris, where the English only go for pleasure; the Germans to become tailors and boot-makers; and the Swiss, valets, house-porters, and waiters. More so than the United States, whose only considerable feed-pipes of emigration are Irish, English, and Germans. There is in London the foreign artistic population, among which I will comprise French, and Swiss, and German governesses, French painters, actors, singers, and cooks; Italian singers and musicians; French hairdressers, milliners, dressmakers, clear-starchers and professors of legerdemain, with countless teachers of every known language, and professors of every imaginable musical instrument. There is the immense foreign servile population: French and Italian valets and shopmen, and German nurses and nursery-maids. There is the foriegn commercial population, a whole colony of Greek merchants in Finsbury, of Germans in the Minories, of Frenchmen round Austin Friars, of Moorish Jews in Whitechapel, and of foreign shop-keepers at the west end of the town. There is the foreign mechanical, or labouring population: French, Swiss, and German watch-makers, French and German lithographers, Italian plaster-cast makers, and German sugar-bakers, brewers, and leather-dressers. There is the foreign mendicant population: German and Alsatian buy-a-broom girls, Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, French begging-letter writers (of whose astonishing numbers, those good associations, "*La Société Française de Bienfaisance à Londres*," and "The Friends of Foreigners in Distress," could tell some curious tales may be), Lascar street-sweepers and tom-tom pounders. There is the foreign maritime population: an enormous one, as all men who have seen Jack alive in London can vouch for. There is the foreign respectable population, composed of strangers well to do, who prefer English living and English customs to those of their own country. There is the foreign swindling population: aliens who live on their own wits and on the want thereof in their neighbours: sham counts, barons, and chevaliers; farmers of German lotteries, speculators in German university degrees, forgers of Russian bank-notes, bonnets at gaming-houses, touts and spungers to foreign hotels and on foreign visitors, bilkers of English taverns and boarding-houses, and getters-up of fictitious concerts and exhibitions. There is the foreign visiting or sight-seeing population, who come from Dover to the Hôtel de l'Europe, and go from thence, with a cicerone, to St. Paul's, Windsor, and Richmond, and thence back again to France, Germany, or Spain. Lastly, there is the refugee population; and these be mine to descant upon.

The Patmos of London I may describe as an island bounded by four squares; on the north by that of Soho, on the south by that of Leicester, on the east by the quadrangle of Lincoln's Inn Fields (for the purlieus of Long Acre and Seven Dials are all Patmos), and on the west by Golden Square.

The trapezium of streets enclosed within this boundary are not, by any means, of an aristocratic description. A maze of sorry thoroughfares, a second-rate butcher's meat and vegetable market, two model lodging houses, a dingy parish church, and some "brick barns" of dissent, are within its boundaries. No lords or squires of high degree live in this political Alsatia. The houses are distinguished by a plurality of bell-pulls inserted in the door-jambs, and by a plurality of little brass name-plates, bearing the names of in-dwelling artisans. Everybody (of nubile age and English) seems to be married, and to have a great many children, whose education seems to be conducted chiefly on the extra-domal or out-door principle.

As an uninterested stranger, and without a guide, you might, perambulating these shabby genteel streets, see in them nothing which would peculiarly distinguish them from that class of London streets known inelegantly, but expressively, as "back slums." At the first glance you see nothing but dingy houses teaming with that sallow cabbage-stalk and fried fish sort of population, indigenous to back slums. The pinafored children are squabbling or playing in the gutters; while from distant courts come faintly and fitfully threats of Jane to tell Ann's mother; together with that unmeaning monotonous chant or dirge which street-children sing, why, or with what object, I know not. Grave dogs sit on door-steps—their heads patiently cocked on one side, waiting for the door to be opened, as—in this region of perpetual beer-fetching—they know must soon be the case. The beer itself, in vases of strangely diversified patterns, and borne by Ganymedes of as diversified appearance, is incessantly threading the needle through narrow courts and alleys. The public-house doors are always on the swing; the bakers' shops (they mostly sell "seconds") are always full; so are the cookshops, so are the coffee-shops: step into one, and you shall have a phase of Patmos before you incontinent.

Albrecht Lurleibeg, who keeps this humble little *Deutsche Caffee und Gasthof*, as he calls it, commenced business five years ago with a single coffee-pot and two cups and saucers. That was a little before February, 1848. Some few foreigners dropt in to visit him occasionally; but he was fain to eke out his slender earnings by selling sweetstuff, penny dolls, and cheap Sunday newspapers. After the first three months' saturnalia of revolution in '48, however, exiles began to populate Patmos pretty thickly. First, Barbès' and Albert's unsuccessful riot; then the escapade of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc; then the

wholesale proscriptions of Hungary, Italy, Austria, Russia, and Baden—all these contributed to swell the number of Herr Lurleibeg's customers a hundred fold, and to fill Patmos to overflowing. The sweetstuff and dolls disappeared "right away," and the coffee-pots and cups and saucers multiplied exceedingly. In addition to this, the Herr caused to be stretched across the single window a canvas blind, on which his name, and the style and title of his establishment, were painted in painfully attenuated letters, with which not yet content, he incited young Fritz Schiftmahl, the artist, with dazzling prospects of a carte-blanche for coffee and tobacco, to depict beneath, in real oil colours, the counterfeit presentments of a Pole, a Hungarian, and a German embracing each other in a fraternal accolade, all smoking like volcanos; the legend setting forth that true, universal, and political brotherhood are only to be found at Albrecht Lurleibeg's.

In the Herr's back parlour—he once designed in the flush of increased business to enlarge it by knocking it into the back yard, till warned, by a wary neighbour, of the horrible pains and penalties (only second to *premunire*) incurred by meddling with a wall in England—in this dirty back parlour with rings made by coffee-cups on the ricketty Pembroke tables, on the coarsely papered, slatternly printed foreign newspapers and periodicals, are a crowd of men in every variety of beard and moustache and head-dress, in every imaginable phase of attire more or less dirty and picturesque. Figures such as, were you to see them in the drawings of Leech, or Daumier, or Gavarni, you would pronounce exaggerated and untrue to nature; hooded, tasselled, and braided garments of unheard of fashion; hats of shapes to make you wonder to what a stage the art of squeezability had arrived; trousers with unnumbered plaits; boots made as boots were never made before; finger and thumb-rings of fantastic fashion; marvellous gestures, Babel-like tongues; voices anything but (Englishly) human; the smoke as of a thousand brick-kilns; the clatter as of a thousand spoons: such are the characteristcs of this in-door Patmos.

Here are Frenchmen—ex-representatives of the people, ex-ministers, prefects and republican commissaries, Proletaires, Fourierists, Phalansterians, disciples of Proudhon, Pierre le Roux and Cahagnet, professors of barricade building; men yet young, but two-thirds of whose lives have been spent in prison or in exile. Here are political gaol-birds who have been caged in every state prison of Europe; the citadels of France, the *cachots* of Mont St. Michel, the *secrets* of the Conciergerie, the *piombi* of Venice, the gloomy fastnesses of Ehrenbreitstein and Breslau and Pilnitz, the *oubliettes* of the Spielberg and Salzburg. Here are young men—boys almost—of good families and nigh hopes, blasted by the Sirocco of civil war. Here are German philosophic democrats—scientific conspirators—who between Greek roots and algebraical quantities, tobacco smoke and heavy folios in German text upon international law, have somehow found themselves upon barricades and in danger of the fate of Robert Blum. Here are simple-minded German workmen—such honest-faced, tawny-bearded young fellows as you see in the beer cellars of Berlin—who have shaken off their dreams of German unity to find themselves in this back slum Patmos far away from home and friends. Here are swarthy Italians, eyeing the Tedeschi (though friendly ones) askance, cursing Radetzky and Gyulay, and telling with wild gesticulations how Novara was fought and Rome defended. Here, and in great numbers, are the poor, betrayed, cozened Hungarians, with glossy beards, and small embroidered caps and braided coats. They are more woe-begone, more scared and wild-looking than the rest, for they are come from the uttermost corners of Europe, and have little fellowship save that of misfortune with their continental neighbours. Lastly, here are the Poles, those historical exiles who have been so long fugitives from their country that they have adopted Patmos with a will, have many of them entered into and succeeded in business, but would, I think, succeed better if the persons with whom they have commercial transactions were able to pronounce their names—those jaw-breaking strings of dissonant letters in which the vowels are so few that the consonants seem to have compassed them round about, like fortifications, to prevent their slipping out.

There are many of these poor refugees (I speak of them in general) who sit in coffee-shops similar to Herr Lurleibeg's, from early morning, till late at night, to save the modicum of fire and candle they would otherwise be compelled to consume at home (if home their garrets can be called), and which God knows they can ill spare. About one o'clock in the day, those who are rich enough congregate in the English cook-shops, and regale themselves with the cheap cag-mag there offered for sale. Towards four or five the foreign eating-houses, of which there are many in Patmos of a fifth or sixth rate order of excellence, are resorted to by those who yet adhere to the gastronomic traditions of the land they have been driven from; and there they vainly attempt to delude themselves into the belief that they are consuming the *fricassées* and *ragouts*, the suet puddings and *sauerkraut*, the *maccaroni* and *stuffato* of France or Germany or Italy—all the delightfull messes on which foreigners feed with such extreme gusto and satisfaction. But alas! these dishes, though compounded from foreign recipes and cooked by foreign hands, are not, or, at least, do not taste by any means like foreign dishes. Cookery, like the *amor patriæ*, is indigenous. It cannot be transplanted. It

cannot flourish on a foreign soil. I question if the black broth of Sparta would have agreed with the Lacedæmonian palate if consumed in an English *à la mode* beef shop.

Patmos is likewise studded with small foreign tobacco shops. Limited to the sale of tobacco mostly, for the cigar is a luxury in most cases beyond the reach of the exile. You must remember that abroad you may obtain a cigar as large as an Epping sausage (and as damp), as strong as brandy and as fiery as a red hot poker for a matter of two sous:—in some parts of Belgium and Germany for one sous; and that in England the smallest Cuba, of Minories manufacture, smoked in a minute and of no particular flavour, costs three half-pence: a sum! There is, to be sure, a harmless milk-mild little roll of dark brown colour, the component parts of which, I believe, are brown paper, hay, and aromatic herbs, vended at the charge of one penny. But what would be the use of one of those smoke toys to an exile who is accustomed to wrap himself in smoke as in a mantle; to smoke by the apertures of his mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears; to eat cigars, so to speak? Thus Patmos solaces itself with cut tobacco (which is good and cheap in England), which it puffs from meerschaums or short clays, or rolls up into fragments of foreign newspapers and makes cigarettes of.

If there exist a peculiarity of Patmos which I could not, without injustice, avoid adverting to, it is the pleasure its inhabitants seem to feel in reading letters. See, as we saunter down one of Patmos's back streets a German exile, in a pair of trousers like a bifurcated carpet bag, stops a braided Hungarian with a half quartern loaf under his arm. A sallow Italian (one of Garibaldi's men) enters speedily unto them, and the three fall greedily to the perusal of a large sheet of tissue paper, crossed and re-crossed in red, and black and blue ink, patchworked outside with postage marks of continental frontiers and Government stamps. Few of these missives reach their destination without some curious little scissor marks about the seal, some suspicious little hot-water blisters about the wafers, hinting that glazed cocked hats, and jack-boots, and police spies have had something to do with their letters between their postage and their delivery. Indeed, so well is this paternal solicitude on the part of foreign governments to know whether their corresponding subjects write and spell correctly, known among the refugees, that some wary exiles have their letters from abroad addressed to "Mr. Simpson Brown," or "Mr. Thomas Williams," such and such a street, London; and as foreign governments are rather cautious as to how they meddle with the families of the Browns and the Williamses —who grow refractory sometimes and post their letters in the paddle-boxes of war steamers—the Browns and Williams letters reach London untampered with.

More exiles reading letters. One nearly falls over a dog's-meat cart, so absorbed is he in his correspondence; another, bearded like the pard, and with a fur cap like an Armenian Calpack, is shedding hot tears on his outstretched paper, utterly unconscious of the astonishment of two town-made little boys, who have stopped in the very middle of a "cartwheel" to stare at the "furriner a crying." Poor fellows! poor broken men! poor hunted wayfarers! If you, brother Briton, well clothed, well fed, well cared for—with X 99 well paid to guard you—with houses for the sale of law by retail on every side, where you can call for your half-pint of habeas corpus, or your Magna Charta, cold without, at any hour in the day—if you were in a strange land, proscribed, attainted, poor, unfriended, dogged even in your Patmos by spies; would *you* warrant yourself not to shed some scalding tears, even in a fierce fur cap, over a letter from the home you are never to see more?

My pencil may limn a few individual portraits in the perfidious refuge, and then I must needs row my bark away to other shores. Stop at forty-six, Levant Street, if you please, over against Leg-bail Court.

Up four flights of crazy stairs, knocking at a ricketty door, you enter a suite of three musty attics. They are very scantily furnished, but crowded with articles of the most heterogeneous description; *mes marchandises*, as the proprietor calls them. Variegated shades for lamps, fancy stationery, *bon-bon* boxes, lithographic prints, toys, cigar cases, nicknacks of every description, are strewn upon the chairs and table, and cumber the very floor; at one window a dark-eyed mild-looking lady, in a dark merino dress, is painfully elaborating a drawing on a lithographic stone; at another a slender girl is bending over a tambour frame; at a desk a round-headed little boy is copying music, while in an adjoining apartment—even more denuded of furniture and littered with *marchandises*—are two or three little children tumbling among the card-board boxes. All these moveables, animate and inanimate, belong to a Roman Marquis—the Marchese del Pifferare. He and his have been reared in luxury. Time was he possessed the most beautiful villa, the finest equipages, the most valuable Rafaelles in the Campagna of Rome; but *la politique*, as he tells you with a smile, has brought him down to the level of a species of unlicensed hawker, going with his wares (to sell on commission) from fancy warehouse to fancy warehouse, often rebutted, often insulted; yet picking up an honest livelihood somehow. His wife has turned her artistic talent, and his eldest daughter her taste for embroidery to account; his son Mithridates copies music for the orchestra in a theatre, for living is dear in London, and those helpless little ones among the card-board boxes must be looked after. He has been an exile

for five years. The holy father was good enough to connive at his escape, and to confer all his confiscated estates on a Dominican convent. No one knows what the *politique*, which has been his ruin, exactly was; nor, I am inclined to think, does the good man know very clearly himself. "We got away from Rome," he tells you mildly, "with a few hundred scudi, and our plate and a picture or two, and went to Marseilles; but when we had 'eaten' (*avevamo mangiati*) what we had brought with us, we came to England. It was very hard at first; for we had no friends, and could speak nothing but French and Italian, and the English are a suspicious people, whose first impulse, when they see a foreigner for the first time, is to button up their pockets as if he must necessarily be a thief." But the marquis went to work manfully, forgot his coronet, and is now doing a very good fancy commission business. He has an invention (nearly all refugees have inventions) for curing smoky chimneys, which, when he has money enough to patent it, he expects will bring him a fortune. In the days of his utterest and most dire distress, he always managed to pay three shillings every Sunday for the sittings of himself, his wife, and daughter, at a foreign Catholic chapel, and to wear every day the cleanest of white neckcloths, fastened no man knows how, for no man ever saw the tie thereof.

Within these sorry streets—these dingy slums—are swept together the dead leaves, the rotten branches, the withered fruits from the tree of European liberty. The autumn blast of despotism has eddied them about from the remotest corners of Europe, has chased them from land to land, has wafted them at last into this perfidious Patmos, where there is liberty to act, and think, and breathe, but also, alas! liberty to starve.

O England, happily unconscious of the oppressions and exasperations that have driven these men here, try sometimes to spare some little modicum of substantial relief, some crumbs of comfort, some fragile straws of assistance to the poor drowning exiles! their miseries are appalling. They cannot dig, (for few, if any, Englishmen will call a foreigner's spade into requisition), to beg they are nobly ashamed. They do not beg, nor rob, nor extort. They starve in silence. The French and Hungarian refugees suffer more, perhaps, than those of other nations. The former have by no means an aptitude for acquiring the English language, and are, besides, men mostly belonging to the professional classes of society—classes wofully overstocked in England; the latter seldom know any language but their own—a language about as useful and appreciated here as Cochin-Chinese. Only those who have wandered through Patmos, who have watched the gates of the London Docks at early morning when the chance labourers apply for work, who have sat in night coffee-houses, and explored dark arches, can know what awful shifts some of these poor refugees, friendless, foodless, houseless, are often put to.

INDIA-RUBBER.

Some few months ago, when our peers and right honourable members were pushing each other off their official stools, and discussing the relative merits of "ins" and "outs," two among their number had to submit to a battery of jokes concerning the mottoes in their armorial bearings. "*Flecti non Frangi*"—"*Frangas non Flectes;*" whether better to bend than to break, or to break utterly sooner than bend, is a knotty moral question which philosophers may fittingly discuss. But it has occurred to us that if an India-rubber manufacturer were to set up his carriage, or emblazon his arms, there ought to be no doubt as to which motto *he* would prefer. To be elastic, to bend rather than break, is a good old Anglo-Saxon quality for India-rubber, and for India-rubber users to possess. We certainly live in an elastic age. If we cannot break that which opposes us, we bounce away from it with great agility, and feel not much the worse for the encounter. There is a fair amount of caoutchouc in the human mind—a useful quality; else we should never bear the knockings and thumpings, which the struggle through life brings to us. Look at this little India-rubber gentleman, just purchased bran-new from a toy-shop: you may open his jaws to any extent you please, you can make him laugh, cry, yawn, grin, frown, simper, stare, doze—it is all one to him: he returns into himself again and to the original expression of his countenance, when the pressure from without is removed. He is a self-contained man; a man sufficient unto himself.

Whatever amount of modern caoutchouc we have amongst us, our dealings with vegetable caoutchouc are becoming more curious and more varied every day. These dealings may all or nearly all be grouped under two headings—either we wish to yield (without breaking) to mechanical pressure, or we have a determination not to yield at all to watery pressure. In either case caoutchouc is at hand to befriend us. Let us see how this ready aid manifests itself.

The Indians of South America knew something of the mechanico-yielding properties of that singular gum, long before we knew whence the gum itself was obtained. We only knew it as a strange blackish substance which would rub out pencil-markings. This, combined with the indefinite nationality of the region from which the gum was imported, led to the name "India-rubber"—a stupid name as things now are, almost as bad as the names green copperas and white copperas, for two substances which neither contain copper, nor are they produced from copper; but it is not easy to get rid of old names.

Besides, people do not yet quite know how to screw up their mouths to pronounce properly the very odd-looking word caoutchouc; and therefore India-rubber will continue to be talked about. Well then, these Indians, after they had collected the gum as it oozed from the trees, and allowed it to harden, were wont (among other purposes) to fashion it into bouncing balls, and even to shoe their otherwise naked feet with pieces of it, as a means of assisting them in ludicrous gambols and jumpings. The sharp-sighted French Academicians who visited South America a hundred and twenty years ago, and who saw whence and how the Indians obtained the gum, had evidence that the gum not only has great elasticity, but also great power of resisting the passage of liquids through its substance.

It was left for modern times to apply those valuable properties to really valuable purposes. Little do we think, when making use of the many articles now manufactured in this substance, how it has to be torn, and dislocated, and rumpled about before it assumes the proper texture and smoothness. The Indians who collect the gum, and usually fashion it into grotesque forms by drying it upon clay cores modelled according to their ideas of artistic beauty, do not take much pains to exclude dirt, or bits of twig, or fragments of stone; all which must be removed before the gum is fitted to play its part in the world. What torture it undergoes! It is cut into minute fragments by a savage slashing machine; it is washed in warm water to get rid of so much dirt as chooses to take its departure on such gentle urging, and then, in a dry state, it is crushed and kneaded with appalling severity; it is rolled over and over, distorted, crippled, penetrated to the heart, sliced, thinned, thumped, heaped up again into a mass, cut into lumps, squeezed again—until at length every vestige of dirt or stone, of water or air, is driven out, and the mass becomes thoroughly homogeneous. In this state it is pressed with great force into iron moulds, which give to it the form of cubes, slabs, or cylinders, according to the purposes for which it is destined. And then, when these blocks or other shaped pieces are to be used, they are cut into sheets, or are spun into threads, or are melted for liquid purposes. Great ingenuity is called for in all these processes; for India-rubber has a strong propensity to be wayward: it becomes hot and angry when meddled with; and all the tools and machines employed in working it speedily assume such a heated state as to be unfit for use unless plentifully deluged with cold water.

Among the facts which recent years have brought to our notice concerning American industry, is the untiring perseverance with which the useful applications of India-rubber have been studied. A certain Mr. Goodyear, of Connecticut, who devoted nearly a quarter of a century to the study of the manufacture of caoutchouc, has brought over-shoes (those objects of Sam Slick's especial commendation) to greater perfection than any other enthusiast devoted to that elastic subject; and they exhibit but one among many indications of his success. American over-shoes may be regarded in two lights, as both elastic and waterproof productions. The raw material of Mr. Goodyear's competitors would and did stiffen when cold; and it has hence been his object to surmount the difficulty. In this, it is perhaps no more than justice to say that he has succeeded. His shoes resist cold; they have an extensive and permanent elasticity; and two of their surfaces may be pressed together without adhering—all valuable qualities. It is said that there are upwards of twenty large establishments in the United States, involving a sunk capital of immense amount, in which Mr. Goodyear's patented inventions are worked by license. Among these is the Hayward Rubber Company, of Connecticut. Over-shoes are the sum and substance of these operations; and the Exhibition Jury writing on this subject tell us that the Hayward Company alone manufacture three thousand pairs every day. The India-rubber odds and ends made in those large factories are almost endless. Wagon springs, elastic maps, balloons, sponge bags, tobacco-pouches, hair-cushions, mattrasses, life-boats, buttons, knife-handles;—it would not be easy to select a list more diverse than this.

It is in the combination of India-rubber with other substances that we may probably look for the most valuable future addition to its usefulness. Mr. Hancock of London, and Mr. Goodyear of Connecticut, it is now known were busily engaged for many years on such inquiries; each was ignorant at the time of the other's doings, and both have rendered a good account of their labours. Mr. Hancock's vulcanized India-rubber may be an oddly-named substance; but it is not the less useful for all that. He discovered that when a thin piece of India-rubber is dipped into and impregnated with melted sulphur, and afterwards heated to about three hundred degrees Fahrenheit, it acquires new and peculiar properties, without losing any of the advantages possessed by it in its original state. This was an important discovery, and he practically carries it out in the following way. The India-rubber, while yet soft from the effect of the kneading process, has sulphur well mixed up and incorporated with it. So long as the mixture remains cold, the gum has not changed its properties; but, after having been heated to three hundred degrees—a temperature sufficient to chemically decompose pure caoutchouc—it puts on many new and striking qualities; it is no longer soluble in the liquids which will dissolve India-rubber; it no longer becomes rigid when exposed to cold; it no longer adheres when two pieces

are pressed together; it bears unharmed a temperature so high as would convert pure India-rubber into a sticky mass. Curiously enough, while Mr. Hancock was bringing his discoveries to a practical issue, Mr. Goodyear was making experiments which led to the production of a substance possessing all the properties of vulcanised or sulphurised (a better term) India-rubber; and both of their countries are now reaping the advantages resulting from the separate investigations of these ingenious men.

There is another name which we associate very closely with the subject of India-rubber—the name of Macintosh. The Macintosh cloak or cape was the result of many and long-continued inquiries. Such a garment is, in effect, made of a cotton or flax cloth varnished with liquid India-rubber; but the most effectual substance for resisting wet is produced by cohering two thicknesses of cloth together with the same liquid: the gum acting in the one case as a varnish, in the other as a cement, but being in both quite impervious to water. The cloth is stretched out flat, and the India-rubber is spread over; formerly the caoutchouc was dissolved in spirits of turpentine or in coal tar, and evaporated to the proper degree of unctuous adhesiveness; but an improvement was made by kneading the gum with naphtha into a pulpy mass, and using it without it having been actually liquefied. Still, the India-rubber, as is its wont, stiffened in cold weather, and a Macintosh cloak became a most unbending and ungracious companion as soon as the temperature sank to anything like freezing point. It was not until the introduction of the sulphurizing process, that this inconvenience was surmounted by a modified use of that operation.

In America, and in England, the applications of this kind of varnished cloth have become prodigiously numerous. Many of these kinds of waterproof cloth are strong in the direction of warp, but weak in that of the weft. To remedy this defect, the American inventor has devised a sort of stuff or felt, formed in successive layers of thread crossing each other in various directions; there are no "long threads" or "cross threads," but the cloth yields, and resists, equally in every direction, like a piece of felt. When this texture has been anointed with a pulpy coating of India-rubber, it forms a very remarkable material, a kind of tough paper quite impervious to moisture. Many persons will remember the excellently printed India-rubber maps brought over to us by the American Exhibitors: thin, light, smooth, but amazingly strong, these maps are suggestive of other useful applications. The same kind of India-rubber felt is also printed as a paper-hanging for damp walls, with very serviceable effect. The felt is itself somewhat thin; but means have been invented for applying it to the surface of a kind of woollen wadding, thereby producing a thick, warm waterproof, but light and cheap material for out-door clothing: we know little of this in England, but across the Atlantic, many a cozy garment of the kind may be seen. The felt, instead of being applied as a coating to something else, may itself be coated with a woven material: if this woven material be a printed cotton, then we have at once a small table cover produced. On the other hand, if a carpet be required on a floor so damp as to rot an ordinary worsted production—make a layer of thick woollen down or flock, cover it with a layer of the India-rubber felt, and we are rewarded with a warm, cheap carpet. By embracing a strong hempen canvas between two layers of the felt, a waterproof sailcloth, or tarpaulin, or rickcloth, or tent of great strength and toughness is produced. Of some such redoubtable substance are made the life-boats, insubmersible boats, and pontoons, which are much more familiarly known in America than in England; in the Mexican War the carriage of the military equipage was greatly aided by the use of boat-bridges made of India-rubber canoes, and inflated with air. The India-rubber shoes, too, of our transatlantic friends, which are produced to the number of three or four millions in a year, exhibit many curious modes of applying the gum to the surface of the woven material.

The real India-rubber shoes are made with extraordinary quickness by laying on the liquid gum as a varnish on a last, then drying it; then applying a second coating; and so on, until the necessary thickness for a shoe has been obtained. But it is of the shoes having a woven foundation, that we here speak. In the cheapest of these, there is a layer of India-rubber applied to the surface of the non-elastic woven material. In the next better kind the woven foundation is elastic, being a sort of knitted work; these yield to the movements of the feet, and to the lumps and bumps which our unfortunate pedal extremities too often exhibit. A thin variety of this last-named substance is much used in making gloves for domestic wear in America—gloves that will enable the industrious lady of the establishment to do much household work without endangering the whiteness of her fair hands.

Those who have worn Macintosh cloaks and India-rubber shoes will have had frequent and not very pleasant proofs that the sanitary evil — defective ventilation — may visit men's clothing as well as men's dwellings. The truth is, that in keeping water out we keep perspiration in; the same impervious gummy wall produces the one result as the other. Among the numerous little matters to which the ingenious Connecticut inventor has directed his attention, is this affair of non-ventilation. How to keep the water out and yet leave escape holes for perspiration? Water, we know, from numerous examples, will not penetrate through very small holes unless there

be a pressure of air greater on one side than on the other of the permeated medium. Mr. Goodyear thought of this; and the result of his thoughts was that he devised a machine for piercing thin sheets of India-rubber with innumerable holes of very small size: holes so small that, while they will allow an exit for perspiration, they allow no entrance for water: for this additional reason, that when the perspiration (which is always transuding, even when we are not conscious of it,) has risen, it fills these little holes, and being oleaginous, has the power, equally with the India-rubber material, of resisting wet. Not only shoes, therefore, but every other garment to which the Macintosh process has been hitherto applied, will doubtless soon be brought into the rage of this ingenious discovery.

It is worthy of notice, that the employment of India-rubber in its uncombined state is not very varied or extensive. In most cases the gum is kneaded with sulphur, or magnesia, or carbonate of lead, or some other mineral substance; or else is applied to some other woven material. Of each of these two large groups of applications we have mentioned instances, and it would not be difficult to add largely to the list. The "doctored," or vulcanised, or mineralised India-rubber is used for tubes, hose-pipes, decanter and bottle stoppers, surgical and veterinary apparatus, chemical apparatus, buffers for locomotives, buffer and bearing springs for carriages, tires for noiseless wheels, sewer and sink valves, elastic tackle and pulleys, pistons and washers and packings for machinery, moulded articles for various purposes of use or ornament, valves and taps for various hydraulic and chemical purposes, air-pump valves, inking rollers for printers, cushions for billiard-tables, joints for pipes; indeed, an ever-widening circle of useful purposes. Some of the results are most valuable, some curious; some are both valuable and curious. We all know that to keep a pipe so closed that a liquid shall pass through it only in one direction, requires a complex arrangement of valvular apparatus; but our India-rubber manufacturers (there ought to be some short name devised here, equivalent to these three words,) effect this object by simply compressing one end of an India-rubber pipe so as to form a kind of mouth or pair of lips: the lips close resolutely except when water forces them apart to obtain a passage in one direction. When the mineralised gum is prepared in moulds, it assumes and preserves the form of those moulds; and thus, among other things, are produced the dolls' heads, and animals, and toys, which are now finding their way into the nursery and the play-ground, and which, from their sturdy, unbreakable disposition, are so justly valued by mammas and nursemaids.

Among the other applications of, and experiments with, vulcanized India-rubber, its use for street pavements must not be forgotten. The enormous thoroughfare through the streets of London has given rise to a vast number of inventions to combine hardness and durability with sufficient roughness or elasticity to form an easy and effectual "foothold" for horses and passengers. It was at first thought that all these conditions could be combined by the application of India-rubber submitted to a hardening process something similar to vulcanizing. But experience proved that a due amount of proficiency in that art had not been attained in order to pave our streets with so pleasant a material as "doctored" India-rubber. The only relic left of this contrivance is the court-yard of the Admiralty.

The second important application of this most valuable substance is, as we have said, in the form of a liquid cement, or an unctuous varnish, on a surface of woven, or, at any rate, fibrous material. And the great magnitude of this application, we have by this time already computed. Who is not familiar with the cloaks and capes, the wrappers and overalls, the sou'westers and leggings, the gloves and gaiters, the air-beds and air-cushions, the neat little India-rubber bands or rings, the maps and prints, the bags and balloons? What with our elasticity and our impermeability, we are certainly becoming a redoubtable race in this nineteenth century.

But one class of applications of India-rubber we have left wholly unnoticed in the above paragraphs; applications, too, which, curiously enough, depend on the very quality which was for many years a stumbling-block in other ways. India-rubber loses nearly all its elasticity at a temperature a little above that of freezing; and this property has been made available in the manufacture of braids, and braces, and cords, in infinite variety. The hosiers, tailors, haberdashers, and milliners, now make use of these little trifles to a remarkable extent; and very pretty trifles they are, in the mode of production. There are here threads of India-rubber combined with threads of silk, cotton, wool, or flax. The gum is cut into threads by very ingeniously arranged knife-points, or cutters; they are stretched by a wheel, and kept extended till nearly deprived of their elasticity; they are next put into the braiding machine —a beautiful piece of machinery—and have a sheathing of silk, wool, hair, flax, or cotton, braided around them; and when thus sheathed, the threads are used as warp or weft, or both, in various kinds of weaving processes. Thus are made the elastic stay-laces, braid, upholsterer's cord, and other articles of a similar character; but it has yet to be explained in what way the elasticity of the material is restored. If threads of India-rubber were woven in their ordinary state, either with or without other threads, they would be so yielding as to be unfitted for the object in view; but by being kept stretched for some time at a low temperature, they acquire a rigidity as if stiffened by cold

and can easily be woven. When woven, however, a friendly warmth dissipates all their rigidity at once; a hot iron, at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty degrees, is passed over the woven material; the India-rubber yields at once, decreasing in length and increasing in thickness to its former dimensions; but, as it is linked in brotherhood with the other threads with which it has been woven, these others—silk, wool, &c.—have no resource but to shrink, or pucker, or wrinkle, or corrugate, to bring them to a longitudinal equality with their neighbours. Thus does elasticity result: the India-rubber threads will stretch because it is in their nature to do so: and the fibrile threads will stretch because they are now somewhat shrivelled up, and the change will be a sort of leg-stretching relief to them. Herein exists the secret of our elastic garters, shirt-collar fastenings, umbrella fastenings, braces, belts, sandals, side-springs for shoes, corsets and corset-belts, watch-guards, wristlets, glove-tops, armlets, bead-threading, and neck-chains.

THE WHISPERING TREE.

In the city of Cairo there once dwelt a Christian merchant, named Hanna, who had amassed a considerable fortune, so that envy often turned its glances towards him. As is usual, however, in this world, Hanna found cause to complain of his condition. It was true that he had a fine house in the street of the saddle-makers, that his furniture was costly, that his slaves, pipes, mules and asses were of the first quality. One thing was wanted: a son and heir to inherit his wealth, and continue his name.

Now, in an Eastern story, no sooner is this difficulty mentioned than we can, as a general rule, foresee that in some manner, more or less ingenious, the much desired addition to the hero's family is miraculously made. Sometimes, a pilgrimage is undertaken to the tomb of a Saint; sometimes, prayers are addressed directly to heaven; sometimes, a magician makes his appearance and gives two children, on condition that at a certain age he shall be allowed to claim one and slay it for the purpose of some horrible incantation: it following as a matter of course that he chooses the favourite, and leaves the disconsolate parent to cover his head with ashes, to clothe himself in sackcloth, and to perform all the heart-breaking ceremonies of an Eastern mourning. The difficulty in the case of Hanna was that he had no wife and was determined never to get married; and, considering that he was past his seventieth year, the determination can scarcely be called unwise.

There was a mystery, however, in the life of this Christian, which will explain in some measure why he did not give himself up to absolute and sullen despair. About half a century before the period of which we speak, he had been a traveller, had visited Hind and Sind, with many other wonderful places, had resided in Persia and sailed upon the Caspian.

He would tell to one or two intimate friends, that when at Ispahan he had loved and been beloved by a lady, whom he married and lived with for nearly a year. A child was born to them, a boy, on whom both showered all the treasures of their affection. But it happened, one day, that they were in the gardens in the neighbourhood of the city; and Hanna, feeling weary, went under some trees to sleep, whilst his wife sat with the child by the side of a streak of water that danced along through a grass-fringed bed. The young man's slumber lasted some time. The shadow which had protected him when he lay down had moved away when he awoke. Indeed, it was the sun playing upon his eye-lids that recalled him from the land of dreams. He rose from the warm turf and called languidly for Lisbet; but, though he could see all across the meadow where he had left her under a locust-tree by the side of the water, his eyes discerned no sign of life. He went forward slowly, stretching his arms and yawning, until he came to the spot where the young mother had been sitting. Here he saw traces of the trampling of many feet, both of horses and men; and a riband that had adorned the wrist of the child lay on the ground. Fear of a calamity came upon him. He gazed more eagerly over the meadow; and beheld a track through the grass as if a body of horse had rushed rapidly along. One loud cry of "Lisbet!"—a cry that burst in anguish from his lips, but to which he did not expect an answer—showed that he understood what disaster had befallen him. He sprang on the track of the ravishers; crossed the meadow; burst through a little screen of trees: and saw, on the extreme limit of the plain, just fading from his view, as it were a little moving cloud with a cluster of sparkling rays of light above it. The Turkomans were shaking their spears in triumph as they entered upon the desert with their prey.

Hanna had never obtained any reasonable information as to the fate of Lisbet. Perhaps he did not do all that some heroic natures would to recover her and the child. He sent messengers with offers of money to the tribes; he even undertook a journey to the stronghold of Jaffir Kahn; but without success. The Turkomans hinted that perhaps the charms of Lisbet had smitten some independent chief, who had carried her far away into the wilderness. After some years of vain waiting, the extreme manifestations of grief disappeared. Hanna resumed his commercial enterprises, and at length became established in Egypt, where he remained, buying and selling, until wealth surrounded him. But fifty years passed away, and he did not take unto himself another wife.

So far he easily confided to the few whom he called his friends; and when these would

condole with him as to his childless position, he used to smile strangely and insinuate that there might yet be found an heir to inherit what he had amassed. Yet he never admitted that his hopes lay in the child of Lisbet, and that he had some faint reason for believing that he was not feeding upon a delusion.

The truth is that Hanna, who was a good, kind man—made better and kinder by all his misfortunes—as he was travelling between Bagdad and Damascus, several years after the loss of Lisbet, fell in with a poor man by the way, a poor, miserable man, who begged for succour from amidst some bushes; for he was totally naked, having been stripped by robbers. All he asked was a cloak and a loaf, that he might continue his journey and reach a neighbouring town. But Hanna stopped his kafila, and clothed and fed him, and gave him money, and set him upon a mule—his own spare mule, white, and fit for a king—and took him all the way to Damascus, where he set him down in the street, without so much as asking his name, his country, or his faith.

This poor stranger was a Jew, who came, many years afterwards, to Egypt, and recognised his benefactor. He was also a magician, who discovered the secret thoughts of those with whom he conversed: so he said, one day, to Hanna, "There is a mighty sorrow within thee; for I see the signature of regret upon thy brow, near the right temple."

"I regret not to have a child," replied the merchant.

"Nay," said the Jew; "thy grief hath relation to a thing past. Tell me thy story, and I may be of service."

Hanna told his story; and the Jew forthwith went away, and burned perfumes, and uttered words, and wrote symbols, and wrestled with the keepers of the unknown. When he came back to the merchant, he said, "I have not discovered all that I wish to know; but they tell me, that if thou canst find the Whispering Tree, it will speak to thee of Lisbet and her child."

The Jew could give no further information; but Hanna, who believed, began forthwith to make cautious inquiries about the Whispering Tree. He questioned not only the people of Cairo, but wrote to all his correspondents in various parts of the globe, asking about this strange thing. Indeed, he went about catechising the world in general respecting the mysterious Whispering Tree. But he got no information. All replied that they were ignorant. Nobody had heard of a tree that whispered. Year after year Hanna persisted in inquiring of every stranger who arrived from various provinces, whether he knew anything about the Whispering Tree; until time passed, and strength began to fail. When all his friends were tired of hearing him ask the same question, and he became tired of asking it, despair was a frequent visitor with him.

One day, he was at Gizneh, in a garden drinking coffee with his friend Malek, and listening to the bubbling of his water-pipe, when, along the path leading from the pyramids, appeared coming a string of laden camels accompanied by many men. "Is it the caravan from Mourzuk?" inquired Hanna.—"Nay," replied Malek; "that caravan came in the week past; and I know not from what country this arrival may be." They went to the garden-gate, moved by curiosity; and waited until the forerunners of the caravan came by.

Their costume was that of the sons of the desert, except that round the head was a wrapper which enfolded both the brow and the mouth, leaving little more than the eyes exposed.

"They are of the Muthelameen," said Malek; "and come from the deserts towards Beled-es-Soudan; but of what tribe we shall only learn by asking." Then he raised his voice, and said, "O strangers, merchants; from what country, and with what merchandize?" The man addressed muttered from beneath his muffler, "From Agdaz in the land of Ahir, with gold-dust and ivory, and a remnant of slaves, the strong and the sturdy, the rest having perished by the way." So saying, he passed on.

"Hast thou ever heard of this country?" inquired Hanna.—"But little," said Malek. "It is not a country of commerce; and I cannot understand why they should have come this way." As he spoke, a youth of pleasant countenance, riding on a camel, with his mouth uncovered, came slowly towards them. "O young man," cried Hanna, as if obeying a sudden inspiration, "thou comest from unknown lands over wonderful regions. Perchance thou canst tell me of the Whispering Tree."—"It is at Kama," replied the youth, striking with his heel the neck of his camel, and causing it to turn out of the line and stop, "and what, my father, is the reason of thy curiosity?"—"Tis a long story," replied Hanna; "but if thou wilt alight and repose thyself after thy fatigue, I will relate it to thee." The young man leaped down, called to a black man who had followed him on foot to take care of the camel, and entered the garden with the two old men.

When he had heard the story of the merchant, the young stranger said: "My story is similar to thine, O my father. Thou art seeking what thou hast perhaps never seen. I am seeking what has only appeared to me in a vision. I come not of the Muthelameen of Agdaz. My father was a merchant of Egypt, who travelled with me into the land of Talebs, of wise men and magicians, and dying, left me there a child. Now it happened a year ago that I dreamed a dream, and, lo! a maiden of surpassing beauty came and bent over me like a lily over a pool of sleeping water, bent and bent until her lips swept my temple, and I awoke tremulous as after a kiss of love. I stretched my arms in the darkness,

but there was nothing; I called my slave, who came with a light and searched the room; and there was nothing. Then I knew that I had dreamed, and turned upon my pillow again, and sought to return to the country which I had quitted. Soon I slept again, and the same maiden appeared—but this time afar off—beckoning me to follow. I endeavoured to rise, but my limbs had lost their vigour. I struggled; but in vain. The earth drew me still closer to it, until I burst away into consciousness, and found myself trembling in the bed. From that time I pined for love of the maiden of my dream, and nought would content me. My friends at first laughed and mocked; but when I became in truth sick and pale, and unable to rise from the bed—unable and unworthy; for whenever I slumbered, the same form of beauty appeared—when I drew near to the gates of death, they brought to me a wise man who inquired into my case, and smiled when he heard what had befallen, saying—

"The remedy is not easy; for the road is long, and there are dangers by the way. But if thou hast courage, thou wilt hear what thou wishest murmuring amidst the leaves of the Whispering Tree." He then told me that this tree was situated at a place called Kama, in Khorassan, beyond Persia. I instantly sold all my goods, and prepared to depart with a caravan that was bound for Tripoli; after we had travelled a month, we came to a country where there was war; and we were compelled to traverse the regions of Thibet, and the Haronj Mountains, and the Wahs, and to travel through many disasters to Egypt. This is the reason why we have met; and now it will be better for us both to journey together in search of this wonderful tree."

When Hanna heard what this young man said, that Kama was in the country of Khorassan beyond Persia, he doubted not but that he should hear there some news of the lost Lisbet and her child. He therefore resolved to depart in company with the young man, whose name was Gorges, although the prudent Malek objected his great age, and the possibility of danger and death. In a few days the worthy merchant had closed his business for that season, and with a purse of money and a case of jewels, was ready to accompany the love-lorn Gorges.

The narrative need not trace their itinerary. Many months elapsed ere the young and the old traveller—the toys of love and parental affection—were wandering, disguised in humble raiment, through the wilds of Khorassan, asking of the rare people they met for a place called Kama. Nobody seemed able to give them any intelligence. The place was a place unknown. They began to think they were the victims of delusion; and when they had passed several years in the vain search, it is said that they became, as it were, mad. They thought and talked of nothing but the Whispering Tree of Kama. The people in the villages and the encampment knew them as the strange questioners, and pitied their case; and instead of harming them whenever they met them on the road, would cry, "Has there any news been heard by ye, O melancholy searchers? O father! O brother! has the unknown place been made known? Has the secret been revealed?" Thus they continued wearying the desert with constant going to and fro, until Hanna became a bent shadow, and the youth grew to be a bearded man.

It happened one evening, as they were going through a mountainous country which they had not hitherto trodden, far on the way to Bukharia, they came to a small valley locked in the embraces of rugged rocks. Its surface was like a green emerald. Grass, and shrubs, and trees, and flowers, spread to the feet of perpendicular cliffs. A silver stream wound here and there, as if unwilling to leave so pleasant a spot, and at last gathered into a small lake without apparent issue. The two wayfarers expected to find a village where they might pass the night. But there was no sign of human habitation. The night began balmily; the stars shone warmly; there was scarcely any breeze; and the little that blew was warm and fragrant as the breath of woman. Hanna and Gorges lay down under the shadow of a tree, and slept as the travel-weary alone can sleep.

They both dreamed a dream—if dream it was. The tree above their heads began to wave and wave its boughs; murmurs seemed to creep from every leaf; there was a hum and a buzz, as if a swarm of bees was settling over head; and by degrees a chorus of small voices seemed to sing: "This is Kama, Kama, Kama! Go no further; but tarry here. Rest and peace will find you; for this is Kama, Kama, Kama!"

All night long the same melody refreshed their ears; and an evil spirit, who bent over them intending to do them wrong, fled away; for, on seeing their smile of happiness, he said to himself—"That is the smile of the angels of God!"

The birds were singing when the old man and the young awoke. The name of Kama was still ringing in their ears; and it seemed as if the thrush that had come to perch in the boughs overhead was repeating it. Suddenly a clear sweet voice sounded over the meadow, and the wayfarers beheld a maiden with a jar upon her head, tripping lightly along a pathway that passed near them and led to the stream. She was singing, and the burden of her song was: "Fair is the valley of Kama!" Hanna turned up his eyes with gratitude towards the Whispering Tree; but Gorges kept gazing intently at the maiden. His dream stood before him embodied.

The maiden of Kama was alarmed at first at the aspect of strangers; but they soon contrived to re-assure her, and bidding them wait until she returned from the stream, she

promised to conduct them to her dwelling. They waited accordingly, and following her steps, which she made slow out of respect to the age of Hanna, passed by a green garden, in the midst of which were three graves, and reached a kind of hermitage scooped in the rock, in front of which, on a sunny bench, sat an old man with a huge white beard that swept to his knees. No stranger had penetrated into that valley for many a long year; but the patriarch was past the age when surprise is possible, and meekly bade the travellers to be seated on the bench beside him.

When they had refreshed themselves with rest and food, the old hermit bade them tell their stories, whilst the maiden sat at their feet, a little nearer to Gorges than to the others, listening with downcast eyes. Hanna related what had sent them in search of the Whispering Tree of Kama, omitting nothing, not even the love of the young man for the being of his dream. The hermit smiled in his white beard and said: "I am one hundred years old, and no longer fear the enmity of man; for I am in hopes of the mercy of God. I have sinned, but I have suffered. It was I, O Hanna, who took away thy wife Lisbet. I took her to my tents, not far from this valley; but she refused her love and died. Then I desponded and retired to this hermitage with her child, which I bred as my own. I called him Kama, which in our tongue means the Bereaved, and named the place of our dwelling after him. He grew up not knowing his origin, and in due time knew a maiden, and took her and dwelt with her in happiness until he died, and she died leaving this daughter to my care. There are the graves of Lisbet, and her son, and her son's wife," said the old man pointing to the three mounds of earth. His hand fell, says the story, with a rattle. Old age had done its work. He had lived to restore the granddaughter of Lisbet to him who had so long sought for herself; and was buried in the little garden before his hermitage.

The worthy gentleman who related this story to me, after observing that of course Miriam became the wife of Gorges, and that they and Hanna returned in safety to Cairo, endeavoured to play the free-thinker by explaining that whatever seemed supernatural in this story was purely ornament; that the Tree most probably did not whisper at all; and that there was nothing in it incompatible with the supposition of an extraordinary coincidence.

I observed, however, that while venturing on this ticklish ground he had an uneasy look which reminded me of those philosophical young gentlemen whom one meets in society, and who observe in a dismal voice that they believe in nothing they do not understand.

The fact is, these Levantines are credulous as the Muslims; and, although their stories are not quite so wild and extravagant as those of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, they exact the exercise of nearly as great an amount of faith. I mentioned this to the narrator, and observed, instead of entering upon a philosophical discussion with him, that he seemed to lay no stress on the joy of Hanna at recovering his granddaughter, or on that of Gorges at beholding the lady of his dream.

"As to the latter point," said he, "we can all imagine the feelings of the young man; but I remember that it is usual to say, in telling this story, that the good old Hanna—whilst the hermit was telling his story—put his arms round the necks of Miriam and Gorges, and pressing them to his breast tried to speak, but could only give utterance to a loud cry of triumph and joy. They say, too, that he always wandered in his speech a little afterwards; and would, now and then, wish that he were asleep in Kama by the side of Lisbet."

TWO OLD SAINTS.

Times are changed since knights and abbots, travelling into the interior of the country from Boulogne towards Amiens, had so many thick forests to go through and had such dangers to apprehend in so doing from the herds of famished wolves which infested them, that they were forced to be accompanied by a pack of powerful dogs of a fierce breed, who, when they had done with the wolves, had robbers nearly as dangerous, to defend their masters from. Not to mention the stags of enormous size and fabulous strength that roamed in these vast forests, and fought with the hunters who dared to intrude upon them, with almost as much fury as the wolves and the robbers.

So we lately thought as we sat in the railway carriage, bound from Boulogne on an antiquarian expedition. We had heard of a wonderful town, out of the line, only two leagues from Abbeville, the account of which seemed to us as extraordinary as that fabled African city, only a short day's journey from the coast, where everything remains as it existed unknown centuries since, but turned into stone and seldom visible to the human eye. Saint Riquier was the name of this enchanted place. Once imbued with an antiquarian feeling, all the dreary, marshy country, with its low sand hills, grew important in our eyes as we drew pictures of banners floating and trumpets sounding—now English, now Burgundian, now French; for not fifty years were allowed to pass on in the turbulent Middle Ages without a fresh quarrel, more and more violent contentions, slaughter, pillage, conquest, defeat, and utter ruin under all circumstances. We had been disturbed in our historical reveries more than once by the angry and lamentable howling of an imprisoned dog

belonging to one of the numerous French sportsmen whom the train was carrying to the spot where his prowess was to be proved amongst the rabits of the sandy plains near Etaples, and just as we had arrived at the conclusion that Louis the Eleventh had passed this way when he visited the famous shrine of Notre Dame de Boulogne, a general shout and peal of laughter interrupted the argument; and, looking from the window—as every one else in the train did at the same moment—we beheld our noisy and desperate canine fellow-traveller in the act of clearing the rail and coursing at liberty over the fields, in a backward direction, leaving his master—gun, gaiters and all—without his valuable assistance, borne on, in spite of his vociferous cries to "Looloo!" and frantic entreaties to be let out. The noise, the laughter, the exclamations that ensued can only be conceived by those who have witnessed French excitement, nor had it subsided when we reached the Montreuil station; the distracted master of the ungrateful companion of his sports having lost all recollection of his intention to stop some fifteen miles before, and thus having allowed himself to be swept on while he recounted to interesting listeners the escapades of his dog and his own extraordinary feats, not only as a sportsman, but in almost every other capacity. As we had condoled with him, on his accident, he had become communicative on many subjects, and we found his vanity extremely amusing. He was a remarkably little man, with such small hands and feet as none but Frenchmen own, but he informed us that his strength was perfectly miraculous, and he had done things which the most powerful-looking men had been unable to accomplish: he had lifted weights; he had stopped horses at full gallop; he had, by merely pressing his foot against it, kept a gate against six; he had invented machines for stopping a train in an instant, regardless of consequences; he knew how to sail a balloon on a principle impossible to fail; but with all these achievements he had yet a wish unaccomplished. "What I desire," said he, looking lightnings, "above all other things is to *tame a Lion!*"

Meantime we left him at the station, where having joined a brother of the craft, he appeared, at once, to forget his misfortune; and, by his gesticulations, bows, and smiles, we gathered that he had accepted an invitation to repair in due course to a certain small château which was pointed to, and whose bright red trellice was heavy with crowding clusters of grapes destined, no doubt, to furnish part of the dessert on that memorable day, when the good dinner—fitting reward for manly toil—should crown the exertions of the Little Lion-tamer.

More marshes, more sportsmen, and more rows of spectre-like trees, brought us to the station of Rue. There is nothing in the station or the country round to excite notice, yet the reiteration of the name, as it sounded in our ears, awoke many recollections. Rue! we said—the most celebrated spot of pilgrimage in all Picardy, possessing a miraculous crucifix sculptured by the hand of Nicodemus—Rue! where one has only to go, even at the present time to obtain all sorts of Indulgences, quite as efficacious now, under the reign of the Imperial President, as when Pope Alexander the Third raised money by selling them to the devout, who travelled from Lyons by the Roman road (by the bye, we were then crossing it) which led to the shrines of Ponthieu.

We scarcely allowed ourselves time to acknowledge sufficiently the ceremonious greetings of the antique hostess of our hotel at Abbeville, before we ordered a vehicle for Saint Riquier, fearful of losing the fleeting light of an October day.

By a very dreary road, now and then enlivened by rows of red apple-trees; past swampy fields and thin hedges, through thin little woods filled with chattering magpies—our driver, a jolly patronising character, fond of gambolling with an ugly little dog, for whose convenience he occasionally stopped his horses that it might overtake us—we found ourselves consuming the two leagues which lie between Abbeville and the hundred-towered region of Saint Riquier. We had emerged from a rather thick wood, one of the "fringes" left "upon the petticoat" of the forest of Crecy, and were eagerly gazing, in hopes that one of the hundred turrets would reward our perseverance. A high square tower presently peered over the distant trees, and on a bright blue board, fixed on the gable of a lonely cottage, we read the name of the town we were in quest of. A long and thinly-peopled faubourg led us at last to the main street of this redoubtable place, once the protection as well as the oppression of the whole district, and our vehicle drew up in a wide *place* before a huge square tower, seated on the declivity of a hill, up which the rows of apparently uninhabited houses ran. Not a sound, not a breath, broke the perfect solitude, except the rattle of our wheels on the rugged pavement, and our inquiries of our driver as to the road to the church. Presently we met a troup of young students, who all saluted us with studied courtesy: every peasant we passed, few as they were, bowed with equal civility, and we found that this silent city seemed the abode of the most exemplary politeness.

The truth is, that St. Riquier is a town devoted to learning; that the college founded by Charlemagne still exists; and that, though the monks and students of the Abbey are no longer seen, there are still monastic costumes and "learned runnagates," as in days of old.

The college, famous for so many centuries, in spite of the destruction of the year Three, flourishes at the present moment in great vigour; more than three hundred students are

daily engaged in diligent efforts to conquer the difficulties of learning; as we peeped through the large windows of an immense hall of study, we had an opportunity of judging of the zeal of the numerous pupils: not a head was lifted from the desk, not an eye directed from the book, while the clerical instructors strode with solemn steps up and down the chamber, keeping careful watch on their charges. One side of the enclosure, where the famous church stands, is taken up by a long and well-built range of rooms, forming the kitchen and the dining-hall of the pupils, whose bodily welfare seems as well attended to as their mental advantages; and it was with no inconsiderable pride that two nuns exhibited to our party, courteously and cheerfully, the mysteries of the kitchen in which they administered, and the comforts of the dining-hall to which they attended. The church is still undergoing restoration, though a great deal has already been accomplished, and we were invited to observe some of the work by a very jolly, lively, good-tempered priest, who was idly superintending the labourers, and who hastened to silence the angry barking of an enormous dog who was, apparently, set to guard the premises. Every body in Saint Riquier looked contented and fat, and idle also, except the students, and courtesy seemed the general characteristic.

Our guide in the church was an exception as to gaiety of demeanour, for, after unlocking the doors, he relapsed into total abstraction, and to every question asked he replied, without looking up, "I don't know." Finding we had no remedy, we resigned ourselves to make our own discoveries, concluding, as was probably the case, that this guide, appointed to assist strangers in their researches, was an idiot, incapable of other exertion than using his keys, and extending his palm for gratuities. Afterwards, when we visited the church of Saint Wolfran at Abbeville, we had reason to regret that our conductor was not of the same genus, for his nervous fidgetting for fear his "little benefit" should be forgotten, caused him to insert that clause into every bit of information he afforded us.

Charlemagne, in the year 800, put the whole of his imperial treasure at the disposal of the first Abbot Angilbert for the construction and adornment of the Abbey of Saint Riquier, called at first of Centule, from the hundred towers of the town, which afterwards was placed under the dominion of the monks; it is not therefore surprising if some remains of the fine columns, which were sent from Italy to beautify the structure, are still found in the church, which time and violence have spared. Whether any of the beautiful pillars which support the fine roof are amongst those which, tradition affirms, being broken in the erection were repaired by angels in the night, we cannot say, but something more than common taste and grace certainly appears in all the details of this exquisite building.

The first foundation of the abbey was two centuries before Charlemagne, in the days of no less a personage than King Dagobert, a monarch as well known in the nursery rhymes of France, as that "worthy peer King Stephen" in reference to the same portion of his apparel is, or was, in England. King Dagobert seems to have been fated to continual scolding from his friends and ministers, and it must be recorded to his credit, that while he meekly agreed to repair the inelegance of his costume which so much shocked "*le grand Saint Eloi*" —he was not deaf to the remonstrances of Saint Riquier, who reproved him for numerous errors of more consequence, and who had the boldness to make a remark to him which few courtiers, even in these ages of freedom, would venture to utter.

"A subject is accountable to none but himself: but a sovereign is accountable to all."

But Saint Riquier was a man superior to, though yet made for, his age. He rose from a peasant's estate to command princes and dictate to popes; he lived on barley bread mixed with ashes, and on water mixed—adds his chronicler—mixed with tears. He was converted from idolatry by an Irish Saint, whose mission led him to Ponthieu, and his zeal led him to exert himself for the good of his country. He saw the unprotected state of the kingdom, and bent all his energies to resist the barbarian incursions of hordes from the North, which ravaged the country; he employed the wealth placed in his hands to establish defences, not only for his monastery, but for the whole province.

Those who behold the single isolated tower in the centre of the little quiet town, used only as a belfry, can scarcely conceive the strength and importance of the Saint Riquier of ancient times. They are, however, extraordinary remains of enormously high walls which run along one side of a street for nearly a quarter of a mile, and impress one with surprise at their powerful appearance. These are the last remains of the grandeur of the town, whose defences were finally destroyed by order of Louis Thirteenth, as well as those of Abbeville, Rue, and other strong places in the country.

What studies the pupils at the modern college pursue we know not, but in early days the monks, who were the most learned of their class, were celebrated for the manuscripts they produced; and the library possessed, in Charlemagne's time, no less than two hundred and fifty-six volumes, some written in gold letters on purple vellum, one of which may still be seen at Abbeville, where it is kept as a great treasure. The mighty king, who, some impertinent authors assert, could neither read nor write himself, was extremely proud of this library.

When the great and powerful abbey was condemned in 1790, and sold as national

property, a certain master locksmith of Saint Riquier bought it for forty thousand francs, having engaged to preserve the church entire: a clause which he did not feel himself bound to respect; consequently the cloisters were destroyed, and the whole was allowed to fall into a state of utter degradation, the master locksmith no doubt having found his account in his purchase, and becoming entirely indifferent to the rest. The whole of the buildings that remain were only preserved by the happy idea of establishing a college, and by degrees the church has been restored and repaired until it now shines out in all the glory it is likely to acquire.

The *façade* of the church is extremely beautiful, encrusted with figures in niches, which, though a good deal defaced, may be recognised as those of Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First, besides which, an immense number of Saints hold their places upon the walls, standing under canopies and on richly ornamented pedestals. Whole histories of traditional interest, whole genealogies from Scripture, grotesque forms and graceful shapes, flowers, scrolls, and patterns adorn the face of the church and run up to the very highest balustrade of the towers and delicate pinnacles. The interior is very striking from its grand simplicity and the symmetry of the whole.

After the taking of Boulogne, four thousand English entered Saint Riquier and burnt the unfortunate town nearly to the ground; and, having continued their devastations from thence to Abbeville, they returned to the coast. It was to drive them from their stronghold that Francis the First had marched with a large army into Picardy.

Charles of Orleans, the second and favourite son of Francis the First, accompanied his father when he took up his quarters in the Abbey of Forêt Montier, close to the forest of Crecy, which, in the intervals of fighting, he made his favourite hunting resort. Young Duke Charles was the most distinguished knight in all the jousts and tournays which enlivened the time, which was not allowed to pass without amusement: one evening, he was returning from hunting with a large party, when he suddenly beheld a comet in the sky and pointed it out to his friend Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes. "Perhaps it is your star," said Tavannes, "which comes to announce your death."

"Oh, as for that," replied the lively prince, "I laugh at such presages, and at my star too."

At this time the plague was making fearful ravages in Ponthieu, but Charles, not the least alarmed at the horrors related of it, hearing of a house where eight persons had recently died of the malady, entered it in a fit of idle folly and cut up the beds with his sword, making the feathers fly all over him. Much heated as well as entertained with this wild sally, he returned to the camp, drank a glass of cold water, and a few moments afterwards, felt himself suddenly ill; he was seized with terror and called out, "It is the plague; I shall die of it!"

The fatal symptoms appeared, and all aid was soon found to be vain; the unfortunate young man was quite aware of his situation, entreated that the sacrament might be administered to him, and that he might see his father once more. Notwithstanding the danger, and in spite of every entreaty to the contrary, the king persisted in visiting his dying son, who, when he saw him, called out, "I am dying, my dear lord, but since I behold you, I die content." These words were scarcely uttered when he expired. This happened on the ninth of September, in the year 1545. Francis, as his son breathed his last, uttered a cry of despair and fell senseless. When he recovered he ordered the court instantly to leave Forêt Montier, and thus ended all the gaiety he had been enjoying.

While the young prince was lying on his death-bed, his friend Tavannes, who had been sent on service to Boulogne, returned in triumph with four hundred prisoners and several flags taken from the English. Hoping to console him, Tavannes had the ensigns brought to the bed of Charles, and named to him the prisoners he had taken. "Ah, my friend," said the prince, embracing him, "it is all over with me and all our plans: I die with deep regret at being unable to recompense your bravery."

From the coast, all through the country, nothing at this time was going on but slaughter and pillage; plague, famine, and desolation spread far abroad; but, nevertheless, the hunting parties would not have ceased but for the death of the king's son.

Of all the tombs and treasures which made Saint Riquier a marvel in the country scarcely a vestige remains. The carved wooden stalls of the choir are fine, and there are some iron gates of singular beauty. Of course the priests have managed to discover a few relics, in spite of the bonfires which were made of the saints in revolutionary times, and the whole bodies of Saint Riquier and a companion saint are shown to the pious. We escaped the infliction of hearing of their miraculous power, as our idiot continued to say to any question we might make, "I don't know," an answer which would not ill become the finders of these dispersed and calcined bones, if their whereabout were insisted on.

But the most curious relic in the church is to be seen in the chapel called the Treasury, where, on the walls, in fresco, may be traced a very curious series of paintings representing the long history of the translation of the body of Saint Riquier from Montreuil to the church of his adoption, with all the miracles performed and the circumstances attending the event. This curious painting is of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is not difficult to make out: under each picture

are four lines in quaint verse, the letters carefully restored and very clear. Besides this series there are two larger compartments representing a sort of Dance of Death, known to antiquarians as "The Three Dead and the Three Living:" beneath these are other verses, more curious than musical, but entirely to the purpose: a second series of frescoes, relating to another saint of great renown, adorns a different portion of the chapel; and a curious old picture on wood, lately discovered, is over the altar. The roof of this chamber, which is approached by a flight of steps leading from a side aisle, is exceedingly fine and of original form, the arches interlacing each other in a graceful manner, a sort of drapery being formed by their curves.

It was not until the shades of evening prevented us from seeing any more of these dim records of past ages, that we could make up our minds to leave this charming and interesting church, and by the time we had walked to the highest part of the town, and looked wonderingly at the enormous modern hospital which replaces an ancient one—established by benevolent monks, who had always to contend with the jealousy of the abbots, who had no jurisdiction over their charity—we found it was time to summon our charioteer and commence our return journey to Abbeville.

It happened after our visit to Saint Riquier, that circumstances threw us into the society of the identical Lion-tamer with whom our party had travelled. It was with him and his round, rosy, lively little wife that we set forth on a second expedition to visit the chapel of the Saint Esprit at Rue. My new acquaintance was, this time, bent on a fishing excursion, and the whole of the way he was eloquent in description of the extraordinary success he had met with in this branch of his amusements. He had caught a pike of incredible length, which had broken lines of incredible strength; he had filled baskets to overflowing with trout of fabulous size and beauty; carp and tench were his prey without resistance, and his good fortune in eels was not to be credited. His destination, after showing me the chapel, was to the neighbouring château of Arry, where a friend expected him after his day's sport was over; but his zeal to exhibit the beautiful gem concealed in the little village adjoining the railway station, made his line a secondary consideration on this occasion; so much is a desire to amuse and please part of the existence of a Frenchman who is not a politician, and who is proud of his province, as most of them are.

It is impossible to imagine anything so beautiful as the carved pillars, the walls, roofs, and doorways that still remain, all carefully restored, of what was once the enormous and magnificent church of Saint Wulphy of Rue. It was not so much battered during a series of ages, but that much more of it might still be standing; but the wisdom or economy of the citizens of this remarkable spot caused them to resolve that, as to restore all was impossible to their finances, it was better to clear as much as they could away, and keep the Chapelle du Saint Esprit as a specimen of their former glory and pride. When one advances along the straggling high street of Rue, and observes that on each side a wide strip of coarse grass is flourishing in undisturbed rankness; that the mansions are all of the least ambitious order of architecture—the roofs of thatch, the walls of yellow washed plaster, with a general appearance of decay and poverty—one can only feel surprised that the wonderful chapel itself, which required a large sum of money to render it even discernible, was not swept away too. But Monsieur le Doyen, as our rosy-faced, fidgetty female guide assured us, was a great lover of the Church, and had exerted himself to the utmost to preserve it. "Ah," said she, looking very respectful, as she named her patron, almost her saint; "Monsieur le Doyen is so zealous. Why, I had no place here when he came, and he got me this—to take care of the church and sweep it and show visitors the curiosities and the relics. Oh! he is a wonderful man, Monsieur le Doyen, and the best friend I have—his prayers caused my nephew to draw a lucky number; he does not like people to go into the chapel for curiosity, you know; but, of course, you mean to say a prayer there. It's a wonderful chapel! and look, stand up on this step and peep into this case—don't be afraid, you'll see it, if you reach over—this is a real piece of the real crucifix of Rue—you see the hand, it is all black; but look, you can make out all the fingers—isn't it droll? Monsieur le Doyen expects every one to put something into the box above, for the poor."

"But," we objected, as obeying her we peeped into a little square glass case, where lay, amongst faded silk and tinsel, a block of wood, "but the real crucifix was burnt in the year Three of the Republic many years ago."

"Ay, but Monsieur le Doyen says this was preserved by a miracle; read—there's a paper telling about it, and attested by the Bishop with his seal! M. le Doyen got him to write it when he was here."

We asked her to tell us if any miracle had preserved the statue of Isabeau of Portugal, the chief patroness of the chapel, which for three centuries the people were in the habit of calling La Beaubeau de Rue; but she was silent on all matters save what concerned Monsieur le Doyen, and the piece of wood, which is just beginning to attract pilgrims to the shrine, and bids fair to succeed admirably, though it may be some time before it attracts as many as at the time when the magnificent Duke Philip of Burgundy, and his pious

Lady Isabeau came, laden with gold and gems, and poured them out before the shrine of the Crucifix, carved by Nicodemus, and miraculously floated from Joppa, up the little River Maie, to Rue; and when that cunning prince, the church-loving Louis the Eleventh, made one of his pilgrimages to this place, in hopes of bribing Heaven, with four thousand crowns of gold, to declare itself on his side against his sworn enemy, Charlerois.

The front of the church is still one mass of ornament, and there are numerous figures in the niches of the pillars which support the *façade*—Louis the Eleventh, and Twelfth, and Thirteenth, Isabeau and her Duke, and one figure close to them which looks strangely like their favourite jester. Saint Wulphy himself is there, he whose life is said to have been so very extraordinary, that even his monkish biographer declares that he does not venture to record all the facts, for fear of not being believed; a piece of caution the more singular, as he tells many histories sufficiently startling of other saints belonging to this favoured province of Ponthieu. As, for instance, how Saint Josse, a personage once much in vogue in these parts, was one day tending his poultry, when an eagle suddenly pounced down on the unlucky birds, and carried off eleven hens one after another, and at last returned for the cock. The saint, unable to bear this "unkindest cut of all," immediately began to pray, and signing himself with the cross, made the eagle descend, cast itself at his feet, and expire in a state of remorse, after giving up both cock and hens safe and sound. The same historian recounts how Saint Valery had only to look at the vegetables in a certain abbey garden to destroy the insects which were destroying them.

As for Saint Riquier, the chronicler makes no mystery of the fact of his having sat in a ditch all one night in a violent snow-storm, without a single flake having touched him. Saint Wulphy could do far more wonderful things, but we are left to burst in ignorance as to what they were, and to guess at his figure on the wall, not knowing his attributes.

While we were busy gazing at the carved wonders on the wall of an upper chamber called *La Trésorerie*, which we gained by a narrow winding stair, the doorway to which was also elaborately ornamented, we had infinite difficulty to repress the desire of our friend the Lion-tamer to detach some portion of the carving, which he desired that we should carry away as a relic. In whispered entreaties we repudiated his proposed gift; but we saw by his manner that he had a purpose, and we dreaded to look his way while we remained.

There was one piece of ancient oak, the remains of a cabinet, to which he particularly attached himself, and to which our rosy-faced guide directed his attention in an evil hour, assuring us that M. le Doyen considered it one of the most curious bits of the old church. It was a sort of rail, exquisitely cut in a pattern of leaves, and animals, and grape clusters, beneath the upper edge of which the following antique inscription in gold letters appeared:

> En. l'an. mil. chinc. chens et un
> Moy. tresorie. fus. comèchie
> Et. je. fus. parfaicte
> En. l'an de grace. mil v et xiij.

Our distress far exceeded gratitude when, on our guide leaving us at the call of her nephew, who clamoured from below, our officious and over zealous friend produced in triumph two leaves which he had abstracted from this carving.

"I had," said he, unblushingly, "knocked off a bit of the doorway downstairs, but I found it was only plaster, which accounted for its coming off so easily. Oh! if I had but one of my instruments—I invented them myself—you should have had a whole boss."

With a shudder we besought him to think of such sacrilege no more; and, satisfied with having outwitted M. le Doyen, he consented to give up further molestation, quietly observing, "Ah, *dame!* if everybody carried off as much as I should like to have, there would not be a great deal of the old church left."

We were offered medals, of which there is a large collection struck, bearing the effigies of the crucifix, and recording the *Indulgences* granted to the pilgrim who undertakes a pious journey to the shrine at the present day. It is likely to turn out a good speculation, and M. le Doyen neglects no means of making known the opportunity which sinners have of getting rid of their little peccadillos "for a consideration." We fear the piety of our companion did not induce him to buy one in the hope of wiping off the sin he had committed for our sake.

SNAKES MAGICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL.

Among the various creatures that figure in mythus or legend, none are so conspicuous as the snake and its near kinsman the dragon. Diving to the very depths of mythological research, in whatever region we pursue our investigations, it is ten chances to one, but we find a snake or a serpent or a dragon at the bottom. There are serpents good and serpents evil; now, the reptile appears as the chief object of worship; now, as the foe to be overthrown. Even in the tales current among peasants we find snake-stories of opposite morals, some inculcating the doctrine that the snakes should be used kindly, others pointing out the expediency of knocking them on the head. With the ancient Romans and Etrurians the serpent form was the natural one in which the genius of an individual or of a place was supposed to manifest itself, and in some of the Northern

nations snakes owed a tribute of milk to a similar opinion. Under these circumstances, the snake was a symbol of life, of perpetual youth, encouraging the belief of his right to this honour by his habit of changing his skin.

In Sclavonian tradition the notion of a snake, as a household genius, is familiar enough, and is accompanied by the affirmation that every family has its male and female snakes, whose lives are closely connected with those of the master and mistress of the house. Of course, in this case, it is no light matter to kill a snake, and a Pomeranian legend tells how an avaricious father, grudging the share of milk to which a snake helped itself out of his little girl's plate, killed the animal with a cudgel, but was punished by the early death of his daughter. The superstitions of Suabia are no less friendly to the existence of these reptiles, and the peasant is warned by the traditions of his village not to resent a friendly visit, which a snake may happen to pay. Certainly these snakes, who help themselves out of children's bowls, are very good-natured creatures. They allow the children to tap them with a spoon, whenever they are eating too fast, and rather take it as a compliment than otherwise. One young Suabian damsel, to be sure, had the misfortune to swallow a small snake accidentally in a draught of water, which had the effect of rendering her exceedingly fat, and did not destroy the snake's propensity for milk. Whenever the damsel had milked her cows, she was overpowered with such weariness that she fell asleep, and the snake crawling out of her mouth drank the milk from the pail, and then crawled back to its warm abode. In this case, the destruction of the snake, during one of its trips to the pail, was found serviceable, for the girl lost her unseemly fatness.

In the exceedingly ugly mythology of the Prussian aborigines, the snake has a virtuous aspect. These Prussians worshipped three strange gods, Perkun, Potrimpos, and Picollos, whose images stood under a sacred oak, and were honoured by a fire, which was kept perpetually burning. Ecclesiastical discipline was severe, for if the fire went out the priests were put to death. The oak was six yards in diameter, and so thick were its leaves, that the worshippers had not the slightest chance of being inconvenienced by any inclemency of the weather. However, it was not accessible every day, but was effectually concealed by silk curtains, six yards high, which were only opened by the priests on grand occasions. The image of the chief deity Perkun stood between the other two. To his right was Potrimpos, the dispenser of temporal blessings, with a beardless chin and a head crowned with ears of corn, and to his left was Picollos, a haggard individual with a long beard, and a pale face—the impersonation of death.

Now, Picollos was a very terrible deity. His symbol was a collection of three skulls—one of a man, another of a horse, a third of a cow. He rejoiced in the sacrifice of life, without being very particular whether the victim offered to him was a human being, an ox, a hare, a goat, or a pig; though he had no objection to a pot of tallow. It was no wonder that the mild deity, Potrimpos, who scattered blessings around him, and was contented with having wheat-sheaves as a sacrifice, should be preferred to the evil, destructive Picollos, nor that the snake, who was sacred to him, should be held in especial esteem. For, according to the creed of the ancient Prussians, there was no more honourable service than that of rearing a snake in a large room, and feeding it with milk, to the glory of the good Potrimpos. When the Teutonic knights conquered Prussia, the worship of Potrimpos was destroyed, but the snake and its taste for milk still exist in popular legends.

Snakes being so high in honour, it is not at all unnatural that they should wear golden crowns; and, indeed, we often find them in guise of this sort, in the field of German tradition. Not above a hundred years ago, it is said, a snake with a crown on its head, and a bunch of keys about its neck, appeared on the Spitzberg, near Tübingen, and, after carefully laying down its crown, washed itself in the Neckar. A snake, also adorned with a gold diadem, visited a ropemaker's child at Stuttgart, calling, according to ancient practice, at breakfast-time. The moral of this story, by the way, is very bad, for the ropemaker killed the snake with a hatchet, took the crown, and thereby became marvellously rich.

That the snakes attach great importance to their golden crowns we learn from a tradition of the Nagold in Suabia. A man, who saw a snake take off its crown in order to bathe, snatched up the ornament, and fled with it up a tree. When the snake returned from its bath, and missed the crown, it uttered a piercing cry, which brought hundreds of snakes from all directions. They commenced a vigilant search for the lost treasure, but as their wisdom did not lead them to look up into the tree, they at last gave up this task in despair. As for the poor snake that had lost its crown, and appeared to be king of the party, it returned in the evening to the spot where the theft had been committed, and died of a broken heart.

Crowned snakes are ordinary even to platitude in German tales, but a sneezing snake is more remarkable. Such a snake was once seen and heard by a Suabian glazier, who was so deeply moved by the unusual talent, that he consulted the village priest on the subject. The priest recommended him to answer the sneeze with the usual civility of "God bless you!" and, armed with this counsel, he boldly set out to visit the phenomenon. Twice did

the snake sneeze, and twice did the valorous glazier respond without any particular result, but when the third sneeze and the third benediction came, the snake assumed a fiery form, and looked so terrible, that the investigator took to his heels. In vain did the snake crawl after him, and inform him that it meant to do him no manner of mischief; in vain did it request him to take a bunch of keys from its neck, promising a discovery of vast treasures as his reward. The man still scampered on, regardless of everything but his own safety. As for the poor snake, it was doomed to float in the air till a certain small oak-tree near the spot should grow to its full size, be cut down, and be made into a cradle. The first child laid in that cradle would be the snake's deliverer.

This sort of destiny, it may be observed, is by no means uncommon in Suabia. A supernatural old woman called Ursula, who lives in a mountain named after her in the neighbourhood of Pfullingen, and who decks herself in a white gown and red stockings, always having a large bunch of keys at her girdle, is in the habit of stopping young peasants and urging them to disenchant her by some process, which is sure to be beyond the measure of their courage. Her delivery, however, seems to be further off than that of the sneezing snake, for that at any rate referred to an existing tree; while Dame Ursula can only be rescued when the acorn, which begins the pedigree of the cradle, is trodden into the ground by the foot of a stag.

The snake, so far, appears in rather an amiable capacity then otherwise, but his kinsman the Dragon, or Lind-worm, takes a malicious, poisonous aspect which is menacing to the general welfare of mankind. The Sclavonians, who gave to the good principle the name of "Biel Bog" or the "White God," and to the evil principle that of "Czerny Bog," or the "Black God," use the word "Drak" or dragon as synonymous with the latter. In a popular tradition we hear of a dragon so voracious, that a hunter, who rode on his back to the infernal regions, was obliged to feed him with a stock of raw meat during the whole of his journey, and when this was exhausted, to apply a portion of his own foot towards the stoppage of the insatiable appetite. Killing a dragon has always been deemed a most meritorious act, and our own St. George and the Northern Sigurd are only two among a legion of honoured dragon-slayers. The sons of the founder of Cracow exterminated a dragon in the vicinity of their father's city by giving him the carcase of an animal stuffed with combustibles, which he had not sooner eaten than he was shattered by the explosion; and it was from the cawing of the ravens over the carcase that the word "Cracow" — according to some learned authorities—was derived.

But of all the horrible monsters of the serpentine class, none equal in horror those serpents which sprung out of the shoulders of the oriental tyrant Zohak, and tortured him while they remained part of his own flesh. The powerful description of Zohak, in Southey's "Thalaba the Destroyer," which perfectly sets forth the reason of the especial misery, may serve as a *coda* to this snake fantasia:—

"There, where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd to keep
His lair of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which, when far off, the prowling jackal heard,
He howl'd in terror back;
For, from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monstrous size,
Which ever at his head
Aimed their rapacious teeth
To satiate ravening hunger with his brain.
He in th' eternal conflict oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony;
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself—
Co-sentient and inseparable parts—
The snaky torturers grew."

SELF-ACTING RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Last winter we ventured in this Journal* to show some reason for an opinion that capital punishment need not be inflicted by the directors upon travellers by railway. We described an invention which we had seen in use, and which has since that time upon some point of some railway line been subjected to, and has borne the test of, incessant trials. The adoption of that contrivance, if it were found to work with real efficiency, would render nearly impossible all but the very rarest class of railway accidents. We have not yet heard that any objection has been made to it more serious than that it is not so cheap as Railway Boards could wish, and that the inventor (Mr. Whitworth) is a nobody: that is to say, not an engineer. To ourselves his name was perfectly unknown before we witnessed for the first time a trial of his plan. In the interests of the public we bore testimony to what we then saw, and we have since made it our business to watch from time to time for indications of the good or ill success of the inventor.

It will not take us long to state that he is labouring—as fifteen months ago he had been labouring for five years—against the stream, accumulating proofs of the efficiency of his apparatus for the prevention of collisions, while the crash of trains and smash of travellers go on as usual. The cost of only two collisions that occurred last year on the Brighton line, has added to the "petty" expenses of that Company, in the year's account, an item of twelve thousand pounds for payments made on account of injury to life and limb.

* Vol. IV., p. 217.

On the scene of the great accident at Red Hill we have been examining, within the last few days, another invention, designed to lessen this expense of blood-money by lessening the chances of collision. It does not aim to effect so much as Mr. Whitworth's apparatus, but it is cheaper, and it strikes effectively at a chief source of mishap—neglect of signals. It is a fortunate chance also, and one likely to secure for the public interests a little more attention than they sometimes get, that the author of this last invention, Mr. Jonathan Crowley, is a gentleman who treads, without polluting as a trespasser, the ground tabooed as sacred to the brotherhood of Railway Engineers.

The great Brighton collision of November occurred on a Board day. The elder Mr. Crowley—whose name, like that of Mr. Pickford, is well known as belonging to one of the most useful men in the three kingdoms, —happens to be a director of the line. Travellers believe that the days of peace and safety upon railways are to come after a director has been offered up. Mr. Crowley, however, being then at Brighton, did not on the day in question die for his country, as he might have done had he come up to the Board meeting. He was a truant, and so lost an opportunity which, if his son's plans be adopted, may perhaps never again occur. To the son, who was on that day at the London terminus, an hour of terrible suspense followed the first notice of the accident:—"Here's a horrible ewent, sir, at Red Hill, the express has been and run smash into a goods!" Then when the melancholy train arrived that brought the wounded, "Are these all?" was the general question.—"No, there were as many left behind, too bad to move." By the aid of the electric telegraph, however, one son found that his father was not dead, but safe at dinner in Brighton, and was enabled to go home, reflecting calmly on the shock he had received. These accidents, he reasoned to himself, are certainly preventible. Unable to turn to any other subject, he sat down to work that evening with a pencil on a piece of paper. He carried his thoughts with him to bed, and by the next morning a design was formed, which he at once prepared to carry into practice. Models and plans having been made, provisional protection was obtained for the device, under the name of "Crowley's Safety Switch and Self-Acting Railway Signals." Leave was easily obtained to test the invention at the Red Hill goods station on the Brighton line.

At that place the trial is now being made, not of the Safety Switch, but (as the directors wish) of the self-acting signals only. The management of the switches, therefore, we describe only in the words of the inventor; but of the railway signals which we have seen working we can give our own account. As to the switches, we are told that "when a train has arrived within a distance of, say from six hundred to seven hundred yards of a station, the flanges of the wheels, acting on a small lever in connection with an electro-magnet, will cause all the switches leading to the line on which the train is advancing to become fixed, so that nothing can thoughtlessly be shunted through them while the train is running from the distance signal to the station. The switches will remain fixed until the train has passed the station. Should, however, it be necessary to attach any additional carriages to a train standing at a station, they may be released by turning a small handle close to the lever-box." Of the correct working of this part of the contrivance there can be no doubt, if there be no doubt as to the right working of the signals. The power used is in each case the same.

Under the broad clear sky it seemed no very great thing that we had travelled out to see; a small box buried below a rail at the entrance to a great station. Winter looked fresh and cheerful on the hills about us, there was a crisp little wind astir, and the land glittered with the first snow of the season. The snow had come so late, and was so welcome, that we scraped it from the backs of trucks into our hands, and felt with satisfaction that our hands were cold enough to finger without melting it. Then we turned to the small box, that did not quite contain the whole of the invention, but was the beginning—or the middle—or the end of it. In it ended the two wires of a galvanic battery. While the ends of such wires are in contact, the battery of course being charged, a current of voltaic electricity travels through the entire circuit that they form. When the ends are not in contact, charged or not, the battery is incomplete, and practically nothing happens. The ends of the two wires were in that box so placed that if undisturbed they were in contact, and the voltaic current was perpetually flowing through the wires. Action was their repose. But while the end of one wire in the box was attached to a fixed point, the end of the other was attached to a point moveable, and so moved that (by an arrangement obvious and simple) the downward pressure of the flange of a railway wheel, when passing over a small trap that we saw projecting from the box beside the iron rail, would separate the two ends of the wire, interrupt the circuit and stop the electric current. And of what use is that electric current? How are its movements—intangible essence as it is—made to produce the movements of the heavy signals mounted upon poles, one of them too upon a hill a long way off? Those questions we went upon the platform to see answered. Outside the station door, as if it were a lark's cage, there was fixed a wooden cage containing the voltaic battery. We need tell nobody what that is. There was the moving power; thence the two wires started, whose ends met within the box under the rail. We simply glanced at that. We were invited more

especially to look at the two levers, the levers by the movement of which to and fro, according to the usual plan, the danger signals are every day raised or lowered at all railway stations. The iron handles of the two levers we found firmly glued back to the lips of two large magnets, that projected like two posts out of the ground beside them. Each lever was thus fastened back, and in that position each held down the corresponding danger signal. The poles telegraphed "All right."

But it is to be noted that the magnets were electro-magnets, that they were massive plates of steel, round which the wires that left the battery were coiled, one wire about each magnet, coiled in many a fold, upon the way to the small box under the rail. When the electric current passed along the wires, as it was then doing, those bars were magnets strong enough to hold the levers back and to support the weight attached to them, which hoists the danger signal when it is allowed to fall. Let a train or truck now come into the station: the flange of the first wheel presses on the spring that causes the two ends of wire to separate within the buried box. Instantly the electric current ceases, the magnetic power quits the bars of steel, and the levers are drawn back by the unresisted weights that do their assigned work: out shoot therefore the danger signals. Once out only the will of man can draw them in again.

This is the whole device, and it is one so beautifully simple that we think enough has been already said to make it comprehensible. So long as the battery is kept in working order, no train can come into or pass a station without throwing up the danger signals. Once up, they remain up till a station officer deliberately puts them down, by restoring the lever to the magnet, for the magnet has no power to draw it back again, though it has very abundant power to retain it when the contact is restored. If, however, any rash attempt be made to put the danger signal down while there is a train actually at the station, pressing on the rail and breaking the voltaic current, the magnet will aid no such indiscretion, for in such a case it will not act. What if the battery be neglected, or the wires be cut in any place? Luckily, in that case, the result can only be cessation of the current and the hoisting of the danger signals. The self-acting principle is thus in every way calculated to protect the traveller, and as the apparatus we have been describing is not a substitute for the old method, but a graft upon it, in case of necessity the signals may be worked at any station just as they are now worked, even after the establishment of the self-acting system. The cost of adopting the self-acting railway signals, of the kind we have described, cannot of course easily be deduced from the expenses of an isolated first experiment; but it is not likely that they would involve an expense of more than fifteen pounds a station. The cost of Whitworth's contrivance, including signal apparatus at the stations, was, if we remember rightly, estimated at twenty-five pounds to each engine.

Thus, then, there are now two schemes for the protection of the public against collisions, offered to the notice of the railway potentates. We ask again, need railway travellers be smashed?

Before we quit this subject we may add, that as we came into the London Bridge station on our return from Red Hill, there was pointed out to us a train that had been fitted up in obedience to the public wish with means of communication by a bell between the guard and driver. It was said, somewhat triumphantly, that "it was a perfect failure, for the bell did nothing but jingle the whole way with the motion of the train, and the driver never could be sure whether or not the guard was ringing it." Was it a kitchen-bell, hung on a spring? It was a bell hung in some way, we fear, with an eye to failure, since it is surely notorious that there exist in these days bells answering to each pull, gong-fashion, with a single blow upon the metal that no shaking of a locomotive could produce, and no state of vibration stimulate or mystify.

When it is asked of a railway director, or of a railway official, what a railway accident generally costs, the conventional reply is, "Oh! somewhere about ten thousand pounds." Surely five-and-twenty pounds per engine for Mr. Whitworth's contrivance, or fifteen pounds per station for Mr. Jonathan Crowley's plan—instead of being unprofitable investments — would give an upward impetus to the value of railway stock, as a means of economy in superseding costly repairs and swinging compensations—not to mention the saving of the mere lives of passengers.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HENRY THE EIGHTH had made a will, appointing a council of sixteen to govern the kingdom for his son, while he was under age (he was now only ten years old), and another council of twelve to help them. The most powerful of the first council was the EARL OF HERTFORD, the young King's uncle, who lost no time in bringing his nephew with great state up to Enfield, and thence to the Tower. It was considered at the time a striking proof of virtue in the young King that he was sorry for his father's death; but, as common subjects have that virtue, too, sometimes, we will say no more about it.

There was a curious part of the late King's will, requiring his executors to fulfil whatever promises he had made. Some of the court wondering what these might be, the Earl of Hertford and the other noblemen interested, said that they were promises to advance and enrich *them*. So, the Earl of Hertford made

himself Duke of Somerset, and made his brother Edward Seymour a baron; and there were various similar promotions, all very agreeable to the parties concerned, and very dutiful, no doubt, to the late King's memory. To be more dutiful still, they made themselves rich out of the Church lands, and were very comfortable. The new Duke of Somerset caused himself to be declared Protector of the kingdom, and was, indeed, the king.

As young Edward the Sixth had been brought up in the principles of the Protestant religion, everybody knew that they would be maintained. But Cranmer, to whom they were chiefly entrusted, advanced them steadily and temperately. Many superstitious and ridiculous practices were stopped, but those which were harmless were not interfered with.

The Duke of Somerset, the Protector, was anxious to have the young King engaged in marriage to the young Queen of Scotland, in order to prevent that princess from making an alliance with any foreign power; but, as a large party in Scotland were unfavourable to this plan he invaded that country. His excuse for so doing was, that the Border men —that is, the Scotch who lived in that part of the country where England and Scotland joined—troubled the English very much. But there were two sides to this question, for the English Border men troubled the Scotch too; and through many long years there were perpetual border quarrels which gave rise to numbers of old tales and songs. However, the Protector invaded Scotland, and Arran, the Scottish Regent, with an army twice as large as his, advanced to meet him. They encountered on the banks of the river Esk, within a few miles of Edinburgh; and there, after a little skirmish, the Protector made such moderate proposals, in offering to retire if the Scotch would only engage not to marry their princess to any foreign prince, that the Regent thought the English were afraid. But in this he made a horrible mistake; for the English soldiers on land, and the English sailors on the water, so set upon the Scotch, that they broke and fled, and more than ten thousand of them were killed. It was a dreadful battle, for the fugitives were slain without mercy. The ground for four miles, all the way to Edinburgh, was strewn with dead men, and with arms, and legs, and heads. Some hid themselves in streams and were drowned; some threw away their armour and were killed running, almost naked; but in this battle of Pinkey the English lost only two or three hundred men. They were much better clothed than the Scotch, and were exceedingly astonished by the poverty of their appearance and of their country.

A Parliament was called when Somerset came back, and it repealed the whip with six strings, and did one or two other good things, though it unhappily retained the punishment of burning, for those people who did not make believe to believe, in all religious matters, what the Government had declared that they must and should believe. It also made a foolish law (meant to put down beggars), that any man who lived idly and loitered about, for three days together, should be burned with a hot iron, made a slave, and wear an iron fetter. But this savage absurdity soon came to an end, and went the way of a great many other foolish laws.

The Protector was now so proud that he sat in Parliament, before all the nobles, on the right hand of the throne. Many other noblemen, who only wanted to be as proud if they could get a chance, became his enemies of course, and it is supposed that he came back suddenly from Scotland because he had received news that his brother, Lord Seymour, was becoming dangerous to him. This lord was now High Admiral of England: a very handsome man, and a great favourite with the Court ladies — even with the young Princess Elizabeth, who romped with him a little more than young princesses in these times do with any one. He had married Catherine Parr, the late King's widow, who was now dead; and to strengthen his power he secretly supplied the young King with money. He may even have engaged with some of his brother's enemies in a plot to carry the boy off. On these and other accusations, at any rate, he was confined in the Tower, impeached, and found guilty; his own brother's name being—unnatural and sad to tell—the first signed to the warrant for his execution. He was executed on Tower Hill, and died denying his treason. One of his last proceedings in this world was to write two letters: one to the Princess Elizabeth, and one to the Princess Mary: which a servant of his took charge of, and concealed in his shoe. These letters are supposed to have urged them against his brother, and to revenge his death. What they truly contained is not known, but there is no doubt that he had, at one time, obtained great influence over the Princess Elizabeth.

All this while, the Protestant religion was making progress. The images which the people had gradually come to worship, were removed from the churches; the people were informed that they need not confess themselves to priests unless they chose; a common prayer-book was drawn up in the English language, which all could understand; and many other improvements were made: still moderately, for Cranmer was a very moderate man, and even restrained the Protestant clergy from violently abusing the unreformed religion—as they very often did, and which was not a good example. But the people were at this time in great distress. The rapacious nobility who had come into possession of the Church lands, were very bad landlords. They enclosed great quantities of ground for the feeding of sheep, which was then more profitable than the growing of

crops; and this increased the general distress. So the people, who still understood little of what was going on about them and still readily believed what the homeless monks told them —many of whom had been their good friends in their better days, took it into their heads, that all this was owing to the reformed religion, and therefore rose in many parts of the country.

The most powerful risings were in Devonshire and Norfolk. In Devonshire, the rebellion was so strong that ten thousand men united within a few days, and even laid siege to Exeter. But LORD RUSSELL, coming to the assistance of the citizens who defended that town, defeated the rebels, and not only hanged the Mayor of one place, but hanged the vicar of another from his own church steeple. What with hanging and killing by the sword, four thousand of the rebels are supposed to have fallen in that one county. In Norfolk (where the rising was more against the inclosure of open lands than against the reformed religion), the popular leader was a man named ROBERT KET, a tanner of Wymondham. The mob were in the first instance excited against the tanner by one John FLOWERDEW, a gentleman who owed him a grudge; but, the tanner was more than a match for the gentleman, since he soon got the people on his side, and established himself near Norwich with quite an army. There was a large oak-tree in that place, on a spot called Moushold Hill, which Ket named the Tree of Reformation; and under its green boughs, he and his men sat, in the Midsummer weather, holding courts of justice and debating affairs of state. They were even impartial enough to allow some rather tiresome public speakers to get up into this Tree of Reformation, and point out their errors to them in long discourses, while they lay listening (not always without some grumbling and growling) in the shade below. At last, one sunny July day, a herald appeared below the tree, and proclaimed Ket and all his men traitors, unless from that moment they dispersed and went home; in which case they were to receive a pardon. But, Ket and his men made light of the herald and became stronger than ever, until the Earl of Warwick went after them with a sufficient force, and cut them all to pieces. A few were hanged, drawn, and quartered, as traitors, and their limbs were sent into various country places to be a terror to the people. Nine of them were hanged upon nine green branches of the Oak of reformation; and so, for the time, that tree may be said to have withered away.

The Protector, though a haughty man, had compassion for the real distresses of the common people, and a sincere desire to help them. But he was too proud and too high in degree to hold even their favour steadily, and many of the nobles always envied and hated him, because they were as proud and not as high as he. He was at this time building a great Palace in the Strand, to get the stone for which he blew up church steeples with gunpowder, and pulled down bishops' houses; thus making himself still more disliked. At length, his principal enemy, the Earl of Warwick—Dudley by name, and the son of that Dudley, who had made himself so odious with Empson, in the reign of Henry the Seventh—joined with seven other members of the Council against him, formed a separate Council, and becoming stronger in a few days, sent him to the Tower under twenty-nine articles of accusation. After being sentenced by the Council to the forfeiture of all his offices and lands, he was liberated and pardoned, on making a very humble submission. He was even taken back into the Council again, after having suffered this fall, and married his daughter, LADY ANNE SEYMOUR, to Warwick's eldest son. But such a reconciliation was little likely to last, and did not outlive a year. Warwick having got himself made Duke of Northumberland, and having advanced the more important of his friends, then finished the history by causing the Duke of Somerset and his friend LORD GREY, and others, to be arrested for treason, in having conspired to seize and dethrone the King. They were also accused of having intended to seize the new Duke of Northumberland, with his friends, LORD NORTHAMPTON, and LORD PEMBROKE; to murder them if they found need; and to raise the City to revolt. All this the fallen Protector positively denied, except that he confessed to having spoken of the murder of those three noblemen, but having never designed it. He was acquitted of the charge of treason, and found guilty of the other charges; so when the people—who remembered his having been their friend, now that he was disgraced and in danger—saw him come out from his trial with the axe turned from him, they thought he was altogether acquitted, and set up a loud shout of joy.

But the Duke of Somerset was ordered to be beheaded on Tower Hill, at eight o'clock in the morning, and proclamations were issued bidding the citizens keep at home until after ten. They filled the streets, however, and crowded the place of execution as soon as it was light, and, with sad faces and sad hearts, saw the once powerful Protector ascend the scaffold to lay his head upon the dreadful block. While he was yet saying his last words to them with manly courage, and telling them, in particular, how it comforted him, at that pass, to have assisted in reforming the national religion, a member of the council was seen riding up on horseback. They again thought that the Duke was saved by his bringing a reprieve, and again shouted for joy. But the Duke himself told them they were mistaken, and laid down his head, and had it struck off at a blow.

Many of the bystanders rushed forward

and steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as a mark of their affection. He had, indeed, been capable of many good acts, and one of them was discovered after he was no more. The bishop of Durham, a very good man, had been informed against to the Council when the Duke was in power, as having answered a treacherous letter proposing a rebellion against the reformed religion. As the answer could not be found, he could not be declared guilty; but it was now discovered, hidden by the Duke himself among some private papers, in his regard for that good man. The Bishop lost his office, and was deprived of his possessions.

It is not very pleasant to know that while his uncle lay in prison under sentence of death, the young King was being vastly entertained by plays, and dances, and sham fights; but there is no doubt of it, for he kept a journal himself. It is pleasanter to know that not a single Roman Catholic was burnt in this reign for holding that religion, though two wretched victims suffered for heresy. One, a woman named JOAN BOCHER, for professing some opinions that even she could only explain in unintelligible jargon. The other, a Dutchman, named VON PARIS, who practised as a surgeon in London. Edward was, to his credit, exceedingly unwilling to sign the warrant for the woman's execution: shedding tears before he did so, and telling Cranmer, who urged him to it (though Cranmer really would have spared the woman at first, but for her own determined obstinacy) that the guilt was not his, but that of the man who so strongly urged the dreadful act. We shall see too soon, whether the time ever came when Cranmer is likely to have remembered this with sorrow and remorse.

Cranmer and RIDLEY (at first Bishop of Rochester, and afterwards Bishop of London) were the most powerful of the clergy of this reign. Others were imprisoned and deprived of their property for still adhering to the unreformed religion; the most important among whom were GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, HEATH, Bishop of Worcester, DAY, Bishop of Chichester, and BONNER, that Bishop of London who was superseded by Ridley. The Princess Mary, who inherited her mother's gloomy temper, and hated the reformed religion as connected with her mother's wrongs and sorrows—she knew nothing else about it, always refusing to read a single book in which it was truly described—held by the unreformed religion too, and was the only person in the kingdom for whom the old Mass was allowed to be performed; nor would the young King have made that exception even in her favour, but for the strong persuasions of Cranmer and Ridley. He always viewed it with horror; and when he fell into a sickly condition, after having been very ill, first of the measles and then of the small-pox, he was greatly troubled in mind to think that if he died and she the next heir to the throne succeeded, the Roman Catholic religion would be set up again.

This uneasiness, the Duke of Northumberland was not slow to encourage: for, if the Princess Mary came to the throne, he who had taken part with the Protestants was sure to be disgraced. Now, the Duchess of Suffolk was descended from King Henry the Seventh, and if she resigned what little or no right she had, in favour of her daughter LADY JANE GREY, that would be the succession to promote the Duke's greatness; because LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY, one of his sons was, at this very time, newly married to her. So, he worked upon the King's fears, and persuaded him to set aside both the Princess Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, and assert his right to appoint his successor. Accordingly the young King handed to the Crown lawyers a writing signed half-a-dozen times over by himself, appointing Lady Jane Grey to succeed to the Crown, and requiring them to have his will made out according to law. They were much against it at first and told the King so; but the Duke of Northumberland being so violent about it that the lawyers ever expected him to beat them, and hotly declaring that stripped to his shirt he would fight any man in such a quarrel, they yielded. Cranmer, also, at first hesitated, pleading that he had sworn to maintain the succession of the Crown to the Princess Mary; but, he was a weak man in his resolutions, and soon signed the document with the rest of the council.

It was completed none too soon, for Edward was now sinking in a rapid decline, and by way of making him better, they handed him over to a woman-doctor who pretended to be able to cure it. He soon got worse. On the sixth of July, in the year one thousand five hundred and fifty-three, he died, very peaceably and piously; praying God, with his last breath, to protect the reformed religion.

This King died in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign. It is difficult to judge what the character of one so young might afterwards have become, among so many bad, ambitious, quarrelling nobles. But, he was an amiable boy, of very good abilities, and had nothing coarse or cruel or brutal in his disposition—which in the son of such a father is rather surprising.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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RECEIVED, A BLANK CHILD.

THE blank day of blank, Received a blank child.

Within a few weeks, this official form, printed on a piece of parchment, happened to come in our way. Finding it to be associated with the histories of more than twenty thousand blank children, we were led into an enquiry concerning those little gaps in the decorous world. Their home and head quarters whence the document issues, is the Foundling Hospital, London.

This home of the blank children is by no means a blank place. It is a commodious roomy comfortable building, airily situated, though within advertisement distance of Temple Bar, which, as everybody knows, is precisely ten minutes' walk. It stands in its own grounds, cosily surveying its own shady arcades, its own turf, and its own high trees. It has an incredible fishpond behind it, no curious windows before it, and the wind (tempered to the shorn lambs within) is free to blow on either side of it. It preserves a warm, old-fashioned, rich-relation kind of gravity, strongly indicative of Bank stock. Its confidential servants have comfortable places. Its large rooms are wainscoted with the names of benefactors, set forth in goodly order like the tables of the law. Its broad staircases, with balustrades such as elephants might construct if they took to the building arts, not only lead to long dining-rooms, long bedroom galleries, long lavatories, long schoolrooms and lecture halls, for the blank children; but to other rooms, with listed doors and Turkey carpets, which the greatest English painters have lent their aid to adorn. In the halls of the blank children, the Guards for ever march to Finchley, under General HOGARTH. Deceased patrons come to life again under the hands of KNELLER, REYNOLDS, and GAINSBOROUGH. Nay, the good Duke of Cambridge himself, in full masonic paraphernalia, condescends to become a stupendous enigma over the chimney-piece of the smallest of the blank infants who can sit at dinner. Under the roof of the blank children the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture was originated. In the chapel of the blank children there is a noble organ, the gift of HANDEL; from whose great oratorio The Messiah—also his munificent contribution for their benefit—their hospital has received ten thousand pounds. There, too, the Church service is every Sunday performed at its best, with all the assistance of devotional music, yet free from the stage-playing of any ism, not forgetting schism. There, likewise, may be heard at this present time, if we may presume to say so, one of the least conventional, most sensible, naturally eloquent and earnest of preachers.

The knowledge of all these things accumulating in our mind upon the receipt for that blank child on the blank day of blank, induced us to look more curiously into the history of the Foundling Hospital.

In or about the Christian year one thousand seven hundred and twenty-two: a good old time, when England had too much to do, through all the good old times intervening since the days of Pope Innocent the Third, to do anything whatever for Foundlings; in or about that year there dwelt in London the gentle sea-captain, THOMAS CORAM. Although the captain had made his fortune on the American plantations, and had seen sights in his day, he came out of it all with a tender heart; and this tender heart of Captain Coram was so affected by seeing blank children, dead and alive, habitually exposed by the wayside as he journeyed from Rotherhithe (where he had set up his retreat that he might keep a loving eye on the river) to the Docks and Royal Exchange, and from the Docks and Royal Exchange home to Rotherhithe again to receive the old shipmate, who was generally coming to dinner, that he could not bear it. So, the Captain went to work like a man who had gone down to the sea in ships, and knew what work was. After conquering innumerable thorns and brambles, springing out into his path from that weedy virtue which is always observed to flower in a wrong place when nobody wants to smell it, Captain Coram found that he had got together subscriptions enough to begin a hospital for poor foundlings, and to buy an estate of fifty-six acres—out in Lamb's Conduit fields then—for five thousand five hundred pounds. Little did the Captain think that the whole amount of that purchase-money would ever come to be annually received back in rents; but so it is at this day.

Nineteen years after good Captain Coram's heart had been so touched by the exposure of children, living, dying, and dead, in his daily walks, one wing of the existing building was completed, and admission given to the first score of little blanks. At that time, any person who brought a child was directed "to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned (diseased children were not admitted), or notice given of its reception. But no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to discover who such person is on pain of being discharged." It was further desired, that each child should have some distinguishing mark or token by which it might be afterwards known, if necessary. Most of these tokens were small coins, or parts of coins; sometimes, an old silk purse was substituted; sometimes, doggrel verses were pinned to the poor baby's clothes; once a lottery ticket was so received. The Hospital chronicles do not record that it turned up a prize—the blank child was true to its designation.

As the Hospital became more extensively known, the numbers of applicants were enormous. The outward door was besieged by women who fought and scratched their way to the bell at the inward door, and in these disturbances, as in all physical force proceedings, the strongest were successful. To put a stop to such scenes, the little candidates were then admitted by ballot.

In fifteen years' time from the opening of the Hospital, the Governors found it necessary to apply to Parliament for assistance. It was conceded in such liberal measure, that it was thought all comers could henceforth be received. Nursing establishments were formed in various parts of the country, a basket was hung outside the hospital gate, and an advertisement publicly announced, that all children under the age of two months tendered for admission would be received. The result was, that on the 2nd of June, 1756, the first day of such indiscriminate reception, the basket at the gate was filled and emptied one hundred and seventeen times. Fraudulent parish officers, married women who were perfectly able to maintain their offspring, parents of depraved and abandoned character (unconsciously emulative of Jean Jacques Rousseau), basketed their babies by thousands. It is almost incredible, but none the less true, that a new branch of the Carriers' trade was commenced. Baby-carriers undertook to convey infants to the all-embracing basket from distant parts of the country, at so much per head. One man who had charge of five infants in baskets, got drunk; and, falling asleep on a bleak common, found when he awoke that three of the five were dead. Of eight infants consigned to a country waggoner, seven died before he got to London; the surviving child owing its life solely to its mother, who followed the waggon on foot to save it from starvation. Another man, established in business as a baby-carrier with a horse and a pair of panniers, was loud in his complaints of an opposition man, "who," said he, "is a taking the bread out of my mouth. Before he started, it was eight guineas a trip per child from Yorkshire. Now I've come down a third; next week I must come down another third; that's the way trades get ruined by over-competition." At the time when he made this representation, he had eight children in his panniers. Many of these amiable carriers stripped off such poor clothes as the children wore, and basketed them without a shred of covering. It is related among the Hospital legends, as a remarkable instance of change of fortune, that a few years ago a rich and aged banker applied to search the register of the establishment for such information as it might afford of his own origin, when all he could learn was, that he had been taken out of the basket stark naked. That was his whole previous history.

During the three years and ten months of the existence of this system, there were dropped into the hospital-basket fifteen thousand children; and so great was the difficulty of providing for such an enormous influx, and so little were the necessary precautions understood, that only four thousand four hundred of this large number lived to be apprenticed. So the practice was discontinued, and Heaven knows, with reason! It is melancholy to think of the regrets and anxieties of the gentle Captain Thomas Coram under all these failures, and more melancholy to know that he died a very old man, so reduced in circumstances as to be supported by subscription. But, though shipwrecked here, the tender-hearted captain gained a brighter shore, we will believe, where even foundlings who have never spoken word on earth possess their eloquence.

What genius originated the next idea, we have not discovered; but the Hospital being poor again, as well it might be, some bold spirit proposed that every child that should be mysteriously presented with a hundred pound note attached, should be received. The Governors adopted the inspiration with success; and this most reprehensible practice actually continued until the beginning of the present century. In January, 1801, it was abolished, and the existing rules of admission were substituted. What these are, may be best described through our own observation of the admission of two children who happened to be brought there by two mothers while we were inspecting the place.

Each of the mothers had previously rung the porter's bell to obtain a printed form of petition to the Governors for the admission of her child. No petition is allowed to be issued, except from the porter's lodge: no

previous communication with any officer of the Hospital must have been held by the mother: the child must have been the first-born, and preference is given to cases in which some promise of marriage has been made to the mother, or some other deception practised upon her. She must never have lived with the father. The object of these restrictions (careful personal inquiry being made into all such points) is as much to effect the restoration of the mother to society, as to provide for her child.

The conditions having been favourably reported on, the two mothers had brought their children, and had received, filled up, the form we quoted at the commencement of this paper.

"Hospital for the Maintenance and Education of Exposed and Deserted Young Children. The blank day of blank, received a blank child. Blank, Secretary. Note—Let this be carefully kept, that it may be produced whenever an inquiry is made after the health of the child (which may be done on Mondays between the hours of ten and four), and also in case the child should be claimed."

Then they departed, and we saw the children.

One was a boy; the other, a girl. A parchment ticket inscribed with the figures 20,563 was sewn upon the shoulder-strap of the male infant, and a similar ticket was attached to the female infant, denoting that she was 20,564—so numerous were the babies who had been there before them. To meet these present babies, a couple of wholesome-looking wet-nurses had been summoned from one of the nursing districts in Kent, by whom they were immediately borne into the chapel to be baptized. Here, at the altar, we found awaiting them, the steward, the matron, the schoolmaster, and the head nurse—fit representatives of the provision made for their various wants—who were to be their sponsors. The rite of baptism, impressively performed by the chaplain, gave the children the additional identity of names.

These names have been a fruitful source of minor difficulty. At the baptism of the first twenty, there was present at the ceremony, a contemporary record states, "a fine appearance of persons of quality: His Grace the Duke of Bedford, their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Pembroke, and several others, honouring the children with their names, and being their sponsors." Persons of quality not being free from a certain tendency to play at follow my leader, which is found to run in vulgar blood, the early registers of the Hospital swarm with the most aristocratic names in the land. When the peerage was exhausted, the names of historical celebrities were adopted; it therefore behoves a Mark Anthony Lowell, or an Editor of Notes and Queries, to take this circumstance into account in "making a note of" the pedigree of a modern Wickliffe, Latimer, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Cromwell, Hampden, Hogarth, or Michael Angelo. Celebrated real names having, in process of time, been exhausted, the authorities had recourse to novels, and sent into the world, as serving-maids, innumerable Sophia Westerns, Clarissa Harlowes, and Flora Mac Ivors; innumerable hard-handed artisans as Tom Jones, Edward Waverley, Charles Grandison, and Humphrey Clinker. Then, the governors were reduced to their own names, which they distributed with the greatest liberality, until some of their name-sakes on growing up, occasioned inconvenience (and possibly scandal) by claiming kith and kin with them. The present practice is for the treasurer to issue lists of names for adoption; in which responsible duty he, no doubt, derives considerable comfort from the Post-Office London Directory.

The two babies were then borne off into Kent by their respective nurses (each of whom gave a receipt for a deserted young child) with little packets of clothes, a few sensible admonitions from the matron, and the following document:

"The Child blank, No. blank, is placed under your care by the Governors of the Foundling Hospital, and it is expected that you will pay such attention to the said Child as will be satisfactory to the Inspector. You will receive for the maintenance of the said Child Sixpence per day, which will be paid on the first day of each month according to the number of days in the month preceding.

"Should you rear the said Child to the end of the first year, and pay such attention to it as shall be satisfactory to the Inspector, you will receive a gratuity of Twenty-five Shillings at that period.

"For clothing the said Child (after the first year) you will receive allowances as follows, viz.:—

	£	s.	d.
Between the Second and Third Year	0	14	0
" Third and Fourth Year	0	17	0
" Fourth and Fifth Year	0	18	0

"For your trouble and expenses in coming to London for a Child you will receive Two Shillings from the Inspector, your coach-hire being paid by the Governors of the Hospital.

"You are to be particularly careful in preserving this parchment, which you must return with the Child whenever it shall be sent up to the Hospital, or removed from you, and it is especially required that you keep the *number* of the Child always affixed to its person. If you neglect this, the Child will be taken from you."

When they should be old enough to walk, these two children would be returned to the hospital, and placed in its juvenile department. Proceeding to visit the infant school, which was their future destination, we found perhaps a hundred tiny boys and girls seated in hollow squares on the floor, like flower borders in a garden; their teachers walking to and fro in the paths between, sowing little seeds of alphabet and multiplication table broadcast among them. The sudden appearance of the secretary and matron whom we

accompanied, laid waste this little garden, as if by magic. The young shoots started up with their shrill hooray! twining round and sprouting out from the legs and arms of the two officials with a very pleasant familiarity. Except a few Lilliputian pulls at our coat-tails; some curiosity respecting our legs, evinced in pokes from short fingers, very near the ground; and the sudden abstraction of our hat (with which an infant extinguished himself to his great terror, evidently believing that he was lost to the world for ever); but little notice was taken of our majestic presence. Indeed it made no sensation at all.

One end of this apartment being occupied by a grade of seats for the little inmates, is used as a convenient orchestra for a band of wind instruments, consisting of the elder boys. These young musicians, about thirty in number, now made their appearance, and commenced the performance of some difficult Italian music, executed with so much precision and spirit, as amply to justify the expressions of commendation and surprise, which we found in letters addressed to their music-master by that admirable artist, Signor Costa, and by Mr. Godfrey, one of the band-masters of the Household troops. The ophicleide was made to emit sounds of tremendous volume and richness, by a boy hardly bigger than itself. The body of sound emitted in passages of Handel's Hallelujah chorus was no less full and sonorous than that we remember to have heard produced by the stalwart lungs of Mr. Strutt's band of blacksmiths at Belper.

A new supply of toys had just been brought into the room; and, during this performance, the juvenile audience were vigorously beating toy drums, blowing dumb horns and soundless trumpets, marching regiments of wooden infantry, balancing swinging cavalry, depopulating Noah's arks, starting miniature railway trains, and flourishing wooden swords. They were all sensibly and comfortably clothed, and looked healthy and happy. They were certainly under no undue restraint. The only hush that came upon the cheerful little uproar was when the chaplain entered. He came to take out the first clarionet (and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder in a friendly manner which was very agreeable), who had attained the maximum age of fourteen, and was that day to be apprenticed to a lithographic printer. They went away together for some talk about his future duties, and he would receive, in common with all the other foundlings when they go out into the world, the following advice in print and parchment:

"You are placed out Apprentice by the Governors of this Hospital. You were taken into it very young, quite helpless, forsaken, poor, and deserted. Out of Charity you have been fed, clothed, and instructed; which many have wanted.

"You have been taught to fear God; to love him, to be honest, careful, laborious, and diligent. As you hope for Success in this World, and Happiness in the next, you are to be mindful of what has been taught you. You are to behave honestly, justly, soberly, and carefully, in every thing, to every body, and especially towards your Master and his Family; and to execute all lawful commands with Industry, Cheerfulness, and good Manners.

"You may find many temptations to do wickedly, when you are in the world; but by all means fly from them. Always speak the Truth. Though you may have done a wrong thing, you will, by sincere Confession, more easily obtain Forgiveness, than if by an obstinate Lie you make the fault the greater, and thereby deserve a far greater Punishment. Lying is the beginning of every Thing that is bad; and a Person used to it is never believed, esteemed, or trusted.

"Be not ashamed that you were bred in this Hospital. Own it: and say, that it was through the good Providence of Almighty God, that you were taken Care of. Bless him for it.

"Be constant in your Prayers, and going to Church; and avoid Gaming, Swearing, and all evil Discourses. By this means the Blessing of God will follow your honest Labours, and you may be happy; otherwise you will bring upon yourself Misery, Shame, and Want.

"NOTE.—At Easter of every year, upon producing a testimonial of good conduct for the previous twelve months to the satisfaction of the Committee, you will receive a pecuniary reward proportioned to the length of time you have been apprenticed, and at the termination of your Apprenticeship, upon producing a like testimonial for the whole term thereof, the further sum of Five Guineas, or such smaller sum as the Committee shall consider you entitled to."

Although we inspected the school-rooms, the dormitories, the kitchen, the laundries, the pantries, the infirmary, and saw the four hundred boys and girls go through the ceremony of dining (a sort of military evolution in this asylum), and glanced at their school-life, we saw nothing so different from the best conducted charities in the general management, as to warrant our detaining the reader by describing them.

We thought, when the male pupils were summoned by trumpet to the play-ground to go through their military exercises—which they did, their drill master assured us confidentially, in a manner that would not disgrace the Foot-Guards—we had traced the entire history of the connection of a blank child with the hospital. But, as we were leaving the building, a decently dressed woman made her appearance from the lodge, to announce to the secretary, that "Joe" had arrived at the Diggings; that Joe had sent her a ten pound note, and expected to be able to transmit to the Institution a similar token of his regard in a very few weeks; that in a short time Joe intended to remit enough money to take herself (this was Joe's wife), their son, and their two daughters, over to join him, but that their eldest daughter being of age, and having a will of her own, refused to promise to go to Joe, because of another promise of a tender

description which she had made to a worthy young ivory turner whose name was *not* Joe. All of which we heard with a growing curiosity to know who Joe was; more especially as Mrs. Joe was in a state of great excitement and joy about Joe.

The explanation of this little family history was, that out of a separate fund established in connection with the Hospital, Joe, an old foundling—although he had left the hospital when very young to volunteer as a cabin boy in Lord Nelson's fleet—had, in common with some other of his school-fellows, been assisted through life with temporary loans of money, the latest of which loans had enabled Joe to seek another fortune (Joe, in the course of his career, had found and lost many fortunes) in Australia. This put us in an excellent humour for participating in the joy that there was over Joe. And we devoutly wished, and do wish, that Joe may find gold enough to provide for himself, Mrs. Joe, their son, their two daughters, and the ivory turner; and that with love and gold to spare for the gentle memory of Captain Thomas Coram, he may have this line to himself among the donors on the wall of the boys' dining-room

JOE . . . £500

Such is the home of the blank children, where they are trained out of their blank state to be useful entities in life. It is rich, and it is likely enough that it has its blemishes. It certainly had once, when its chief officer was a Master in Chancery; which animal is a sufficiently absurd monster for human reason to reflect upon, without being associated with blank children and a by no means blank salary. But from what we have seen of this establishment we have derived much satisfaction, and the good that is in it seems to us to have grown with its growth. Of the appearance, food, and lodging of the children any of our readers may judge for themselves after morning service any Sunday; when we think their objections will be limited to the respectable functionary who presides over the boys' dinner, presenting such a very inflexible figure-head to so many young digestions, and smiting the table with his hammer with such prodigious emphasis: wherein it rather resembles the knock of the marble statue at Don Juan's door, than the call of a human schoolmaster to grace after meat.

We happen to have had our personal means of knowing that in one respect the Governors of this charity are a model to all others. That is, in holding themselves strictly aloof from any canvassing for an office connected with it, or a benefit derivable from it. Canvassing and electioneering are the disgrace of many public charities of this time; and, in all such cases, but particularly where the candidates are persons of education who have known a happier and better estate, we view the preliminary solicitation and humiliation as far outweighing the subsequent advantages, and believe that there is something very rotten in the state of any Denmark that does not apply itself to find a better system for its government.

AN INUNDATION IN BENGAL.

IN August, 1845, I had occasion to visit Tirhoot; and, as time was an object, I determined on going by land, instead of taking the steamer from Calcutta.

The reader is aware that in India we travel in a palankeen, which is carried on men's shoulders. In the dry season you are borne along the road, merrily enough, at the rate of four miles an hour; but in the rains, that is to say, in July, August, and September, the country is partially covered with water, and the road, in many places, is lost sight of for several miles together. Even in the rainy season it is dangerous to travel during the day; for the sun, though obscured by clouds, has very great power, and the heat, after nine or ten o'clock, becomes intense; often suffocating.

Picture to yourself a man shut up in a black box, seven feet long by three wide, and jolted forwards, feet first, by human beings almost naked. On a dark night a native runs on, a few paces in advance, with a huge torch in his hand to show the bearers of the palankeen the way; and being up to their knees in water, they cry aloud to each other at every step, "*Khubendar! khubendar!*" which means, "Take care! take care!" Sometimes you come to a nullah, or deep ditch, in which the water is eight, nine, or ten feet deep. Here it becomes necessary to procure a number of earthen vessels at the nearest village. These are tied together; and the palankeen, in which the passenger is seated, is placed on the top of them, and floated across. It often makes one feel nervous, but accidents rarely or never occur.

Two days after leaving Calcutta, it was evident that the Ganges had overflowed its banks; for there was not a dry spot to be found in any direction. In this way I travelled for six days, and the further I proceeded the more awful appeared the deluge. I was within ninety miles of Tirhoot, when the palankeen bearers assured me that it was utterly impossible to go any further; and that the only thing to be done was to hire a boat and to make for Monghur, or Bhayapore; whither all the unfortunate people were flocking to save their lives—their cattle, sheep, and all that they possessed having been swept away. There was no food of any sort or kind to be had, not even an egg or a piece of bread. The natives were subsisting on green corn-cobs, which they call *boota*. Fortunately I had some biscuits in my palankeen, or I should have died of starvation.

I had determined on taking the advice of the bearers, and to hire a boat; but could only

secure a place on one of the many boats that were carrying cargoes of people to the various places of safety; and most of those places were at least thirty or forty miles distant. To my great joy a large white sail hove in sight; I knew it to be the sail of some European boat, and I made a signal by tying a red pocket-handkerchief to a bamboo and waving it aloft. The signal was answered, and the boat bore down upon us. A French gentleman, an indigo planter, who was sailing to Patna across the country, came out of his cabin and spoke to me. I explained to him the difficulty of my position, and he very kindly invited me to come on board his craft and to bring my palkee, bearers, and traps along with me.

We were twelve miles from the banks of the Ganges, sailing northward with a strong wind, over, or rather through, the tops of tall trees. The scene in itself would have been beautiful, but the horrors which met our view on all sides gave it a most melancholy and deplorable aspect; boats containing dense crowds of poor wretches—men, women, and children all huddled together, and howling over the losses they had sustained by the flood. Here and there you would see bullocks struggling to keep afloat, and endeavouring to follow the boats; but sinking from sheer exhaustion. Dead goats, sheep, pigs, fowls, ducks, and geese, roofs of houses, clothes, boxes, baskets, cooking vessels, ricks of hay and straw—these were strewed upon the surface of the water near every village which the inundation had destroyed. At night, when it was impossible to thread our way through the trees, we made a rope fast to a strong bough; and thus, instead of anchoring, tied ourselves up till daylight. The Frenchman's boat was commodious, and very comfortably furnished. There were an abundance of supplies on board; so that, as far as we were personally concerned, we did not experience any pinching want; but it was otherwise with our native companions, who were forced to keep body and soul together by chewing dry grain, for even the green corn was now unprocurable.

We were obliged to keep in the country at a distance from the river, for the stream was running so rapidly in and near the Ganges, that it would have been impossible to make headway against it. We knew not where we were exactly: although we could guess at the spot after consulting the map. At last we came to some high ground, on which there was a village; and from the villagers—who told us they were starving and were about to take boat for Dulsing Serai, an indigo factory in Tirhoot—we learnt that we were not very far from Dulsing. It was of the greatest importance to me to be present in Tirhoot on a certain day; and I, therefore, resolved on bidding my French friend adieu, and accompanying the natives; who assured me that after Dulsing Serai I could travel in my palankeen; which luckily proved to be true. After a very tedious journey of two days and a night, I found myself in luxurious quarters at the pleasant station of Mozufferpore.

A famine in India is an awful spectacle; but, while it lasts, an inundation is even more horrible. The wretched people do not beg, while they weep. Money can procure nothing when there is no single article to be sold. It is not until the dangers are over that they ask for assistance. There had not been known for forty years such an inundation as the one I have briefly and feebly described. Even from the south of Bengal thousands upon thousands crowded to Calcutta, for a pittance whereon to subsist. So rapid was the rise of the water in many places that before the indigo planters could bring their boats to remove the plant which had been cut, it was carried away and lost. Native women who were living in upper roomed houses—women who had never before shown themselves to any but their own families—were forced to desert their dwellings, and to sell their gold ornaments to buy food for themselves and their children, after escaping narrowly with their lives. In obedience to Lord Hardinge's orders, boats laden with rice were despatched to several districts; and, by these means many thousands were rescued from death. But the number that perished in that awful visitation was much greater than the reader, perhaps, would credit. It is one thing for a mass of rich people to afford charity to a destitute few; it is another thing for a few, who have to work for their own living, to feed millions of despairing mendicants thrown suddenly on the world. The scene, when the waters rapidly surround a village, is heart-rending in the extreme.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

We have been ringing artists' bells. We have been haunting the dark chambers of photographers. We have found those gentlemen—our modern high priests of Apollo, the old sun god—very courteous, and not at all desirous to forbid to the world's curiosity a knowledge of their inmost mysteries.

We rang a bell in Regent Street—which was not all a bell, for it responded to our pull not with a clatter; but with one magical stroke—and instantly, as though we had been sounding an enchanted horn, the bolts were drawn by unseen hands, and the door turned upon its hinges. Being well read in old romance, we knew how to go on with the adventure. There were stairs before us which we mounted; swords we had none to draw. In a few seconds we reached another open door, that led into a chamber, of which the walls and tables were in great part overlaid with metal curiously wrought. A thousand images of human creatures of each sex and of every age—such as no painter ever has produced—glanced at us from all sides, as if they would

have spoken to us out of the hard silver. Here a face was invisible: there it burst suddenly into view, and seemed to peep at us. Beautiful women smiled out of metal as polished and as hard as a knight's armour on the eve of battle. Young chevaliers regarded us with faces tied and fastened down so that, as it seemed, they could by no struggle get their features loose out of the very twist and smirk they chanced to wear when they were captured and fixed. Here a grave man was reading on for ever, with his eyes upon the same line of his book; and there a soldier frowned with brow inanely fierce over a rampart of moustachios.

The innumerable people whose eyes seemed to speak at us, but all whose tongues were silent; all whose limbs were fixed (although their faces seemed in a mysterious way to come and go as the lights shifted on the silver wall)—what people were these? Had they all trodden the steps by which we had ourselves ascended? Had they all breathed and moved, perhaps, about that very room. "They have," answered the genius of the room, "they have all been executed here. If you mount farther up you also may be taken."

The figures in the room were not all figures of enchantment. There were present four unmetamorphosed people; three of them were ladies, of whom of course it would be rude flatly to say that there was nothing of enchantment in their figures; but the fourth was a belted soldier with a red coat, a large cocked hat, and a heavy sword. Imprudently we had come out without even so much weapon as an umbrella.

The taker of men himself came down to us, affable enough; but smiling faces have been long connected with mysterious designs. The soldier was, in fact, a man of peace, a lamb in wolf's clothing; an army doctor, by whose side, if army regulations suffered it, there should have hung a scalpel, not a sword, And the expert photographer—the magic of whose art is fostered by no worse feeling than vanity, or by a hundred purer sentiments—was followed very willingly upstairs. It was all wholesome latter-day magic that we went up to see practised under a London skylight.

Light from the sky is, in fact, the chief part of the stock-in-trade of a photographer. Other light than the sun's can be employed; but, while the sun continues to pour down to us a daily flow of light of the best quality, as cheap as health (we will not say as cheap as dirt, for dirt is a dear article), sunlight will be consumed by the photographers in preference to any other. A diffused, mellow light from the sky, which moderates the darkness of all shadows, is much better suited to the purpose of photography than a direct sunbeam; which creates hard contrasts of light and shade. For in the picture formed by light, whether on metal, glass, or paper, such hard contrasts will be made still harder; Lumpy shadows haunt the chambers of all bad photographers.

He who would not be vexed by them and would produce a portrait in which the features shall be represented with the necessary softness, finds it generally advantageous not only to let the shades be cast upon the face in a room full of diffused rays—that is to say, under a skylight—but also by the waving of large black velvet screens over the head to moderate and stint the quantity of light that falls on features not thrown into shadow. For this reason few very good photographic pictures can be taken from objects illuminated only by a side light, as in a room with ordinary windows. The diffused light of cloudy weather, if the air be free from fog, hinders the process of photography only by lengthening the time occupied in taking impressions. Light, when it is jaundiced by a fog, is quite as liable as jaundiced men to give erroneous views of mankind.

Photography, out of England, has made its most rapid advances, and produced its best results in the United States and in France; but, although both the French and the Americans have the advantage of a much purer and more certain supply of sunlight, it is satisfactory to know that the English photographers have thrown as much light of their own on the new science as any of their neighbours.

Led by the military gentleman, whose cocked hat elevated him in our civilians' eyes to something like the dignity of general, we mounted to the door; through which we poured our forces into the room under the skylight, where we found several defences thrown up in the shape of folding screens, and faced an unusually heavy fire from a round tower of a stove. To maintain a high and dry temperature is customary in the room used by the daguerreotypist for his operations; partly in order to protect more thoroughly the delicate surface of the plates carried about in it, partly to ensure to the sitter so much warmth as shall make perfect repose of all the features, in the most natural way, quite easy. For while the work of the photographer is done with an astonishing rapidity, he is one of the few men who especially desire of those with whom they have to deal that they should *not* look sharp.

A group was to be made of Doctor Sword, and one lady, his wife. Another lady, probably his mother-in-law, declared candidly that when her turn came she must be held in some way, for she was too nervous to sit still. A younger lady, a friend to Mrs. Doctor S., looked interested. The group of two was to be first executed. Now the lady's dress was not at all ill chosen for a photographic sitting or a masquerade. It included extensive scalp-fixing of a savage style introduced lately into this country, consisting of a ragged tuft of streamers,

knotted with Birmingham pearls nearly as large as coat buttons; a great deal of gauze, wonderfully snipped about and overlaid with divers patterns; with a border of large thick white lilies round the cape. The lady was placed on a chair before the camera, though at some distance from it. The gentleman leaned over the back of the chair; symbolically to express the inclination that he had towards his wife: he was her leaning tower, he was her oak and she the nymph who sat secure under his shade. Under the point of the gentleman's sword the Pilgrim's Progress by John Bunyan was placed to prop it up; and one or two trifling distortions were made at the extremity of the proposed picture to neutralise the contrary distortions that would be produced on that portion of the image in the camera. We than peeped under a black pall into the machine itself, where we beheld the gentleman and lady on a piece of ground-glass, standing on their heads. Leaving Doctor and Mrs. Sword to stand at ease and talk to one another, we, Messieurs Pen, departed from the camera for a few minutes and accompanied the artist to his den behind the scenes.

The den of the photographer, in which he goes through those mysterious operations which are not submitted to the observation of the sitter, is a small room lighted by a window, and communicating into a dark closet, veiled with heavy curtains. Our sense of the supernatural, always associated with dark closets, was excited strongly in this chamber, by the sound of a loud rumbling in the bowels of the house, and the visible departure of a portion of the wall to lower regions. We thought instinctively of bandits who wind victims up and down in moveable rooms or turn them up in treacherous screw bedsteads. But, of course, there was no danger to be apprehended. What we saw was, of course, only a contrivance to save labour in conveying pictures up or down for colouring or framing. Our consciences having been satisfied on this point, the expert magician took a plate of the prescribed size, made ready to his hand. Such plates consist of a thin layer of silver fixed upon copper, and are provided to the artist highly polished; but a final and superlative polish is given to each plate, with a "buff" or pad like a double handled razor strop, tinged with a fine mineral powder. Simple as it appears, the final polishing of the plate is an operation that can only succeed well under a practised pair of hands, that regulate their pressure by a refined sense of touch. The plate thus polished was brushed over finally and very lightly, as with the touch of a cat's paw, with a warm pad of black velvet freshly taken from an oven.

To witness the next process we went into the dark closet itself, the very head quarters of spectredom. There, having carefully excluded daylight, the operator lifted up the lid of a small bin, rapidly fixed the plate, silver side downwards, in a place made underneath for its reception, shut down the lid, and began to measure seconds by counting, talking between whiles, thus:—"One—that box—two—contains—three—chloride of iodine—four—strewn—five—six—at the bottom. Now!" (Presto, out came the plate in a twinkling, and was held against a sheet of white paper, upon which it reflected a ghastly straw colour by the light of a small jet of gas.) "Ah, tint not deep enough!" The plate was popped into its vapour bath again with magic quickness. "Seven—the action of the iodine" (continued the operator, counting seconds, and teaching us our lesson in the same breath) "rising in vapour upon the surface—eleven—of the plate—twelve—causes it to take in succession—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—all the colours of the spectrum—sixteen—seventeen; and deposits upon it a film." As he went on solemnly counting, we asked how long he exposed the plate to the visitation of that potent vapour. "A very short time," he replied; "but it varies—thirty—thirty-one—according to the light in the next room—thirty-five—thirty-six—thirty-seven. Adjusting the plate to the weather, thirty-eight—is the result of an acquired instinct—thirty-nine—forty. Now it is ready." The plate was out, and its change to a deeper straw colour was shown. The lid of an adjoining bin was lifted, and the iodized plate was hung in the same way over another vapour; that of the chloride of bromine, that the wraiths of the two vapours might mingle, mingle, mingle as black spirits with white, blue spirits with gray. In this position it remained but a very short time, while we stood watching by in the dark cupboard. The plate having had its temper worked upon by these mysterious agencies was rendered so extremely sensitive, that it was requisite to confine it at once, in a dark hole or solitary cell, made ready for it in a wooden frame; a wooden slide was let down over it, and it was ready to be carried to the camera.

Before quitting this part of the subject, we must add to the preceding description two or three external facts. We have been discussing hitherto the kernel without touching the nutshell in which these, like all other reasonable matters in this country, may be (and usually are) said to lie. The nutshell is in fact as important to a discussion in this country as the small end of the wedge or the British Lion:—In the action of light upon surfaces prepared in a certain manner lies the whole idea of photography. The camera-obscura is an old friend; how to fix chemically the illuminated images formed in the camera by light, was a problem at which Sir Humphrey Davy, half a century ago, was one of the first men who worked. Sir Humphrey succeeded no farther than in the imprinting of a faint image, but as he could

not discover how to fix it, the whole subject was laid aside. Between the years 1814 and 1828, two Frenchmen, M. Daguerre and M. Niepce, were at work upon the problem. In 1827 M. Niepce produced before the Royal Society what he then called heliographs, sun-pictures, formed and fixed upon glass, copper plated with silver, and well-polished tin. But, as he kept the secret of his processes, no scientific use was made of his discovery. M. Daguerre, working at the same problem, succeeded about the same time in fixing sun-pictures on paper impregnated with nitrate of silver. M. Daguerre and M. Niepce having combined their knowledge to increase the value of their art, the French government—in the year 1839—acting nobly, as it has often acted in the interests of science, bought for the free use of the world the details of the new discovery. For the full disclosure of their secrets there was granted to M. Daguerre a life pension of two hundred and forty pounds (he died not many months ago), and a pension of one hundred and sixty pounds to the son of M. Niepce, with the reversion of one half to their widows.

Six months before the disclosure of the progress in France, Mr. Fox Talbot in England had discovered a process leading to a like result—the fixing of sun-pictures upon paper. As the English parliament buys little for science, nothing unfortunately hindered the patenting of Mr. Talbot's method. That patent in certain respects very much obstructed the advance of photography in this country, and great credit is due to Mr. Talbot for having recently and voluntarily abandoned his exclusive rights, and given his process to the public for all purposes and uses, except that of the portrait-taker. By so doing he acted in the spirit of a liberal art born in our own days, and peculiarly marked with the character of our own time. It does one good to think how photographers, even while exercising the new art for money, have pursued it with a generous ardour for its own sake, and emulate each other in the magnanimity with which they throw their own discoveries into the common heap, and scorn to check the progress of their art for any selfish motive. After the completion of the French discovery two daguerreotype establishments were formed in London armed with patent rights, and their proprietors, Messrs. Claudet and Beard, do in fact still hold those rights, of which they have long cheerfully permitted the infringement. Mr. Beard tried to enforce them only once, we believe; and M. Claudet, with distinguished liberality, never.

At first the sitting was a long one, for the original daguerreotype plate was prepared only with iodine. We see it stated in the jury reports of the Great Exhibition, that to procure daguerreotype portraits, it was then "required that a person should sit without moving for twenty-five minutes in a glaring sunshine." That is a glaring impossibility and in fact the statement is wrong. It is to M. Claudet that the public is indebted for the greater ease we now enjoy in photographic sittings, and it is the same gentleman who informs us that five minutes—not five-and-twenty—was the time required for the formation of a good picture on the plates prepared in the old way.

The discovery of the accelerating process, by the use of the two chlorides of iodine and bromine, was at once given to all photographers by M. Claudet; it having been made public by him, in England, through the Royal Society, and in France through the Academie des Sciences. By the use of this double application, plates are made so sensitive that portraits may be taken in a period varying, according to the measure of the light, between a second and a minute. We have said something about varying the degree of sensitiveness in the plate according to the weather. In the account just given of our visit to a photographic studio, it will be seen that a very skilful artist (Mr. Mayall) lessens at times the sensitiveness of the plate, but in this respect the practice is not uniform. In illustration of the extreme sensitiveness that can be communicated to the prepared plate, reference has often been made to an experiment performed at a meeting of the Royal Society, the account of which we quote from Dr. Lardner. "A printed paper was fastened upon the face of a wheel, which was put in revolution with such rapidity that the characters on the paper ceased to be visible. The camera, with the prepared photographic surface, being placed opposite the wheel and properly adjusted, the room was darkened. The room and wheel were then illuminated, for *an instant*, by a strong spark taken from the conductor of a powerful electric machine. This instantaneous appearance of the wheel before the camera was sufficient to produce a perfect picture." In reading of this experiment we are not to direct our attention to the sensitiveness of the plate so much as to the power of the light. Such a spark as was taken for the purpose produced an instantaneous light, greatly surpassing in intensity the ordinary sunlight used by the photographers. M. Claudet, in reply to our questions about the adjustment of the sensitiveness of his plates, replied simply, "I always try to make my plates as sensitive as possible." A walk through his gallery satisfied us that if, by so doing, he increases the demand on his dexterity in sunny weather, the demand is met. His results fully justify his practice.

We may say the same for Mr. Mayall, the photographer whose operations led us into the preceding digression. From the dark cupboard, cleared by a strong up draught of escaping fumes, we brought the prepared plate in its frame, carefully excluded from the light by a protecting slide. The frame was made to fit into the camera, but before placing it, the final adjustment of the sitters had to

be made. The Doctor and his lady having resumed their positions, we again observed, upon the ground glass of the camera, the artistic effect of the group in an inverted miniature, coloured of course. This observation was made with the head thrust under a black velvet pall. Upon the ground glass we saw drawn four squares, one within another, and we remembered well what pictures we had seen of trines and squares and houses of the planets drawn by Albertus Magnus and Agrippa. These were, however, squares, the adept told us, corresponding respectively in size to the plates, differing in price, on which it is in the choice of the sitter to have a likeness taken. A frame corresponding to each size has the plate so fixed in it that, when placed in the camera, it occupies precisely the position of the square marked on the glass. Our picture was to be of the third size—the third square was to be the house of Mars and Venus—and the object of the operator was to arrange the sitters and the camera in such a way as to procure a telling group within the boundaries of that third square upon the glass. This having been done, and a fixed point supplied, on which the eyes should feast, the velvet pall was thrown over the back of the camera to exclude the light, and a black stopper (the obturator) was clapped over the glass in front, making the chamber of the box quite dark. The frame was then inserted in its place, the slide removed, and the prepared silver reposing in the darkness was laid open to receive the meditated shock upon its sensibility. The sitters were requested then to close their eyes for a minute, that the eyelids might be rested, then to look fixedly in the direction indicated by a little picture pinned against a screen. Then "Now, quite still; try to look pleasant—a little pleasanter!" The cap was off, and the two figures, fixed as statues, shone upon the magic mirror in the camera, rigidly pleasant. In half a minute,—counted accurately by the operator,—suddenly, the stopper was again clapped over the glass in front; the slide was let down over the tablet, upon which light, having done its work, must shine no more until the plate was light-proof. Mars and Venus in conjunction having entered the third house, we retired into the necromancer's den to observe what would follow.

The necromancer there addressed us in manner following: "The chemical action of light has decomposed the delicate compound formed upon this tablet between the silver and the chlorides of iodine and bromine. The decomposition has been greatest, of course, where the light has been most intense, and its action has been manifested everywhere by the piercing of the sensitive surface with minute holes. Where the light has been the strongest, the number of these microscopic holes, contained upon a space equal to the area of a pin's head, is greater than in those parts on which the chemical action of the light has not been so intense. The portrait is thus minutely and delicately dotted out, dots signifying light. That is the sun picture which I now hold in my hand." After this brief parliamentary address the adept went on with his labour.

Still hiding his dark deeds from the face of day he took the plate to a small bath of quicksilver, from which a subtle vapour slowly ascended, the quicksilver being placed over the faint blue flame of a spirit-lamp. Suspended over this bath it received upon its polished surface the fine vapour; which, penetrating into the minute holes formed by light upon the plate, and there condensing into microscopic drops, tinged out with its own substance the surface on which light had fallen—more abundant where its action had been greatest, and less marked where the decomposition had been less. When this process was complete, the picture was complete; all the lights being expressed and graduated by a white metal, and the shadows by the darker ground. There were the allied images of gentleman and lady revealed suddenly before us with a startling accuracy, only unnaturally sensitive and altogether wanting in stability of character.

Nothing remained then but to fix the picture; to destroy the sensitiveness of the surface. This was done by pouring over it some dilute pyrogallic acid, and finally submitting it to the action of a salt of gold; of which a solution was washed over the plate, and warmed upon it for one or two minutes. The portrait was in this way perfectly spell-bound. It might be carried about loose in the pocket and indiscriminately handled, without suffering more hurt to its charms than can be worked by those ugly disenchanters, grease and dirt and scratches. For protection, however, against these, and for the better setting off of the picture, it will be delivered to its owner as a well known imp was once sold, in a bottle under glass; and as the Moors were arch magicians, with traditions of Bagdad about them, it will very fitly be enclosed in a morocco case.

Truly, a fine picture it is. The lady's dress suggests upon the plate as much delicate workmanship as would have given labour for a month to the most skilful of painters. The lilies that we did not like upon the cape, how exquisite they look here in the picture! But as this group was destined to be coloured, we were courteously invited to the colouring room, a tiny closet in which two damsels were busily at work, one upon a lady's dress, the other upon the forehead of a gentleman, putting in the yellow rather lavishly, but with a good effect. "The faces," she informed us, "must be coloured strongly, or they will be put out by the bright blue sky." We pointed to a small box labelled "Sky," remarking that the fair painters were magicians, to carry the sky in a wafer-box. To which one

of them promptly answered "Yes; and Ogres, too, for that pill-box contains gentlemen's and ladies' 'Flesh.'"

These terrific creatures—who had quite the ways of damsels able to eat rice pudding in an honest manner—then made us acquainted with a few dry facts. The colours used by them were all dry minerals, and were laid on with the fine point of a dry brush; pointed between the lips, and left to become dry before using. A little rubbing caused these tints to adhere to the minute pores upon the plate. Each colour was of course rubbed on with its own brush, and so expertly that a large plate very elaborately painted, with a great deal of unquestionable taste, had been, as we were told, the work only of an hour. On a subsequent occasion, we saw in the same room our picture of the Doctor under the painter's hands, and undergoing flattery. We admired the subdued tone which the artist had, as we thought, taken the wise liberty of giving to the glare of the red coat. "Yes," she replied, "but I must make it redder presently; when we don't paint coats bright enough, people complain. They tell us that we make them look as if they wore old clothes."

And we may observe here that another illustration of our vanities was furnished to us on a different occasion. Daguerreotype plates commonly present faces as they would be seen in a looking-glass, that is to say, reversed: the left side of the face, in nature, appearing upon the right side of the miniature. That is the ordinary aspect in which every one sees his own face, for it is only possible for him to behold it reflected in a mirror. This reversing, of course, alters in the slightest degree the similitude. The sitter himself is generally satisfied. But M. Claudet has taken up the parable of the poet; and has undertaken to be the kind soul who, by virtue of a scientific notion, "Wad

> the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as *others* see us."

Few of us would thank him for it morally, and it is a curious fact that few of us are content to have even our faces shown to us as others see them. The non-inverted daguerreotypes differ too much from the dear images of self that we are used to learn by heart out of our looking-glasses. They invariably please the friend to whom they are to be given, but they frequently displease the sitter. For this reason, though M. Claudet has of course made public the secret of his "giftie," we are not aware that any other photographer has thought it profitable for his use.

Somebody asks, "how are those non-inverted images produced?" The question causes us again to drop the kernel of our story, and apply ourselves to a discussion of the nutshell. A daguerreotype formed in the usual way and inverted, if held before a looking-glass, becomes again inverted, and shows therefore a non-inverted picture of the person whom it represents. If the picture in the camera fell, by a previous reflection, inverted on the plate, it would in the same way be restored by a second inversion to its first position. This object could not be attained by any arrangement of glass mirror in the camera, because a piece of looking-glass reflects both from its outer surface and from the quicksilver behind, and this, though unimportant for all ordinary purposes, would make it perfectly unfit for photographic use. A piece of polished metal would have but a single surface; but the exquisite polish necessary would make the preparation of it difficult and costly, and its liability to damage great. The first reflection is made, therefore, by turning the side of the camera to the sitter and causing his image to fall upon one face of a large prism placed before the glasses otherwise in use: an image is then deflected into the camera, which falls in the required manner on the plate.

In the present state of photographic art, no miniature can be utterly free from distortion; but distortion can be modified and corrected by the skilful pose of the sitter, and by the management of the artist. The lens of the camera being convex (in order to diminish the object, and to concentrate the rays of light upon the silver plate) the most prominent parts of the figure to be transferred—those parts, indeed, nearest to the apex of the lens—will appear disproportionately large. If you look through a diminishing glass at a friend who holds his fist before his face, you will find the face very much diminished in proportion to the appearance of the fist. The clever artist, therefore, so disposes his sitter, that hands, nose, lips, &c., shall be all as nearly as possible on the same plane in apposition to the lens. In a sitting figure hands placed on the knees would seem prodigious—placed on or near hips, no more prominent than the tip of the nose, they would seem of a natural size. It is for this reason that daguerreotypes taken from pictures instead of living figures, are never distorted, because they are actually on a flat surface.

Concerning the action of light in the formation of the picture on the iodized plate within the camera, one or two facts are curious. Light contains rays that are not luminous. In the dark spaces above and below the solar spectrum some of the most decided chemical effects of light are manifested. It is probable that the chemical rays of light are to our eyes, perfectly dark. Cover a picture with a piece of yellow glass, and you can see it very well. But place it before the camera, and you will get no photographic copy. Cover a picture with a piece of dark-blue glass, and it is totally invisible; but, placed before the camera, the chemical rays pass through and imprint a photographic image as distinct and clear as if there

had been no blue glass whatever. The distinct properties of the yellow and blue rays are manifested as strongly in the germination of plants. Germination is prevented by the action of the yellow ray, while to the blue ray it is mainly indebted.

The rays that have passed through to form the picture, have been called the photogenic rays; they refract not quite in the same way as the luminous or colorific rays, and therefore the focus of the photogenic picture and that of the picture thrown on the ground glass will not exactly coincide. For this, allowance has to be made in practice, and accurate instruments for ascertaining the true photogenic focus have been invented, one by M. Claudet, and another by Mr. G. Knight. They are called Focimeters. There are hidden mysteries, however, connected with this portion of the subject. Means have been already here and there discovered, by which the colours of the spectrum may be printed at once on the photographic tablets, and the sun—most brilliant of artists—may paint his pictures at the same time that he is engraving them. The process is not yet disclosed. Mr. A. Hill, of New York, affirms that he has taken many pictures from Nature, having all the beauty of natural colouring upon them. A new material is said to have been introduced in aid of this effect. When all mechanical details have been perfected, we may therefore expect this new step to be made publicly, by which Apollo will be raised above Apelles in the world of art.

The application of photography to the stereoscope produces an extremely pretty toy, that is of no use except as an elegant and valuable illustration of a train of scientific reasoning. The instrument itself was invented some years since by Professor Wheatstone, to illustrate his discovery of the principles of binocular vision. In 1849 Sir David Brewster exhibited to the British Association at Birmingham a stereoscope adapted to the inspection of daguerreotype pictures. Afterwards he happened to describe the instrument to an optician in Paris, M. Duboscq Soleil, who being an enterprising man, constructed a number of such instruments on speculation. At the beginning of 1851 some of these were exhibited at one of the soirées of Lord Rosse; they excited attention, and the photographers of London, seizing the notion, very soon began to take stereoscopic portraits. In the stereoscope two exactly similar pictures are placed side by side under a pair of prisms, which are so adjusted, that one image falls on each eye, and the images on the two eyes do not fall on precisely corresponding parts. This gives the idea of distance.

For it is to the use of two eyes that we are indebted for the facility with which we derive ideas of form, solidity, and distance. There is only one point before us, to which both eyes can be turned in the same way at the same time. Every other point before and behind that will fall upon both eyes, will fall upon the retina of each eye in a different place, and the amount of variation present itself through the optic nerve to the brain as the idea of distance. Upon this hint the stereoscope is formed, and the effects of roundness and distance are presented to the mind by a pair of flat photographic pictures. M. Claudet has constructed an ingenious variation on the ordinary stereoscope, by placing under it two plates not perfectly identical. In one, for example, there are two men fighting: one strikes, the other wards. The companion plate contains precisely the same men; with this difference in their attitude, that the one who struck now wards, and the aggressor stands on the defensive. In looking at this group, and at the same time rapidly moving to and fro a small slide behind the glasses which covers now one eye and now another, the two impressions run into each other and produce the appearance of an active sparring match. Again, a needle-woman, represented on one plate with her needle in her work and in the other with her thread drawn out to its full length, appears, when the slide is shifted to and fro, to be industriously sewing.

Among ingenious contrivances we ought not to omit to rank Mr. Mayall's very neat method of producing what are called crayon portraits in daguerreotype. His plan is to place between the sitter and the camera a revolving plate, having a hole cut into the middle of it, from which there proceed broad rays as of the sun upon a signboard. The result is a picture upon which the head is engraved with unusual distinctness, and the bust is gradually shaded down into the general colour of the plate, so that the effect is that of a crayon portrait.

Photographic processes on glass and paper are even more valuable as aids to knowledge than daguerreotypes.

There are many processes by which photographic impressions may be taken upon paper and glass; a book full of them lies at this moment before us; we have ourselves seen two, and shall confine ourselves to the telling of a part of our experience. We rang the artist's bell of Mr. Henneman in Regent street, who takes very good portraits upon paper by a process cousin to the Talbotype. By that gentleman we were introduced into a neat little chamber lighted by gas, with a few pans and chemicals upon the counter. His process was excessively simple: he would show it to us. He took a square of glass, cleaned it very perfectly, then holding it up by one corner with the left hand, he poured over the centre of the glass some collodion, which is, as most people know, gun-cotton dissolved in ether. By a few movements of the left hand, which appear easy, but are acquired with trouble, the collodion was

caused to flow into an even coat over the surface of the glass, and the excess was poured off at another corner. To do this by a few left-handed movements, without causing any ripple upon the collodion adhering to the glass, is really very difficult. This done, the plate was left till the ether had almost evaporated, and deposited a film of gun-cotton—which is in fact a delicate paper—spread evenly over the surface of the glass. The glass covered with this delicate paper, before it was yet quite dry, was plunged carefully into a pan or bath, containing a solution of nitrate of silver, about eight grains of it to every hundred of distilled water. In about two minutes it was taken out, and ready for the camera. It was a sheet of glass covered with a fine film of cotton-paper impregnated with nitrate of silver, a colourless salt blackened by light.

It was removed in a dark frame to the camera. Then an assistant, opening a book, assumed an attitude and sat for his picture. In a few seconds it was taken in the usual way, and the glass carried again into the operator's room. There it was dipped into another bath—a bath of pyrogallic acid—and the impression soon became apparent. To bring it out with greater force it was then dipped into a second and much weaker bath of nitrate of silver. The image was then made perfect; but, as the light parts were all depicted by the blackest shades, and the black parts were left white, the courteous assistant was there represented as a negro.

That negro stage was not of course the finished portrait, it was "the negative"—or stereotype plate, as it were—from which, after it had been fixed with a solution of the sulphate of the peroxyde of iron, any number of impressions could be taken. For it is obvious that if a plate like this be placed on sensitive paper, and exposed to daylight, the whole process will be reversed. The black face will obstruct the passage of the light and leave a white face underneath, the white hair will allow the light to pass, making black hair below, and so on. Impressions thus taken on paper, and afterwards fixed, may either serve for portraits, as they are, or, like the silver plates, they may be coloured.

The paper processes, of which we say so little, are in fact practically the most important branches of the art of the photographer. For it is not only—or indeed chiefly—by the reproduction of our own features that we bring photography into the service of our race. One application of the art has produced an apparatus which enables many natural phenomena to register themselves. Mr. Brooke's little cylinder of photographic paper, revolving in measured time under a pencil of light thrown from a small mirror attached to a moving magnet or an anemometer, tells for itself the tale of every twelve hours' work, and has already superseded the hard night-work that was necessary formerly at the Greenwich, and at other great observatories. Photography already has been found available by the astronomer; the moon has sat for a full-face picture, and there is hope that in a short time photographic paper will become a common auxiliary to the telescope. History will be indebted to photography for fac-similes of documents and volumes that have perished; travellers may bring home incontestible transcripts of inscriptions upon monuments, or foreign scenery. The artist will no longer be delayed in travelling to execute his sketches on the spot. He can now wander at his ease, and bring home photographic views, from which to work, as sculptors from the model. Photography is a young art, but from its present aspect we can judge what power it will have in its maturity. The mind may readily become bewildered among expectations, but one thing will suggest many. We understand that a catalogue of the national library of Paris has been commenced, in which each work is designated by a photographic miniature of its title-page.

THE BALLAD OF THE GOLD-DIGGER.

I.

Our future bright, our spirits light,
We bade farewell to home;
With many more, we hove from shore,
And cross'd the salt sea foam.

Four months of weary voyage past,
We reach'd that wondrous land,
Where rivers from their mountain hearts
Fling gold upon the sand.

Then side by side our work we plied,
Merrily day by day—
From pale dawn-light till fall of night,
When the river-mists rose grey.

A happy land it seem'd to me
Till dash'd with wickedness;
For, all around, the sands were bright,
(Like the Milky Way in a moonless night,)
With small stars numberless.

The very dust beneath our feet
Was rich with priceless gold:
Where'er we walked, we trod on wealth
That never could be told.
From far-off caves the river waves
Their endless tribute roll'd.

Old Saturn's reign seem'd come again:
At first, we had no brawl,
No deep-laid stealth for the gain of wealth—
There was enough for all.

Oh Heaven! what gladness fill'd my heart,
And lit like fire mine eye!
On burning clouds of gold, at night,
In dreams, I seem'd to lie.

The sky it was a golden dome—
A golden mist the air;
But God, the Giver of all this good,
Was lost in that fierce glare.

Methought I was the absolute Lord
Of all the earth and sea,
And pale kings came, and offer'd up
Their sceptres unto me.

II.

Day after day thus past away;
No cloud was in the air:
The steady shine of the gold divine
Made all seem good and fair.

At length a comrade spoke, and said:
"Our labour 'gins to rust;
My heart is sick of this sordid work,
Of scraping up mere dust:

"For three nights past I've dreamt one dream,
Methought I left these sands,
And traced the river to its source
Amid the higher lands:

"There, in the crannies of the rocks,
By ceaseless currents roll'd,
I found great flakes, and heavy lumps,
And nuggets huge of gold:

"Their glory shone in that dull place
Like foam upon the sea!
I clutched them up—but at that point,
A darkness fell on me.
As I stand here, thus has it been
On each night of the three.

"Now, hearken, brother, to my plan:
Which is, that I and you
Shall seek this fine dream-land of mine,
Amid the mountains blue.

"This thrice-dreamt dream can *not* be false;
I feel it in my soul:
My heart speaks loudly to itself
Vast words beyond control!
So tell me, friend, if you will seek
With me this happy goal?"

The Fate within me answer'd "Yes."—
We left, next morn, the sands,
And traced the river to its source,
And gain'd the higher lands.

A wild domain it was, all full
Of crags, and caverns rude—
Deserts of silence, stretching far,
And vasts of solitude.

And in the rocks we found great blocks
Of the metal which we sought;
Yes, all things seem'd as my comrade dream'd;
We had not come for nought.

Good lack! the spade and the pick-axe made
All day a merry chime:
Since my beard was grown, I had not known
So excellent a time.

But then the Summer came. The Sun,
Alone within the sky,
Struck like a curse the universe
With his consuming eye.

And then rains fell; and the ground
Was sodden through with damp;
And in our sleep we could almost weep
In the gripe of the cruel cramp.

III.

Yet still we work'd as best we might
In the pestilent hot rain,
Though each could see in the other's eyes
The picture of his pain.

At last, my strength was stricken down,
And I was sorely ill;
And on the earth I sank, and lay,
For utter weakness, still.

Within the shadow of the rocks
And the shelter of the caves,
I hid my pain, and in my brain
There was a noise of waves:—

For every thought seem'd like a wave,
And made a surging sound
In the pauses of the rushing rain,
When there was silence round:

Silence, that else was only dashed
By the thumping of the axe
Of my comrade wan, who still held on,
Heaping his gold in stacks.

But never a thought to me he gave:
He left me where I lay,
Watching the light, and the clouds' slow fli
Till the dying of the day.

A week thus past; and, at the last,
Slowly my strength return'd:
But in my heart, consuming it,
A sharp flame leapt and burn'd.

All through my sickness I had watch'd
My comrade's wealth increase,
While mine stood still; and those loud thou
Cried out, and would not cease:—

"His midnight sleep is dull and deep,
And looks so much like Death,
That a single blow would make it so,
And stop his vigorous breath."

And it was so.—I struck one blow
As he slept within the cave.
My hand was red; but he was dead,
And I dug a hasty grave.

I dug a grave in the richest part
Of that gold-teeming land;
Put a yellow lump in the gaping mouth,
And one in either hand:
"Ho ho!" quoth I, "no king doth lie
So royally and grand."

I seiz'd his treasure and my own,
And fled in sudden fear;
But the presence of my comrade seem'd
For ever hovering near.

He moved before me all the day,
Like a shadow on my sight;
And when the darkness fell from Heaven,
He was a burning light!—
A ghostly dream within the noon,
And a living dread at night!

I cross'd the sea; for I was free,
And honour'd for my wealth:
Yet am I withering secretly,
And fading as by stealth.

I wander idly up and down;
And, in my drooping soul,
Every coin among my store
Is like a flaming coal.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Did Archimedes square the circle? The legend (and I have a great respect for legends, mendacious though they often be) says that he did. The legend has it that he really, truly, and completely succeeded. That, chalk in hand, heedless in his scientific pre-occupation of the sack of Syracuse, he bent over the magic diagram he had traced on the floor of his humble domicile, contemplating with joy and exultation the glorious end by which his labours had been crowned. That then, however, a soldier entered, hot with plunder and blood-spilling. That with his murderous javelin he smote the sage to death; and that the blood of Archimedes flowing in a sluggish stream effaced the diagram (which was to the ruthless warrior merely an unmeaning assemblage of curved and straight lines), so that the circle remains unsquared to this day.

Many have experimentalised with the mighty mystery since the legendary days of the Greek philosopher; but the failures have been as numerous as the attempts. Not that the thing is impossible; oh no! All of us have, more or less, friends and acquaintances on the very verge — the extreme point—of squaring the circle, also of discovering perpetual motion, paying the national debt, and accomplishing some trifling little undertakings of that description. Only, they never do. They resemble somewhat the poor little "punters" one sees at Homburg and Baden-Baden — the men with "systems" — infallible "martingales" who would always have won fifty thousand florins by a dead certainty, in one *coup*, my dear sir, if red had only turned up again. But it didn't. Red never does turn up when you want it. So with the circle-squarers, perpetual motion discoverers, national debt liquidators, and inventors of directing power to balloons. Something always occurs at the very ace and nick of time—the critical moment—to nip their invention in the bud. My friend A would have squared the circle, weeks ago, if he had not been sentenced to six months' imprisonment in one of Her Majesty's gaols for writing threatening letters to Lord John Russell, in which the circle was mixed up, somehow, with a desire to have his lordship's life. B is only deterred from terminating his experiments by the want of a loan (temporary) of one pound five. C's landlady, in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square, has impounded for unpaid rent his philosophical apparatus, without which it is impossible for him to complete his discoveries. D, on the very eve of success, took it into his head to preach the Millennium, as connected with the New Jerusalem and the Latter-day Saints, in the vicinity of Rotherhithe; and as for E, the only man who they say has squared the circle these few hundred years, he is at present so raving mad in a lunatic asylum, that we can't make much of the diagrams he chalks on the walls of his day room, mixed as are his angles, arcs, and diameters with humorous couplets and caricatures of public characters. I might, if I chose, enumerate initials which would use up the alphabet twice over; from M, who combined philosophy with the manufacture of Bengal lights, and blew himself, and half his neighbourhood, up one day, down to Z; who, impressed with a conviction that the circle was only to be squared in the interior of Africa, went out to the Gold Coast in a trader, and was supposed to have been eaten up by the natives, somewhere between Timbuctoo and the Mountains of the Moon. Still, the circle remains unsquared.

I, who am no mathematician, and would sooner throw myself off the parapet of the *pons asinorum* than trudge over it, not presuming to attempt squaring a circle, humbly intend to see if I cannot circle a square. Say Leicester Square, in the county of Middlesex.

In my opinion Leicester Square, or Leicester Fields, or "the Square," as its inhabitants call it, or "*Laystarr Squarr*" as the French have it, offers in many of its features some striking points of resemblance to an institution expatiated upon by Monsieur Philip de Lolme, called the British Constitution. The Square, like the Constitution, has been infinitely patched, and tinkered, and altered. Some of its bulwarks have been broken down; some of its monuments have been utterly destroyed; and coaches and six may now be driven where edifices were. But in their entirety both institutions are unchanged. The Square and the Constitution have yet their Habeas Corpus and their Bill of Rights. Much has been abolished, changed, improved; but the Square is the Square and the Constitution is the Constitution; and the Briton may point to both with pride, as immutable evidence of the stability of the institutions of a free country.

Before I commence circling seriatim this square—which I may call the liver of London, often spoken of but little known—let me say a few words of its history. This quadrangle of houses once went by the name of Leicester Fields. These fields (now partially covered by Mr. Wyld's great globe) were built round, three sides of them, about 1635, what time Charles the First was in difficulties about ship-money, and thirsting for Mr. Pym's ears. During the civil wars and Commonwealth, the powers that were, occupied themselves rather more with pulling down mansions than with building them; and the south side remained

uncovered with houses until the days of that virtuous and exemplary monarch, who passed the bill for the better observance of the Sabbath, and murdered Algernon Sydney. From 1671 to the middle of the eighteenth century, Leicester Fields were Leicester Fields. Then the royal German gentleman, second of his name, endowed the enclosure in the centre with an equestrian statue of his gracious self (brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos), and the fields became thenceforward a square, and fashionable.

Fashionable, to a certain extent, they had been before; since Charles the Second's time, Leicester Fields had boasted the possession of a palace. Yes, between where there is now a sixpenny show with a Shades beneath, and where there is a cigar-shop, once stood Leicester House, built by Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, the father of poor Algernon Sydney, of Henry Sydney (the handsome Sydney of De Grammont's Memoirs), and of Lady Dorothy Sydney, the Sacharissa of Waller the poet. Here, when the Sydneys had come to grief, lived and died the Queen of Bohemia. Here resided the great Colbert, Louis the Fourteenth's ablest minister of finance and commerce, when on an embassy to King Charles the Second. Here, in 1703, lived (hiring the house from Lord Leicester) the ambassador from the Emperor of Germany. Prince Eugene lay at Leicester House, and courtiers (no doubt) lied there in 1713. In 1718, no less a personage than the Prince of Wales bought Leicester House, and made it his own residence. Pennant, that sly old antiquary—whose wit, though dry, like old port, is as nutty and full flavoured—calls it the "pouting house for princes;" for here, when the next Prince of Wales, Frederick, quarrelled with his papa (who had quarrelled with his) he, too, removed to Leicester House and kept a little sulky Court there.

Of Leicester House, palatially speaking, what now remains? Of that princely north-east corner of the square, what is there, save a foreigner-frequented cigar-shop? Stay, there is yet the Shades, suggestive still of semi-regal kitchens, in their underground vastness. And haply there is, above, Saville House, a palace once, for George the Third's sister was married from thence—so says the European Magazine for 1761—to a German prince, and, to her misfortune, poor soul, as her German prison cell shall tell her in years to come. And Saville House is a palace still, far more palatial than if kings sat in its upper rooms, and princes in its gates. It is the palace of showmanship. It is the greatest booth in Europe.

Saville House! What Londoner, what country cousin who visited the metropolis twenty years ago, does not immediately connect that magic establishment with the name of Miss Linwood and her needlework? It was very wonderful. I, as a child, never could make it out much, or settle satisfactorily to my own mind, why it should not, being carpeting, have been spread upon the floor in of being hung against the wall. I did like the eyes, noses, and lips, of the chara being all in little quadrangles; and I beaten once, I think, for saying that I the my sister's sampler superior to any of Linwood's productions. Yet her work very wonderful; not quite equal to Go tapestry, perhaps, but colossal as res patience, neatness, and ingenuity. Of concerning Miss Linwood I was wo my nonage to be much puzzled. Who what was this marvellous being? I since heard, and I now believe, that Miss wood was a simple-minded exemplary sc mistress, somewhere near Leicester—a sp of needleworking Hannah More; but at time she was to me a tremendous myt tapestry-veiled prophetess—a sibyl wo out perpetual enigmas in silk and worste

The shows at Saville House are ye alive o! What show of shows came Miss Linwood? There were some cl caricatures of good pictures and good sta enacted on a turn-table by brazen and women, called *Poses Plastiques*. I, servant, assisted once at a represent of this description, where I think the su was Adam and Eve in the garden of E Adam by Herr Something, Eve by Mad Somebody, and the Serpent by a *real ser* a bloated old snake quite sluggish and d and harmless enough, between his rabbit be tied in a knot round the tree. The amusing part of the entertainment was middle thereof, at which point two war arrayed in the uniform of Her Ma appeared on the turn-table, and cla Adam as a deserter from the third B which indeed he was, and so was summ marched off with a great-coat over his fi ings, and a neat pair of handcuffs on wrists—the which sent me home moralisin the charming efficiency of the Lord Cham lain and his licensers, which can stri harmless joke out of a pantomime, cannot touch such fellows as these, g vagabondising about with nothing to c them. I think I went the same evening certain theatre, where I saw the most ma ficent parable in the New Testament paro into a gew-gaw spectacle—a convention tween the property man, the scene painter, the corps de ballet—which made me t that the Lord Chamberlain and his licen did not dispense their justices quite e handedly; that they strained at the gna little too much, may be, and swallowed camels a little too easily.

Serpents both of land and sea;—panora of all the rivers of the known world; juggl ventriloquists; imitators of the noises animals; dioramas of the North pole, and gold-diggings of California; somnambu (very lucid); ladies who have cheerfully mitted to have their heads cut off nightl sixpence per head admission; giants; dwa

sheep with six legs; calves born inside out; marionnettes; living marionnettes; lecturers on Bloomerism; expositors of orrery--all of these have by turns found a home in Saville House. In the enlarged cosmopolitanthropy of that mansion, it has thrown open its arms to the universe of exhibitions. One touch of showmanship makes the whole world kin; and this omni-showing house would accommodate with equal pleasure, Acrobats in its drawing-rooms, Spiritual Rappers in its upper rooms, the Poughkeepsie Seer in the entrance hall, and the Learned Pig in the cellar.

But I should be doing foul injustice to Saville House were I to omit to mention one exhibition that it has of late years adopted. The assault of arms! Who has not seen the adventurous life-guardsman effect that masterly feat, the severisation of the leg of mutton; and that more astonishing exploit, the scientific dissection at two strokes of the carcase of a sheep? Who has not applauded the masterly cutting asunder of the bar of lead; the "Saladin feat;" the terrific combat between the broadsword and bayonet; the airy French fencing and small-sword practice (like an *omelette soufflée* after solid beef and pudding)? And then the wind-up, when Saville House, forgetting its antecedents of the drama (slightly illegitimate), and puppets and panoramas, takes manfully to fisticuffs! I am reminded of that company of Athenian actors, who, in the earlier days of the Greek drama, essayed a performance before an Athenian public; but who, finding their efforts not by any means appreciated or understood by their audience, took refuge in some gladiatorial acquirements they were lucky enough to possess, and "pitched into" each other manfully, to the intense delight of the Areopagus. I am reminded too, by the way, during this "wind-up," of the propinquity of certain gentlemen, whose bow legs, green cut-away coats, flattened noses, fancy shawls, scarred lips, chameleon-coloured eyes, swollen mottled hands, Oxonian shoes (tipped), closely cropped hair, bull necks, large breast pins, &c., remind me, in their turn, that I am in the antechamber of the Ring; which leads me to descend into the street, foregoing the pleasure of witnessing the "Grand exhibition of wrestling between two Southerners," wherein I am promised a living illustration of the genuine Devonshire kick, and the legitimate Cornish hug. Needs must I linger, though, by the peristyle of Saville House, at the foot of its wide exterior staircase; though Mr. Cantelo's acolyte, next door, mellifluously invites me to ascend and see how eggs are hatched by steam; though there is a rival lady with her head undergoing the very process of decapitation next door to him; with a horned lady, a bearded lady, and a mysterious lady, on the other side. Saville House has charms for me which I cannot lightly pass by. There are the Shades, a remnant of the old London night cellars, bringing to mind Tom King's Coffee-house, and the cellar where Strap had that famous adventure, and the place where the admired Captain Macheath and his virtuous companion first heard "the sound of coaches." Saville House boasts also of a billiard-room, where there are celebrated professors in moustaches, who will give you eighty out of the hundred and beat you; who can do anything with the balls and cues save swallowing them; who are clever enough to make five hundred a year at billiards, and do make it, some of them; where there are markers who look like marquises in their shirt sleeves and difficulties. I have nought more to say of the palace of my square, save that the Duke of Gloucester lived at Leicester House, in 1767, previous to its final decadence as a royal residence; that Sir Ashton Lever formed here the collection of curiosities known as the Leverian museum; and that New Lisle Street was built on the site of the gardens of Leicester House in 1791.

To resume the circling of my square may I beg you to pass Cranbourne Street, also a large foreign hotel, also a hybrid floridly eccentric building of gigantic dimensions, where the Pavilion at Brighton seems to have run foul of the Alhambra, and repaired damages with the temple of Juggernaut: splicing on a portion of a Chinese pagoda as a jury-mast, and filling up odd leaks with bits of the mosque of St. Sophia.

Passing this enigmatical habitation (if inhabited it be), tarry, oh *viator!* ere you come to Green Street, by Pagliano's Sablonière Hotel, a decent house, where there is good cheer after the Italian manner. The northern half of this hotel was, until 1764, a private dwelling-house—its door distinguished by a bust made of pieces of cork cut and glued together, and afterwards gilt, and known as the "Painter's Head." The painter's head was cut by the painter himself who lived there; and the painter was that painter, engraver, and moralist, that prince of pictorial moralists,

> Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart;

the King's Sergeant Painter, William Hogarth.

I would give something to be able to see that merry, sturdy, bright-eyed, fresh-coloured little fellow in his sky-blue coat, and bob wig, and archly cocked hat, trudging forth from his house. I would hypothecate some portion of my vast estates to have been in Leicester Square the day Will Hogarth first set up his coach; to have watched him writing that wrathful letter to the nobleman who objected to the too faithful *vraisemblance* of his portrait, wherein he threatened, were it not speedily fetched away, to sell it, with the addition of horns and a tail, to a wild beast showman, who doubtless had his show in Leicester Fields hard by; to have seen him in his painting room putting all his savage irony of colour and expression into the picture of the bully-poet Churchill; or "biting in" that

grand etching of sly, cruel, worthless Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, counting the forces of the Pretender on his fingers; or correcting the proof sheets of the Analysis of Beauty; or scarifying Jack Wilkes on copper; or haply, keeping quiet, good-humoured company with his gentle lady wife, Jane Thornhill, telling her how he engraved pint pots and masquerade tickets in his youth, and how he painted his grandest pictures for the love of her. We have painters, and engravers, and moralists now-a-days, and to spare, I trow; but thy name will long smell sweet as violets, Will Hogarth, though thou wert not a Royal Academician, nor a "Sir."

Yet, circling round about, stand momentarily at the corner of a little street—Green Street by name—full of musty little bookstalls and fugacious shops. Fugacious I call them, for their destinies are as fleeting as their proprietors. They are everything by turns, and nothing long: now betting-offices, now print-shops, now cigar-shops, anon oyster-shops, coffee-shops, brokers' shops. In Green Street shall you be sensible also of an odour very marked, of the cookery of the various foreign boarding-houses and cook-shops of the neighbourhood; and towering above the dingy little houses, shall you see the Elizabethan chimney-shaft of the St. Martin's baths and wash-houses: a beacon of cleanliness to the neighbourhood; a Pharos of soapsuds; a finger-post of thrift and comfort.

We pass St. Martin's Street—street of no thoroughfare, but remarkable for Mr. Bertolini's restaurant, and formerly famous as the residence of Sir Isaac Newton. We pass the Soup-kitchen Association's Offices, Star Street, a score of private houses, and, halting at number forty-seven, we descry a mansion of considerable dimensions, formerly the property of Lord Inchiquin, afterwards the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, now the resting-place, I think, of a panorama of the Australian Gold Diggings; but, before all these, residence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight, the first President of the Royal Academy.

It is something to think, gazing at this plain house from the shabby cab-stand opposite (where there are always six cabs, and apparently never any one to hire them) that to number forty-seven came, sixty years ago, all that was great, noble, and beautiful—all that was witty, learned, and brave—in this land. It is something to think that the plain awkward country lad, poor in purse and pauper in influence in the beginning, should in this number forty-seven, from 1761 to 1792, have held his state undisputed, undisturbed, as the *pontifex maximus* of portrait-painting—the Merlin of his art—that the steps of his house should have been swept by the ermine of judges, the lawn of prelates, the robes of peers, the satin and brocade of princesses; that there should have been about his ante-rooms, thrown into corners like unconsidered trifles, of as little account as the gewgaws of a player's tiring-room, the fans of duchesses, the batons of victorious generals, the badges of chivalry, the laurels of poets, the portfolios of ministers. It is something to think that if *some* spoony lords, some carpet warriors, some tenth transmitters of a foolish face, have mingled with the brilliant crowd at forty-seven, Leicester Fields, its rooms have re-echoed to the silvery laughter of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, to the commanding tones of Chatham, and Mansfield, and Camden. It is more to think that to this house came, to hold familiar converse with its master, the wise men of England.

Come back, shades of the mighty dead, to number forty-seven! Come back from Beaconsfield, Edmund Burke! Come back, Percy, scholar and poet; Joe Warburton; lively, vain, kind-hearted David Garrick, courtly Topham Beauclerc, staunch old General Oglethorpe, drawing diagrams of the fields of Belgrade and Peterwardein with filberts, and nutcrackers, and port wine! Come back, stout-hearted Pasquale di Paoli; gossipping, toadying, boozy Boswell. Come back, oh, thou leviathan of literature, with the large wig and larger heart, with the rolling gait and voice of thunder, come back, Samuel Johnson!

Do thou also return, sprightly, kindly spectre in suit of Filby-made Tyrian bloom—poet and novelist and essayist and dramatist, for whom, wert thou alive and hard up for paper, I would send my last shirt to the paper mill to make Bath post. Return, if for a moment, Oliver Goldsmith! Sins and follies there may be posted against thee in the Book, but surely tears enough have been shed over the "Vicar of Wakefield" to blot them out, and airs of light-hearted laughter have been wafted from "She stoops to Conquer" to dry the leaves again a thousand times!

But they cannot came back, these shades, at my poor bidding. Beaconsfield and Poet's Corner, St. Paul's and Dromore, will hold their own until the time shall come. I cannot even wander through the genius hallowed rooms of Reynolds's house. Literary and scientific apparatus, and panorama, have effaced all vestige thereof. I can but muse in the spirit on the dining room where these great ones met—on the octagon painting room with the arm-chair on a dais, with the high window looking to the northward darkened on the day of Goldsmith's death, with the palette and pencils laid by for the day when Johnson was buried, and on every Sunday afterwards, according to his dying wish.

My square is nearly circled. When I have stated that David Loggan, the engraver immortalised by Pope, lived next door to Hogarth, and that next door on the other side resided (after the painter's death) John Hunter, the surgeon, who here formed the famous anatomical museum, called the Hunterian collection, and gave every Sunday

evening, during the winter months, medical *soirées*, where matters germane to the scalpel and lancet were pleasantly discussed over coffee and muffins, I think I have named all that Leicester Square offers of remarkable, historically speaking. I am not aware that any nobleman ever had his head cut off here; that Lord Rochester ever said anything witty from any of its balconies; or that any patriot, from Jack Cade to Mr. Hunt, ever addressed British freeholders within its precincts.

The diameter I proposed to myself is well-nigh completed; but there is yet the centre of my self traced circle to be visited. I shall say no more of Mr. Wyld's globe, save that it is a very excellent *viva voce* course of lessons in geography. I will not touch upon the bazaar that was to have been built there once; but I must, for the benefit of my untravelled readers, say a word about the centre of the square before it was built upon.

Where now is a lofty dome was once, O neophyte in London, a howling desert enclosed by iron railings. There was no grass, but there was a feculent, colourless vegetation like mildewed thatch upon a half-burnt cottage. There were no gravel walks, but there were sinuous gravelly channels and patches, as if the cankerous earth had got the mange. There were rank weeds heavy with soot. There were blighted shrubs like beggars' staves or paralytic hop-poles. There were shattered marble vases like bygone chemists' mortars which had lost their pestles, half choked with black slimy mould like preparations for decayed blisters. The earth brought forth crops, but they were crops of shattered tiles, crumbling bricks, noseless kettles, and soleless boots. The shrubs had on their withered branches, strange fruits—battered hats of antediluvian shape, and oxidized saucepan lids. The very gravel was rusty and mixed with fragments of willow pattern plates, verdigrised nails, and spectral horseshoes. The surrounding railings, rusty, bent, and twisted as they were, were few and far between. The poor of the neighbourhood tore them out by night, to make pokers of. In the centre, gloomy, grimy, rusty, was the statue I have mentioned—more hideous (if such a thing may be) than the George the Fourth enormity in Trafalgar Square—more awful than the statue of the Commendatore in Don Giovanni.

There were strange rumours and legends current in Leicesterian circles concerning this enclosure. Men told, holding their breath, of cats run wild in its thickets, and grown as large as leopards. There was no garden, and if any man possessed a key to the enclosure, he was too frightened to use it. People spoke of a dragon, a ghoule, a geni, who watched ever the square, and for some fell purpose kept it desolate. Some said, the statue was the geni; but in 1851, when the Globe was proposed, he showed himself to the world, howled dismally, and did furious battle to keep his beloved Square intact in all its ruin and desolation. This geni, or dragon's name was, if I remember right, Vested Interests.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

THE GREAT DO.

I SOLEMNLY protest against the Marseilles route to Italy, or to anywhere else (unless, perhaps, you pack yourself up with the outward India mail); and I am now writing these lines in the best hotel at Marseilles.

Let me begin at the beginning;—in Paris. In the morning I go to the Lyons railway station—called Lyons as a harmless pleasantry, for it goes no further than Châlons—to learn how I am to get to Marseilles, and I am referred to an agreeable gentleman of lively manners, seated in a species of rabbit hutch, inscribed Enquiry Office. I take off my hat to the agreeable gentleman, and receive his salutation in return. This is the Gallic substitute for smoking the pipe of peace; and must be gone through if you wish to get anything out of a Frenchman.

"When can I get to Marseilles?"

"Monsieur can go to Marseilles when he pleases," replies the agreeable gentleman; who, discerning by instinct that I am an Englishman, appears to expect good sport for a few minutes, to enliven the monotony of his rabbit hutch. "That depends entirely upon Monsieur!"

"I wish to go at once." The agreeable gentleman is desolated that no train will start before ten minutes to eight in the evening—an express train.

"Well, when shall I arrive?"—"Ah, Monsieur, to-day is Monday. Let us see, to-day *is* Monday." After a pause, in which I continue resolutely to look notes of interrogation, the agreeable gentleman finally assures me that if it were summer he should be able to tell me—unfortunately, however, it is January. But he knows a good hotel at Châlons, where the train stops. Indeed, he has a few cards of that excellent hotel about him; and presents me with one, assuring me that I shall find surpassing accommodation in it. I take my leave chiefly in consequence of the agreeable gentleman returning to the study of one of Paul de Kock's instructive romances.

It is evening; I have left the gay part of Paris far behind me, its lights, and its boulevards; the brilliant *cafés* of the Palais Royal, and the palaces of the Place de la Concorde. I am going in a cab to a dismal suburb in which the railway station may be found by any one who has a good organ of locality. Presently a sudden halt and a sharp jerk bring all my luggage on my favourite corn.

"Well, we are not yet at the station?"

"No; but Monsieur will have the kindness to pay me."

"But I can't carry these things to the station."

"Also that is not the question agitated, but I must have my fare absolutely (with the Parisian chant), *s'il vous plait, Monsieur.*"

"Continue! no farces, my friend, continue: I shall lose the train." The wretch is immovable, and still howls "Pay!" The first bell making itself heard at the station, and a short impatient scream from the steam-engine frightening me, I pay six francs, with a wry face at the roguery of the triple charge. And the "drink money?" It is no use wrangling, so I give another franc for *pour boire* and am at length driven to the station; either the rules of the Company, or the regulations of the Paris police—for I had not time to find out which was in fault—having caused me to be robbed of at least four francs without the smallest means of redress.

I take my ticket, first class, to Lyons—forty-seven francs odd sous—and my baggage is weighed. It is little enough—the bare necessaries of a man with few wants—yet I have to pay for it extra. I have given my great-coat, cloak, and umbrella to a commissioner, one of the staff of the railway—number nineteen, be he whom he may—and I expect he will carry them for me to the carriage; perhaps take my place for me—the corner seat with my back to the engine. But I am disappointed; he leaves me at the waiting-room door, the "Rules of the Company" not allowing him to go further; though they appear to allow him to take the gratuity for which he asks. The waiting-room is like an oven, and I am much worried by a man following me about, and telling me I have "only to choose my newspaper."

We are off at last. During the journey, every time I am dropping off to sleep, a person—who appears to watch his opportunity with great address—insists upon seeing my ticket. It is the same man every time, and he takes a perverse pleasure in observing me unbutton my coat.

Châlons—and four o'clock in the morning. A good bumping in a most unaccommodating omnibus brings us to the boat. One of us incurs the displeasure of the *conducteur*, and is rated soundly; but, nevertheless, we get safely on board, and are packed together like herrings in a barrel, in a long wretched cabin, with a stove that smells and smokes. I would rather go upstairs in the rain by many chalks, and up I go. And now we start, of course long after the time fixed—I am used to that, for I have been in Germany—but I am glad to be off at any price this miserable morning. Phizz! phizz! phizz! Something makes a noise like a hundred shovels grating edgeways over a hundred hearthstones. Plopp! plopp! plopp! we are letting in water. Bang! crash! The steamer reels, and no wonder; she is broken in two, as it has been expected she would be every voyage time out of mind, for she was too old and worthless to repair. Let us scramble out as we may, through the rain and the cold and the mire. Will our luggage be saved? Perhaps; but we must not expect too much; at all events, it is likely to be wetted. We shall make the Company responsible, not only for our luggage, but for finding us another conveyance. We may do what we like; the next boat starts at five to-morrow morning.

What a lucky thing that our agreeable acquaintance in Paris recommended us to an hotel here! Could he have had a presentiment of what was going to happen; and are stoppages in Châlons as frequent as I have been told? At all events we will go to this hotel. Curious—how striking a resemblance mine host bears to the agreeable gentleman; I declare even his whiskers are cut in the same style. It seems to me that they must be near relations; I inquire, and am not disappointed. I wish I could say the same of the accommodation.

The same scene of noise and scrambling, and scolding, and rain, and cold, and bad smells on the following morning, and then Châlons is left behind us, and we are paddling down at a great rate, in a smart little boat called the Parisien, to Lyons. Why could we not have gone on by the Parisien yesterday? I am bound to do justice to the Parisien; and if one or two of her crew had spoken French instead of a most incomprehensible *patois*, there would have been little to desire, except cleaner cabins and seats on deck. The fare was pretty good, the wine not bad, and the prices moderate.

It is half-past eleven, and there is Lyons. What time shall we be at Marseilles? Oh, not to-day. We must remain at Lyons all night. The only boat starting has just left. She started directly we were signalled; we can see the smoke of her furnaces just ahead there, and even she only goes as far as Valence. We may take the mail-post, indeed, and it starts at two o'clock; but we shall gain no time, and it will be more expensive. Of course it will; for, on pretence of sending us forward as once, a fat individual with a rusty beard has just induced us to take tickets by the same Company to Avignon, price twenty francs, which would be lost money if we were to go on by the *malle poste*. Let us go therefore, to the Hôtel de l'Europe. Here we make the acquaintance of two very polite waiters (brothers), who take quite a paternal interest in us, and get ready a very excellent dinner at five o'clock. They also point out to us, in a hushed voice, a great theatrical star from Paris, who invariably dines off *cotelettes à la Soubise.*

Oh, to be sure, we shall be called at four o'clock to-morrow, if we please—but we do not start till six. Then Monsieur would like some breakfast.

What a cold raw morning; with the same soft silent rain always falling, falling, till there seems something sad and solemn in it. Is that the omnibus? Yes. Well, hoist up

luggage. The omnibus does not take lug-
; but a ticket porter does, and charges
ınc for each article; I pay it, and get
od deal of incivility into the bargain.
tal boat again. We must be paddling
at nearly fifteen miles an hour. Break-
good, too, and only cost three francs,
ding wine, coffee, liqueur, and dessert.
a-crown for what in England should
two shillings.
ıat abominable mistral, or north west
, is blowing: it began after we made
last bend in the river before reaching
non, and I can hardly keep my legs
ıst it. I have a cold in the head all
nce; and my skin feels like parchment
by magic.
rignon! and I solemnly assure you
the whole population of that ancient
residence appeared to me to be a set
lrunken extortioners. There was no
or arrangement of any kind about our
ıge, and I had a hard fight to get mine.
ngth, however, I succeeded, and placing
der the care of a powerful fellow—quite
k, but the soberest I saw—asked him to
it to the Bureau des Omnibus. He
ed me that he would carry it anywhere
Africa if it pleased me—and away we
together. The scene of rowing, and
ng, and scrambling on that road was as
ıs it could ever have been at Donnybrook
The porters seemed to be a regular or-
ed band of banditti (speaking no French,
ıe way), who look upon travellers as prey,
he seizure of their luggage as one of the
amental rights and privileges of their
. They catch it up, a box at a time, let
long to whom it may, and off they march
it, of course in the wrong direction.
re you can get it back, you must submit
any curses, immoderate shouting and bel-
ıg from a crowd of fellows hopelessly
k, who gather round you, and pay what
ked of you. There is no escape except
ing, and I learn that regular pitched
es with travellers are by no means
mmon; not stand-up fistycuff fights,
kicking in the stomach and knife-
ing. Every person I met in the town
afraid of these fellows, from the omnibus
nd a friend of his (both hopelessly drunk,
smelling intolerably of garlic, who got in
at down on each side of me in the omni-
to the hotel-keeper, as noisy, drunken,
shouting as the rest of them. Even the
e dare not interfere.
rough the same oven of a waiting-room,
yed by the same ridiculous regulations,
same incivility, and the same extortions,
ch my hotel at Marseilles at half-past ten
ıe evening. I am obliged to go by the
bus, because there are no fiacres or other
ages; I see my luggage tossed about as
ere was nothing but wool in it, and
ng from any height could not hurt it. I
leafened by a party of jovial commercial
gents teasing a resolute stout lady, who got into the omnibus puffing and struggling, and having squeezed a meek English clergyman out of his seat, announced her opinion that liberality well understood began at home, and forthwith wrangled with the cad about her fare. Every individual in the omnibus, save the clergyman and I, took part for or against her, and all talked at once as loud as they could bawl.

There is nobody to take my luggage at the hotel, or who appears to expect the omnibus, or to care a straw about anything or anybody, or who knows if I can have a room or where; but at length these questions are decided, and eleven o'clock seats me before a fire in my bed-room, with the bell-rope in my hand.

I ring. Can I have a pair of slippers?—No; the hotel does not furnish them.—Can I have some tea?—Not easily; everybody went to bed immediately the omnibus came in (at half-past ten).—Well! never mind. I feel you have the mistral blowing here, my friend the night-porter.—Yes, *monsieur*, slightly.—Slightly?—Oh yes, very slightly; when it blows hard it takes the skin of your face right off.—And how long is it likely to last?—About six weeks: *bon soir, monsieur*. His time is precious. He is off.

I mention these things, trifling as they are in themselves, because I am staying at the first hotel in the place, where I know beforehand that my expenses will be thirty or forty francs a day, and also because I wish to shew that every arrangement is equally badly managed at present on the Marseilles route; every one, from the primary considerations of safety, speed, and economy down to the minor ones of comfort, civility, and attention. I remember arriving at this same hotel from Algiers, and thinking it a species of paradise, as indeed it is to anything out there; a circumstance to which many seaport hotels owe their celebrity. On passing through here, however, from the other side, I maintain a different opinion.

It is afternoon. The mistral has ceased in spite of the waiter's prophecy, and the same soft silent rain is always falling, noiselessly, solemnly. It is a fearful thing this rain, falling so constantly that for six weeks we have hardly had a day's respite. Great floods are out in the country, and the corn lands and the vineyards lie under water for miles and miles. Sick women and tender children are dying in their damp homes in far away villages, the principal streets of which are not fordable with safety. And the water saps the mud foundations of peasants' houses and washes them away, so that they fall with a dull heavy sound, killing nobody, for they have been abandoned. The harvest they say is spoilt, and the young vine-trees, literally drowned, lay with their roots rotting in the water. We hear strange tales of men meeting their death by drowning upon by-roads which they had trodden in safety for years, and in meadows

and pastures where the flood rose suddenly in the night; and I begin, for the first time in my life, to understand what are the dangers by "flood and field" which daunted the stout hearts of our forefathers.

I find my way with some difficulty to an out-of-the-way little street, and stop before a narrow glass door, through which are heard sounds of violent altercation. Satisfying myself that this is the place I want, I turn the handle gently and find myself in the midst of one of those Italian rows about two-pence halfpenny, which so often diversify the amusements of a traveller beyond the Alps. I understand Italian pretty well. Am soon convinced that there has been considerable cheating going on somewhere; and an excited child of the south, who insists with great apparent reason that he has been done even browner than he looks, is so furiously irate, that to this moment I remain under the impression that he had nothing but his watch-chain left to take him on to Paris.

"What is the fare to Naples, signor?"

"One hundred and sixty-five francs, and your seigneury does right to go by our boat instead of the Comere Siciliano, which takes four days, and sometimes even six, touching at all sorts of out-of-the-way places."

"Yes; and I find you are some twenty or thirty francs cheaper—a great consideration. What places are still vacant?"

"All, except the first two double cabins to the right and left on entering the saloon. We can afford to go cheaper, because we save two days' provisions."

"I will go down to the steamer, then; choose my berth, return and pay for it."

"The signor will be wise. The steamer is in dock, and you can walk on board."

Nevertheless, I find this to be a mistake, and am rowed by an excellent fellow of a waterman half round the harbour before I get on board the Great Do—no end of tons, bound for Naples with passengers and cargo. My friend, the waterman, tells me great things touching the prosperity of the port of Marseilles; and what a fat slice she gets out of the taxes the French people pay to keep Algiers. I find, too, that all the foreign corn does not go to England; and ship after ship, laden with grain from Odessa, is seen discharging rich cargoes into flat-bottomed boats that lie alongside.

My friend, the boatman, tells me, however, that he has a dislike to the bread made of this foreign grain; and when I ask him why, he assures me "it is not salt enough."

Passing, also, the Sicilian mail-boat (a fine steamer) just about to start, I scramble at last on board the merchantman, choose my berth and return.

"I have chosen number six, letter A."

"*Si, signor*, one hundred and ninety-eight francs. Will you give me your passport?" The Italian row, subsided into muttered grumblings, is still going on in a corner.

"One hundred and ninety-eight fra Why, you told me one hundred and sixty just now."

"Oh yes, of course," cries an impo Englishman, whom I notice now upon a in a perfect perspiration of rage, "oh y course, but that was before the Sicilian co boat started, and now we are in their p till the ninth of next month. They ca what they like with us: I find mysel sixty francs poorer than if I had pai passage before the other boat started; they would not take the money."

"That is odd," said I, in English, with a half smile.

"Oh no, it isn't; they made sure of n getting me to give my passport into hands to get it *viséd*— I understand they good business in *visa's*—and then they ha tight, of course; wife, maid, courier, an Talk of the Marseilles route, sir; i swindle, every mile of it!"

It is ten o'clock on the night of twenty-second of January, and the Do is advertised to start at two o'clo the twenty-third, while we, the pa gers, who are to go by it, have been r mended to get on board before eleven. glad to have done with the extreme comfort of the noisy hotel where I been stopping, and look upon my ti packed luggage with a smile of satisfa It is hoisted on a fiacre; the last harp been bought off; even the man who opene fiacre door, and another who did the looki part, have both been feed according to cu and in spite of sundry visions of sea-sick I draw a sigh of relief. I am off at last.

Not a bit of it! There lies the Grea high and dry somewhere; no one of th jolly sailors loitering about know ex where, but she is somewhere, that is clear; and she is not to start to-night. In she is being painted. At this juncture fiacre expresses a polite wish to be double his fare; but on requesting hi take me back to the hotel, he bec more reasonable in his demands, and we go together. Every one has gon bed there, however, according to custo the arrival of the last train from P and, on awaking them, I find the i tion of travellers deluded into taking Marseilles route has been so great si left, that every bed in the house is eng and I must drive elsewhere and g lodging how I may. The coachman e this, and no wonder, for it enables h give me a pleasant airing about Mars and to see how its streets look by moon In fact I have ample time to judge of t for I am convinced he took me twice r the same *Place*, either from absence of r or absence of honesty, and of course I ha pay him bravely. However, I do lodging at last, somewhere or other—a lo smelling of old rope and beds ill-mad

yesterday's dinner, and fine old preserved cigar smoke, kept tight since last summer, when the windows were opened. There is no help for it—sniff and pish as I may—and I soon find myself deeply intrenched in a fluffy bed, smelling abominably, and with one sheet and a counterpane excessively dirty to cover me. I am bound to confess, however, I do not lack entertainment, and pass a most lively night with certain dark-complexioned guests who were not unexpected.

I get up the next morning jolly enough under the circumstances, and—except a slight difficulty in opening my left eye, owing to certain kisses I received in the dark, and an intolerable itching all over me—have nothing to complain of. Yet, not being so satisfied, perhaps, as I ought to be, I go out, and find my way to the gentleman who resides in the little house with the glass door. There my important acquaintance is furious. There is also a pale clerical looking man with a large family, taking an invalid daughter to Italy, smarting under the prospect of another three days at an hotel. There is M. de Taroc, a distinguished member of the Jockey Club, who has laid a bet that he will go to Naples and back without taking off his under waistcoat; and having chosen the Great Do as the quickest means of going, is gesticulating wildly at the delay. There is Madame Fifine, who will lose her engagement at the San Carlo if she does not arrive there before Mademoiselle Fanchon, her rival, who fearful of sea-sickness is trying to cross the Alps. There is also Captain Scurry, who has exceeded his leave of absence from Malta, with a fraudulent bankrupt or two, who evidently give themselves up for lost now; while a poor pale gentleman, who is sighing and coughing in a corner, has been robbed of his last straw of a chance of prolonging his life a few feeble months more.

"And will you have the complaisance to tell all these people, Monsieur, why the Great Do is not going to start?"

Monsieur shrugs his shoulders: he has nothing to say to us. The Great Do does not start because she is being painted, and because her cargo is not complete, and because a vessel expected from the Antipodes did not come in yesterday—indeed from a variety of reasons.

"But how is it that you print placards and have them fixed up here and there, even in the Neapolitan Embassy at Paris, engaging to start on the twenty-third, and then break your word?"

Monsieur shrugs his shoulders again, an answer that will do for anything he says. There are many people who are quite equal to us in rank and consideration—he means to say our betters—who are also detained and who make no complaint. Who are we, and what do we want? We may have our passports back, and go by another boat; there is one going to Naples to-morrow, he believes, that is, on its return from the East Indies. To be sure we shall not arrive there so soon going round by Calcutta, as if we wait for the Great Do, but he cannot help that. There are our passports, if we want them—they are no use to him. We appear to belong to that class of individuals who will never listen to reason, &c.

We reply that all we want is to go to Naples; the fulfilment of a solemn printed contract made between the Company he represents and us, the public. That our sole reason for choosing his vessel was as the speediest means of getting to Naples. That if it had not been advertised to start on the twenty-third, and to arrive as soon as the other boat carrying the mail, which started on the nineteenth, and offered us the additional temptation of a shorter voyage by sea, we should have taken the mail boat. But that now we are completely in the hands of the Great Do till the twenty-ninth again.

The Monsieur replied that our language is neither well chosen nor polite; that we appear ignorant of the usages of genteel society.

We answer that we shall be subjected to great expense and to grave inconvenience if the Great Do does not proceed on her voyage according to advertisement, and indeed that some of our purses being exhausted, we shall not be able to go at all.

To which the Monsieur answers that we are free to go or to remain; and that as for the Great Do, she will start some time within a week and in the middle of the night—probably on the twenty-fifth—that is, if she completes her cargo, and the ship from the Antipodes comes in. He has now the honour to salute us, and will not hear anything more on the subject. If we are not pleased we have the alternative of being angry, that is all.

The mistral which lulled yesterday, has set in again to-day with such fury, that it is well to carry a hooked walking-stick and catch hold of something if you are going to turn a corner, and to breast it suddenly. Never mind, we will not waste our day. Let us go down and have a talk with the boatmen on the quays; they are very good fellows and take their due thankfully and civilly. Here is my old friend, who told me that the foreign grain made bread which was not salt enough for him. Let us hear what he has to say to-day.

"Well, my friend, will you have a cigar? Is there anything new in to-day?"

"There is an American war-sloop, Monsieur."

Let us go on board, and our new friend takes us. After being courteously received, entertained, and instructed by the American naval officers, we return, and are obliged to lie down at full length in the boat, that she may make any way against that abominable mistral which is blowing right a-head. The boatman is full of attention.

"Upon my word, you Marseilles boatmen are a very good-natured set of fellows."

The man, with a strong Italianized accent, replies, and adds that he would like to learn English.

"Then why don't you do so?"

"I have no money."

"But you don't want money to learn English, man! I will give you a couple of francs to buy a grammar and a dictionary; go among the English sailors as much as you can—and the thing is done. Here are the two francs."

"It is tremendous work pulling against this head wind. Let me take an oar. Steady, that will do;" and twenty minutes' hard exercise brings us to shore. "What is your fare?"

"Monsieur has already paid me."

"Nonsense! I gave you those two francs to learn English; besides, you have been out with me these two hours and a half, and your fare is thirty sous an hour."

"Monsieur has already paid me—more than paid me."

I never like to thwart a man when he thinks he is doing a pretty thing, so I put up the five-franc piece I had ready for him, and say, "Well, some day I may pass through this place again. If I do, I will look for you. Mind, it is a promise; and, if you can speak to me in English I will give you—what? Why—a silver oar."

"I shall have it, Monsieur, then," answers the boatman, showing a set of glistening white teeth, and touching his hat with a frank upright air which pleased me. One has the opportunity of giving an arm to Minerva, sometimes, even on the breezy quays of a sea-port.

Sauntering back to my hotel, I meet a fat man with a sleepy eye coming out of my bedroom. The fact presently turns out to be that I have been robbed of one of three louis from the *secretaire* in my room. I complain, but am met with such an angry hubbub from a turbulent waiterocracy, that I am glad to put my loss in my pocket, and leave the fat thief with the sleepy eye in a state of peaceful security.

The next morning finds me straining hard at an intractable cigar in a high wind upon the quays again.

Why, I declare, there is the Great Do advertised to start to-night. I hurry to the office. Can it be true? Yes, the ship from the Antipodes has actually arrived, the cargo is complete, and we shall only lose three days after all. To be sure many of those who intended to go by it have made little excursions for a day or two to Toulon, or where not, and are not now in Marseilles; others, expecting to be detained longer, have made arrangements for a week at their hotels, and sent their things to the tardy wash. I regret to say I am among the latter.

"Monsieur—can I really venture to go down again to the Great Do to-night? Will really start?"

"Certainly. Here is your ticket."

"Excuse me; my place is number letter A."

"Desolated, Monsieur; that place has b taken by Lord Bumblepuppy."

"But I took it three days ago."

My lord has taken it also; but I have a place in the stern, one of the most comfortable parts of the ship.

"Very well, we will not dispute. Do take bank-notes?"

Bank-notes! Of course he does. "It i the same to us; we have many commer relations with London. Here is the chang Monsieur."

I have a bad habit of looking at change, and on telling it carefully over I my gentleman has given me twenty- francs for the pound sterling, or exa three-fourths of a franc less than its worth the exchange. I am too much disgu however even to complain.

"Here is your ticket, Monsieur, which will present on going on board, and her another ticket for the boat which takes on board; you will have the kindness, e cially, to avoid giving the boatmen anyth —we pay them already more than sufficien Monsieur, I have the honour to salute y My twenty pound note disappears in a gr receptacle, the door closes on me, and I ret to mine inn.

My bill is of course extortionate—as always are at bad hotels—but I pay it with grumbling, because I wish to secure my in case of another disappointment. My gage is taken to the boat, paid for by owners of the Great Do, and I follow There are too many of us on board the paid for by the owners of the Great and we are so uncomfortably crowded tha appears to me if the boat paid for by owners of the Great Do were to sprin leak and sink, we should all go down i compact lump.

"Hi! Monsieur, you have not paid y fare."

"Here is my ticket; my fare is paid by owners of the Great Do."

"Pardon, Monsieur, *you* are paid for the owners of the Great Do, but your gage—a trunk, a hat-box, and a leather —is not paid for. Three francs, Monsie

At last, plucked and plundered, I am livered over, wholly and irremediably, to Great Do. What is to become of me that I am confined in her, without hop redress or escape until I land at Naple shudder to contemplate.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MY SWAN.

THERE was once a great Italian painter—the same who had a hand in painting the *stanze* and *loggie* of the Vatican, and in building Saint Peter's—who, when he came to be nearly eighty years of age, when he was justly considered and renowned throughout Europe as the most learned artist living, as a man who knew by heart every bone, ligament, muscle, and vein, and could pourtray them with the most recondite foreshortening and the most erudite symmetry—which, indeed, he could—designed a rough pencil sketch, representing a very old man (himself) seated in a go-cart, drawn by a little child; while underneath the drawing, these words were written: "*Ancora impara*"—"Still he learns." The octogenarian sage—the oracle of art—was wise and modest enough to confess how little he knew, and how much he had yet to learn.

Now, though I do not pretend to the learning of Michael Angelo, or—I say it in all modesty—to know much about anything, I did flatter myself that I was passably well read in "public" lore—that, as I once foolishly boasted in this journal, I had graduated in beer. Flippantly, as men of superficial acquirements are prone to do, I summed up the phases of "public" life in three chapters. Fatuitous scribe! I had but broken the ground with the point of my spade. Insensate! I had thought to do in a day what it would take years to accomplish a moiety of. Impotent! I had essayed to dip the Mississippi dry with a salt-spoon!

Consider the contemplative man's recreation. The fishing public-house! On the banks of a suburban stream, or by the towing-path of a canal, or by the mud-compelling, stream-restraining portals of a lock shall we find the piscatorial public: the Jolly Anglers, maybe, or the Izaak Walton, or very probably the Swan. What connection there can be between a Swan and the gentle craft I know not; but it is a fact no less strange than incontrovertible, that the Swan is the favourite sign for fishing-houses: the White Swan, the old Swan, the Silver Swan, the Swan and Hook, but the Swan, always.

The Swan, my Swan—on the little fishing river Spree (which has been playing some astonishing freaks of late—overflowing its banks and depositing roach and dace in back kitchens and dustbins)—always puts me in mind of a very old man with very young legs; for whereas it is above, as far as regards its upper and garret story, a quaint, moss-covered, thatched-roofed edifice with crooked gable ends, and an oriel window with lozenge-panes, it is below an atrociously modern erection of staring yellow brick with an impertinent stuccoed doorway, and the usual rhetorical conventionalities in golden flourishes about neat wines, fine ales, good accommodation, and the rest of it. This doorway faces the high omnibus road, and is a sixpenny ride from the Bank—a great convenience to anglers whose everyday occupations are of a City or commercial cast. The sign of the Swan formerly stood in this high raod, or at least creaked and swung within an iron frame affixed to a post standing there. This Swan was a brave bird, with a neck like a corkscrew, and a head like the griffin's in the City Arms. There were faint vestiges of a gold-laced cocked hat, and a rubicund red nose gleaming through the whity brown plumage of the bird, and old folks said that before the house had been the Swan, it was known as the General Ligonier. Other old folks held out stoutly, that the cocked hat and rubicund nose belonged to the publican's friend, the Marquis of Granby, while a third party swore hard that they were the property of Admiral Byng, and that he was dissignified after they had shot him. When Groundbait, the present landlord of the Swan, took the house, he caused the sign to be removed as too shabby and tarnished, and agreed with Joe Copal, the journeyman decorator, to paint a new one for a crown and a bottle of wine. Unfortunately he paid the money and the liquor in advance, and Joe soon after emigrated to Texas, leaving not only the sign unpainted, but a considerable score for malt liquors and tobacco unsettled; whereupon Groundbait grew moody and abstracted on the subject of signs; refusing to have a new one painted, and replying haughtily to such friends as pressed him on the subject that "the gentlemen as used the Swan knew his 'ouse was the Swan without a swan being painted up outside like a himage, and that if they didn't they might go to any other swan or goose."

after which he was wont to expel several vehement whiffs from his pipe, and knitting his brows, gaze ruefully at Joe Copal's unliquidated score, which to this day remains in full chalk characters behind the parlour door; it being as much as Dorothy the pretty barmaid's place is worth to meddle with, or hint about effacing it. Groundbait has looked at it a good many times since the discovery of the gold fields of Australia, as he has an idea that Texas may be somewhere that way, and that Joe, coming back repentant some day with a store of nuggets, may call in and settle it.

The Swan has been a fishing house for years, not only as in the neighbourhood of a fishing stream and the resort of metropolitan anglers, but also as a species of house of call for fresh water fishermen—a piscatorial clearing house—a fishing news exchange, a social clubhouse for the amateurs of the rod and line.

The little bar parlour of the Swan, which is of no particular shape and has a paper ceiling, has a door covered on the inner side half by a coloured mezzotint of George the Third in jack boots, on a horse like a gambolling hippopotamus, reviewing one hundred thousand volunteers in Hyde Park; half by the famous *abacus*, or slate—the tabular record of scores. Dorothy, the "neat-handed Phillis" of the Swan, albeit a ready reckoner and an accomplished *artiste* in stewing carp and frying smelts, is not a very apt scholar; so she has devised a system of financial hieroglyphics to cover her want of proficiency in the delineation of the Arabic numerals. Thus, in her money alphabet, a circle (o) stands for a shilling; a half moon (☾) for sixpence, a Maltese cross for a penny, and a Greek ditto for a half penny. Farthings are beneath the calculations of the Swan; and pounds are represented by a very large O indeed: the agglomeration of a score of circles into one circumference. The room is hung round with badges and trophies of the piscatorial craft. Rods of all shapes and sizes, eel spears, winches, landing nets, Penelopean webs of fishing tackle, glistering armouries of hooks, harpoons, panniers, bait-cans; and in a glass case a most wonderful piscatorio-entomological collection of flies—flies of gorgeously tinted floss silk, pheasants' feathers, and gold and silver thread—flies warranted to deceive the acutest of fish; though if, viewed through a watery medium, the flies come no nearer Nature than these do, I have no great opinion of the fishes' discernment. With all due reverence for the Eleusinian mysteries of fly-fishing—which I do not understand, be it said. Over the fire-place is the identical rod and line with which J. Barbell, Esq., hooked the monstrous and European-famed jack in the river Dodder, near Dublin, and in the year of grace eighteen hundred and thirty-nine; in one corner are the shovel and bucket with and in which at the same place and time the said jack, after being walked seven miles down the banks of the Dodder, and cracking the rod into innumerable fissures (though the superior article, one of Cheek's best, would not break), was ultimately landed. Conspicuous between the windows is the portrait of J. Barbell, Esq., a hairy-faced man, severely scourging a river with a rod like a May-pole; beneath that, the famous jack himself *in propriâ personâ*, in a glass case, stuffed, very brown and horny with varnish, with great staring glass eyes (one cracked), and a mouth wide open grinning hideously. He is swimming vigorously through nothing at all, and has a neat fore-ground of moss and Brighton-beach shells, and a backing of pea-green sky. There are very many other glass cases, containing the mummies of other famous jacks, trout, roach, dace, and carp, including the well-known perch which was captured after being heard of for five years in the back water of the Thames near Reading, and has a back fin nearly as large as Madame de Pompadour's fan. Not forgetting a well-thumbed copy of dear old Izaak's Complete Angler; a price-list of fishing materials sold at the Golden Perch or the Silver Roach, in London, with manuscript comments of anglers as to the quality thereof pencilled on the margin, and the contributions of the ingenious Ephemera to Bell's Life in London, cut from that journal and pasted together on the leaves of an old cheesemonger's day-book; not forgetting these with a certain fishy smell prevalent, I think I have drawn the parlour of the Swan for you pretty correctly. The first thing you should do on entering this sanctuary of fishing is to keep your skirts very close to your person, and to duck your head a little—the air being at times charged with animal matter in the shape of dried entrails twisted into fishing-lines, which flying about, and winding round your clothes or in your hair, produce a state of entanglement more Gordian than pleasant. The chairs and other articles of furniture are also more or less garnished with hooks of various sizes, dropped from the parchment hook-books of the gentlemen fishermen. These protrude imperceptibly, but dangerously, like quills upon the fretful porcupine; and it is as well to examine your chair with a magnifying glass, or to cause a friend to occupy it preliminarily, before you sit down in it yourself.

If you come to the Swan to fish you cannot do better than tackle (I do not use the word with the slightest intention of punning) Groundbait, the landlord, immediately. That Boniface will be but too happy to tell you the latest fishing news, the most approved fishing places, the neighbouring gentry who give permissions to fish. He knows of fish in places you would never dream of: he has cunningly devised receipts for ground bait: his butcher is the butcher for gentles, his oil-shops are the shops for greaves; he has hooks that every fish that ever was spawned

will gorge, lines that never break, rods that never snap. If you would go farther a-field after an essay at the mild suburban angling of the River Spree, he will put you up to rare country fishing spots, where there are trouts of unheard of size, eels as big as serpents, pikes so large and voracious that they gnaw the spokes of water-wheels; of quiet Berkshire villages, where the silver Thames murmurs peacefully, gladsomely, innocently between sylvan banks, through a green thanksgiving landscape, among little islets, quiet, sunny, sequestered as the remote Bermudas; where the river, in fine, is a river you may drink and lave in and rejoice over, forgetting the bone factories and gas-works and tanneries, the sweltering sewerage, inky colliers, and rotting corpses below Bridge.

If you come to the Swan merely as an observer of the world, how it is a wagging, as I do, you may take your half-pint of neat port with Groundbait, or shrouding yourself behind the cloudy mantle of a pipe, study character among the frequenters of the Swan. Groundbait does not fish much himself. The engineer has an objection to see himself hoist with his own petard. Doctors never take their own physic. Lawyers don't go to law. Groundbait, the *arbiter piscatorium*, the oracle, the *expert juré* of angling, seldom takes rod in hand himself. He has curiously a dominant passion for leaping, darting the lancing pole, swinging by his hands, climbing knotted ropes, and other feats of strength and agility. He has quite a little gymnasium in his back garden, leading to the river—a kind of gibbet, with ropes and ladders, an erection which, when he first took the Swan, and set up his gymnastic apparatus, gave his neighbour and enemy, the Reverend Gricax Typhoon, occasion to address several stinging sermons to the congregation sitting under him at little Adullam, touching the near connection between publicans and the most degraded of mankind, such as public executioners, with a neat little historical parallel concerning Mordecai and Haman.

The angling company frequenting the Swan are varied and eccentric. Rarely, I am of opinion, is eccentricity so prevalent as among Anglers. Take Mr. Jefferson Jebb, among his intimates known as Jeff. He is something in the City, that mysterious place, the home of so many mysterious avocations. Every evening during the summer months, and every Sunday throughout the year, he comes to the Swan to fish or to talk of fishing. He is intensely shabby, snuffy, and dirty, and wears a beaver hat brushed all the wrong way and quite red with rust. On one finger he wears a very large and sparkling diamond ring. His boots are not boots but bats—splay, shapeless, deformed canoes, with bulbous excrescences on the upper leather. When he sleeps at the Swan, and you see the boots outside his door, they have an inexpressibly groggy, wall-eyed, shambling appearance, and sway to and fro of their own accord like the Logan or rocking stone in Cornwall. I think Jeff must be in the habit of drinking coffee at breakfast, and, purchasing dried soleskins wherewith to clear the decoction of the Indian berry, be continually forgetting to take his purchases out of his pockets, for there is a fishy smell about him, constant but indescribable. He never catches any fish to speak of. He does not seem to care about any. His principal delight is in the peculiarly nasty process of kneading together the compound of gravel, worms, and soaked bread, known as ground-bait, small dumplings of which ordinarily adhere to his hands and habiliments. He smokes a fishy pipe, and frequently overhauls a very greasy parchment-covered portfolio filled with hooks. His line or plan of conversation is consistent and simple, but disagreeable, consisting in flatly contradicting any assertion on angling, or, indeed, any other topic advanced by the surrounding company. This peculiarity, together with a general crustiness of demeanour and malignity of remark, have earned for him the *sobriquets* of the "hedgehog," "old rusty," "cranky Jeff," and the like. If he be not a broker's assistant, or a Custom House officer in the City, he must certainly be a holder of Spanish bonds, or Mexican scrip, or some other description of soured financier.

The arm-chair immediately beneath the portrait of J. Barbell, Esq., is the property, by conquest, by seniority, and by conscription, of Mr. Bumblecherry, Captain Bumblecherry, who has been a brother of the angle, and a supporter of the Swan for twenty years. For the last five he has boarded and lodged beneath Groundbait's hospitable roof. In his hot youth he was an exciseman; for some years he has been a gentleman, existing on the superannuation allowance granted him by a grateful country. He keeps a vehicle which he calls a "trap," but which is, in reality, a species of square wickerwork clothes-basket on wheels, drawn by a vicious pony. Bumblecherry is a very square, little old man with a red scratch wig, a bulbous nose, and a fangy range of teeth. He looks very nearly as vicious as his pony. He bids you good morning in a threatening manner; scowls when you offer him a light for his pipe, and not unfrequently takes leave of the parlour company at night with the very reverse of a benediction. He is a very bad old man; and when he speaks to you looks very much as if he would like to bite you. He does not believe in anything, much, except fishing, at which recreation he is indefatigable; fishing at all times and all seasons when it is possible to fish, singing the while, in a coffee-mill voice, a dreary chant, touching "those that fish for roach and dace." In the evening, when he is in a decent humour, he will volunteer an equally dismal stave called "The Watchman's

nervous," and a certain song about a wheelbarrow, of whose twenty-four verses I can only call to mind one, running, I think,

"The Mayor of Hull come in his coach,
Come in his coach so slow—
And what do you think the Mayor come for?
Why, to borrow my wheelbarrow—oh, oh, oh!"
Ad libitum.

It is a sight to see the captain savagely fishing in all weathers, fair or foul; pouring maledictions on all who dare to meddle with his tackle; gloomily cooking the fish he has caught, or driving doggedly along in the basket cart with the vicious pony — which brute anon attempts to bite crossing passengers, anon stands stock still, whereat Bumblecherry gets out and kicks him till he moves again. He abuses Dorothy very frequently, but as he occasionally makes her presents of odd hanks of floss silk he uses in fly-making, meat-pies, and other confectionary, and once attempted to kiss her in disengaging a double-barbed hook from her dress, there is a report that he means to marry her, and at his decease endow her with the fabulous wealth he is supposed to have accumulated during his connection with the British excise.

A frequent visitor to the Swan is a tall high-dried French gentleman in a short cloak, decorated with the almost obsolete poodle collar. Nobody knows his name, so he is generally called, with reference to his foreign extraction, as the "Moossoo." He is a very assiduous, but pensive and melancholy, fisherman, and, sitting on a stump with the poodle collar turned up over his countenance, looks very like "Patience on a monument." In hot weather he will not disdain to take off his stockings, and, rolling up his trousers, fish bare-legged at a considerable distance from the bank. He is an amateur in the breeding and care of gentles and worm-bait, and generally carries about with him a box of lob-worms, which, he laments to Mrs. Groundbait (who speaks a little French), are continually getting loose, and walking up and down the stairs of his house "*la canne à la main*"—an anecdote I venture to relate with a view to signalling a peculiarity, hitherto unknown, in the natural history of lob-worms.

In summer weather a great crowd of dandy fishermen invade the Swan. These gay young brothers of the Angle—bucks of Cheapside and exquisites of the Poultry—come down on afternoons and Sundays in the most astonishing fishing costume, and laden with the most elaborate fishing tackle. Wide-awake hats of varied hue, fishing jackets of curious cut, veils, patent fishing boots, belts, pouches, winches like small steam-engines, so complicated are they; stacks of rods, coils of lines, bait cans painted the most vivid green: such are the panoplies of these youths. Tremendous is the fuss and pother they make about bait and hooks, elaborate are their preparations, bold and valorous their promises, but, alas, frequently and signally lame and unsatisfactory their performances. With all their varied armament and intricate machinery, I have seen them, many a time and oft, distanced and defeated by a stick and a string, a worm at one end and a little barelegged boy at the other.

SAINT CRISPIN.

The Emperor Charles the Fifth, being anxious to know the sentiments of his humbler subjects concerning himself and his goverment, often went *incog.*, and mixed himself among them. One night at Brussels, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily, it happened to be Saint Crispin's Day; and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of jollity among his acquaintances. The Emperor made known his wants, and offered him a handsome gratuity.

"What! friend," said the cobbler, "do you know no better than to ask one of our craft to work on Saint Crispin's Day? Were it Charles himself, I 'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you 'll come in and drink to Saint Crispin, do, and welcome; we are as merry as the Emperor can be." The Emperor accepted the offer; but while he was contemplating their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him —"What! I suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; but be you who or what you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about. Here's Charles the Fifth's health!"

"Then you love Charles the Fifth?"

"Love him!" says the son of Crispin; "ay, ay, I love his long nose-ship well enough, but I should love him much better would he but tax us a little less." After a time they parted; and the Emperor liking the frankness of the cobbler, sent for him next day.

When the poor fellow found that his unknown guest and the Emperor were one and the same person, he was scared out of his wits; he feared that the "long nose-ship" would be the death of him. The Emperor, however, allayed his fears, and promised to grant him any reasonable wish he might express. Crispin thereupon requested that, in future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot, with the Emperor's crown upon it; and that in all processions the Company of Cobblers should take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers.

And this is how it arose that the cobblers of Brussels possess these honorary distinctions.

Saint Crispin, whether in England or Flanders, greatly disapproves of his sons working on his natal day. He bids them all feast and be merry, and they do so—

from the worshipful Cordwainers' Company down to the

"cobbler who lives in a stall,
Which serves him for parlour, and kitchen, and all."

Saint Crispin and Saint Crispinian, the two sainted cobblers, were two brothers of noble birth, who came from Rome to Soissons to preach in the middle of the third century, supporting themselves by making shoes during the night. Brothers they are in fame, at any rate; for there are at Paris (or were, some years ago, but perhaps revolutions have overturned them) two pious Societies called *Frères Cordonniers* (Brother Shoemakers); the one under the protection of Saint Crispin, and the other under that of Saint Crispinian; they live monastically, and make shoes to support themselves and to assist the poor. Our Cordwainers and these Cordonniers are supposed to have derived their names from Cordouanniers, workers in Cordouan, or Cordovan leather.

Saint Crispin keeps up many old customs among his followers, the Cordwainers of England, as well as among the Cordonniers of the Continent, while other ceremonies have fallen into desuetude. The country shoemakers were wont to cease candle-light working on the first Monday in March, and a holiday was enjoyed among them called "welting the block." They assembled in the shop, procured drink, and the eldest hand poured the first glassfull on a burning candle into the block candlestick; and after this symbolic performance, the sons of Crispin went through a well known process of imbibition. Perhaps the country shoemakers may still remember something of the custom which Bloomfield used to enjoy in his shoemaking days—of waxing his customers to the seat of Saint Crispin, preparatory to the serving of them with a "pen'orth of strap-oil."

The craft is rich in names which have become in greater or lesser degree household property. There was the eccentric Lackington who, in the title-page of his autobiography, tells us that he came to London with five pounds in his pocket, and rose to be a bookseller having an annual sale of a hundred thousand volumes: he had been a shoemaker in the west of England. There was Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral. There was Fox, the real original Friend. There was Hans Sachs, the poet of Nürenberg, and the friend of Luther. There were the learned Baudouin and Jacob Böhmen. There were the radical Hardy and the astrological Partridge; the powerful Gifford and the gentle Bloomfield. There were Savage, and many others—all sons of Crispin before they turned their thoughts and energies into new channels.

It is an odd thing, for which few persons seem to be able to account, that the shire of Northampton, above all others in the three kingdoms (except the metropolitan county), is the headquarters of the boot and shoe trade. Wellingtons, Bluchers, Prince Georges, Clarences and Alberts, Oxonians, Cambridge, Cambridge ties, side-springs, tops, spring-tops, waterproof shooting, hunting, strong boy, French dress, strong walking, front lace, side lace, highlows, and double channel—all are brought from this inland county in numbers which would stagger "the oldest inhabitant."

Northampton, Wellingborough, and Kettering, are the three principal towns; but there are others which pick up the smaller crumbs. The sale-shop shoes and boots are especially supplied from this quarter; indeed, this is the distinguishing feature of the Northamptonshire trade, for there are very few "bespoke" goods here made. And these country workers press somewhat heavily on those of London, keeping down wages, and prices, and profits to a somewhat low degree. Many a manufacture has assumed a new aspect in consequence of those foolish "strikes" to which our workmen are rather prone; and we believe that it was owing to some such strike among the London shoemakers, in the early part of the present century, that a migration took place to Northampton, where a tolerably large manufacture for an agricultural population had before been established. St. Crispin remembers 1812 as having been a momentous year in these matters. There was strife between masters and men in London; the latter, earning more than they have ever earned since, assumed the mastery, and o'ermastered the masters. Men met, masters met; men threatened, masters refused; work was stopped, and orders were suspended. Several employers determined not to be coerced into the new terms, cut out their leather in London, and sent it to Northampton to be made into boots and shoes; and several sent their orders to be wholly executed in that county. Northampton looked up; it became mighty busy; and it opened warehouses in London for the sale of Northampton work; and foreign merchants, finding that there was another English Town which was better worth their notice than the metropolis, in respect to this branch of commerce, forthwith sent their orders to Northampton. The result staggered the London masters, and still more the London men. Down to that period Northampton boots and shoes were scarcely known in the metropolis, having mostly shod the denizens of the midland counties; and the London hands made not only the goods for London wear, but for export also. St. Crispin's children in the metropolis have been sorry for 1812.

Busy working is this at Northampton, and its neighbour towns. There are master manufacturers, who keep extensive warehouses, and give out work to be done by operatives who work at their own dwellings; the leather, cut to the proper sizes and shapes,

is provided, and wages of so much per dozen pairs are paid for the making. Not that one man wholly makes a pairs of boot and shoes; far otherwise. There is the shoe-closer, who works the upper leather; the shoe-man, who attaches the unders to the uppers; the boot-closer, and the boot-man, who do in respect to boots what the others do to shoes; the blocker, the runner, the clicker, and the cleaner-up. And then for women's boots and shoes, there are the women's-man, the binder, the sew-round man, the welt-man, and others whose separate duties could hardly be described except in very roundabout terms. As these busy workers use up much leather, tanners and leather-dressers must be resorted to; and accordingly we meet with such in the Northamptonshire towns. And as the men must each have his kit, or grinders, there are the so-called grinders' warehouses, whence awls, lapstones, pincers, nippers, hammers, hemp, flax, wax, horse-hair, tips, clout nails, sparables, sprigs, pegs, and all the other odds and ends of the workbench may be had. But Northampton would be offended if only the coarse, rough work were attributed to it; it can and does produce the more polished elegancies. It may be stated that there is rather more approach to a kind of factory system at Northampton than in London, among the sons of Crispin. The cheap sale-shop boots for Northampton are often undertaken by men who have a number of boys under them—younkers who either obtain very small wages, or who give their services in return for the apprentice instruction. So much do the workmen accustom themselves to children's labour, that there is a sort of saying, "every child in Northampton has a leather apron." It must not be supposed that "French" boots necessarily come from the other side of the Channel; except those sold at the best shops, they are of Northampton origin.

St. Crispin's trade is very much divided in our principal towns. In London, we know that there are shops in which the boots and shoes are not ticketed, and others in which the temptation of low prices is blazoned forth; the former are the bespoke, and the latter the sale shops. But behind the scenes we should find many other grades—principally relating to the old shoe trade, and of singular character. In the new work, however, we all know how much importance is attached to fit, shape, *ton*, ease without slovenliness; and we may readily believe that a good cutter-out is valued. And was it not so in the olden time? Gay, in his Trivia, makes the muse do duty in the service of well-fitting boots and shoes:—

"Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joints unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn."

And Chaucer:—

"Of shoon and bootes new and fair
Look at the least thou have a pair,
And that they fit so fetously,
That these rude men may utterly
Marvel, sith that they sit so plain,
How they come on and off again."

The Buenos Ayres gauchos, or native horsemen, procure a close-fitting rider's boot in an original way. The rider kills a young colt and takes off the skin of the hind legs, from the fetlock up to the middle of the thigh. He removes the hair; and while the skin is moist and flexible, he fits it to his own leg and foot. The part from the hamstring downwards forms the foot of the boot, the rest forming the leg. In shaping the hide, so as to make it fit comfortably, one part becomes extended, whilst another part is contracted. In this way the foot is entirely covered, except the first three toes, which remain with no other covering than Nature gave them.

The stray sale-shop boots and shoes are met with mostly in some particular localities. There is an old ballad relating to Bartholomew Fair, written just about two centuries ago, which says:—

"Then at Smithfield Bars, 'twixt the ground and the stars,
There 's a place they call Shoemaker's Row,
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
Or go barefoot all the year I trow."

Whether this particular Shoemaker Row is still left we doubt; but about Saffron Hill and Clerkenwell, there are many shops where are sold the double-everlasting, much-enduring, weather-defying, lace-up boots and shoes, whose soles exhibit rows of most formidably-headed hob-nails.

One by one the relics of old-fashioned London are taken from us; but we still retain the genuine cobbler who stitches away at old shoes, and talks radical politics with much English independence in his little stall beneath a shop window. How the men manage to creep into these boxes is a perfect marvel. We know one whose workshop has no door whatever; he can only get into his establishment through the window, the total height of which is somewhat under three feet. Crooked he must get into it, crooked remain there, and crooked get out again; for to stand upright is an impossibility. His factory is scooped out of one of the old-school public-houses now passing away under the influence of plate-glass splendours. Fire-place he has none; so that his only caloric must be derived from the warmth of his own heart. And yet here does Crispin stitch away, year after year.

Mr. Deulin who, a bootmaker himself, has shown that he knows something about literature as well as boots, tells us, in his little book on Shoemaking, that in France there are itinerant cobblers who go about from

place to place with a basket at their backs, square to the shoulders and rounded outwards. In this they carry their few pieces of kit, knife, awls, &c., and a necessary assortment of leather for patches and sole and heel mending. On getting a job, these French Crispins sit down at a door step, and work away; then, packing up their traps again, they are off in search of other customers, calling out somewhat on the principle of our itinerant tinkers and chair-menders. Most of these men are said to come from Lorraine. There is another class of cobblers in France, partly itinerant and partly stationary: sometimes you may see, in the South of France, an enormous umbrella planted firmly in the market-place, a cobbler busily engaged beneath it, and a villager or two waiting while the work is in progress—the unshod feet being meanwhile innocently displayed to the light of day.

The cobbler is a favourite in many countries, and is indeed a sort of privileged person. He is a clubbist, beyond all doubt, and one who gives forth his opinions concerning the state of the nation with a good deal of self-satisfaction. And even in the East, where clubs are not very plentiful, and where men do not much accustom themselves to discussions on the state of the nation, we find nevertheless that the shoe-makers, or slipper-makers, or cobblers, are a waggish sort of people; they take part in many a story, as the readers of the Arabian Nights entertainments will doubtless remember; if we mistake not, the cobblers very often assisted the princesses to make their escape.

What a delicate name is that of "Translator," as given by St. Crispin to some of his sons! A "vamper" is dubious; a "renovator" will do very well; but a translator is a happy stroke of genius. When boots and shoes have rendered all the service which the owners hope to draw out of them, they find their way—through paths which mark the curious diversities of town trade—to the districts above-named, and others of similar character, where the translators take them in hand. Alas! a hero is not a hero to his valet; nor is a translator a translator among his brethren of the shoe-craft: he is only a "clobberer." Now a clobberer is not a nice name at all: the man who answers to this name does not do nice work or use nice materials. If there are crevices and breaks in an old pair of shoes which he does not choose to fill up with leather, he insinuates into them a dose of clobber, which seems to be a mixture of ground cinders and paste; and if there be other gaps which clobber will not serve but heel-ball will, then does this black compound do duty instead of leather. But if neither clobber nor heel-ball will suffice; if there be "nothing like leather" for the purpose; he does not waste precious bits of new leather; he has by him a store of pieces, derived from the uppers and unders of boots and shoes which have passed through a process of dissection, after perhaps a long career of service in a higher walk in life. A pair of Wellingtons, trodden under feet until their life is nearly pressed out of them, are sold at least for sixpence or eightpence; their day is so far gone that they cannot even be translated; but they are still useful to cut up, and to supply small pieces which may be destined to run a yet further career.

While the old shoes and boots are being cobbled and clobbered, the makers of new goods are striving to introduce new and useful forms and materials in the manufacture. One man sews his boots with wire-thread instead of hempen-thread; another directs our attention to his revolving circular heels, which may be turned round when worn down on one side; a third points to his excellent iron-rim heel, filled with gutta-percha; a fourth seeks impermeability to wet by the insertion of a gutta-percha sole between the inner and the outer soles; a fifth, learned in the elasticity of India-rubber, inserts elastic side-pieces to his shoes. In the warlike days, the late Sir M. I. Brunel made army shoes by machinery, fastened with nails instead of by sewing; it was ingenious, like his block machinery; but, somehow or other, it died.

St. Crispin has had something to do with the Government, and has found out (what has been discovered by many others) that Government officials move very slowly in Government affairs. A "Blue Book," of recent date, narrates how that a certain shoemaker, at Edinburgh, patented in 1838 a boot or half-boot, which had an elastic "waist," the waist being that portion of the bottom of the boot situated between the tread and the heel; it was made of an elastic material, that it might better accommodate itself to the movements of the foot. The patentee thought these boots well suited for our infantry soldiers; and the fourteen years' correspondence which ensued is quite a curiosity. The Commander-in-Chief, knowing that the colonels of regiments have a pecuniary interest in the clothing of the men, disavowed all control, but promised to recommend the shoes to the colonels, if the invention turned out well. The Adjutant-General wrote to the general officer commanding in Scotland with no result. A fire of letters followed from the Adjutant-General to the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, from the Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, back again, to the Adjutant-General, which lasted up to 1843, when the Adjutant-General declared that he could do nothing further in the matter. The patentee then wrote to the duke, and a correspondence ensued backward and forward, between exactly the same parties, until 1847. The inventor then wrote to the Secretary-at-War, who wrote to the Adjutant-General, who wrote to the duke, who wrote to the Clothing Board, who wrote back to the Secretary-at-War, who wrote back to the patentee, communicating no satisfactory result. The matter finished nearly

where it began. Of the merits or demerits of the boot we do not presume to judge; we only point to the fact, that certain officers of Government take fourteen years to decide how they like a pair of boots.

THE DELUGE AT BLISSFORD.

This is the way Jack Plover lives when he is at home; but first of all I must tell you that Jack's home is the wide wide world, and that when he stays in London or in Brighton, or goes shooting or yachting, he considers himself merely on a visit. He has now been what any one else would have called settled in town, for the last ten years, but still he looks upon it merely as a tent pitched for the night, and conveying no idea to his mind of stability or even repose. However, all the rest of us think London his headquarters for life, and therefore I will tell you how he lives in that gay metropolis. He has beautiful lodgings over an artificial flower-maker's in Jermyn Street, belongs to the Acropolis Club, and sports a swish-tailed poney, with very high action and immensely long teeth, in a livery stable in the St. James's mews. He pursues his literary studies in bed, and generally reads a novel before breakfast; but this is not so great a feat as it appears, for he does not breakfast till one or two o'clock. He then sallies into the street, skims through a page or two of the Times at the Acropolis, takes three or four turns up and down from the Duke of York's pillar to the Regent Street Circus, dives for half an hour into the back parlour of a cigar-shop, mounts his charger and goes on duty in Hyde Park, sits down to dinner at a little past seven, sips a pint of port, climbs up into the billiard room at ten, plays till twelve, sups till one, and commences the round of life by retiring to his couch at two o'clock in the morning. Mr. Plover is (theoretically) of a very active, enterprising disposition, and considers idleness a crime; he would send all vagrants to the treadmill, and pities poor devils of country clergymen because they have so little to do. His easy life has handled his outward man so tenderly, that if it weren't for the gradually increasing darkness of the hair-dye, you wouldn't think he had grown a day older for the last ten years. His hair was at one time a glossy brown; it has past through the intermediate shades of dark auburn, coal-black, ink-black, and is now finally settled into the darkest, deepest, beautifullest hue. His whiskers, however, don't share in the increasing nigritude of his hair, so he cuts them rigorously off; having been occasionally laughed at for the mixed colours which adorned his cheeks—the roots being very white and the tips very dark—like pine-trees on the snowy Appenine. This care of his personal appearance arises from a desire to please the world in general, and has no reference to any one in particular. He hasn't had a flirtation for twenty years, and has now forgotten all about it; which is odd, considering that it cost him several thousand pounds for breach of promise. The lady was inconsolable and married an Irish major three months after the trial. The name of the Irish major he industriously forgot; the name of the lady even was beginning to glimmer in a feeble indistinctness of something between Juliet and Maria; her surname he had either altogether banished with other "trivial, fond records," or at least had locked it away in some secret drawer of his mind into which he very seldom looked. Jack, like some philanthropists of my acquaintance—who express unbounded interest in the happiness of the human family at large, and do no good to any member of it in particular—had a profound veneration for the fair sex in the abstract, but hated all women in their individual capacity with a vehemence which was only equalled by his indignation at a tough beefsteak or a bottle of corked wine. Yet he was polite. No Frenchman of Louis Quatorze's reign ever so thrilled at a female presence. His cheeks flushed when a lady spoke to him, even when she only asked him if he would have a helping of fish. His voice faltered as he answered. In fact, he was incorrigibly shy, and was nowhere happy or at his ease except in the Acropolis or in his apartments at Jermyn Street.

Has anybody forgotten the raininess of last winter? How the clouds were in a perpetual state of distillation, and the streets in a perpetual stream? Walking was impossible, riding in the Park was a service of great danger to man and horse. London, in fact, became intolerable, and Jack determined to go into the country for change of scene.

There is the prettiest little place that ever was seen on the coast of Dorset, and out of compliment to its character we will call it Blissford. It can scarcely be called a village, for the houses are all villas, each with a nice little coach-house, as if for the express purpose of shewing how excellently Humility contents itself with a low-hung phaeton, undersize, and therefore duty-free. These villas are ranged in a long straight line under a protecting height, and have a fine and extensive view of the great ocean in front. Between them, however, and the shore is a rich low level of grassy field, and in the middle of the space—shaded by trees and enriched all round with shrubs of every hue and perfume—lies a small lake, famous for the deep blue of its water, and the romantic seclusion of its winding banks. No wonder Blissford became popular, especially with mammas who are rich in grown-up daughters.

Never a year passed without a marriage or two in the little old church, about a mile from the shore. And how was it possible to be otherwise? The visitors—for several of the villas did not disdain to hang a hospitable board over their garden walls, announcing their willingness to accommodate families, or

even single lodgers—were thrown very much together. The clergyman was very popular. There were charming pathways, and shady nut groves, and whole days and weeks of idleness on the yellow sand. So you may say it was impossible for any two young people to remain unattached for more than a few days. It is remarkable, too, that the spire of the little old church was conspicuous from every point of view. In the midst of a conversation in almost any portion of the country, on lifting up their eyes the young people were sure to see the gilded weathercock glistening in the sun, and saying, or in fancy's ear seeming to say, "Here I am. Banns proclaimed on the shortest notice—or licensed marriages punctually performed." The invitation thus ostentatiously given, it was impossible to resist—and Blissford could boast of one happy couple more.

To this balmy spot Jack Plover—on the recommendation of a friend whose remembrance of Blissford was now endeared by the possession of a wife and seven children—Jack betook himself. The rain which had been a deluge in London was a waterspout here. Day and night tubs were perpetually discharged upon the chalky roads. The lake swelled over its banks, and spread over all the fields. Garden walls were undermined, and lay in ruins on the tops of cucumber frames: grassy banks were prostrated, and formed avalanches of mud over all the footpaths. So when Mr. Plover looked out of the window of Essex villa on the morning after his arrival, he saw nothing between him and the sea but a great floating expanse of white chalk, relieved by some uprooted hedgerows, and a low, sullen, creeping inundation caused by the gradual but sure rising of the lake, which converted the whole district into a true representation of that early stage of the world's history, when the earth was inhabited only by the mastodon and the ichthyosauri. The sight of a crocodile would not have astonished the observer. In fact it would have delighted him, for Jack was of a social disposition, and would have looked on a visit from a hippopotamus as a vast improvement on the utter solitude to which he saw he was condemned. "Is there no one else in the whole parish of Blissford?" he sighed, for his spirits were rapidly evaporating. "Have the inhabitants of all these villas been washed out of them, like a cargo of oranges out of a stranded ship? But if they were as full as Noah's ark, how could they establish a communication with each other? An ordinary umbrella would be converted into sponge before you got to the nearest neighbour; boats also are impossible, for the excessive porousness of the soil sucks in every drop that falls, leaving the surface in a clinging, half-dry condition, so that you have the appearance, after a turn or two on the garden walk, of having whitewashed your boots. But anything is better than this. I will make a tour of inspection in front of the villas. Somebody perhaps will know me. If not, I will make up to the first pleasant-looking fellow I see. I will have him to dinner. Rainy weather is delightful for mild Havannahs."

With these active resolutions he put on his boots, buttoned his great-coat, grasped his umbrella, and was on the point of leaving the house. But help was near at hand, and sunshine—in a metaphorical sense of the word—once more penetrated into Jack's room. He thought he heard in the garden, which abutted on the road, the sound of some one approaching; he went to the window, and looking down, saw the flattened top of a saturated umbrella at the front door. He heard a bell—he heard the door opened—a voice asking if "the gentleman" was at home; he then heard a dripping as if from a leak in the roof, but it only proceeded from the visitor's hat, on the oilcloth in the passage; the parlour door was opened, and a man in a state of sloppy humidity put his head a very short way into the apartment, and smiled a ghastly smile, while his body was concealed by the door.

"Come in," said Jack, in a cheery voice, "pray don't stand on ceremony. I am delighted to see you."

"I am only afraid," said the face, "of spoiling the greens."

"Never mind the spoiling of the greens," said Jack, "that is more the cook's business than ours. Are you the market gardener?"

"The carpet, sir, I mean," said the head once more. "The greys stand it very well, but lime and water is fatal to the green patterns. My shoes would burn them up like vitriol." Jack looked at the carpet: it was in squares of grey and green.

"Can't you jump always on one of the greys?" said Jack. "Come in, and tell me the news of the place."

"Sad news, I fear, sir," said the man now emerging into the room and adroitly planting his footsteps always on the light-coloured squares. "The Superiors can't take in any more, and what the Inferiors may do makes me tremble to contemplate."

"Sit down, my good friend," said Jack, enchanted to find an opportunity for his argumentative powers. "There is nothing I like so much as a little political discussion. After all, arn't both in their right places?—the Superiors above, the Inferiors below?"

"I can't sit down, sir," said the visitor. "I should leave my mark on the green morocco bottoms, and ruin them for life, having had the misfortune to have a backward tumble on my way down here. But, with regard to Superiors and Inferiors being in their right places, they may be at this moment—let us hope they are—but if this job continues, the Inferiors will decidedly swallow us up."

"I allow no man, in my presence," replied Jack in a stately manner, "to join in the ridiculous cry against the people. What you

allude to, sir, is the very stratum on which the whole of our fabric rests."

"Exactly, sir," said the man. "Mud."

"I confess, sir," said Jack, a little nettled at the man's tone and manner, "that occasionally the masses may be a little uneasy under the burdens they are subjected to, but see how many hundred years they have stood the test of all that could be laid on them! how they have gone on, consolidating their power—strengthening their order—and giving a broad, firm and capacious platform, on which the Superiors, as you call them, must rely, as their only ground of safety, their only hope of support." Jack looked round in the vain expectation of a round of "Hear! hears!" which would have saluted this burst of eloquence in the smoking-room of the Acropolis. None came; but the man with the dripping garments replied,

"Precisely what I say, sir; and now the rain, if it lasts a week longer, will infallibly turn the whole of the Inferiors into pap, and then, sir, where will the Superiors be? This is a chalk formation—the lower beds are all clay—clay and water make mud—mud can't stand any weight—where will all our houses go? And the Boroo's greenhouse? And Mr. Muffleton's imitation tower? And the flag-staff in every garden?"

"Oh!" said Jack, after a pause. "I thought you meant something else. Sit down; here's a wicker-bottomed chair—now tell me what you are afraid of and who you are."

"I am afraid of the Boroo, sir, and am by profession an architect. I was pleased with the beauty of Blissford many years ago; bought a lot of land; laid it out in building sites; and did very well. Some of the houses I sold; the ground-rent was secure; others I let on long leases; and the Boroo, six years ago, took this villa, and now she will ruin us all."

"Who the deuce is the Boroo? and what is she doing?"

"She is a geologist, sir, and declines to pay any rent till I dry her foundation. I couldn't, sir; the pond is not fifty yards from the house; and now she is resolved to dry her foundations herself."

"And a very sensible thing to do," said Jack. "But what puts you in such a fright?"

"The lake, you perceive, sir, is a little swelled just now, the waters are coming in this direction. I don't deny it, but the Boroo will take no advice. She has set a number of men to find a chink in the ground between the pond and this. If they find a chink, they will turn the whole water of the lake into it. Where will it all go, sir? Tearing and tumbling among the great boulders of chalk, creeping and crawling among the twists and sinuosities of the lower formation, finally, sir, it will reach the slippery clay, convert it all into porridge, and down, down, through chalk and marl and stone we shall all go sinking, sinking, till at last we get absorbed in the black, pulpy, greasy mud, wh this place is two or three hundred feet t

The man's face became pale with agit and the unusual tremor of every limb ceptibly increased the dripping, which ran in little runlets all over the carpet b his chair.

"And the Boroo?" said Jack partici in the man's alarm. "Who is she? does she live?"

"Here, in this very house, sir. She in the upper story and pretends to be lodger, but she's the landlady, and sharp one you'll find her; though sh tends to be so far above letting out apart for single gentlemen."

"Her name is odd."

"Her name is Mrs. O'Brien, but sh she had a husband who was descende several kings long ago, and so she tak name of Brian Boroo. She threaten sonal violence if I ever speak to her for she is tired of hearing my deman rent. She'll be civiller perhaps to a st than to me, and if you could manage her to withdraw the men and leave the alone, it would be the saving of us all,

"Well," said Jack, as usual lettin good-nature get the better of his disc "I am not afraid to face the Boroo, cially as I shall start for Lyme Regis a and get out of the way before any catast occurs."

He looked out of the window as he There was the rain, pouring away as if only fresh begun, and there were the w of the pond creeping onward, onward, determined to take possession of the lan

"We'll go and see the men at work, said; "if they discover a chink and le deluge into it, we can manage to escape b they have sapped the foundation, and w leave the Boroo to her fate."

"But I'm the ground landlord," replied man, with a rueful visage, "and where be the security for my rents?"

Jack rang the bell and ordered the maid have a glass of brandy and water ready him in half an hour, as he felt sure he sh require refreshment after his wet walk. also left a message that he wished fo honour of an interview with the Bo his return, and sent up his card.

The perturbed visitor got up to acco him, and made a mist as he walked'ac floor that dimmed the little mirror o mantel-piece to such an extent that J to wipe it with one of the chair-cover he could arrange his curls in the glass.

Arrived at the side of the lake they they were just in time to witness the very of a large chink about ten feet bel surface, opening amidst a mass of br marl, with here and there a large rock senting its fractured angles, and altogeth very dismal-looking hole, as can well conceived.

All's up!" said the wretched proprietor, nging his hands. "Down we all go. All water in the lake will be guided into that ss; it will branch eastward and westward, will change its course and get down among clay and there it will soak and saturate dig and burrow out and soften and loosen melt and jumble all together, like a bowl whipt cream, and all from the fearful tinacy of one detestable woman. I wish h kings had never been invented."

Then it's too late now to do any good?" uired Jack. "I may save myself the ible, perhaps the danger of speaking to Boroo. I'm off to Jermyn Street this day."

There's no coach, no 'bus, no gig," said the with a kind of malicious satisfaction at detention of the lukewarm advocate, e the Boroo, sir; bid her stop these men. wait and see the water admitted to the k and bring you word of what occurs."

Matters now began to look serious. Mr. ver had not been geologically brought up, he begun to perceive that if foundations undermined, houses must fall down; and, rdless of mud and rain, he hurried back Issex Villa, determined to make one more rt for life before he betook himself to ne Legis—the nearest station—on foot. agitation of his feelings, the perpetuity of rain, the stiffness of the clay, the heaviness is great-coat, and the rapidity of his pace e too much for him. He sank on the sofa reaching his apartment, and has ever since ntained that he fell into a deliquium or on. When he once more opened his eyes he nd a little table wheeled close to his side, on it the object of his extreme desire—a s of brandy and water—within reach of hand. He heard the rustle of a silk gown f in retreat from the apartment, but ere could turn his eyes towards the door the rer of it had disappeared. Could it be the oo?

is anxiety on this point was soon at an end. p came to the door. Enter a lady on the ng side of forty, thin as a lath, with pro- ng nose and chin, and drops a courtesy so and so low that it had evidently done many a time in a *minuet de la cour*. started up. This couldn't be the dread- ndividual he had trembled to encounter. was evidently a "woman of mind;" there a soft romance in her expression; Jack l have believed her the Tenth Muse or nne.

May I ask, madam, whom I have the ur of addressing?"

e replied with a strong Irish accent and e: "You address the sister-in-law of the oo. She bids me say that recollection's is opened and the tears flow quickly n."

I don't know anything about fonts," said k, who did not understand metaphors, ut there's a deuce of a hole opened near the pond, and a poor little man has been with me to say we shall all be swamped in a few hours. The Inferiors—whoever they may be—won't stand it at any price, and will be off and leave us in the lurch to a certainty. So it's my opinion we had better walk our chalks at once."

"That person is never silent on the subject of his chalks," replied the lady with a scornful toss of her head, "and the Boroo thinks she has a right to protect her property from inundation by every means in her power. She bids you remember the vale in whose bosom the sweet waters meet."

"I am by no means likely to forget it," said Jack; "but I think it's a little hard on the poor man to send a flood of water under the foundations of his houses. I should like to see the Boroo for a minute or two herself. It's getting dark very fast, and I may require to be off while I can see my way."

"You secured the rooms for a week, I think—but that is an affair with the landlady. You would like to see the Boroo?—may I say so? I think she will accede to your prayer. She will venture into the haunted atmosphere, 'where memory weaves her magic spell.'"

"I am not afraid of haunted houses," said Jack; "a landslip is a far uglier visitation than a ghost."

"She will see you then," said the ambassadress; "for the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

"Doesn't it?" said Jack, as she glided out and closed the door behind her. "If the Boroo hasn't more common sense than her sister, there's no chance of getting her to change her mind." In preparation for the worst that might happen, he brought his small carpet bag out of the bed-room, and continued in his great-coat and boots.

The shades of night came on apace. The rain continued to fall; the fire unfortunately had gone out, and darkness was over all the room. Suddenly, without hearing any sound of entrance, he felt there was a presence at his side. An indefinable sensation crept all over him. He heard a low but quick breathing, as if his visitor were either in a state of great mental anxiety, or was slightly touched in the wind.

"Who's there?" he said.

"I am here," answered a whisper close at his shoulder. "You wished to see me, and I came."

"How can I see you without a candle?" said Jack, not sure, in spite of his boasted insensibility to ghosts, what might be the nature of his visitant. "Are you the Boroo in person? or the old poetess come back again?"

"I am the Boroo, once better known—still I hope remembered—by another name. And am I then forgot—forgot? It broke the heart of Ellen!"

"You don't say so! But I'll tell you what; you'll break the heart of that little old landlord of yours, if you go opening

caverns under his very floors. Hark! isn't there a sound of water under this room?"

"Was it to talk of things like that you adjured me to grant an interview? It was not thus in the days of old when the minstrel struck his lyre!"

"It *is* the rushing of that detestable pond down among the Inferiors. I must be off."

A hand was laid on his shoulder. He thought it was in arrest of his departure without settling for his rooms. "I'll send you the week's rent," he said, "when I get safely to Ryme Legis; but in the mean time bolt's the word."

"John," said the visitor; "will you break off the last link of kindness that bound me to thee?"

There was something in the voice that put Mr. Plover into a cold perspiration. Yet there was no harshness in the tone, and the hand continued pressed upon his shoulder in an amicable manner.

"Really, ma'am," he began; "there's something so strange in this. I'll tell you what—I'll call again to-morrow, but at this moment, I feel, we're all on the brink of death."

"Sir! sir!" cried a voice from the front garden. "Escape while you can! There's a crack in the main wall—the house is settling down—it will never stop till it touches the blue clay."

"D'ye hear that?" said Mr. Plover, casting the hand from his shoulder. "For my sake let us get out before we are buried!"

"Intombed within a living grave I'd live or die with thee!" said the lady, laying hold once more of Mr. Plover, and detaining him by force. "You would not leave me to perish? Save me, oh, save me! All will be forgotten—the vows you swore and broke—the presents you gave and reclaimed—the meanness of that vulgar, cold-hearted jury—all, all, will be forgiven, and shall I leave thee? never—no!"

"The chimney-pots are coming off!" cried the voice in the garden. "The Boroo's bedroom window is bulging out a-yard—run, run!"

Jack took the advice, shouldered his carpet bag, flung open the door, broke away from his detainer, and gained the garden in a moment. The unfortunate landlord met him at the porch.

"It's all right," he said in a whisper; "the house is quite safe, but I think I shall frighten away a bad tenant. I will get the Boroo to give up possession before daylight."

"She keeps a mighty tight hold," said Jack, "of whatever she lays her hand on. I know her of old. Only to think," he muttered, as he pursued his way to Ryme Legis, "that Juliana Summerset should try to make it up again—as if I were fool enough to be caught twice!" Just when he had reached the front gate he heard a window violently thrown open, and a voice shouting "Rise up, rise up, Zarifa, and lay your golden cushion down gaze on false Adelle!"

Half running, half walking, dripping water, trembling with fear, and in mome expectation of being overtaken by the and the Tenth Muse he slipt and slo tumbled and stumbled, all along the sat Blissford, and reached the railway s just in time for the up-train at one o'cl the morning. It is thought Mr. Plove not be in a hurry again to leave the p tion of Jermyn Street and the Acr Club.

LOST AND FOUND IN THE GO FIELDS.

News from the diggings, at least kind of news that comes in letters, perfectly contradictory that individuals minds as blank as sheets of white pa the subject of Australia are perfectl wildered. And no wonder. Captain linspike, who has been at sea for thir years—or, at least, thirty at sea, and five on shore, married twelve years—h established himself in Melbourne (in sequence of the departure of his officer men for the Diggings and condemnation barque, the Lively Leaker), where driving a famous business as ships' hu and general agent, writes home for hi and six children in raptures. He is m money, eating fresh meat every day does not think cabbages dear at eig shillings a dozen. Bill Picker, who money as a sub-contractor in the Crashi Railway and went out with his "old wo and his "lot o' kids" in charge of a Mining Company's Establishment that up the day of his landing, has been Forest Creek with two old mates who met accidentally in William's Town. have netted a clear nine hundred p each in seven months, and he sends h description to his mother in Lincolnshir sets the whole parish, including the p in a ferment. The same satisfactory sations are produced by the missives miners from Pentofroy, near Penzance, have found their way from Chili to Philip; even Lombard Street and Q Court, the bankers' and the lawyers' have had evidence of good fortune sign and seal, of fellows who were th no great shakes in their respective cap at home. On the other hand, Mr. Softly held a remarkably confidential and pl situation as cashier to the great hou Blouse and Broadbrim, and who us live at Islington—where his musical wif pleasant parties and he was thought ra neat hand at a speech after supper—h been smitten with a wild notion, compo of a villa at Richmond and a mine of g his back garden, to be found in the n bourhood of Geelong after a fortn

experience, gives a most lamentable and strictly true account of his present position. He and Mrs. S. are paying four guineas a week for a hut little better than a pig-sty. He has not been able to find out any suitable occupation. He has lost a Wellington boot in the mud on each of the two occasions that he has been down to look after his baggage. The quartern loaf costs two shillings and sixpence; and, the night before writing, a party of gold diggers on the spree insisted on treating him, poured first a bottle of Champagne down his throat, and then, by mistake, a bottle of blacking. The letter of little Dick Rafleigh, who ran away from school, is not more encouraging, although he writes in the highest spirits, having succeeded, in consequence of the death of his master, to a half share in a dray which, with a partner, he drives to and from the Diggings. Dick describes the state of society as "most jolly—something like a fair and an election at the same time." The more we read, the more we grow confounded. One husband sends money for his wife, his father, his stepmother, and all his brothers and sisters. Another writes his better half that he is starving, so she must not think of coming to this dreadful place.

As a relief, we turn from manuscripts to newspapers, pass by leaders and communications from our own correspondent, do not linger on the Police Courts, scarce look at the debates of the Colonial Parliament, but dive into the advertisements, certain there to learn how the people live, how they pass their time in work and amusement. Our attention is first attracted by a cross-head, such as has never yet, we think, startled the readers of the double supplements of the Times.

TO BURGLARS.—We shall feel obliged to the artists who favoured us with a professional visit last night to our stores in Flinder's Lane, and abstracted some cash and a timepiece from our safe, if they would be so good as to return us the key of the said safe, which can be of no use to them. For their information, we further beg to state that, in future, we shall leave no negotiable valuables on the premises; in this instance, we thank them for having left our books and papers, although in some disorder, uninjured. Signed, HEAP and GRICE.

In England advertisements for heirs of Thompson and Smith, or for a young lady, or wife, or husband, earnestly implored to return, are comparatively rare; but, in the Port Philip papers, which do not pay advertisement duty, whole columns are devoted to missing friends. For instance,

ELLEN O'GRADY, A FREE EMIGRANT, per Rob Roy, which sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of February, and whose mother's name is O'Malley, and who formerly lived at Eden Quay, Dublin, is hereby requested to leave her address at the Office of this paper for Mrs. O'Malley

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF Sarah Migg, she will hear of her brother Thomas by applying to Mr. Lazarus, Flinder's Street West.

MRS. STREAKY IS INFORMED THAT A letter from her husband is lying for her at two hundred and twenty-two, Elizabeth Street.

Irish advertisements all seem to have a curious character of their own.

JAMES, OR TIMOTHY BANAHAN, WHO arrived about two years ago, is requested to communicate with Martha Banahan, mother of the former, now in the service of C. K., Esq.

IF MRS. SUTHER AND HER DAUGHTER will call at thirty-one, Stephen Street, she will hear of her husband.

It is not specified whether it is to be the mother's or the daughter's husband who will be heard of.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF my husband, Andrew Cullum, he will be pleased to communicate, and let her know where he can be found.

The following is both obscure and colloquial.

MISSING FRIENDS.—BENDIGO CREEK, October 4th, 1852.—To the last advertisement in the paper of the 25th of September, I, George Wilsor, again publish the same, as the 25th paper did not come to the Diggings, that if Mrs. Wilsor and son George wish to find their husband and father they will apply to Cook and Mark's store, opposite the Argus Office, Bendigo Creek—or, if any person see her and son safe to the said store, shall receive the sum of five pounds, beside other expenses.

WILLIAM ROUSSELL IS REQUESTED TO come to Melbourne as soon as possible to see his sister, now lying under severe illness.

ARRIVALS.—In the Argus of yesterday twenty-three vessels are reported to have arrived from England with two thousand, nine hundred and two souls. A strong fact for the Houseless Committee!

Innumerable advertisements proclaim the wish of new-comers to find old friends; for, from the scarcity of house-room in South Australia, a distinct address is a very difficult thing to possess. All that is known of many of the older emigrants is, that they are supposed to be somewhere in the Colony.

Even before looking for friends, people want to eat; they must be startled by seeing in a public announcement that the four pound loaf has been raised to two shillings and sixpence! Compositors will not mind this so much, as the same paper offers employment at two shillings and sixpence for composing and arranging every thousand metal types; about four times the price paid in England. The lists of servants and labourers wanted occupy columns, headed with capitals and notes of exclamation, thus: BAKERS! BAKERS!! WANTED JOURNE[Y] BAKERS!!! LIBERAL W[AGES] Carpenters and bricklayers see

demand. The chief peculiarity of the advertisements for domestic servants is, that married couples are preferred, and also married men as carters or in situations of trust. This is a change for the better; before the gold diggings single men were in demand. There seems a great call for cooks, both male and female; a dozen are inquired for, in one paper. Here is one advertisement.

WANTED A GOOD PLAIN COOK, WAGES forty pounds; also a kitchen-maid, wages twenty-five pounds. Also a chambermaid, and a young man to make himself useful. A married couple as cook and waiter would suit.

A Serious Lady advertises for "a few quiet gentlemen." Hotels are numerous in the town, and on the road to the Diggings.

PARTIES TRAVELLING TO THE DIGGINGS will find great cheer and beds for themselves, dry stabling and excellent fodder for their horses, at Aberdeen's Accommodation House on the main road.

There can be no difficulty in finding doctors, as it is the custom for new arrivals to advertise full particulars of their birth, parentage, and education. The majority are Scotch and Irish, some intensely national. We note Dr. Pashaw, of Edinburgh,

"He begs to intimate that he has pitched his tent at Moonlight Flat, Forest Creek. Dr. P. has been engaged in extensive practice for twenty-four years; his tent will be distinguished by his name across an ensign flying and a Scotch thistle on end."

Money seems to be lost and found in great quantity; out of a dozen similar announcements in one paper the following is sufficiently brief:—

JOHN CLARK, PATRICK HAYES HAS recovered the gold receipt you lost on the Moonlight Flat, on Friday night, the 8th October. Call and enquire at the Harp of Erin.

Then we have

FOUND—A BUNDLE OF NOTES. Apply to A. B., Swanston Street.

FOUND—A SUM OF MONEY IN A CART-RACK.

LEFT ON THE COUNTER OF MR. J. WILLIAMS, stationer, a bag containing money.

FOUND—A GOLD RECEIPT BETWEEN Carlsruhe and Kyneton.

Then comes:

LOST—TWO HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS yesterday morning in Bourke Street, by a man lately arrived in the colony, the result of twenty-five years' hard industry.

LOST—A SABLE BOA—ONE POUND REWARD.

We cannot help being equally struck by the carelessness of the people who drop purses, bags of money, gold receipts, in all directions, and the honesty of the number who take the trouble to advertise the waifs which have fallen to their hands. It is evident that there is a large stock of honesty in the Colonies, although we have been taking so much pains to swamp or neutralise it by an annual flood of felony in the shape of exiles on tickets of leave, turned loose in the neighbouring colony of Van Dieman's Land.

The loose morals are most displayed in the article of cattle and horses. The ancestors of the Bold Buccleugh could not have more thoroughly carried out their motto of "Snaffle, spur, and spear," than the boys bound to and from the Diggings. Many advertisements offer good grazing in enclosed paddocks; some end with "no accommodation for Sunday travellers, and no business done on that day;" but in all pasturing advertisements, in a conspicuous line, are these words, "No responsibility." And the meaning of "No responsibility" is explained by column after column of rewards, from five pounds to fifty pounds, for the horses and oxen, stolen or strayed, of every size, every breed, every colour, branded with every possible variation of the letters of the alphabet, beside stars, crosses, and marks; one mare has a pleasant head, another horse has no hair on his tail. It would almost seem that every man going to or returning from the Diggings borrowed somebody's horse, and forgot to return it. As for the bullocks that stray away and get into the pound, they occupy a couple of columns monthly in one paper, like the following:—"Yellow and white bullock, bell on neck, T off neck, T off ribs, SE near shoulder, like 20 or 40 off thigh; yellow and white bullock, down horns, like M or W near back, HC or G near rump; brown bullock, wide horns, SE near shoulder, bible brand, thus [1] near ribs." Pigs do not seem well used in these districts, for three pounds reward is offered for "A sow in pig, colour black and white, ears much torn by the dogs, many scars about the legs, and a piece bitten off the tail."

The public amusements are very equestrian, with the exception of a few stray concerts—"a subscription concert by Mrs. Lester: tickets one guinea." The German Union advertise a "grand ball and champagne supper: tickets two guineas each." Rome Equestrian Circus offers a fine bill of fare: "highly-trained steeds: the prince of Ethiopian comedians, &c.: boxes, eight shillings; pit, two shillings and sixpence; and no half price." The Olympic does not even condescend to advertise its prices. But in races there is an exuberant strength that would set on end the hair of the worthy clergyman in Gloucestershire, who preached down the Grand Stand of that fashionable abode of dull gentility.

Geelong, with a population under ten thousand, supports three days' racing that might make some towns in Yorkshire jealous.

e of State subventions, Chantilly and lles sink into mere leather platings, in rison. Seven flat races and a steeple- for prizes of from sixty pounds to a d pounds, with sweepstakes of not less n pounds each added, all conducted in r Newmarket style. At Melbourne nd metropolitan steeple-chase; entrance -five pounds each; three miles; weight stone; open to all the world."

only other public sign of gambling is vertisement of a Musical Art-Union , beginning with a grand piano prize nding with music-books. In all, two d and fifty pounds prizes.

the gold-digging population and their have other occupations of a public n addition to concerts and balls, circus ces. The prospectus of the Melbourne eelong Railway Company, for uniting wo important ports, with a capital of undred and fifty thousand pounds, in of twenty pounds, appears with a long respectable names, and some facts that mall compass tell a great deal. We n this prospectus:—

That even prior to the discovery of the Gold the population had increased at the rate of dred and ten per cent. in the quinquennial between the census of 1846 and 1851.

That the population of Melbourne had in- a hundred and twenty per cent. in the eriod of five years.

That the population of Geelong had in- four-fold, or three hundred per cent. in ne period of five years.

That the population of Melbourne was, in nth of March 1851, twenty-three thousand ndred and fifty-three; that of Geelong at ne date, eight thousand two hundred and one; total of the two towns, thirty-one d four hundred and forty-four.

Since that period, the increase of population n advancing in a much more rapid ratio. was the ordinary increase up to the period old discovery. Since then, the addition of ulation of the colony has been ascertained etween the month of November, 1851, and sent time, at least six thousand souls per Adopting the proportion of the previous of the two towns, their united population ow amount to at least sixty thousand souls.

arly the whole of the commerce of the colony ered within the towns now proposed to be The exports for the year ending June, rior to the gold discovery, amounted to million and a half—one million four hun- d twenty-three thousand pounds; and the to the value of one million—one million y-six thousand pounds.

the article of wool alone the exports from rne and Geelong, during the year ending , 1851, amounted to fifty-six thousand bales, quantity of which was conveyed coastwise the two ports, the quantity arriving from erior at either place being nearly equal. e discovery of the gold fields a large quan- gold dust is carried between the two towns old raised from the western Diggings pass- ing through Geelong, and that from the northern fields passing through Melbourne."

The advertising sheet tells us that the inhabitants are not entirely absorbed in getting and spending money. In one column the Melbournites are invited to attend a lecture on national education at the Wesleyan schoolhouse; in another the official inspector of schools, under the authority of the Colonial Education Commissioners, calls a meeting at the Old Post Office, Forest Creek, to take means for establishing schools at the Diggings. Of course there must be children to require schools. The Congregationalists call a public meeting to petition and protest against grants of public money for any ecclesiastical purposes. The Jews use an advertisement with a Hebrew motto, printed in the Hebrew character, announcing "to their brethren at the Diggings and elsewhere" when two festivals commence. In another advertisement the members of the Jewish persuasion call a public meeting "to take into serious consideration the urgent necessity of providing temporary accommodation for the large number of our brethren who are daily arriving." Then the mayor, on the representation of Captain Chisholm, calls a meeting for the same purpose. This has ended in the formation of a Temporary Home, in which the women and children who arrived by the Scindian were lodged.

Official notices, except of pounded cattle, are rare in the Australian colonies. Frenchmen landing there, will cry out on seeing the following advertisement, even more frequently than here, "Where is the administration?"

"*Notice.*—A public meeting will take place at Lever Point, Moonlight Flat, Forest Creek, on Thursday, the twenty-first of October, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present lawless and unprotected state of the Diggings, and other matters requiring the serious consideration of the diggers. A deputation is respectfully requested from the Bendigo and Ballarat to co-operate with this meeting."

The movement for establishing emigrant homes at the instigation of Captain Chisholm, shows vigorous fruits in the advertising columns. The Governor announces that he has appointed three gentlemen to co-operate with the committee appointed at the public meeting for providing accommodation for houseless immigrants. The Wesleyans have established their Home on a subscription list of nine hundred and seventy pounds received up to October thirteenth. They announce that a building will be completed in the course of the month; a register will be kept for servants; a bazaar is to be held in aid of the funds. In the same paper another advertisement appears for a married couple as governor and matron of the establishment—salary two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The Royal Orange Institution call a public meeting at the Protestant Hall to take into

consideration the destitute condition of newly arrived immigrants.

Besides these public announcements, we have private information in addition to that recently communicated in a "Chip," of the absolute necessity of emigrants taking out houses or tents, if they do not desire to live in the open air, or the public Homes. Of house room there is no chance.

The following, a Government notice, shows that the Government have at length partly adopted the principle of family colonization. Residents in the colony are informed that for four pounds for each boy, and two pounds for each girl between the ages of one and fourteen, and eight pounds for each man, and four pounds for each woman under forty-five, they may obtain passages to the colony for their relations, provided they comply with the regulations of the Emigration Commissioners in England. But they must be of the following callings—agricultural labourers, shepherds, herdsmen, miners, gardeners, or country bricklayers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, wheelwrights. What is the difference between a country and a town bricklayer we are puzzled to know. So now, all people who think they can go through the process prescribed by the formalists of Park Street had better stir up their relations in Australia. Under this plan those who go in one ship, if short of means, may take the eight pounds a head of the relations left at home, and remit through the Government on arrival. As passages are dear now, this profitable mode of laying out the funds of a family is worth knowing.

We will not wade through the half-dozen columns of sales by auction of miscellaneous goods and the like, of land and houses, that adorn the Port Philip papers. Certainly it seems as if with money, and a vehicle to move the goods, there would be no difficulty in purchasing land or houses in town or country, and furnishing and provisioning. From tin ware to grand pianos, from Dutch cheeses to champagne, at auction sales everything seems to go under the hammer, on the same day, by the same man.

In the general market we find cauliflowers eighteen shillings a dozen, green peas eighteenpence a quart, turnips and carrots four shillings a dozen, fowls sixteen shillings, geese and turkeys twenty shillings a pair, butter two shillings and sixpence per pound, eggs two shillings a dozen, hay eighteen pounds a ton, fat bullocks ten to twelve pounds a head, sheep fifteen shillings a head, horses from forty to sixty pounds for good hacks, draught horses fifty to eighty pounds, with an expectation of an advance of fifty pounds per cent. in the next month.

After these quotations the farmer, the market gardener, the sailor, the navigator, the lawyer, the gentleman, the clerk, can better decide than on any private information whether they are fit for the gold diggings and its environs, its shops, farms, pastures, or public-houses.

HERMIT ISLAND.

The town of La Calle is situated on the north coast of Africa, near the eastern boundary of Algeria. I took up my residence there in the beginning of October, 1843; and the brave comrades, who received me on my arrival, soon discovered that I was disappointed at not finding the country so beautiful as I had been led to expect. A long, narrow rock, jutting into the sea, supports the handful of houses which constitute the town; at a very short distance behind, the horizon is walled in by lofty naked mountains; and then there is a poor little creek, which they call the Port, and at the end of that the sea, without a single vessel to be seen upon it, except the numerous coral-boats which I hardly expected to find there.

"Oh!" said my friends, "you will find plenty of amusement by and bye. In six months, the Bobérach will be back again, with Lieutenant Baussand, a capital fellow. We shall have splendid water-parties, and you will go to La Galite."

La Galite excited my curiosity greatly. I had heard M. Guyon-Vernier tell marvellous tales about it at Algiers; at Bône, also, it was spoken of as something curious. I became, therefore, a little impatient; I wanted to catch a glimpse of La Galite. We went out for the purpose, but in vain; the weather was rather hazy, and La Galite is not visible from La Calle except on a particularly fine day. When this island can be distinctly seen, that is, when the air is unusually clear, the common remark is, that rain is coming. This barometric sign is a perfectly established fact.

At last a fine day did come; and in the direction of Sardinia, fifteen leagues out at sea, I could see a black rugged rock rising in strong relief above the horizon. It was La Galite. Summer came at last, and with it the Bobérach, a charming *chibeck* which had formerly been used by the corsairs in their piratical expeditions, and which was captured in the port of Algiers, in 1830. She was a decked vessel, with a crew of thirty men or thereabouts, with three masts and four sails, including the jib. She was then commanded by M. de Pérallo, whose wife, a young and lively Parisian, accompanied her husband, to whom she was thoroughly devoted. The Bobérach used to spend the summer at La Calle, to watch the coral fishery; in winter she snugged herself up in the port of Algiers, leaving La Calle to shift with a naval force of a single *balancelle*, the Tafna, commanded by a tall and stout Provençal, named M. Sicard, a good sort of man, though a great original. Captain Sicard, as he was called, might serve as an excellent representative of a certain kind of sea-wolf which romance-writers are very

fond of exhibiting in their pages. On board his boat the only punishment administered was a blow with the fist: he called that "pushing."

The port of La Calle, with its numerous coral-fishers, afforded me plenty of subjects of amusement, without mentioning my friend Baussand. But La Galite is what we are talking of just now.

The isle of La Galite is situated about five-and-twenty miles to the north of Cap Nègre, and is about three leagues in circumference. Close to it, on the north and west, there are four small islets which are called Galitons, and which are nothing but steep, absolutely naked rocks. The shore of the island is very steep all round, and is surmounted by two principal peaks, one of which rises in the middle of the island (considered in respect to its length) to the height of about fifteen hundred feet, English measure. On the south side, at the extremity of a very open bay, there is a picturesque and extensive grotto, through which a tolerably abundant spring flows. Two small basins, hollowed out by human hands, testify to the service which this watering-place has rendered to navigators. There are likewise three other springs on the north shore, but they are dried up in summer time.

The geology of La Galite is volcanic in its character; most of the rocks are composed of a sort of bluish granite. Still, some are found, especially on the south side, consisting entirely of porous lava, something like that which constitutes the curious rocks of the port of La Calle, but more compact. Scarcely any vegetable mould is to be found, except on the table-land which joins the two principal peaks, and in the ravines. I cannot understand how a member of the Scientific Commission, who visited the place in October, 1840, could imagine that forty families might maintain themselves here, besides creating a little export trade. The same *savant* states that he ascertained the fertility of a great part of the island!

There are no trees; for it is impossible to apply that name to a few brambles—although they are rather tall—which are to be found upon one single spot. I saw a solitary fig-tree; it grows from a chink in the rock, and is quite inaccessible.

The species of native plants are extremely limited in number; the wild *graminaceæ*, such as the perennial rye-grass, prevail; but the most abundant vegetable production is a herbaceous plant with leaves that are unctuous to the touch, and which diffuse an unbearable odour all over the island. The Italians visit La Galite for the purpose of gathering a plant which they call *erba tramontana*, and which is used in dyeing. It is a species of orchil, known as *roxela tinctoria*. The discovery of the properties of orchil, accidentally made by a Florentine merchant, dates back so far as 1300. Having observed that liquid ammonia caused this lichen to assume a brilliant hue, he made experiments, from which he learned the mode of treatment requisite to make orchil available to the dyer. He kept this discovery secret for a long while. His descendants, a branch of whom is still surviving, according to the account of Domenique Mauni, derived their name of Rucelai from the Spanish word *oreiglia*, which denotes this species of cryptogamic vegetable.

But all the plants here are generally stunted and puny. The rabbits and goats are continually ravaging them. And besides, every year during the summer, a fire lighted by nobody knows whom, consumes every vegetable production. It may be presumed that were it not for these impeding causes, we should see at La Galite a vegetation much the same as that of the mountains of Algeria.

Rabbits and goats are almost the only living creatures at La Galite, but their number is very considerable. The goats keep together in troops of twenty or thirty among the defiles of the rocks, and are exceedingly wild. But few are killed; the sportsman finding it no easy task to follow them to the retreats to which they climb, and to keep pace with them as they mount the rocky peaks. The rabbits also are extremely numerous.

All these particulars we were anxious to verify. On one fine day in June we set sail for La Galite;—M. Pergaut, an excellent Lorrain, a great sportsman, and *Garde Général* of the forests of La Calle; and Theurkauff, the superintendent of the hospital, a delightful fellow of most promising talents, who was soon afterwards miserably murdered by the Arabs. I have forgotten who were our other companions. M. and Mme. Pérallo did the honours of their vessel to perfection. Thanks to Baussand, I felt scarcely a symptom of sea-sickness. He furnished me with such an abundance of amusement during the passage, that I had no time to think of being ill.

During the voyage, we harpooned a few sharks and shot several gulls. At last, after a seven hours' passage, we reached La Galite; that is to say, we lost two hours more in waiting for the west wind before we could cast anchor. Navigators wisely recommend great caution in these seas. The gusts which pour down from the mountain defiles are often very dangerous; and, on the other hand, the wind almost always absolutely drops within sight of the anchorage. At that point, in fact, our sails hung flapping lazily, and the sailors were obliged to tow the Bobérach with their two boats, till we came within convenient soundings upon a gravelly bottom.

Our greedy eyes were already feasting upon the country which we were shortly to possess as absolute masters. The scenery we gazed upon was extremely wild;—frightful rocks scantily clothed with verdure, cool little bays, and ravines still tolerably green, wherein we already peered for the goats and rabbits

about which we had heard so much. For, the greater number of the persons comprising our party had already visited La Galite before.

Our provisions were landed and placed in the grotto; some clear cool water was fetched from the spring at its extremity; and we took our draught of bitters as usual. This extremely curious cavern is formed by an enormous flat rock, which overhangs the narrow beach. A deep ravine, extending quite up to the central plain, terminates on one side of the cave. The floor, strewn with pebbles, supports also several flat blocks of stone, which perfectly answer the purpose of chairs and tables. The coolness of the place is very agreeable, and we proposed to sleep there. I had voted for that motion, but we were obliged to renounce it, and return every evening to pass the night on board, because they pretended to fear that it would be too cold in the grotto. The real reason was fright, occasioned by a dead human body we had found on landing. M. de Pérallo, and the whole of his party vowed they would not pass a single night on shore. Theurkauff, especially, had been deeply affected by the sight of the corpse.

And now for the rabbit-hunt! Ah! that really deserves a separate account all to itself. We were armed with our guns, and well supplied with powder and shot; we had M. de Pérallo's dog Stanhope and Baussand's *dogue*, who afterwards gave birth to our well-beloved Stop, and M. Pergaut's dog Faquin. We were also accompanied by several sailors, who carried the game-bags and further supplies of ammunition. Our campaign began without delay. I, who am a bad shot, and an unlucky sportsman, had never had such a chance in my life. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that in two days we killed a hundred and fifty rabbits. Every one took a share in the warfare. The sailors, armed with muskets or with any old fowling-piece, blazed away for their parts. You could hear nothing but the report of fire-arms. M. de Pérallo, perched on a hillock from whence he could survey the entire scene of action, did nothing but shout "This way! That way! There they go!" Some of them ran between his legs, and then how we all did laugh!

Then came the goat-hunt. That was altogether a different affair. The goats at La Galite are extremely numerous, and are of all colours. They are very wild, and keep together in herds. They are rarely to be encountered, except on the highest peaks. They gave us a ruffled skein to untwist, and made us long for a glass of cold water. We climbed the rocks, leaving the dogs below; and from time to time we could perceive on some neighbouring peak a flock of goats staring at us for a moment in surprise at our appearance, and then leaping from rock to rock far out of the reach of gun-shot. At first, they allowed us to approach within distance; but, afterwards, when once they had been alarmed by our volleys, they took good care to keep sufficiently out of our way. The boatswain of the Bobérach displayed extraordinary skill and courage.

On the western side of the island are some singular rocks, to which we gave the titles of the Chapel, the Church, and the Abbey. They were, in reality, a mass of micaceous peaks so picturesquely split and pinnacled, that in the evening, at sunset, it was very easy to give in to the illusion. It was on this spot, which had been reported as inaccessible, that we made our special search after the goats. We could see them on the tops of the rocks, passing from one point to another, by means of a balustrade which was perfectly pierced into Gothic tracery. There were a multitude of openings, doors, and loop-holes, in the shape of natural arch-ways which allowed them to pass, and through which they thrust their graceful heads, laughing at our ineffectual attempts to reach them.

Besides all this, we had the seal hunt. On the side of the island which looks towards Sardinia we arrived, in our boat, at a large grotto, and there, without expecting anything of the kind, we saw three or four seals stretched upon the sand. At our approach they hastened, clumsily enough, to plunge into the sea under our very noses. We fired all together, platoon fashion; the very best thing we could do. The water around the boat was soon stained with blood, and we felt quite sure of having killed, or at least wounded, one or two of these curious animals. We searched with the boat-hook, but in vain. The day was closing, and we returned to dinner. In the evening we started with torches and lanterns, and every other necessary implement. Baussand was the leader of the expedition. "Pull away, boys!" he shouted to the rowers, in a terrible hurry to get there.

At last we reached the grotto, where Baussand ordered the men to row cautiously and slowly. We leaned over the edge of the boat, and by the aid of our lanterns we easily discovered an enormous seal lying at the bottom of the water, which at that spot was not more than five or six feet deep. The sailors dived down to the carcase; they made use of the tackle which Baussand had brought, and finally, not without difficulty, hoisted the immense brute on board. It weighed at least a hundred and fifty or two hundred *kilos* (two hundred *kilos* weigh four hundred and forty-one English pounds avoirdupois), and proved to be a magnificent female. Next day we cut up the animal; her skin was salted and preserved in a chest; her flesh was eaten by the sailors. I had tasted seal's liver and the *filet* on a former occasion, and did not find it at all disagreeable; it has, perhaps, a slight flavour of fish oil. I made

a preparation of this handsome creature's head. Its jaws were furnished with teeth as strong as those of the large hyæna which I stuffed at La Calle. In one word, it is the jaw of a very large dog, with a predominance of molars, in point of strength. The skin of these animals is very handsome, being covered with short, rough, iron-grey fur, and is used for the covering of game-bags, and to make tobacco-boxes with.

Whenever we coasted round the island in our boat, the various wild creatures afforded us a delightful spectacle, which I shall never forget as long as I live. But everything just then contributed to my thorough and complete enjoyment of the trip. Surrounded by kind, cheerful, and open-hearted friends; gently rocked in a boat managed by joyous sailors; free from all cares, either of yesterday or for to-morrow; far away from any inhabited country, and escaped from all worldly trouble; how could I help indulging in a little enthusiasm? With the splendid weather which we constantly had at La Galite; with capital refreshments always in our boat, and pipes, pipes, for ever pipes; from time to time jumping on shore, to gather limpets, sea-urchins, or crabs, and adding these to our store of sausages and cold meat; with a few bottles of good wine which Baussand took care to slip into the boat;—how admirably we fared!

A shoal of porpoises and seals would come and play around our boat, sometimes swimming very close to it. They made prodigious bounds out of the water, caracolling, hustling each other, and playing all manner of pranks, enough to make us die with laughing. I had read of this sort of thing in books of voyages, but had certainly formed no idea of the reality. Some of these porpoises were more than twenty feet long, and they leaped out of the sea so as to display themselves at full length. They spouted out the water, and made it fall in graceful jets around them.—And we fired!—But at every shot they dived, very soon making their appearance again. Seals and porpoises seemed to be laughing at us, or doing us the honours of our excursion round their island. Sometimes, at a greater distance, the black fin of the fearful shark would rise above the waves, clearing them rapidly, and disappearing with a flourish of his tail. And then, by way of a change, we attacked the divers, the cormorants, and a host of other seabirds, which were perched on the boulders at the water's edge, and which stupidly stared at us as we glided past them.

I ought not to forget the cray-fish and lampreys, which are excellent at La Galite; so much so that the Bône fishermen come here expressly to catch them. They were excellently served by the cook of the vessel, in spite of Baussand's infamous *allitot* or garlic sauce. Altogether we fared sumptuously. The Bobérach's cellar was very respectable. The *vin de Lamalque* contrived to please us all; but we found no fault with the other wines, any more than with the cognac, the rum, the gin, the bitters, the tea, the grog, the Heaven knows what!

We took our meals beneath the grotto. Mattrasses were brought there every day, and in the evening, stretched upon these, we gaily smoked our pipes, sipping hot wine or tea. On these occasions we were sure to be entertained by the most diabolical concert that ever struck terror into human ear; and I am thoroughly sure that all who then heard it will no more be likely ever to forget it, than I shall. It began at nightfall by the solitary cry of a cormorant, rapidly responded to by one, two, or more successive voices; and immediately after all was dark, the cavern and the rocks around it re-echoed with intermingling cries of wailing, groaning, sighing, sobbing, bursts of laughter, and plaintive lamentations, all proceeding (we supposed) from flocks of birds which we could not see, but which hovered invisibly, like phantoms, in the air. I might vainly heap comparisons upon comparisons; it is impossible to convey the slightest idea of the horrible effect of this witch-like Sabbath. M. de Pérallo, Pergaut, Baussand, and myself were never tired of listening to it; and we confessed that had we chanced to find ourselves without light and alone in such a spot, it was enough to make any one of us expire with fright. I must also tell you, that we could not discover exactly what to attribute it to. It was Pergaut's idea that these unearthly sounds were caused by night-birds that were either attracted by the lights we burned, or were irritated by our intrusion into the grotto which they were in the habit of using as their roosting-place. From whatever voices it really did proceed, the mysterious music of the cavern made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that at this very moment while I am describing it, after the lapse of several years, I can fancy that I hear it still.

I had the satisfaction of obtaining a view of Sardinia from the top of the principal peak of La Galite. But without a strong determination, and legs like those Pergaut was furnished with, it is quite out of the question to reach the summit. You are obliged at every instant to cling to the rocks, in order to proceed from one point to another, sometimes suspended an awful height above the abyss below. It requires strong nerves to avoid being giddy when you look down and see the lovely blue sea spread out at an immense distance beneath you. Here and there some graceful herds of goats were bounding from rock to rock, mostly far out of gun-shot, climbing spurs of the peak which to my eyes looked almost perpendicular. From time to time, also, some rabbit of the wilderness, completely taken by surprise, would put out his nose; but shooting was a difficult matter on such a labyrinthine pyramid of stone as this. Towards

the south, I could distinctly perceive the coast of the kingdom of Tunis, which I afterwards visited with so much pleasure. Close to Cap Négre, at the foot of an enormous rock, in the direction of Monte Rotondo, the little island of Tabarka, also frequented by the coral-fishers, was barely visible. And lastly, the view was enlivened by those same coral-boats dispersed over the sea between La Calle and La Galite, by a few merchant vessels coming from Smyrna, and by the active steamers of the *correspondance*.

I cannot easily leave off talking about La Galite; it retains all its attractions for me to this very day. My excursion thither was the realisation of a long-cherished dream. I felt happy on that desert island, while beholding Sardinia and Africa at a glance, and perched aloft in the midst of the Mediterranean so as to command the azure waste of waters by which I was encircled in all directions. I remained whole hours seated in the crevice of a cliff, and indulging in a long train of day-dreams, whilst Pergaut was gratifying his ardent desire to ascend the peak to its utmost top.

The rocks of La Galite are composed of a compact lava, which cuts with tolerable facility, and furnishes excellent building materials. Spongy lava is also found there, though in only trifling quantity. On the lofty rocks at the eastern part of the island, where the mists constantly maintain a considerable degree of moisture, the Scientific Commission gathered a great quantity of beautiful lichens, and amongst them the orchil which I have mentioned. La Galite belongs to the Bey of Tunis, who derives no advantage from it whatever. It has often served as the retreat of pirates, corsairs, and smugglers. During the wars of the Empire, the English cruisers kept up a look-out there. For a long while also, it was the rendezvous and the starting-place of the Italian smugglers, who supplied the Arabs with arms and ammunition. And the coral-boats, almost all of which used to ply the same trade, touched here whenever they were apprehensive of being searched by our men-of-war.

At all times of the year, sufficient fresh water to supply a vessel can be procured on the island. The watering-place is situated on the projecting rock, which forms the bottom of the grotto, opposite to the landing-place, to the east of the beach of shingle. There are also three other springs on the northern coast; but I believe that those are almost entirely dried up in summer. For, I remember, that one day, when, exhausted with fatigue and thirst, I begged Baussand to find us some refreshment, he led us into a green ravine which slopes down to the grotto of seals, and there, at a spot where the grass looked a little fresher and less parched up, we found a patch of humid earth. Baussand dug a hole with his knife, and it slowly became filled with water, which we were very thankful for, although it was not of first-rate quality. We ladled it out sparingly with our leathern goblets, correcting it with a few drops of wormwood or *eau de vie*.

Some of the old inhabitants of La Calle profess to know how the first goats reached La Galite. They all agree that the present wild race are descended from domestic animals left there for that laudable purpose. We formed the project of stocking the place with partridges. I know not whether my friends have put the scheme in execution, but it certainly would have been well worth while. Pergaut told me that when the quails make their migratory passage, they may be killed in abundance at La Galite. And lastly, Baussand asserted that there is a jackal on the island, which had escaped from a steamer, after it had become very nearly tame.

I have now only to relate the sad story of M. Dupont.

M. Dupont, then, a native of Grenoble, where he had been registrar of something or other, came to Algiers to try his fortune. He had a place in the Home Office there, at the same time that he employed himself in the sale of grants of land. He also possessed a small estate near the Bouzareah, or watch-tower of Algiers. But, in spite of those advantages, things went badly with him. He lost his situation, and suffered such an amount of what he considered unjust treatment, that he became a perfect misanthrope in consequence. He was besides afflicted with a dangerous disease, which had made considerable inroads on his constitution, and caused him much pain. To complete his misfortunes, the woman whom he loved deceived him.

He came to Bône at the beginning of 1844, got intimate with some freemasons of the Hippone Lodge, and tried to persuade a few adventurers to go and live with him at La Galite, about which he had heard very favourable reports, in respect to the solitary life a man might lead there.

By and bye, M. Dupont came to reside at La Calle, in order to be nearer his beloved island. He was employed as clerk by M. Calmon, a considerable merchant of the place; but he was unable to prevail upon any one to join him, although there was no scarcity of unfortunate and discontented folk there. It was at La Calle that I saw this singular man, whom many people regarded as insane. He seemed to me about five-and-thirty; he was dark-complexioned, short in stature, with a care-worn countenance, bearing the marks of suffering, fatigue, and a broken spirit.

He had realised all his property, with the resolution of undertaking the enterprise alone, and of turning hermit at La Galite. He had purchased a stock of biscuits sufficient for a year, besides dried vegetables, preserves, and so on. He had also procured a boat, some guns, some sabres, ammunition, the articles requisite for fishing and shooting, a small medicine chest, a few romances and philosophical works

of the Voltairean school, different kinds of seeds, garden tools, clothing materials, trunks, a few wooden planks, pens, ink, a large quantity of paper, and other effects, sufficient to freight a coral-boat that was equipped by some Genoese, who, if I remember rightly, profited by the occasion to fish for cray-fish and gather *erba tramontana*. We saw him leave for La Galite; the boat returned; and on the 15th of April, 1844, M. Dupont found himself at last alone in his island. There he indulged his reveries without interruption, and began to write his autobiography. People soon ceased to talk about him, and he seemed to be entirely forgotten.

When I went to La Galite with the Boberach in July, 1844, we were extremely curious to see M. Dupont again. We asked one another in what sort of state we should find this modern Robinson Crusoe. When we cast anchor, we gazed in all directions along the beach and its environs, to catch sight of him; but in vain. At last, the boat was aground; we jumped on shore; and behind a block of stone, on the beach in front of the grotto, I perceived a gaunt yellow dog gnawing a human skeleton, which still was very recognizable. The dog immediately took to flight.

M. de Pérallo was alarmed; Theurkauff was deeply affected. The spectacle was a very sad one. I carefully ascertained that it actually was a human skeleton; and the state of the sutures led me to believe that it was that of a man about forty years of age. There was a very irregular fracture of the skull, on the left temple. Along with the skeleton, a bloody shirt and a pair of trousers similarly stained were lying on the ground. I recognized the trousers as those worn by M. Dupont on the day of his departure from La Calle; I knew them by their being discoloured in a remarkable way.

We searched throughout the island. A few paces from the fountain, on the way up the ravine, we found the traces of a human habitation in a grotto which offered a very convenient place of shelter. By the side of the fire-place there was a rude seat: scattered on the ground were fragments of novels, worn out clothes, torn manuscripts, pens, ink, and such like sundries. Further on, we picked up other articles of trifling value, such as bullets, bags of seeds, medicines, a paper-knife, a pen-knife, visiting cards, a fishing net, and linen rags. We explored the island in every direction, and could find nothing of M. Dupont. We, therefore, concluded him to be dead; and that the body which we saw on landing, must have been his.

The large yellow dog alarmed us. While Baussand and myself were out shooting next day, we fell in with him, and destroyed him. The bones of poor M. Dupont were collected by the sailors, and buried in a hole which was covered over with shingle.

The unhappy man had taken no measures at La Galite to render his exile comfortable. Had I been in his place, I would have made a few convenient arrangements in the grotto selected for my abode; and it was a very easy thing for him to have done. There was no little garden laid out; nothing had been planted; and yet in some spots, he had only to scratch the earth. Instead of employing himself in that way, M. Dupont confined himself to making extracts from philosophical works applicable to his situation. I gathered up a good many manuscripts and copies of letters, all characterized by misanthropy;—long pages on the ingratitude of man and the inconstancy of woman. There were numerous notes relative to the sorrows and misfortunes of his past life; and those documents enabled me to verify the preceding details. I collected fragments from Rousseau and Voltaire, medical prescriptions, astronomical memoranda, agricultural and gardening directions, and lastly, a few brief notes on La Galite extracted from the work of M. Bérard and from the Memoir of the visit made to this island in 1840 by the Scientific Commission, and printed in the Akbar. We also amassed a voluminous correspondence, consisting both of copies and of original letters addressed to M. Dupont or written by him; and it is remarkable that all the latter documents, on whatever day of the month they were written, are dated eleven o'clock at night, as if that were his special hour of correspondence. Amongst the papers which we picked up, a great number were inventories of the articles which he had brought to La Galite. These inventories speak of sabres, guns, trunks, clothes, and tools, while we found nothing but worthless articles scattered in different parts of the island.

How are all those facts to be explained?—Was M. Dupont first murdered, and then plundered? Or, did he commit suicide? How did it happen that the various articles which I have mentioned, such as a handkerchief containing linen, the bag of shot, the visiting cards, the pen-knife, the paper-knife, and so on, were all found at considerable distances from his cave, and distributed in various localities.

It appeared to me, from the state of the remains, that death had occurred about a fortnight before our arrival. The flesh had been torn from the corpse by birds of prey, and by the dog. The fracture on the left temple was not a gun-shot wound; nor can I account for it by a fall. If M. Dupont had determined on suicide, with the habit which he had of writing every thought, he would have indited long passages in explanation of his resolve, and would have used it as a theme to prove his fellow-creatures guilty of his death.

The general opinion was that a crime had been committed; that M. Dupont had been murdered, in order to be robbed. The coral-boats, which sometimes touch at La Galite, are manned by sailors who are troubled

with few scruples. In Sicily, all the scamps and vagabonds are recruited, and even pressed into the coral fishery; and I have not a much higher opinion of the individuals of other nations who embark in that profession. They consist of the dregs of the populace of Genoa, Corsica, and the Italian States, and especially of the Torre del Greco, near Vesuvius.

On our return to La Calle, we questioned a considerable number of coral-fishers. All of them declared that it was a long while since they had touched at La Galite. The authorities of Bône showed very little anxiety to investigate the matter. We were able, however to give evidence as to one point; namely, that the boats which had conducted M. Dupont to La Galite, had left him there alive. The letters, and some of his thoughts on solitude, were a sufficient proof of this.

STARTING A PAPER IN INDIA.

In a country like England, where publishers abound, and where any gentleman who is desirous of spending his spare cash on a literary speculation can be immediately accommodated, nothing is easier than to start a newspaper. You may enter into your contract, advertise in the daily and weekly journals, employ your staff—including the men to carry about the placards in the streets—and go to work at once. But it is a very different matter in the upper provinces of India; for instance, at such a place as Meerut, which is upwards of eight hundred miles from a seaport town, Calcutta or Bombay. A friend of mine, who started a paper at Meerut, once favoured me with what he had to go through, and the detail may not be unamusing to the general reader:

I received a letter one morning, said he, from a chaplain who was a cotemporary and friend of mine at Cambridge; it ran thus: "Dear Johnnie—The old Colonel thinks that a really good paper is required in the upper provinces, and that it would pay handsomely. I am authorised to offer you twelve hundred rupees a month (one thousand four hundred and forty pounds per annum), and a house rent free, if you are disposed to be the editor. Say the word and the capital required will be subscribed at once." My health was declining in Bengal, and as Meerut, the locality determined on, was a very healthy station, and not far from the Himalayas, whither invalids resort to restore their shattered frames to former vigour, I accepted the offer on the condition that my pay as editor should be annually increased if the finances of the journal would admit thereof. In reply to my letter I received a laconic note, in these words—"All right. Let me know without delay how much money you require to buy type, presses, and paper." I calculated that two thousand five hundred pounds would cover every expense, and not only enable me to make advances to the workmen (for without this they would not stir from Calcutta), but leave a balance of a few hundred pounds to work upon for the first few months. Two thousand five hundred pounds were forthwith remitted to me by a cheque on the Oriental Bank. Some twenty-five or thirty officers of rank and standing in the civil and military services of the East India Company had subscribed for the whole amount in the course of two days. My first difficulty was in procuring presses; one I purchased—an imperial, a Cope and Sherwin—from the Baptist Mission Press, at a fair price; but for the other—a royal—I had to give double its value, and then it was only parted with (I say this in all sincerity) to *oblige* me, for the owner really wanted it to carry on his own business.

Then the type. I could not think of allowing my manuscript to be "set up" in anything but Figgins. A particular friend of mine, called Iniquity Smith, had once remarked to me that a little production of mine looked "uncommon tidy" in Figgins, and the conversation to which the remark led informed me of the fact that Figgins was the prince of type-founders. Now there happened to be plenty of every other sort of Figgins's type in Calcutta, except Figgins's long primer, not a letter of which was to be had for love or money; and long primer was absolutely necessary for the leading article. There were founts of type cast by other founders in the market, but they would not "make up" with Figgins, and therefore they were of no use to me. At last, I heard of a second-hand fount, or set of types, and bought it for fifty pounds. The heading of the paper, the column rules, the leads, and the chases or iron frames within which the type is jammed were soon got ready by native artisans, and nothing now remained but to engage the establishment.

The Indian compositor is usually a person of Portuguese extraction on the male side: and his name is Gomez, Gonsalves, or Pereira. He is of course very dark; but it is one of his peculiarities to speak of the natives as black brutes: when half drunk (and unless he be half drunk he cannot use his fingers—they are so cold even in the very hot weather), the Indian compositor works well. His fingers are small, and he picks up his type from the case with a rapidity truly astonishing. I have never seen it equalled in an English printing-office. But his day's work over (and he will get it done, sometimes, in two or three hours), he is the most indolent and dissipated creature in existence. He is never out of debt, and never without a dun at his heels; but he invariably disputes all claims upon him, and never pays till he does so by order of some Court.

I required ten of these compositors, and engaged them at exactly double the rate of pay they received in Calcutta. "Look at the distance," they would say; "to be so far off from your families to whom you must send money, sir!" The compositors said they should require five distributors. In India a

compositor never distributes his matter. He would consider it beneath his dignity. Besides, it seems to soothe his feelings to have some one *under* him—a human being at his beck and call—somebody whom he may bully with impunity, and strike, if it pleases him. These native distributors do not know a single word of English; many cannot tell you the names of the letters; but they will fill a case as speedily and as accurately as any European.

Two pressmen were required; and they also were engaged at double the rate of pay. About the printer there was an immense difficulty. There were scores of Portuguese ready to take the place "at any salary you like to name;" but none of them were steady enough for the duties they would have to discharge. I at length selected a young man who had been a foreman in one of the Calcutta printing-offices. I was aware that his character would not bear investigation; but I had no alternative.

The presses and type were shipped on board the flat, (a vessel tugged by a steamer), and deck passages were engaged for the motley crew of compositors, distributors, and pressmen. They were, as the mate remarked to me, "as queer a looking set of rogues as ever walked a plank." It was in the cold weather, and most of the compositors had taken to wearing thick red night-caps, which had been imported for the use of the *coolies* (native labourers) on their way to the Mauritius. Just as we were ready to start, a bailiff came on board from the Court of Requests, and thinned the ranks of my regiment. He took away two Pereiras—two of my compositors. They had received nine pounds each, by way of advance. I afterwards discovered that they were parties to their own arrest. Under the command of the printer, "the establishment" behaved very well till they got to the Sunderbunds, when they began to quarrel among themselves, and to spurn the authority of the person who had been placed over them. Some of them had brought away arrack in their boxes, and this made them drunk and disorderly. One morning, about eleven o'clock, one of the compositors, Martin Gonsalves, who had been drinking deeply over night, thought proper to jump overboard in one of the narrow rivers. The steamer was stopped, and a boat was about to be lowered to pick Martin up; but an enormous crocodile (a *mugar*) glided from the bank, and took his victim to the bottom, in the presence of all on board the vessel. Many of the ladies, passengers on board, shrieked loudly on beholding this horrid scene, which cast a gloom over the little society for a brief while; but I regret to say, that Martin's melancholy end had not that serious effect upon his friends which might have been looked for. In a few days we arrived at Comercolly, where I received a letter from his widow, who wished me to inform her whether the report of her husband's death were true or not, as she had an offer of marriage she would like to accept.

The voyage to Allahabad—the terminus of steam navigation in the Ganges—was, from beginning to end, a chapter of accidents. One of the compositors severely injured his right hand, and it was doubtful whether he would be able to use it. Two of the distributors were attacked by ophthalmia, a complaint which, in India, often makes the patient's eyes weak for the remainder of his life. One of the pressmen was seized with acute rheumatism in the back and loins; and the foreman had the misfortune to take a very bad fever, which it was feared would terminate fatally. I had no idea of the awful responsibility I was entailing upon myself, when I undertook the editorial department of the projected bi-weekly paper.

Somehow or other I contrived to land the presses, types, and establishment on the bank of the river, at Allahabad. Here it was necessary to hire carts to convey them to their destination, a distance of four hundred and twenty-seven miles. This was no easy matter; for every cart and pair of bullocks that the Collector and Magistrate could find in his district, had been seized for the service of Government. This was in December, 1845, immediately after the battle of Moodkee. By paying handsomely, however, this difficulty was overcome, and the train was now ready to start, when the printer came to me, and said:

"Sir, I think the hands are going to run away!"

"Why so?" I inquired.

"Because, sir, everybody says the Sikhs will take the country, and they think they would be safer in Calcutta. The only plan would be," he continued, "to give them some more advance, and let them drink hard to keep their spirits up."

I was obliged to follow the printer's advice; but I was rather disgusted to find that he should himself resort to precisely the means of bringing about an artificial courage that he recommended for those in a subordinate position. When I saw them off, they were all very drunk indeed: even the native distributors were in the same dreadful state. The presses and boxes of type were packed in straw in the body of the carts: upon these there were platforms whereon those who *could* sit up, sat, and those who could not, lay down. The red night-caps gave the group a very sanguinary appearance, and to hear the wearers of them talk—now that they were warmed with drink—a bystander might have imagined that they were carrying up a brace of infernal machines to the seat of war, which would very soon settle that important business. Their appearance was not particularly formidable, but in point of frightfulness I never beheld anything to equal it, except, perhaps, on the stage in a pantomime.

On the 24th February, 1846, the artillery,

in the straw, entered the premises engaged at Meerut. A gentle voice, the voice of one who was the companion of my serious but amusing difficulties, whispered in my ear, "It was thus Napoleon conveyed his ordnance to the field of Marengo." The carts had been upset several times upon the road, for the excited "devils" had insisted on driving the bullocks—but fortunately no damage had been done to the machinery. The box in which the long primer was packed in Calcutta had started a plank, and a vast number of letters had leaked out; "capital H upper case" was very imperfect; and unfortunately it was a letter which would be in great demand—inasmuch as Lord Hardinge was the governor-general. As the printer very truly remarked, in handing me a proof, "If his name had been Ardinge it would have been all right, sir."

The first number of the paper was to come out on the fourth of March, and on the first of the month the printer came to me with a long face and asked what we were to do about an imposing-stone—a table on which the pages of letter are laid, to be finally adjusted. "What with dummy advertisements and reprints," said he, "I have got enough matter to fill the two outer pages, but where is the imposing-stone to come from?" There was not such a thing in Meerut, and it would take at least a week to get one from Delhi. Search was made, but no slab without a flaw, and with an even surface, could be found in either the city or the cantonment. A horrible idea suggested itself to my printer. "If we could get a tombstone out of the churchyard," said he, "it would be just the very thing, and there's some very nice ones there, sir; I have been looking over them." He instanced several that would suit, and he spoke with a levity of manner, which was both irreverent and disgusting. He hinted, too, that he could manage it; but I was not sufficiently hardened to encourage him in the crime of which he was so ready to be guilty. He observed that there was a stone over a Colonel Webster, in a corner of the yard, which would answer our purpose exactly; and, as the tomb was all gone to rack and ruin, he didn't suppose anybody would miss or make a noise about it. In justice to the man, I must own that he was rather the worse for drink, when this sacrilegious disposition stole over him.

Although I was not inclined to be a party to robbing the churchyard, nevertheless I took the hint, and sent for the old man who supplied tombstones, and he furnished me with an article (not a second-hand one) which answered admirably the purpose for the time being. It was a rude, uncouth slab, but it cost me fifteen pounds, besides a gold mohur—one pound twelve shillings—to give it something like a smooth face.

The third of the month—the day of publication—came, that anxious day preceding the day of issue. My leaders were written, my local intelligence, my correspondence, my literature, poetry, were ready—when the printer came to me, and said, "How are we to manage about the inking rollers?—there's no glue to be got here, sir. We must use the old style of ink-balls, and these Calcutta men say they don't understand 'em."

I was fairly wearied out with the obstacles which appeared to thicken around me, the nearer we came to striking off our first impression. It was of no use to be angry, and I was compelled to superintend the making of these ink-balls, which consisted of a kid's skin stuffed with coarse wool.

The pages were upon the imposing-stone. They were locked up in the chases. The pressman lifted the form, and was carrying it with the assistance of an ink man, to the press, when he stumbled and fell; and the whole became a mass of confusion, technically denominated "pie." Eight columns of matter were mingled together in inexplicable confusion—like the columns of the French army at the battle of Waterloo—and with precisely the same sort of feelings that came over Napoleon on that occasion, I rushed from the office to my house in a state of agony and despair which it would be utterly impossible to describe. It was twelve o'clock at night when this awful catastrophe happened. What were Franklin's difficulties compared to mine! Nothing! And yet I could not help laughing; although my eyes were bloodshot with watching the getting out of the paper from daylight until midnight.

The printer made his appearance, and said, "It's a very bad job, sir; but if you were to treat the hands to a couple of bottles of brandy, they would stay and set it all up again. Give me the bottles of brandy, sir, and go to bed, sir, and you shall see the paper to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, sir. Your presence in the office makes us all nervous, sir."

I sighed, mechanically gave him the liquor he required—for himself as well as the "hands"—threw myself upon a couch, and soon fell fast asleep. True enough! there was the paper next morning. It contained numberless errors of the Press; but still it was a very decent production.

There was less difficulty in getting out the second number, and even less with the third. The paper "took" and was taken. Its exchequer flourished; and, before long, I had no sort of trouble; for I had the first foreman and the best establishment in all India.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*" —SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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HOW TO KILL LABOURERS.

A LABOURER? We are all labourers,

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

—well, a Wiltshire farm-labourer died not many weeks ago, bowed down with toil, decrepit and rheumatic, at the age of fifty-five. During the last thirty-three years of his life there had been added to the bodily work proper, to the toiling out of his particular cocoon, an unnecessary walk of eighty-two thousand, three hundred, and sixty-eight miles. If he had walked straight on, instead of to and fro, from home to work and from work home again, and if there had been a pavement laid down for him on the surface of the sea, this man could have walked three times round the world, and made a trip to the North Pole and back, out of the waste exertion added to his daily work upon a farm with hand and foot and body.

Why then did this absurd man make a victim of himself by fixing his home at so great a distance from his place of labour? The man was not at all absurd. He was the victim of absurdity—intended to be shrewdness—in other men. There are certain laws upon a matter that sounds very unattractive: Settlement and Poor Removal. There are certain tactics consequent upon those laws, and there are a great many miserable consequences of those tactics which depress the condition not only of the labourer, but of the working farmer also, which by no means contribute profit to the landlord-interest, and very seriously tend to retard the progress of the country. They belong to a part of our glorious institutions that will have, at a convenient season, to follow some of their glorious predecessors to the limbo of obsolete folly and selfishness.

Agricultural labour does not, as it is commonly conducted, occupy at all seasons of the year the same number of hands. Labourers formerly eked out their scanty subsistence by work on lace pillows, at spinning-wheels, at looms, or otherwise by undertaking simple cottage manufactures for which there now is no demand. Manchester, Leeds, and Nottingham have altered all that; and now, men and women out of employ must be maintained by the parish in which they have a legal settlement, that is to say, in which they have been born, in which they fall sick, or in which they may have lived five years. It becomes therefore an object with the rural parish of A, in which a few rich men would have to maintain all the poor settled among them, to prevent people likely to require such maintenance—even their own labourers—from acquiring a settlement among them; and so by refusing to build labourers' cottages, such a parish will compel the men who work for it to pitch their tents with the distant parishioners of B.

Many landlords believe that a small poor-rate enables them to command a higher rent, and therefore refuse to build for the farm-labourers, that no one additional person may acquire a settlement within their parish. The tenant-farmer in such a case pays, perhaps, in rent what is saved in poor-rate, but suffers grievously by inability to make free use of labour. That is a brief statement of one part of the case. The Wiltshire farm-labourer of whose death we have spoken is only one man among many whose strength and health have for some time been wasted in precisely the same way. We should not care to specify his case if there were any individual to blame in the matter; but as the story is connected with a Charity which we know by experience to be thick-skinned, a Charity that, in a very ugly sense, covers a multitude of sins, there can be no reason why we should not add it to the corresponding narratives on record.

The Charterhouse Charity has excellent estates in Wiltshire, and in gathering the produce of them it would seem to be very careful that no crumbs shall fall among the poor. The farm of Blagrove, in Wiltshire, held under the Charterhouse Charity, is thus kept clear of cottages. The tenant is a man greatly respected by his neighbours, whose men are nearly all old servants, and regard him as a friend from whom they would unwillingly be parted; but the Charity will not have mercy upon them by relaxing from its principle of ordering the poor to keep their distance. It was to this farm that a labourer, named Embling, went daily to and fro in all seasons and weather for three-and-thirty years, three miles to his work and three miles from it. Sunday was not a day of rest, he went over

to milking on the Sunday morning, returned to his family during the day for a taste of home, a shave, and a clean shirt, and went back to the afternoon milking; so that he walked, in addition to his farm work, forty-eight miles a week—about two thousand five hundred miles a year.

During the recent wet weather he had to wade through the water over his half-boots, and being drenched with rain last Christmas, already stooping and infirm with premature old age, he took a chill, and is now dead. The sedentary man may walk to business through London streets, starting at nine A. M., or even eight, put on his overcoat, or take an omnibus only in foulest weather, and be better for the exercise, even though it should amount to about fifty miles a week. But for the man whose business is a long day of limb-labour, to start before the dawn, and to take such added exercise over rough country roads, morning and evening, through flood, heat, or frost, with never a hope of omnibus, or overcoat, or even Sunday rest, is quite a different affair. How little of the charm of rural life can touch the jaded senses of a countryman so worn and used up for the sake of saving parish A the cost of any possible relief he may require, and throwing the same upon parish B! Such a man when he gets home of a night goes straight to bed, and quits his family at dawn, taking his solitary dinner with him; he is in worse condition than the plough-horse, who is not fetched every morning to his work from stables three miles off, he knows less of a domestic circle than the ox whom he sees daily

> "Leaning his horns into the neighbour's field
> And lowing to his fellows."

We are not putting forward any rare or isolated case; and, before we found any remarks upon these matters, or endeavour to point out how inconsistent with good economic policy as well as with true charity, are all such ties upon the labour-market as we find to have been fastened by the laws affecting Settlement and Poor Removal, let us take a few more illustrations of the facts as they now stand. Parliamentary reports are before us in which it is shown that the effect of this crowding of the labourers upon their neighbours by the holders of close parishes is, that hundreds upon hundreds of men are compelled to live at distances varying between one or two, and even eight miles, from the fields in which they work. From the adjacent country, field labourers are especially liable to be forced back for residence and settlement upon the towns. Some examples of this in the case of Reading are cited at length in a report addressed by Mr. G. A. à Beckett to the Poor Law Board. We give the pith of two or three of them, altering the names of men, not facts.

Charles Weary has a wife and five young children. They can obtain no home in their own parish, and are compelled to live in Reading, where they pay two shillings a week for three small rooms in Bank Place, among dirt, and filth, and noise. For the same rent a cottage in the country could be provided, with comfortable accommodations, and a garden. Charles Weary starts out of his filthy home at half-past four or five in the morning, and walks three miles to his work; his wife often goes the same distance to earn eightpence a day. Charles comes home so tired, that as his wife says "when he sits down, he hardly knows how to get up." He is almost as tired in the morning as at night, and his wife when she goes to labour feels in the same way the want of rest. Their children—who must be left in the court—become dirty and depraved.

But what is to be done? An owner of a close parish making his own statement puts the case of the whole class of the Wearies as he sees it, very candidly. In such parishes, he writes, "great care has been taken for many years not to make a settlement, indeed I have known instances in which the leases of the farms have contained a covenant of penalty for any settlement which the tenant might occasion by harbouring labourers; and in these parishes, old cottages have in many instances been destroyed; the farm-servants being obliged to go into the large villages and towns to hire habitations, built by speculators charging exorbitant rents. Some of my own labourers in hay and harvest time, as late as ten o'clock at night, set off to walk nearly three miles home to their supper and bed, when they must be again at work by five o'clock on the following morning. But I am deterred from building cottages for their accommodation, because if I require a man to remove (*i. e.*, dismiss him) from any cause, I should perhaps be burthened by the parish with his maintenance, and that under circumstances more objectionable than mere expense; or I should be compelled to have an order of removal, probably involving me in a lawsuit." As the law of settlement now stands those last considerations are quite true, although we do not think the refusal to build cottages, economically speaking, to be at all an unimpeachable deduction from them.

Then here is another illustration of the system. Richard Worn has a wife and three children. He also walks three miles to his work. He used to live at Caversham, but was obliged to leave that place because he could get no house, though he had worked there under different masters for twenty-four years. The walking, he says, fatigues him. When he gets wet, "his clothes dry on him and make him shiver." His wife says that the distance makes a difference of two shillings a week in the expense of living. The man when he comes home is oppressed by the foul air that surrounds his dwelling, and says that "Reading don't suit country people at all." He has known Caversham all his

life, and remembers several cottages having been pulled down "some on Caversham Hill, two against the stocks, two in the meadow and dairy farm." He thinks that there must have been at least twenty labourers' cottages pulled down: the house in which he was born among the number.

George Ground was found with a wife and five children "huddled together in a kind of pit formed by a hole in the floor of their apartment at least two feet down below the door, and caused by the bricks having been torn up from the centre. A more deplorable scene," says the report, "can scarcely be imagined than this wretched family, literally half-buried alive in the ground, and taking a scanty meal in the midst of dirt, damp, and misery." George Ground had been working, when he was thus encountered, at a place seven or eight miles distant from Reading. His place of work is commonly three or four, and often seven miles from his domestic den. George Ground could tell of nineteen or twenty labourers' cottages that had been pulled down, at Caversham: but knew only of four that had been put up.

Inquiry being made at Caversham into the history of these four cottages, it was found that they had been built by a deceased gentleman, to be let at two shillings a week, the very sum paid for the filthy rooms in town. Each of these two-shilling cottages had two very good rooms on the ground-floor and two above, all light, lofty, and well ventilated. In each cottage the front room on the ground floor had a dresser and cupboards; the back room a copper and kitchen furniture, while in every room there was a fire-place. In the front of each cottage was a garden-plot with neat iron-railings round it, and attached to each, at the back, was a quarter of an acre of ground. The founder of these homes would have built more, but his neighbours found fault with him for bringing poor into the parish.

James Toil is an elderly man afflicted with a disease which makes walking a pain to him; yet he has to walk to his work four miles a day and comes home so exhausted that he goes at once to bed. He can get no house in his own parish of Caversham. Seventeen or eighteen years ago, his daughter being on the point of making him a grandfather, he was told that he must either turn her out or go himself, because the birth of a child would bring another settlement upon the parish. Rather than turn their child out of doors, father and mother went to Reading. The house in which the Toils lived, when at Caversham, has been pulled down.

Trickery is constantly employed to obtain the shifting of the burden of the poor from one parish to another. A man named Povey, belonging to Earley, lived in Reading:—"Having had the misfortune to break his leg, he could not walk so far as Earley, and he was therefore compelled to go with his family into the workhouse. After he had been there some little time, it was intimated to him that it was not agreeable to the guardians that he should continue a burden to his parish; and it was suggested to him that if he would go and find a house at Reading, his parish would pay his rent, and give him some assistance besides. He accordingly came to Reading, took a house, the rent of which was paid for him by Mr. Park, the relieving officer of Povey's parish, and sixteen pounds of bread with a shilling a week, were allowed in addition towards his support. Anxious to test the truth of Povey's statement as to his rent having been paid for him by the relieving officer of another Union, I ascertained," says Mr. à Beckett, "who had been the agent for receiving the rent, and found that the last person who had done so, was a Mr. Brown, a carpenter and the keeper of a grocer's or general shop in Silver Street, Reading. I called there, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who testified to the truth of Povey's statement; and Mr. Brown added that when the Five Years' Residence act came into operation, the relieving officer of his parish declined paying any more rent for Povey, on the ground that the new law had thrown him upon Reading."

Between half-past three and five in the morning, numbers of country labourers may be met on any of the roads out of the town of Reading, going to their farm-work; while in the adjacent county one instance is mentioned of a tenant who gave up his farm after the first seven years, because the landlord would not allow cottages upon the land for the accommodation of the labourers. A man living at Bobbingworth, and belonging to High Ongar, had a large family. The farm on which he lived was let, and his cottage was wanted. He could not get another. He was obliged to transfer his entire household to the workhouse, from which he or his wife were continually going out in search of a roof to lie under. They could give security for the rent, and they would have work; but nobody would let a cottage to them because they had a large family, and in case of illness, might have become burdensome upon the parish in which they were allowed to fix their residence.

Again, the chairman of the Billericay Union stated at the board that, because five years residence settles a man irremovably, he had seen several instances of the poor being unceremoniously turned out of house and home after three, four or four and a half year's occupation. Employers of labour complain of the loss they suffer from the wasted strength of labourers who travel sometimes five miles to and from their work; other parishes complain of the injustice they endure in having to provide for men in their distress whose labour when they are in health profits them nothing. But it is no question of sense or justice, no question of reducing poverty, but a question of tossing about responsibilities which should be

assumed willingly and shared in fair proportion among all men who have ability to bear them.

The vice-chairman of the Witham Union mentioned a friend of his in Cambridge, who having a quantity of land in one parish and a strip in a parish adjoining, had pulled down his cottages on his large estate and rebuilt them on his small one, so that his labourers might be removed out of the place in which he would himself have to contribute much to their relief in seasons of distress, to a parish to which his contributions were nominal. "In the Stowmarket Union," writes a resident landowner, "I know a parish owned by one man requiring forty or fifty labourers; it contains cottages only for six or seven. The adjoining parishes bear this landowner's burdens." A guardian of the Woodbridge Union mentioned that on his way to the Board he had passed through one street in Woodbridge, containing twenty-five cottages, seventeen of which were occupied by families not working in the place or belonging to it, but chargeable in case of sickness or accident, or by five years' residence. He spoke also of a parish of Boulge, all of whose paupers would be chargeable to Woodbridge in event of illness, there being only two cottages in Boulge, although it is a parish yielding the same rental as Little Bealings, in which there are more than three hundred inhabitants.

These scattered facts are of a kind not to be misunderstood; but we add more. After a tour of inspection in Dorsetshire, Hampshire and Somersetshire, Mr. Revans reported to the Poor Law Board that "a perpetual surveillance in small town parishes is now kept over the working-classes by the ratepayers to prevent the former becoming irremovable. The moment it is supposed that a labouring man is likely to complete a residence of five years, every endeavour is made to induce him to reside out of the parish, even for a short time. He is offered a residence rent-free, in another parish, for a short period, and if this or some other stratagem is not sufficient, the ratepayers apply to his landlord, by whom he is induced to go elsewhere, whilst his dwelling or his lodging is repaired, whitewashed and painted, or he has permanent notice to quit his dwelling, the rest of the ratepayers refusing him a lodging during the short period requisite to break the continuous five years." As a last instance we may quote the case of a gentleman at Maple Durham who brought an action against a tenant occupying a mill on his estate to recover two penalties of fifty pounds each for having, contrary to a clause in the lease, made two parishioners by lodging labourers who had been brought from other parishes. This case was mentioned by Mr. Chadwick before a select committee of the House of Commons.

Where parishes do not belong to a few owners, and it is impossible to make them close, they contain a certain number of labourers who have a settlement; and who, when not supplied with work by the parishioners, must be maintained out of the local rates. In that case it is the object of the ratepayers to give all their work to these people, and the farmer who employs strangers, or fails to employ a full complement of parish labourers is considered by his watchful neighbours to be acting like a pickpocket. The labourers abstain from straying into other parishes wherein they will be looked upon as locusts; they maintain their settlement at home, and know quite well that if Farmer Jones can find no work for them, Farmer Smith will, or Farmer Brown must; or else Farmers Brown, Smith, and Jones must contribute jointly to their maintenance. They are set to waste-work very often to keep them off the rates; and, having no spur to exertion, work listlessly with their jackets on; for, of course, a minimum of wages. A Buckinghamshire farmer stated before a committee of the House of Lords, when speaking of those of his men who had been enticed away for a time to active labour upon railway works, "Men of that description working against my own men, as parish men, would do a day's work by twelve o'clock, and take their spade on their shoulder and go home; and they would have done as good a day's work as my ordinary labourers do." The parish labourer has not a motive to exertion; and the farmer thinks that he has no interest in urging him to rapid movements, since it appears better that he should spread his work over a long time than be idle for a day and a burthen to the local rates. Low-priced labour is, in fact, woefully dear. A market-gardener near Leicester made an exceedingly large fortune. It was an aphorism with him that "he could not live by poor two-shilling men, he must have half-crowners." His sons carried on the farms on the same principle. One of them said, emphatically, "We will not look at those poor two-shilling devils, we cannot thrive upon their labour." Mr. Josiah Parkes, conducting agricultural drainage works in Somersetshire, said that he could not get on at all with the nine and ten shilling labouring men, until he got them to earn half as much again by piece-work; then they became capital workmen. The owner of a farm in Middlesex of five hundred acres worked it with parish labourers at eighteenpence a day and a pint of porter. He failed. His successor worked it as a potato farm and paid for piece-work. Some of his best hands earned twenty and twenty-four shillings a week, and he himself made out of the farm before he died two thousand a year. A man in the Lothians wished to come further south for his health. He went into Hertfordshire and Wiltshire. He desired to embark fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in farming, but when he saw the value of the parish workmen, and found how he was beset by difficulties if

he attempted to bring others, he declined to risk his capital.

Mr. Tufnell mentions a man, more adventurous, who took a farm in Wiltshire upon liberal terms, and to the dismay of all neighbours, brought his own ploughman and two or three of his best hands with him. "You are bringing burdens upon us!" cried the farmers. "We have already more labour than we know how to employ." The gentleman persisted. In the winter his neighbours, as usual, turned off several men; the newcomer engaged them at once—they were all wanted for draining, fencing, and other works essential to a well-conducted farm. In the spring the men were wanted back by their old masters, but they were permanently engaged, and the surrounding farmers were themselves compelled to seek for labourers out of the limits of the parish. Industry never begets want of occupation.

In fact, there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that active minds and active bodies set to labour upon land will quickly get through all the work there is to do upon it. Every improvement in agriculture, every new machine, improves the condition of the farm labourer. Wherever improved modes of cultivation and machinery have been introduced, there has been increased demand for labour; and the work wanted being of a kind more or less skilled, commands better wages. At the same time that a machine relieves the workmen of much physical drudgery, it creates a demand for higher qualities—for intelligence and trustworthiness in those who are to manage it. It lifts the labourers, so far as its operation extends, out of the state of unreasoning drudgery, brings out their better faculties, and procures for them that better pay which men can earn whose heads are something better than dead-weight. Agricultural machinery affords men work in winter time; work under sheds in wet weather; work when their bodily strength fails by sickness or increasing years. Machinery often creates a necessity for more men in a direct way. One man can sow broadcast as much as a drill. But the drill requires two men to attend upon it, one earning half-a-crown a day, the other two shillings, and after that the hoe has to be handled. Machinery, increasing profit, will increase the extent of farming operations. But whatever adds to the farmer's capital will add to the fund at his command payable in wages, and a general desire to get good workmen, strong of hand or steady of head—whenever there shall be free-trade in farm labour—will help very considerably to put an end to the scandal of low wages which is now inseparable from the condition of our southern counties. A gentleman occupying a farm which has been in his family since the year 1772, has shown by figures the increased demand for labour caused by the increase of enlightenment among the farmers. This is his "return of the amount of labour per acre on a farm in West Norfolk, where machinery is freely employed, showing the gradual increase of manual labour caused by improved cultivation, &c., from 1772 to 1845." The average, per acre, for the thirteen years ending 1785, was six shillings and ninepence; for the next five years, seven shillings and twopence; for the next five, a shilling more; for the next five, eleven shillings. For the five years ending in 1810, nineteen shillings and sixpence. For the five years ending in 1820, twenty-three shillings and ninepence. For the five years ending in 1830, twenty-four shillings; and for the five years ending in 1845, one pound nine shillings and threepence. The increase of machinery and every improvement of cultivation is, therefore, a source of direct gain to the labourer.

But improvements upon farms employing only the listless men settled upon the parish, or the weary men who spend an average of ten or eleven hours a week (more than the worth of a day's labour) in coming to and from their work, will be effected very slowly. What would the Manchester men say if their towns were subdivided into a number of small parishes, and the manufacturers within those parishes were obliged to ask every artisan before employing him, "To what parish do you belong?" Mr. Chadwick asked for the opinion on this point of several manufacturers, always, of course, with the same obvious reply. Mr. Whitworth, who employed upwards of five hundred men in machine-making, said, that if he had to put the question which the agriculturist has to put before he engages a workman, "To what parish do you belong?" or were governed by any such consideration, he must reduce wages: and he treated it rather as an absurd supposition, that they could conduct their operations at all under any such interference or such obligations. Compare the case of the farm labourer, whose strength is thrown away on long walks to and from his place of work, with the position of the labourers in Mr. Whitworth's factory, who are hoisted up and down by a steam-engine, to save them the waste toil of going up and down the stairs. Two or three thousand pounds, perhaps, are spent upon machinery to supersede the ladders in a pit shaft. "You are a humane man, mine owner," we say. "I consult only my interest," he answers; "by thus lifting the men up and down I save in labour six or eight hundred pounds a year."

In some parts of England, in great part of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham, and among the fields of Yorkshire, the farmers do establish a free labour-market; they get the sort of men they want and pay them well. But over the whole country there is a scarcity of proper cottage accommodation caused by the present laws of settlement; and over the best part of England there is established by the same laws a system of restricted, enervated labour, that keeps wages down and cramps

the powers of the farmer. In agriculture, as in manufactures, there can be no full prosperity without an open labour-market. To obtain this, it is necessary to remove the motive for those detestable petty calculations which are now made in every little parish when a settler comes, who may one day be chargeable upon its rates. Let the wants of a settler not affect the rates of a village, or of a few farms, not of a parish, but of an entire Union, or of more than an Union; extend the area over which charge is made for the poor who require help within it; and then at once the coming or going of men in single villages or upon single farms will cease to affect the tranquillity of ratepayers. Over the whole area it will be then felt that if some come, others go; there will be little fluctuation in the yearly rates, and nobody will think of fettering the movements of the people. Labourers in the south may wander northward; men of the north come southward; farmers may then employ the best men they can find, unquestioned by their neighbours. Then too the farmers, getting the men that please them best and paying them for what they do, may stimulate them to put forth their energies, and teach them to earn fifteen shillings where they now earn ten.

Other wants and restrictions no doubt clog the feet of labourer and farmer. Men, however, who have been tied up with many knots must consent, if they would break loose, to tug on one cord at a time; or, if they would untie themselves, to tackle the knots singly. The hardships we have cited here, are of a shameful kind—would not look at all well in the fair hands of the Honorable Mrs. Ex-President Tyler—are very wrong, and, like most wrong things, very foolish.

THE KINGDOM OF RECONCILED IMPOSSIBILITIES.

There is a kingdom whose boundaries are within the reach of every man's hand, on whose frontiers no heavier entrance-tribute or import-duty is exacted save that comprised in the payment of two-score inflections of the eyelids—or forty winks; a kingdom into which the majority of humanity travel at least once in every twenty-four hours; though the exact time—the precise moment—at which that voyage is commenced is, and never has been, known to any man alive. Whether we are transported by some invisible agency—on the wings of spirits or in the arms of genii—whether we go to the kingdom, or the kingdom comes to us, we cannot tell. Why or how or when we came there we know not; yet, almost invariably, when the tribute of the forty inflections has been duly paid, we find ourselves wandering in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities.

Locomotion in this kingdom is astonishingly rapid: we run without moving and fly without wings. Time and space are counted zeros; countries are skipped at a bound; continen and oceans are traversed without an effo We are here, there, and everywhere. Gre headed men, we are little boys at schoo breaking windows and dreading the vind catory cane. Married and settled, we a struggling through the quickset hedges of o first love. Crippled, we race and leap; blin we see. Unlearned, we discourse in stran tongues and decipher the most intricate hieroglyphics. Unmusical, we play th fiddle like Paganini. We pluck fruit fro every branch of the tree of knowledge; th keys of every science hang in a careless bund at our girdle; we are amenable to no law money is of no account; Jack is as good as h master; introductions are not required f entrance into polite society; the most glarin impossibilities are incessantly admitted, take for granted and reconciled. Whence the nam of this kingdom.

Much more wondrous and full of marvels it than the famed land of Cockaigne, than th country of Prester John, than the ground o Tom Tidler (whose occupation is now gon in consequence of the discovery of riv grounds in California and Australia), tha Raleigh's Dorado, than the Arcadia of Sir phon and Corydon, Celia and Sacharissa than the fearful country where there are me

> "—— whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

than even the mirabolant land that Jack saw when he had gotten to the top of the bean stalk. The only territorial kingdom that can compare it to is one—and even th duration of *that* one is fleeting and evanescent, appearing only for a season, like specks upon the sun or the floating islands in Windermere —visible and to be travelled in from the end of December till the end of the following February, called the Kingdom of Pantomime. This kingdom, which, at other seasons of the year, is as rigorously barred and closed against strangers as China or Japan or the Stock Exchange, offers many points of resemblance to the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities. There is a voyager therein, one Clown, who, with Pantaloon his friend and dupe and scapegoat, dances about the streets, insults and beats respectable shopkeepers, swindles and robs ready furnished lodgings, leers at virtuous matrons, commits burglaries and larcenies in the broad day (or lamp) light, and perpetrates child-murders by the dozen, yet goes "unwhipp'd of justice": nay, he and his confederate are rewarded, at last, by an ovation of fireworks and revolving stars; as are also Harlequin, a lewd fellow in a spangled jerkin and hose, and a dancing girl they call Columbine; who together play such fantastic tricks before the footlights as make the gallery roar —such tricks as would be tolerated nowhere but in a Kingdom of Impossibilities. For in all other kingdoms, theft of fish or sausage —were it even the smallest gudgeon or the

most infinitesimal saveloy—is three months at least, and robbery in a dwelling-house is felony; and to force a respectable white-bearded man with a crutch stick and an impediment in his speech to cast involuntary sommersaults, and to make him sit down oftener on a hard surface than he wishes, is an assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; and the cutting up, mutilating, smothering, or thrusting into a letter-box of a baby is Murder.

In all other kingdoms, likewise, as we are well aware, vice is always vanquished and virtue rewarded ultimately; but in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities, as well as in that of pantomime, nothing of the kind takes place. In this former one, innocent, we are frequently condemned to death, or to excruciating tortures. Masters, we are slaves; wronged and oppressed, we are always in the wrong and the oppressors. Though in the every day kingdom we are perhaps wealthy, at least in easy circumstances, we are in the Realms of Impossibility perpetually in difficulties. Moments of inexpressible anguish we pass, from the want of some particular object or the non-remembrance of some particular word: though what the object or the word, we never have and never had the remotest idea. Spectres of duties omitted, ghosts of offences committed, sit at banquets with us; and, under circumstances of the greatest apparent gaiety and joviality, we are nearly always in sore perturbation of mind and vexation of spirit.

The kingdom, indeed, is full of tribulations, impossible yet poignant. Frequently, when we attempt to sing, our voice dies away in an inarticulate murmur or a guttural gasp. If we strive to run, our legs fail under us; if we nerve our arm to strike, some malicious power paralyses our muscles, and the gladiator's fist falls as lightly as a feather; yet, powerless as we are, and unable to beat the knave who has wronged us, we are ourselves continually getting punched on the head, beaten with staves, gashed with swords and knives. Curiously, though much blood flows, and we raise hideous lamentations, we do not suffer much from these hurts. Frequently we are killed—shot dead—decapitated; yet we walk and talk shortly afterwards, as Saint Denis is reported to have done. Innumerable as the sands of the sea, are the disappointments we have to endure in the Kingdom of Impossibilities. Get up as early as we may, we are sure to miss the train; the steamboat always sails without us. If we have a cheque to get cashed, the iron-ribbed shutters of the bank are always up, when our cab drives to the door, and somebody near us always says, without being asked, "Stopped payment!" All boats, vehicles, beasts of burden and other animals, behave in a similar tantalising and disappointing manner; tall horses that we drive or ride, change unaccountably into little dogs, boats split in the middle, coaches rock up and down like ships. We walk for miles without advancing a step; we write for hours without getting to the end of a page; we are continually beginning and never finishing, trying and never achieving, searching and never finding, knocking and not being admitted.

The Kingdom of Impossibilities must be the home of Ixion and the Danaïdes and Sysiphus, and peculiarly of Tantalus. The number of tubs we are constantly filling, and which are never full; and the quantity of stones, which, as soon as we have rolled them to the top of a hill, roll down again; are sufficiently astonishing; but it is in a tantalising point of view that the kingdom is chiefly remarkable. We are for ever bidden to rich banquets—not Barmecide feasts, for the smoking viands and generous wines are palpable to sight and touch. But, no sooner are our legs comfortably under the mahogany, than a something far more teasing and vexatious than the ebony wand of Sancho's physician, sends the meats away untasted, the wines unquaffed, changes the *venue* to a kingdom of realities. Dear me! When I think of the innumerable gratuitous dinners I have sat down to in the Land of Impossibilities; of the countless eleemosynary spreads to which, with never a *sous* in my pocket, I have been made welcome; of the real turtle, truffled turkeys, Strasburgh pies, and odoriferous pineapples, that have tempted my appetite; and of the unhandsome manner in which I have been denied the enjoyment of the first spoonful of soup, and of the rude and cavalier process by which I have been summarily transported to a kingdom where I am usually expected to pay for my dinner—when I think of these things I could weep.

Sometimes, though rarely, the rulers of the Impossible kingdom will permit you to drink—provided always that you have tumbled (which is exactly your mode of entrance) into their domains in a desperately parched and thirsty condition. Cold water is the general beverage provided, and you are liberally allowed to drink without cessation—to empty water-jugs, pitchers, decanters, buckets, if you choose. I have known men who have sucked a pump for days, nay, have lapped gigantic quantities of the Falls of Niagara; but the Impossible king has mingled one cruel and malicious condition with his largesse. You may drink as much as you like, but you must never quench your thirst, and you must always wake—tumble out of the kingdom, I mean—more thirsty than you were before.

Travelling in this strange country is mostly accomplished in the night season—"in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men." It is when the kingdom of Life is hushed and quiescent, when the streets are silent, and there are none abroad but the watchers and the houseless, that the Kingdom of Impossibilities wakes up in full noise, and bustle, and

activity. Yet betimes we are favoured with a passport for this kingdom in the broad-day season—in the fierce summer heat, when we retire to cool rooms, there to pay the tribute of forty winks to the Monarch of the Impossible: when, as we travel, we can half discern the green summer leaves waving through our translucent eyelids can hear the murmuring of fountains and the singing of birds in the kingdom we have come from. Very pleasant are these day voyages, especially when we can drowsily hear the laughter of children playing on a lawn outside.

The Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities is a land of unfulfilled promises, of broken engagements, of trees for ever blossoming but never bearing fruit, of jumbles of commencements with never a termination among them, of prefaces without finises, of dramas never played out. The unities are not observed in this kingdom. There are a great many prologues, but no epilogues. It is all as it should not and cannot be. It snows in July, and the dog-days are in January. Men sneeze with their feet and see with their thumbs, like Gargantua. The literature of the country consists of tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The houses are all built without foundations; they are baseless fabrics, which, vanishing, leave not a wreck behind. Everything in the kingdom is impossible.

Impossible, yet reconciled. In no other land, certainly, are we so convinced of the truth of the axiom, that "whatever is, is right." Against our knowledge, feelings, experience, and convictions, against all evidence oral or oracular, against truth, justice, reason, or possibility, we smilingly confess that black is white, that clouds are whales, that the moon is cheese. We know our brother to be our brother, yet without difficulty or reluctance we admit him to be Captain Cook. With a full knowledge that what we are doing can't be, we are pleasantly convinced that it can be, and that it is, and is right. So we violate all laws of morality, decorum, international justice, honesty, and courtesy, with a comfortable self-consciousness that it is "all right," and that we are wronging no one. Quakers have been known in the kingdom of Impossibilities to lie in wait for men and murder them; nay, to have hidden the bodies afterwards in corn-bins or chemists' bottles. Moral men have eloped with ballet dancers. Bishops have found themselves at the Cider Cellars. Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court have created disturbances at the Casino, and have wrenched off knockers in company with jovial proctors and fast old surrogates about town. There was a cathedral verger once, in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, who refused a fee; there was an Irish member without a grievance; there was a Chancery suit decided to the satisfaction of all parties.

Good men not only become rascals; but rascals turn honest men in this astonishing country. Captain Mac Swindle paid me, only last night, the five pounds he has owed me for fifteen years. I saw the unjust steward render up a faultless account. All is not vexatious and disappointing in the Impossible Kingdom. If it be a kingdom of unfulfilled promises, it is one of accomplished wishes. Sorely pressed for cash in this sublunar kingdom, no sooner are we in the other than the exact sum we wished for, chinks in golden sovereigns, rustles in crisp notes, mellifluously whispers in papered cheques before our eyes, within our gladsome pockets, or our rejoicing fingers. We shall be able to meet the little bill; streets are no longer stopped up; the tailor shall cringe again; Caroline shall have the velvet mantle trimmed with sable. Hurrah! But alas! the money of the kingdom that never can be, and yet always is and will be, is as treacherous and deceitful as a will-of-the-wisp, or an Eastern mirage; no sooner do we possess it than we have it not. We wake, and the shining sovereigns and the rustling notes have turned into dry leaves, like the money paid by the magician in the Arabian Nights.

If the kingdom (to expatiate further on its advantageous features) be one of tribulations and disappointments, it is also one of great and extended privilege. We are privileged to walk about unwashed, unshaven, and undressed, to clap kings upon the back, to salute princesses if we list, to ride blood horses, to fly higher than the skylark, to visit foreign lands without a Foreign Office passport, the reference of a banking firm, or the necessity of being personally known to the Foreign Secretary. We have the privilege of being a great many people and in a great many places at one and the same time. We have the privilege of living our lives over again, of undoing the wrongs we have done, of re-establishing our old companionship with the dead, and knowing their worth much better than we did before we lost them.

Yes, pre-eminent and radiant stands one privilege, to the enjoyment of which every traveller in the land of Reconciled Impossibilities is entitled. He is privileged to behold the Dead Alive. The King of Terrors has no power in the domains of the Impossible. The dead move, and speak, and laugh, as they were wont to move, and speak, and laugh, in the old days when they were alive, and when we loved them. They have been dead—of course—we know it and they say so—but they are alive now; and, thanks to the irresistible logic of the Impossible kingdom, we slightly question how. These visitors have no grim tales to tell, no secrets of their prison-house to reveal. Here, joyful and mirthful as ever, are the old familiar faces; the life-blood courses warmly through the old friendly hands; dead babies crow and battle valorously in nurses' arms: dead sweethearts smile and blush; dead aunts scold; dead schoolmasters awe;

dead boon companions crack the old jokes, sing the old songs, tell the old stories, till we WAKE into the kingdom of the Possible; and, ah me! the eye turns to a vacant chair, a faded miniature, a lock of soft hair in crumpled tissue paper, a broken toy; while the mind's vision recurs to a green mound, and a half effaced stone.

In the regions of the Impossible there is a population separate, apart, peculiar; possibly nowhere but in a land of impossibilities. Monstrous phantasies in semi-human shape, horrible creations, deformed giants, dwarfs with the heads of beasts; shapeless phantoms, hideous life such as the Ancient Mariner saw on the rotting deep. Such things pursue us through these regions with grinning fangs, and poisonous breath; kneel on our chests; wind their sharp talons in our hair; gnaw at our throats with horrid yells. And, apart from the every day scenes of every day life brought to the *reductio ad absurdum* in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, we tarry betimes in chambers of horrors, in howling deserts, in icy caverns, in lakes of fire, in pits of unutterable darkness. Miserable men are they who are frequent travellers through these districts of the Impossible kingdom. They may say with the guilty Thane,

"——Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy."

If you would leave such countries unexplored, lead virtuous lives, take abundant exercise, be temperate (in the true sense of the word: not choosing in what, but in everything), and take no man's wrong to bed with thee,—no, not for one single night.

GENTLEMEN AND BULLOCKS.

A YOUNG fellow of high connexions, educated at Sandhurst, and having subsequently got his commission in one of the "crack" cavalry regiments (Lancers or Hussars, we decline to say which), became rapidly inaugurated in all the ways of fashionable London life. He cantered in the Parks, lounged about the Clubs; the Opera and Almacks were his, with their songs, and dances, and winning smiles. He hunted, he shot, he raced, he gamed, he drank, and "all that," until one morning his father sent for him. He had been allowed five hundred a year, besides his pay, and he had been living at the rate of five thousand—as near as it could be calculated, What his father said was to this effect: "Arthur, you're going to the devil, and I must stop you. Sell out directly, sir, and leave the country for three years. I'll pay your debts here, and allow you just enough to live. Learn to do something for yourself; and come back in your right senses." So, the young cornet sold his commission and sailed for Australia.

Not intending to go to the Diggings, and hearing that Sydney was a far nicer place to reside in than dust-driving Melbourne ("which nobody *can* deny, deny"), he landed at that place, and after a short stay to recover so long a voyage, he rode up into the bush some hundred miles. He was a pretty good judge of a horse, and had something in his head that way. Horses brought high prices in Melbourne, and if he could get them over land there, it might be "doing something for himself," as his father had recommended.

At East Maitland, about a hundred and fifty miles from Sydney, he chanced to fall in with a young fellow about his own age; and, after what they considered "mature deliberation," the agreed to purchase not horses, but four hundred head of bullocks, engage a bullock-driver to help in the work, and drive them over land to Melbourne. The distance by a direct route, and using roads, would not exceed five or six hundred miles; but, as they would have to go winding and zig-zagging and crossing hills and swamps and fields and creeks in order to find constant food and water for the cattle, the distance would not be far short of nine hundred, or a thousand miles. They purchased the bullocks, engaged a regular bullock driver (the driving of these horned gentry, whether loose or yoked, being a special art, needing considerable practice), and off they started.

Besides the four hundred bullocks, they had nine horses and a dray. Three of the horses they rode, three were attached to the dray, and the remaining three they drove loose in the rear of the bullocks, on the flank, or as they liked to go. The dray was laden with some bags of oats for the horses, provisions for three men, a change of outer clothing, two changes of under clothing, blankets, spare harness, cordage, hobbles, two double-barrelled guns, a rifle, and a few tools—such as wood-axes, knives, a spade, hammer, and nails.

Day after day, through the solitudes of the bush, pleasingly varied at times by miles of bog, or leagues of swamp, amidst which they had to sleep, or get such rest in the night as they could, our two young gentlemen accommodated themselves to studying the uncouth mysteries of "stock-driving;" aiding and assisting their professor elect in all his countless exigencies and requirements. Our cornet, who was the principal proprietor of all these moving horns, was scarcely one-and-twenty, and, moreover, looked still younger than he was. His friend Wentworth was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, and apparently of no great strength. The bullock-driver was a rough, sun-browned, brawny, bearded old colonial and bush-man. He did not conceal his contempt for the capacities of his gentleman companions, nor his opinion of the fate that awaited them. He told them, in his abrupt, gruff, jocular

way, that they'd never see Melbourne. He should bury them both in the bush, and take on the bullocks. They wished him a good market for them on his arrival, and drank his health on the spot in a "nobbler" of brandy from the keg in the dray.

The most exhausting part of the work was the necessity of the "stock" being watched by night, because while many lie down during a long journey, others wander about grazing. Sometimes a few of them stray into a bog or deep swamp, or feel disposed to do so, while others have a special fancy for swimming a creek. The three "drovers" kept watches of two hours duration, in turn.

On one occasion, when it was the bullock-driver's watch, he thought fit, in the greatness of his experience, to consider that it was "all right;" whereupon he rolled himself up in his blanket, and went fast asleep. Some time after, our cornet awoke—saw the watch now lying rolled up—looked about, listened, and became satisfied that a number of bullocks had strayed across the creek, and that more were following them. Finding it impossible to arouse the professional gentleman to any activity, or apparent understanding of the case, he shook Wentworth, and told him what had happened. "What shall we do?" said his friend. "We must swim the creek and go after them," said the cornet. "All right!" answered the other. Up they got, swam the creek—in their clothes, carrying their long boots in their mouths—and went after the bullocks.

The beasts were far ahead, and set off, as soon as they found who were on their track. What with windings and doubles, and some going in one direction, and some in another, the pursuers had to follow the bullocks eighteen miles before they brought them all together (except three, who were lost) back to the creek. Having driven them in, the two amateur drovers were about to follow, when Wentworth said he was too tired to carry his boots over in his teeth, as they filled with water and dragged behind, so he attempted to whirl them over across the creek. They fell short of the bank, and were carried down the stream.

Arrived on the other side, the swimmers rested an hour or two, and then proceeded on their journey. The boggy state of the ground was such that they could scarcely get the dray through it, and continually expected to have to throw everything away of its load excepting the oats, and their little store of provisions. Wentworth could not, therefore, be taken into the dray, and he had to follow barefoot. He did the same all the next day when the ground changed to uneven rocks and stones, and cracks and holes, and his feet were cut and bleeding during twelve hours; but not one word of complaint escaped his lips. The ensuing morning, at daybreak, they "came upon" an old pair of shoes that had been thrown away, and Wentworth was a happy man.

They had now been seven weeks on the road, and soon after the little event of the creek, just recorded, our cornet, who was a masterly horseman, placed himself at the head of the concern: taking the lead on all occasions of difficulty, and continually "ordering cove about," as the bullock-driver morosely complained. Finding his "art" thus distanced and comparatively taken out of his hands, the latter personage announced his intention of immediately withdrawing his services. The cornet said, Well, he could go. All right old boy. Good day! The bullock-driver wanted to be paid. Cornet said he could not easily manage it, as he and Wentworth had only thirteen shillings and sixpence between them at this present. He might take that. The bullock-driver said he couldn't take that. There was no alternative, so he went on, and gradually became more reconciled, and even tried to make himself agreeable.

In this way they journeyed, making as much ground as they could by day, and turning aside towards evening to find pasture for the stock, and such quantity of sleep for themselves, in turn, as the wandering fancies of the beasts would permit. Thus passed days upon days without their meeting a single human being, and sometimes they met not one for weeks. When they did fall in with anybody, it would be a shepherd, or squatter, or stock-keeper, perhaps only seen a mile or two distant; or they would meet a party of the Aborigines. On one occasion seven of them advanced with spears (they are fatal marksmen), but the cornet's rifle was up in a trice. He would in all probability have "potted" the foremost of them, if they had not all instantly scurried into the bush.

They were now in the third month of their journey. Their first suit of clothes had been quite worn out, and flung away, and the remaining suit was in rags. As for the cornet, he was reduced to his shirt-sleeves and half a waistcoat; he had ridden the seat off his corduroys, and the legs hung in shreds and tatters.

One morning, about daybreak, being fast asleep, and having had a hard night's work in riding after stragglers, Cornet Arthur was rather disturbed by a strange voice calling out "I say, young man!" The place where they were, was a shed near a hut belonging to a sheep station, and the cornet being far more comfortable than usual, declined to notice the overture; but the fellow persisted, till the sleeper opened his eyes and yawned at him with no very grateful gesture. This fellow was a butcher on horseback, carrying a long riding whip with a hook at one end. "I say, young man," said he, "where's your master?" Our cornet drowsily remarked that he was pretty well his own master out there, and he fancied these bullocks belonged to him. "Now, you be blowed," said the butcher. Cornet told him he could not be blowed (and wouldn't if he

could, as he saw no reason for it), and turning his back addressed himself again to sleep. "This won't suit me, young man," shouted the butcher, "I tell you I want to bid for some o' they beasts. I want that wide hoop-horn'd 'un—they three red staggy horns—the strawberry snail-horn, and the dirty-black big 'un a-lying down. Get up, can't you. Don't lay there like a precious naked *hape*, but be smart!" So saying the butcher dismounted and began to molest the sleeper in a rude and ridiculous way with the hook end of his whip, using very rough language; whereupon our cornet arose, and "polished him off" in first-rate style, being a fair boxer. The butcher, after a few rounds, deliberately remounted his horse, sat in his saddle looking at his "young man"—then said, "Well, *I'm* blowed!" and rode away.

They had some very cold weather about this time, especially during the nights, and they lost six of their horses, almost entirely from the cold, as they had no means of sheltering them. After this, the remaining three horses being needed for the dray, they followed the drove of bullocks on foot, for nearly a month. The few clothes that had remained to them were torn piecemeal from their bodies in passing through the low scrub and swampy osier beds, till our cornet's sole personal effects were a pair of stocking-legs and a tooth-brush. This latter very useful article had been found loose in the dray, and was displayed as a trophy.

They lost upwards of a hundred bullocks in the bogs and swamps, or by straying away in the night. Following on foot was a great disadvantage, to say nothing of the work. At length they approached a little bush inn, and a burly old brown-bearded fellow, pleasantly drunk, issued forth to meet them, crying out, "My name's Jem Bowles—glasses round!" He made them all have nobblers of brandy, and plenty to eat, and got them some clothes—enough to ride in—and three good bush horses in exchange for bullocks. He made them stay there a day and night at his expense. He had taken a great liking to the cornet. But he often took likings, and habitually treated everybody. "Glasses round!"

Jem Bowles was a great stock-keeper, and well known on the road. It was his habit to "drink his bullocks" on the way to market, and then to return home. He had been known to drink seventy head, in a few days, at one bush inn. Of course he was robbed, as he kept no 'count of the "glasses round" to which he treated everybody all day long. He was now drinking his last ten head of bullocks.

Our cornet and his colleagues being once more horsed, proceeded on their way, uproariously grateful to Jem Bowles, and eventually reached Melbourne, leaving the dray behind them in the bush, where it had at last "given in," wheel and axle. The journey had taken them nearly four months. They had lost, in all, eight horses, and a hundred and three bullocks: the remainder, nevertheless, sold well. After paying all expenses, including everything, our cornet made, as his share, above one hundred pounds profit. Little enough for such labour; but still very good as the first earnings of a "young man." The very same day he met in the street the butcher whose hide he had tanned in the bush; and the butcher touched his hat to him. This is a fragment of Australian life.

CHIPS.

FRESH AIR IN FINSBURY.

We may yet see men with fresh daisies in their mouths and fresh air unexhausted in their lungs walking along Cheapside; for there is great hope of a park within sound of Bow bells: a park so large that visitors need never be requested upon large boards at the entrance not to pluck the daisies. Four hundred and seventy acres can be had for the proposed Albert Park, Finsbury; the present Government cheerfully aids the scheme; the last approved it, and so did the Government before. It was not, however, quite in accordance with the declared principles of one member of the late administration, who suggested that four hundred and seventy acres were too much, and who talked of one hundred and sixty-five. In the names os all the pale-faced needlewomen in the lanef of Clerkenwell, of all tradesmen unable to afford suburban villas, all the sallow clerks and housekeepers, men-servants, and maid-servants, who feed on City pots of mignionette displayed on smoky ledges of back windows, we beg that there may be no stint in the dimensions of the City park. Air cannot be had without space.

> "How bountiful, how wonderful
> Thou art, sweet Air!
> And yet, albeit thine odours lie
> On every gust that mocks the eye,
> We pass the gentle blessing by
> Without a care."

We must do our utmost to send out of town dead bodies, and to bring into town the living turf, trees, flowers, and—sweet air.

Expense ought to be no hindrance. When the notion of the park was first started, there was land to be had for a hundred and fifty pounds an acre, which would now fetch a thousand; for, the site of the park being known, land steadily rises in value. While we wait, therefore, money is wasting, and it must not be grudged.

A wild theory like that mentioned in a former number of this Journal for an establishment which also was to be called an Albert Park, including another Crystal Palace as one of the least parts of the scheme, with colleges, halls, factories, and organs in the air, is of course dissipated instantly and very properly

by the mere sound of the letters *L. s. d.*: and here let us mention that the imaginative projector of that scheme must in no way be identified with Mr. Lloyd, the indefatigable promoter of the Finsbury park.

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

A BANQUET is spread for small and great,
A feast for the world of men;
Where the monarch reclines in purple state,
And the famished within his ken.
The blushing red wine flows freely around,
And tinges the veins of all;
And the same merry notes of sweet music sound
Through the breath of the world-wide hall.

There are infants of days, and the aged in years,
The silver and raven tress;
There are eyes that are swimming deep in tears,
And that sparkle with joyousness.
There are features of beauty and forms of grace,
And smiles like the rays of stars;
And many a scarred and lowering face
Is seamed with hideous scars.

The viands are rich for the favoured few,
And dainties allure their taste;
And the same are spread for the humbler crew,
But for many are spread in waste.
They fatten the first into lusty health,
And lighten their hearts with mirth;
But they poison the blood of the latter by stealth,
And plenty is worse than dearth.

Ye happy ones! how, since my riddle is said,
Can this marvellous difference be?
Ye falteringly tell me, the riddle is read
Of this poisonous revelry.
Ay! life is a banquet that's spread for all,
Of which all must perforce partake;
But its dainties are turned into wormwood and gall,
For the hearts that are heavy and ache.

STOPPED PAYMENT, AT CRANFORD.

WAS the "poor Peter" of Cranford the Aga Jenkyns of Chunderabaddad, or was he not? As somebody says, that was the question.

In my own home, whenever people had nothing else to do, they blamed me for want of discretion. Indiscretion was my bugbear fault. Everybody has a bugbear fault; a sort of standing characteristic—a *pièce de résistance* for their friends to cut at; and in general they cut and came again. I was tired of being called indiscreet and incautious; and I determined for once to prove myself a model of prudence and wisdom. I would not even hint my suspicions respecting the Aga. I would collect evidence and carry it home to lay before my father, as the family friend of the two Miss Jenkyns's. In my search after facts I was often reminded of a description my father had once given of a Ladies' Committee that he had had to preside over. He said he could not help thinking of a passage in Hood, which spoke of chorus in which every man took the tu he knew best, and sang it to his own sati faction.

So, at this charitable committee, eve lady took the subject uppermost in her min and talked about it to her own great conte ment, but not much to the advancement the subject they had met to discuss. B even that committee could have been nothi to the Cranford ladies when I attempted gain some clear and definite information to poor Peter's height, appearance, a when and where he was seen and heard last. For instance, I remember asking M Pole (and I thought the question was ve opportune, for I put it when I met her a call at Mrs. Forrester's, and both the lad had known Peter, and I imagined that th might refresh each other's memories); I ask Miss Pole what was the very last thing th had ever heard about him; and then named the absurd report to which I ha alluded, about his having been elected gr Lama of Thibet; and this was a signal each lady to go off on her separate id Mrs. Forrester's start was made on Veiled Prophet in Lalla Rookh, whethe thought he was meant for the Great La though Peter was not so ugly, indeed rat handsome if he had not been freckled. I w thankful to see her double upon Peter; but, a moment, the delusive lady was off upon Ro land's Kalydor, and the merits of cosmet and hair oils in general, and holding forth fluently that I turned to listen to Miss Po who (through the llamas, the beasts of burd had got to Peruvian bonds, and the Sh Market, and her poor opinion of joint-sto banks in general, and of that one in p ticular in which Miss Matey's money w invested. In vain I put in, "When was it in what year was it that you heard th Mr. Peter was the Great Lama?" Th only joined issue to dispute whether llam were carnivorous animals or not, in whi dispute they were not quite on fair groun as Mrs. Forrester (after they had gro warm and cool again,) acknowledged that s always confused carnivorous and grami vorous together, just as she did horizon and perpendicular; but then she apologis for it very prettily, by saying that in her d the only use people made of four-syllabl words was to teach how they should be sp The only fact I gained from this conversati was that certainly Peter had last been hea of in India, "or that neighbourhood;" a that this scanty intelligence of his whe abouts had reached Cranford in the year wh Miss Pole had brought her India mus gown, long since worn out;—we washed it a mended it, and traced its decline and fall i a window-blind before we could go on;—a in a year when Wombwell came to Cranfo because Miss Matey had wanted to see elephant in order that she might the bet

imagine Peter riding on one; and had seen a boa-constrictor too, which was more than she wished to imagine in her fancy pictures of Peter's locality; and in a year when Miss Jenkyns had learnt some piece of poetry off by heart, and used to say, at all the Cranford parties, how Peter was surveying mankind from China to Peru, which everybody had thought very grand and rather appropriate, because India was between China and Peru, if you took care to turn the globe to the left instead of the right.

I suppose all these inquiries of mine, and the consequent curiosity excited in the minds of my friends, made us blind and deaf to what was going on around us. It seemed to me as if the sun rose and shone, and as if the rain rained on Cranford just as usual, and I did not notice any sign of the times that could be considered as a prognostic of any uncommon event; and to the best of my belief, not only Miss Matey and Mrs. Forrester, but even Miss Pole herself, whom we looked upon as a kind of prophetess from the knack she had of foreseeing things before they came to pass—although she did not like to disturb her friends by telling them her fore-knowledge—even Miss Pole herself was breathless with astonishment, when she came to tell us of the astounding piece of news. But I must recover myself; the contemplation of it even at this distance of time has taken away my breath and my grammar, and unless I subdue my emotion, my spelling will go too.

We were sitting—Miss Matey and I—much as usual; she in the blue chintz easy chair, with her back to the light, and her knitting in her hand—I reading aloud the newspaper before named in Cranford visiting; a few minutes more and we should have gone to make the little alterations in dress usual before calling time (twelve o'clock) in Cranford. I remember the scene and the date well; we had been talking of the Signor's rapid recovery since the warmer weather had set in, and praising Mr. Hoggins's skill, and lamenting his want of refinement and manner—(it seems a curious coincidence that this should have been our subject, but so it was)—when a knock was heard; a caller's knock—three distinct taps—and we were flying (that is to say Miss Matey could not walk very fast, having had a touch of rheumatism) to our rooms to change cap and collars, when Miss Pole arrested us by calling out as she came up the stairs, "Don't go—I can't wait—it is not twelve, I know, but never mind your dress; I must speak to you." We did our best to look as if it was not we who had made the hurried movement, the sound of which she had heard; for of course we did not like to have it supposed that we had any old clothes that it was convenient to wear out in the "sanctuary of home," as Miss Jenkyns once prettily called the back parlour, where she was tying up preserves. So we threw our gentility with double force into our manners, and very genteel we were for two minutes while Miss Pole recovered breath, and excited our curiosity strongly by lifting up her hands in amazement, and bringing them down in silence, as if what she had to say was too big for words, and could only be expressed by pantomime.

"What do you think, Miss Matey? What *do* you think? Lady Glenmire is to marry—is to be married, I mean—Lady Glenmire—Mr. Hoggins—Mr. Hoggins is going to marry Lady Glenmire."

"Marry!" said we. "Marry! Madness!"

"Marry!" said Miss Pole with the decision that belonged to her character. "I said Marry! as you do; and I also said, What a fool my lady is going to make of herself. I could have said 'Madness!' but I controlled myself, for it was in a public shop that I heard of it. Where feminine delicacy is gone to I don't know. You and I, Miss Matey, would have been ashamed to have known that our marriage was spoken of in a grocer's shop, in the hearing of shopmen!"

"But," said Miss Matey, sighing as one recovering from a blow, "perhaps it is not true. Perhaps we are doing her injustice."

"No!" said Miss Pole. "I have taken care to ascertain that. I went straight to Mrs. Fitz Adam, to borrow a cookery book which I knew she had; and I introduced my congratulations apropos of the difficulty gentlemen must have in house-keeping; and Mrs. Fitz Adam bridled up, and said that she believed it was true, though how and where I could have heard it she did not know. She said her brother and Lady Glenmire had come to an understanding at last. 'Understanding!' such a coarse word! But my lady will have to come down to many a want of refinment. I have reason to believe Mr. Hoggins sups on bread and cheese and beer every night."

"Marry!" said Miss Matey once again. "Well! I never thought of it. Two people that we know going to be married. It's coming very near!"

So near that my heart stopped beating when I heard of it while you might have counted twelve.

"One does not know whose turn may come next. Here in Cranford poor Lady Glenmire might have thought herself safe," said Miss Matey with gentle pity in her tones.

"Bah!" said Miss Pole with a toss of her head. "Don't you remember poor dear Captain Brown's song Jibbie Fowler, and the line

> 'Set her on the Tintorle Tap,
> The wind will blaw a man 'till her.'"

"That was because Jibbie Fowler was rich, I think."

"Well! there is a kind of attraction about Lady Glenmire that I, for one, should be ashamed to have."

I put in my wonder. "But how can she

have fancied Mr. Hoggins? I am not surprised that Mr. Hoggins has liked her."

"Oh! I don't know. Mr. Hoggins is rich, and very pleasant looking," said Miss Matey, "and very good-tempered and kind-hearted."

"She has married for an establishment, that's it. I suppose she takes the surgery with it," said Miss Pole, with a little dry laugh at her own joke. But like many people who think they have made a severe and sarcastic speech, which yet is clever of its kind, she began to relax in her grimness from the moment when she made this allusion to the surgery; and we turned to speculate on the way in which Mrs. Jamieson would receive the news. The person whom she had left in charge of her house to keep off followers from her maids, to set up a follower of her own! And that follower a man whom Mrs. Jamieson had tabooed as vulgar, and inadmissible to Cranford society; not merely on account of his name, but because of his voice, his complexion, his boots smelling of the stable, and himself, smelling of drugs. Had he ever been to see Lady Glenmire at Mrs. Jamieson's? Chloride of lime would not purify the house in its owner's estimation if he had. Or had their interviews been confined to the occasional meetings in the chamber of the poor sick conjuror, to whom, with all our sense of the *mésalliance*, we could not help allowing that they had both been exceedingly kind? And now it turned out that a servant of Mrs. Jamieson's had been ill, and Mr. Hoggins had been attending her for some weeks. So the wolf had got into the fold, and now he was carrying off the shepherdess. What would Mrs. Jamieson say? We looked into the darkness of futurity as a child gazes after a rocket up in the cloudy sky, full of wondering expectation of the rattle, the discharge, and the brilliant shower of sparks and light. Then we brought ourselves down to earth and the present time, by questioning each other (being all equally ignorant, and all equally without the slightest data to build any conclusions upon) as to when it would take place? Where? How much a year Mr. Hoggins had? Whether she would drop her title? And how Martha and the other correct servants in Cranford would ever be brought to announce a married couple as Lady Glenmire and Mr. Hoggins? But would they be visited? Would Mrs. Jamieson let us? Or must we choose between the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson and the degraded Lady Glenmire. We all liked Lady Glenmire the best. She was bright, and kind, and sociable, and agreeable; and Mrs. Jamieson was dull, and inert, and pompous, and tiresome. But we had acknowledged the sway of the latter so long, that it seemed like a kind of disloyalty now even to meditate disobedience to the prohibition we anticipated.

Mrs. Forrester surprised us in our darned caps and patched collars; and we forgot all about them in our eagerness to see how she would bear the information, which we hon ably left to Miss Pole to impart, althoug we had been inclined to take unfair ad tage we might have rushed in ourselves she had a most out-of-place fit of coug for five minutes after Mrs. Forrester ent the room. I shall never forget the imple expression of her eyes, as she looked over her pocket-handkerchief. They s plain as words could speak, "Don't let deprive me of the treasure which although for a time I can make no u And we did not. Mrs. Forrester's sur was equal to ours; and her sense of i rather greater, because she had to fe her Order, and saw more fully than we do how such conduct brought stains o aristocracy. When she and Miss Pole l we endeavoured to subside into calm but Miss Matey was really upset by the ligence she had heard. She reckoned it up it was more than fifteen years since she heard of any of her acquaintance going married, with the one exception of Miss Brown; and as she said, it gave her qu shock, and made her feel as if she coul think what would happen next. I know if it is a fancy of mine, or a real but I have noticed that just after the nouncement of an engagement in any set unmarried ladies in that set flutter out i unusual gaiety and newness of dress much as to say, in a tacit and uncons manner, "We also are spinsters." Miss M and Miss Pole talked and thought more a bonnets, gowns, caps, and shawls, during fortnight that succeeded this call, than I known them do for years before. B might be the spring weather, for it w warm and pleasant March; and meri and beavers, and woollen materials of all were but ungracious receptacles of the h sun's glancing rays. It had not been Glenmire's dress that had won Mr. Hogg heart, for she went about on her errand kindness more shabby than ever; alth in the hurried glimpses I caught of at church or elsewhere, she seemed r to shun meeting any of her friends; face seemed to have almost something the flush of youth in it; her lips lo redder, and more trembling full than in old compressed state, and her eyes dwel all things with a lingering light, as if she learning to love Cranford and its bel ings. Mr. Hoggins looked broad and radi and creaked up the middle aisle at churc a bran-new pair of top-boots, an audibl well as visible, sign of his purposed chang state; for the tradition went that the b he had worn till now were the identical in which he first set out on his round Cranford twenty-five years ago; only t had been new-pieced, high and low, top bottom, heel and sole, black leather brown leather, more times than any one c tell.

None of the ladies in Cranford chose to sanction the marriage by congratulating either of the parties. We wished to ignore the whole affair until our liege lady, Mrs. Jamieson, returned. Until she came back to give us our cue, we felt that it would be better to consider the engagement in the same light as the Queen of Spain's legs; facts which certainly existed, but the less said about the better. This restraint upon our tongues —for you see if we did not speak about it to any of the parties concerned, how could we get answers to the questions that we longed to ask?—was beginning to be irksome, and our idea of the dignity of science was paling before our curiosity, when another direction was given to our thoughts, by an announcement on the part of the principal shopkeeper of Cranford, who ranged the trades from grocer and cheesemonger to manmilliner as occasion required, that the spring fashions were arrived, and would be exhibited on the following Tuesday at his rooms in High Street. Now Miss Matey had been only waiting for this before buying herself a new silk gown. I had offered, it is true, to send to Drumble for patterns, but she had rejected my proposal, gently implying that she had not forgotten her disappointment about the sea-green turban. I was thankful that I was on the spot now to counteract the dazzling fascination of any yellow or scarlet silk. I must say a little about myself. I have spoken of my father's old friendship for the Jenkyns' family; indeed, I am not sure if there was not some distant relationship. He had willingly allowed me to remain all the winter at Cranford, in consideration of a letter which Miss Matey had written to him about the time of the panic, in which I suspect she had exaggerated my powers and my bravery as a defender of the house. But now that the days were longer and more cheerful, he was beginning to urge the necessity of my return; and I only delayed in a sort of odd forlorn hope that if I could obtain any clear information, I might make the account given by the Signora of the Aga Jenkyns tally with that of Poor Peter, his appearance and disappearance, which I had winnowed out of the conversation of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester.

The very Tuesday morning on which Mr. Johnson was going to show fashions, the postwoman brought two letters to the house. I say the post-woman, but I should say the postman's wife; he was a lame shoemaker, a very clean honest man, much respected in the town; but he never brought the letters round except on unusual occasions, such as Christmas Day, and Good Friday; and on those days the letters which should have been delivered at eight in the morning did not make their appearance until two or three in the afternoon; for every one liked poor Thomas, and gave him a welcome on these festive occasions. He used to say, "he was welly stawed wi' eating, for there were three or four houses where nowt would serve 'em but he must share in their breakfast," and by the time he had done his last breakfast he came to some other friend who was beginning dinner; but come what might in the way of temptation, Tom was always sober, civil, and smiling; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, it was a lesson in patience that she doubted not would call out that precious quality in some minds, where but for Thomas it might have lain dormant and undiscovered. Patience was certainly very latent in Miss Jenkyns's mind. She was always expecting letters, and always drumming on the table till the post-woman had called or gone past. On Christmas Day and Good Friday she drummed from breakfast till church, from church-time till two o'clock, unless when the fire wanted stirring, when she invariably knocked down the fire-irons, and scolded Miss Matey for it. But equally certain was the hearty welcome and the good dinner for Thomas; Miss Jenkyns standing over him like a bold dragoon, questioning him as to his children—what they were doing, what school they went to; upbraiding him if another was likely to make its appearance, but sending even the little babies the shilling and the mince-pie which was her gift to all the children, with half-a-crown in addition for both father and mother. The Post was not half of so much consequence to dear Miss Matey; but not for the world would she have diminished Thomas's welcome, and his dole, though I could see that she felt rather shy over the ceremony which had been regarded by Miss Jenkyns as a glorious opportunity for giving advice and benefiting her fellow-creatures. Miss Matey would steal the money all in a lump into his hand, as if she were ashamed of herself. Miss Jenkyns gave him each individual coin separate, with a "There! that's for yourself; that's for Jenny," &c. Miss Matey would even beckon Martha out of the kitchen while he ate his food; and once to my knowledge winked at its rapid disappearance into a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Miss Jenkyns almost scolded him if he did not leave a clean plate, however heaped it might have been, and gave an injunction with every mouthful.

I have wandered a long way from the two letters that awaited us on the breakfast-table that Tuesday morning. Mine was from my father. Miss Matey's was printed. My father's was just a man's letter; I mean it was very dull, and gave no information beyond that he was well, that they had had a good deal of rain, that trade was very stagnant, and many disagreeable rumours afloat. He then asked me, if I knew whether Miss Matey still retained her shares in the Town and County Bank, as there were very unpleasant reports about it; though nothing more than he had always foreseen, and had prophesied to Miss Jenkyns years ago, when she would invest their little property in it, the

only unwise step that clever woman had ever taken to his knowledge (the only time she ever acted against his advice, I knew). However, if anything had gone wrong, of course I was not to think of leaving Miss Matey while I could be of any use, &c.

"Who is your letter from, my dear? Mine is a very civil invitation signed Edwin Wilson, asking me to attend an important meeting of the shareholders of the Town and County Bank, to be held in Drumble, on Thursday the twenty-first. I am sure it is very attentive of them to remember me."

I did not like to hear of this "important meeting," for though I did not know much about business, I feared it confirmed what my father said; however, I thought ill news always came fast enough, so I resolved to say nothing about my alarm, and merely told her that my father was well, and sent his kind regards to her. She kept turning over, and admiring her letter.

"I remember their sending one to Deborah just like this, but that I did not wonder at, for everybody knew she was so clear-headed. I am afraid I could not help them much; indeed, if they came to accounts, I should be quite in the way, for I never could do sums in my head. Deborah, I know, rather wished to go, and went so far as to order a new bonnet for the occasion; but when the time came she had a bad cold; so they sent her a very polite account of what they had done: chosen a Director, I think it was. Do you think they want me to help them to choose a Director? I am sure I should choose your father at once."

"My father has no shares in the Bank," said I.

"Oh, no! I remember! He objected very much to Deborah's buying any, I believe. But she was quite the woman of business, and always judged for herself, and here, you see, they have paid eight per cent. all these years."

It was a very uncomfortable subject to me with my half-knowledge; so I thought I would change the conversation, and I asked at what time she thought we had better go and see the fashions. "Well, my dear," she said, "the thing is this; it is not etiquette to go till after twelve, but then, you see, all Cranford will be there, and one does not like to be too curious about dress, and trimmings, and caps, with all the world looking on. It is never genteel to be over-curious on these occasions; Deborah had the knack of always looking as if the latest fashion was nothing new to her; a manner she had caught from Lady Arley, who did see all the new modes in London, you know. So I thought we would just slip down this morning soon after breakfast; for I do want half a pound of tea, and then we could go up and examine the things at our leisure, and see exactly how my new silk gown must be made; and then, after twelve, we could go with our minds disengaged, and free from thoughts of dress."

We began to talk of Miss Matey's new sil
gown; I discovered that it would be reall
the first time in her life that she had had
choose anything of consequence for herse
for Miss Jenkyns had always been the mo
decided character, whatever her taste migh
have been; and it is astonishing how suc
people carry the world before them by th
mere force of will. Miss Matey anticipat
the sight of the glossy folds with as mu
delight as if the five sovereigns set apart f
the purchase could buy all the silks in th
shop; and (remembering my own loss of tw
hours in a toy-shop before I could tell
what wonder to spend a silver threepence)
was very glad that we were going early, th
dear Miss Matey might have leisure for th
delights of perplexity.

If a happy sea-green could be met with, th
gown was to be sea-green; if not, she inclin
to maize, and I to silver grey; and we di
cussed the requisite number of breadths un
we arrived at the shop-door. We were
buy the tea, select the silk, and then clamb
up the iron corkscrew stairs that led into wh
was once a loft, though now a fashion sho
room.

The young men at Mr Johnson's had
their best looks, and their best cravats, a
pivotted themselves over the counter wi
surprising activity. They wanted to show
upstairs at once, but on the principle
business first and pleasure afterwards,
stayed to purchase the tea. Here Mi
Matey's absence of mind betrayed itself.
she was made aware that she had been drin
ing green tea at any time, she always thoug
it her duty to lie awake half through th
night afterward; (I have known her take
in ignorance many a time without su
effects), and consequently green tea was pr
hibited the house; yet to-day she herse
asked for the obnoxious article, under th
impression that she was talking about th
silk. However, the mistake was soon rec
fied; and then the silks were unrolled
good truth. By this time the shop w
pretty well filled, for it was Cranford marke
day, and many of the farmers and count
people from the neighbourhood round ca
in, sleeking down their hair, and glanci
shyly about from under their eyelids,
anxious to take back some notion of the u
usual gaiety to the mistress or the lasses
home, and yet feeling that they were out
place among the smart shopmen, and g
shawls, and summer prints. One hone
looking man, however, made his way up
the counter at which we stood, and bold
asked to look at a shawl or two. T
other country folk confined themselves to t
grocery side; but our neighbour was evident
too full of some kind intention towards m
tress, wife, or daughter, to be shy; and
soon became a question with me, whether
or Miss Matey would keep their shopman t
longest time. He thought each shawl mo

beautiful than the last; and, as for Miss Matey, she smiled and sighed over each fresh bale that was brought out; one colour set off another, and the heap together would, as she said, make even the rainbow look poor.

"I am afraid whichever I choose I shall wish I had taken another. Look at this lovely crimson! it would be so warm in winter. But spring is coming on, you know. I wish I could have a gown for every season," said she, dropping her voice, as we all did in Cranford, whenever we talked of anything we wished for, but could not afford. "However," she continued in a louder and more cheerful tone, "it would give me a great deal of trouble to take care of them if I had them; so I think I'll only take one. But which must it be, my dear?" And now she hovered over a lilac with yellow spots, while I pulled out a quiet sage-green that had faded into insignificance under the more brilliant colours, but which was nevertheless a good silk in its humble way. Our attention was called off to our neighbour. He had chosen a shawl of about thirty shillings' value; and his face looked broadly happy under the anticipation, no doubt, of the pleasant surprise he should give to some Molly or Jenny at home; he had tugged a leathern purse out of his breeches pocket, and had offered a five-pound note in payment for the shawl, and for some parcels which had been brought round to him from the grocery counter; and it was just at this point that he attracted our notice. The shopman was examining the note with a puzzled, doubtful air.

"Town and County Bank! I am not sure, sir, but I believe we have received a warning against notes issued by this bank only this morning. I will just step and ask Mr. Johnson, sir; but I'm afraid I must trouble you for payment in cash, or in a note of a different bank."

I never saw a man's countenance fall so suddenly into dismay and bewilderment. It was almost piteous to see the rapid change.

"Dang it!" said he, striking his fist down on the table, as if to try which were the harder; "the chap talks as if notes and gold were to be had for the picking up."

Miss Matey had forgotten her silk gown, in her interest for the man. I don't think she had caught the name of the bank, and in my nervous cowardice, I was anxious that she should not; and so I began admiring the yellow-spotted lilac gown that I had been utterly condemning only a minute before. But it was of no use.

"What bank was it? I mean what bank did your note belong to?"

"Town and County Bank."

"Let me see it," said she quietly to the shopman, gently taking it out of his hand, as he brought it back to return it to the farmer.

Mr. Johnson was very sorry, but, from information he had received, the notes issued by that bank were little better than waste paper.

"I don't understand it," said Miss Matey to me in a low voice. "That is our bank, is it not?—the Town and County Bank?"

"Yes," said I. "This lilac silk will just match the ribbons in your new cap, I believe," I continued, holding up the folds so as to catch the light, and wishing that the man would make haste and be gone; and yet having a new wonder that had only just sprung up, how far it was wise or right in me to allow Miss Matey to make this expensive purchase, if the affairs of the bank were really so bad as the refusal of the note implied.

But Miss Matey put on the soft dignified manner peculiar to her, rarely used, and yet which became her so well, and laying her hand gently on mine, she said,

"Never mind the silks for a few minutes, dear. I don't understand you, sir," turning now to the shopman, who had been attending to the farmer. "Is this a forged note?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. It is a true note of its kind; but you see, ma'm, it is a Joint Stock Bank, and there are reports out that it is likely to break. Mr. Johnson is only doing his duty, ma'am, as I am sure Mr. Dobson knows."

But Mr. Dobson could not respond to the appealing bow by any answering smile. He was turning the note absently over in his fingers, looking gloomily enough at the parcel containing the lately chosen shawl.

"It's hard upon a poor man," said he, "as earns every farthing with the sweat of his brow. However, there's no help for it. You must take back your shawl, my man; Lizzie must go on with her cloak for a while. And yon figs for the little ones—I promised them to 'em—I'll take them; but the 'bacco, and the other things—"

"I will give you five sovereigns for your note, my good man," said Miss Matey. "I think there is some great mistake about it, for I am one of the shareholders, and I'm sure they would have told me if things had not been going on right."

The shopman whispered a word or two across the table to Miss Matey. She looked at him with a dubious air.

"Perhaps so," said she. "But I don't pretend to understand business; I only know that if it is going to fail, and if honest people are to lose their money because they have taken our notes—I can't explain myself," said she, suddenly becoming aware that she had got into a long sentence with four people for audience—"only I would rather exchange my gold for the note, if you please," turning to the farmer, "and then you can take your wife the shawl. It is only going without my gown a few days longer," she continued, speaking to me. "Then I have no doubt everything will be cleared up."

"But if it is cleared up the wrong way?" said I.

"Why! Then it will only have been common honesty in me as a shareholder to have given this good man the money. I am quite clear about it in my own mind; but, you know, I can never speak quite as comprehensibly as others can,—only you must give me your note, Mr. Dobson, if you please, and go on with your purchases with these sovereigns."

The man looked at her with silent gratitude, too awkward to put his thanks into words; but he hung back for a minute or two, fumbling with his note.

"I'm loth to make another one lose instead of me, if it is a loss; but you see five pounds is a deal of money to a man with a family; and as you say, ten to one, in a day or two, the note will be as good as gold again."

"No hope of that, my friend," said the shopman.

"The more reason why I should take it," said Miss Matey quietly; she pushed her sovereigns towards the man, who slowly laid his note down in exchange. "Thank you. I will wait a day or two before I purchase any of these silks; perhaps you will then have a greater choice. My dear! will you come upstairs?"

We inspected the fashions with as minute and curious an interest as if the gown to be made after them had been bought. I could not see that the little event in the shop below had in the least damped Miss Matey's curiosity as to the make of sleeves, or the sit of skirts. She once or twice exchanged congratulations with me on our private and leisurely view of the bonnets and shawls; but I was all the time not so sure that our examination was so utterly private, for I caught glimpses of a figure dodging behind the cloaks and mantles; and, by a dexterous move, I came face to face with Miss Pole, also in morning costume (the principal feature of which was her being without teeth, and wearing a veil to conceal the deficiency), come on the same errand as ourselves. But she quickly took her departure, because she had a bad headache and did not feel herself up to conversation.

As we came down through the shop the civil Mr. Johnson was awaiting us; he had been informed of the exchange of the note for gold, and with much good feeling and real kindness, but with a little want of tact, he wished to condole with Miss Matey, and impress upon her the real state of the case. I could only hope that he had heard an exaggerated rumour, for he said that her shares were worse than nothing, and that the bank could not pay a shilling in the pound. I was glad that Miss Matey seemed still a little incredulous; but I could not tell how much of this was real, or assumed with that self-control which seemed habitual to ladies of Miss Matey's standing in Cranford, who would have thought their dignity compromised by the slightest expression of surprise, dismay, or any similar feeling to an inferior in station, or in a public shop. However, we walked home very silently; I am ashamed to say I believe I was rather vexed and annoyed at Miss Matey's conduct in taking the note to herself so decidedly. I had so set my heart upon her having a new silk gown, which she wanted sadly; in general she was so undecided anybody might turn her round; in this case I had felt that it was no use attempting it, but I was not the less put out at the result.

Somehow, after twelve o'clock, we both acknowledged to a sated curiosity about the fashions; and to a certain fatigue of body (which was, in fact, depression of mind) that indisposed us to go out again. But still we never spoke of the note; till all at once something possessed me to ask Miss Matey if she would think it her duty to offer sovereigns for all the notes of the Town and County Bank she met with. I could have bitten my tongue out the minute I had said it. She looked up rather sadly, and as if I had thrown a new perplexity into her already distressed mind, and for a minute or two she did not speak. Then she said—my own dear Miss Matey—without a shade of reproach in her voice.

"My dear! I never feel as if my mind was what people call very strong, and it's often hard enough work for me to settle what I ought to do with the case right before me—I was very thankful to—I was very thankful that I saw my duty this morning with the poor man standing by me; but it's rather a strain upon me to keep thinking and thinking what I should do if such and such a thing happened, and I believe I had rather wait and see what really does come; and I don't doubt I shall be helped then, if I don't fidget myself, and get too anxious beforehand. You know, love, I'm not like Deborah. If Deborah had lived, I've no doubt she would have seen after them, before they had got themselves into this state."

We had neither of us much appetite for dinner, though we tried to talk cheerfully about indifferent things. When we returned into the drawing-room, Miss Matey unlocked her desk and began to look over her account-books. I was so penitent for what I had said in the morning, that I did not choose to take upon myself the presumption to suppose that I could assist her: I rather left her alone, as with puzzled brow her eye followed her pen up and down the ruled page. By and bye she shut the book, locked her desk, and came and drew a chair to mine, where I sat in moody sorrow over the fire. I stole my hand into hers; she clasped it, but did not speak a word. At last she said, with forced composure in her voice, "If that bank goes wrong, I shall lose one hundred and forty-nine pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence a year; I shall only have thirteen pounds a year left." I squeezed her hand hard and

tight. I did not know what to say. Presently (it was too dark to see her face) I felt her fingers work convulsively in my grasp; and I knew she was going to speak again. I heard the sobs in her voice as she said, "I hope it's not wrong—not wicked—but oh! I am so glad poor Deborah is spared this. She could not have borne to come down in the world, she had such a noble, lofty spirit."

This was all she said about the sister who had insisted upon investing their little property in that unlucky bank. We were later in lighting the candle than usual that night, and until that night shamed us into speaking, we sat together very silently and sadly.

However, we took to our work after tea with a kind of forced cheerfulness (which soon became real as far as it went), talking of that never-ending wonder, Lady Glenmire's engagement. Miss Matey was almost coming round to think it a good thing.

"I don't mean to deny that men are troublesome in a house. I don't judge from my own experience, for my father was neatness itself, and wiped his shoes on coming in as carefully as any woman; but still a man has a sort of knowledge of what should be done in difficulties, that it is very pleasant to have one at hand ready to lean upon. Now, Lady Glenmire, instead of being tossed about, and wondering where she is to settle, will be certain of a home among pleasant and kind people, such as our good Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester. And Mr. Hoggins is really a very personable man, and as for his manners, why, if they are not very polished—I have known people with very good hearts and very clever minds too, who were not what some people reckoned refined, but who were both true and tender."

She fell off into a soft reverie about Mr. Holbrook, and I did not interrupt her, I was so busy maturing a plan I had had in my mind for some days, but which this threatened failure of the bank had brought to a crisis. That night, after Miss Matey went to bed, I treacherously lighted the candle again, and sat down in the drawing-room to compose a letter to the Aga Jenkyns; a letter which should affect him, if he were Peter, and yet seem a mere statement of dry facts if he were a stranger. The church clock pealed out two before I had done.

The next morning news came, both official and otherwise, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. Miss Matey was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have but about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

"I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them away, "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know—she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less; and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing. Poor Martha, I think she'll be sorry to leave me." Miss Matey smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears.

COLZA OIL.

Who can take up a newspaper just now, without being tempted to become an extensive purchaser of real and pure French Colza oil, and at the same time to be lord and master over an innumerable variety of lamps of the newest patterns and most approved construction, wherewith to consume that illuminating fluid? But "Colza" is not an English word—making, however, only a narrow escape from being one—and there are many people, perhaps, who burn the genuine article, without being exactly aware what it really is. For knowing advertisers seem to fancy that the more mysteriously their wares are enveloped in hard words, the more highly will the simple public esteem them. Hence we have Eureka shirts, Revalenta Arabica diet, and Rypophagon shaving-soap. It would hardly be safe or prudent to decide whether the aforesaid advertisers are right or not. But to prevent Colza from being added to their list, I will take the liberty of offering a few explanations.

Oils may be divided into two grand classes, accordingly as they are derived from the distinct sources of the animal, or the vegetable kingdom. It is not impossible, therefore, that Colza oil may be casually believed to be the produce of some South American whale, or Indian porpoise, of unknown and peculiar organisation. Unfortunately for the imaginative who love to set a novel monster before their mind's eye, it is not so obtained—nor from the sea-serpent either. Colza is a harmless plant, springing from a kindly German root, which root is neither more nor less than cole, kale, *kohl*, or cabbage. Whenever the French resolve to kidnap a foreign word, they generally contrive to lay hold of it by the wrong end. And so, the English *coleseed*, or the German *kohlsaat*—it is not altogether indisputable which has been pressed into the service of representing the entire vegetable Colza, or *brassica campestris* as the scientific call it, with the additional surname of *oleifera*, or oil-bearing. Coleworts, moreover, are not entirely unknown to horticulturists in the British Isles.

Olive oil is the peculiar produce of the South of France, whilst oil-giving seeds are the objects of culture in other portions of that vast empire; for an Englishman has no notion what a large country France is, till he begins to travel from one corner of it to another. The

extremes of north and south agree in being lands both abundantly flowing with oil. Colza is grown in the eastern and in the central provinces; but it is more especially cultivated in the northern departments, and pre-eminently so in the rich one known as the Department du Nord. In the environs of Lille, there are oil-mills by hundreds, exactly like the one I am about to describe. Yet one English advertisement states that Messrs. Suchones, of Provence, in the south of France—the address being just as precise as that of Mr. Smith, of East Anglia, Great Britain—Messrs. Suchones beg to inform their numerous customers, that they have no other agent in England for their genuine French lamp oil than Messrs. Someoneelse, who favour the public with a more distinct reference to their whereabouts. It is far from impossible that Colza oil may be exported from Provence to London; for a portion of that manufactured in the Department du Nord is shipped from Dunkirk for Marseilles, where, however, they mostly use it in making soap. And even then they have not enough. France does not grow a sufficiency of greasy matters for her own consumption. The soaperies of the south, and of Marseilles especially, obtain a portion of their oils from Spain and Italy.

Colza is sown for the purpose of serving three distinct purposes: to be ploughed into the land as green manure in the early stage of its growth; to fatten cattle upon the land, or to feed milch cows, at a more advanced period; and to ripen its seeds for the production of oil. The two former styles of cropping you will not witness except during summer and autumn; but were you to take a country walk in the north of France in winter or in early spring, you could hardly fail to notice a number of fields planted with what, at the first glance, you might mistake for Swede turnips; only, on looking closer, you would say they were very bad and stunted turnips; being deficient in the great essential of a globular root, and having merely a stalk leaning on one side, and inclined to be what gardeners call "run up o' legs." Their previous history has been this. At mid June, or thereabouts, the seed is sown in a separate plot of ground, where the plants remain undisturbed until the autumn.

In October, the field in which the seedlings are to be planted is heavily manured. Colza thrives best in a light, deep, hazel loam, permeable to the genial influence of the rains, the atmosphere, and the sunshine; and is all the better for a liberal artificial enrichment of the soil. Showery weather is desirable at the time; but the planting is nevertheless performed under bright sunshine, in confident anticipation of the autumnal rains. Nothing can be easier than the way in which the little Colzas are settled in life, after their expatriation from their nursery. They are brought to their new home tied up in large bundles, s are respectfully received by sundry plou men already in attendance on the grou To each ploughman is attached a small s of women and children. The farmer h self, or perhaps only his labourer, turns u furrow with his plough, from one end of field to the other. In this long furrow ladies and *demoiselles* lay the Colza plants the proper distances. With another stroke the plough the roots of the plants covered up, the manure on the surface be likewise turned in next them. Then anot stroke of the plough, without plants, to le the necessary interval; and then anot furrow, with them. And so on, till the fi is finished. At the first word, a farmer have understood all this. It is a nice heal amusement for the women and children, unlike our Christmas game, "I sent a le to my love; I dripped it, I dropped it;" e it is a pity they do not earn a little he wages as the consequence of their di diversion.

The crop receives no further culture. T thickness of its growth chokes almost ev weed. Its success is precarious, if the you shoots or blossoms are frost-bitten in spri Ordinarily, the glaucous-leaved plant sen up its flower-stem, and the whole field is so covered with a bright yellow garme Although a rather faint and sickly odour emitted, it is not unpleasant to follow the fo path through a Colza field and listen to t quail as it calls, ever invisibly, beneath thickset covert. Innumerable busy bees, a a rabble of big, bouncing, buzzing cockchafe likewise take the liberty of disporting the selves therein; while earth and sun are co bining to brew the oil which shall cheer a enlighten your hours of wintry darkness.

When the fall of the withered lower leave and the yellow tinge of the bending sta announce that nature has completed the gre work of maturing the seed, not a mome must be lost in completing the harvest, if th weather be but fine. For the sparrows and th linnets will come in to take their tithe in kind without agreeing to any sort of commutatio and the more they taste the seed, the bett they find that it suits their palates. So haste ye, my hard-working dames of France Hither hasten with your reaping-hooks. La the Colzas prostrate, bear them gently to th sail-cloth spread out in one corner of the field for fear you lose a single black, round, plump precious, unctuous grain of seed. If the me won't thresh it, you will; and winnow it and sift it, and carry it home, and spread it out thin on the granary floor to dry and ripen a little more perfectly, and store it in sacks, and sell it at market, or take it to the oil-mill and hand it over to your own oiler It is not the absence of male assistance whic will make you leave matters to take their course, still less to let them remain at a stand-still.

All this holds good of ordinary winter Colza, or, as it is called sometimes, *Colza froid*, or cold Colza. There is, however, a variety of Colza which may be sown in spring, and harvested the same year, and which is distinguished by the title *Colza chaud*, or *de Mars*; in other words, as warm, or March Colza. It is less productive than the former kind, but is useful for land which there has been no opportunity of planting in autumn, as well as to replace the winter Colza when it has been irreparably injured by frost.

We have grown and housed our Colza seed. What remains is a simple affair, offering fewer impediments to the practitioner than either of those highly popular difficulties of skinning a flint, or drawing blood from a gate-post. All that is required is simply brute force. It is true there are here and there grand establishments, with their cylinders, to play with the seed a little while before pounding it; with their steam *chauffoirs*, or warming-pans; their magnified copies of vertical coffee-mills, their miniature imitations of flour and wheat mills, little iron grindstones, and other what-nots. In short, there are fancy oil-mills in France. But we will be content to-day with the general and popular method of seed-squeezing, by which oil is extracted, by and for the million, in innumerable wind and water-mills to the south of the English Channel.

The other bright sunshiny morning (and we have not had too many such of late), I found myself in the midst of a constellation of mills that were whirling their arms round, and twinkling their cloth and wooden beams, as much unlike celestial stars as possible, and emitting anything but the music of the spheres, "Bang, bing, bong, bung!" "Thamp, thimp, thomp, thump!" I tried hard to recognise in it something like the measured rhythm of our dear old melody, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," but utterly failed to catch a single phrase. The noise was exactly that which the giant made when he "wopped" about with his great thick club, trying to hit poor little mischievous Hop-o'-my-Thumb as he lay asleep, and knocking his own monstrous children's brains out instead. The succession of sounds from the whole of this grand mill orchestra, were similar in kind, but not exactly the same in pitch. Some, too, vibrated more clear and gong-like than the muffled beats which were sent forth by the others. Just before me was a very fine-toned mill; so deciding to make my invasion upon that, I drove slap past the miller's cottage, and drew up at the very foot of his temple of—Macassar? Out came the lubricated man of Colza, in blue clothes and with a smiling countenance. "*Bon jour!*" and "*Bon jour!*" Why shouldn't he let me poke about his mill, if that gave me the least of pleasure? So I mount the ricketty wooden steps, bounding at every blow of the internal machinery, like a fly caught napping on the parchment of a kettle-drum. Luckily, it is a windy day, or I should not have seen one quarter of the fun.

The whole thing is a question of pestle and mortar power. On entering, you behold to the left a goodly range of half-a-dozen mortars, cut out of strong solid timber, and lined at bottom with thick copper. In each of these is pounding, a pestle—a long beam of stout oak—twenty feet high, or a trifle more, perhaps; for it reaches almost to the very top of the mill. The end of the pestle is shod with an ugly-looking piece of iron, channelled and cut in the way to make it do most mischief. It is not unlike a frightful molar tooth, with a single ugly, endless fang. Motion is communicated to the entire set in the most unsophisticated way possible, and each tooth can chew independently according to its own devices. A catch on the action of the mill-sails just lifts them up and lets them drop again. Of course there is a contrivance by which the progress of the labour of every individual pestle can be stopped, or re-continued at pleasure. Suppose the miller has given a feed of Colza seed to one of these devouring monsters. Thump! thump! pestle and mortar, till the meal is reduced to a pasty mass, called *marc*. That one grinder is stopped for a while. He takes the masticated quid away, carries it to another snuggery beyond the apartment into which we first entered, and with it fills some small woollen sacks, or bags, made of a coarse stuff, which is known as *morfil*. If you have ever seen a sample of foreign oil-cake, it will give you an idea of the actual size of the *morfil* sack. The sack thus filled is wrapped in a leather case, which covers both the sides, but is open at the edges. So that the sack exactly occupies the place which would be filled by a slice of tongue in a sandwich. Again, to the left you observe two other pestles, somewhat slenderer but of equal length with those that pound. Beneath them is a box, or oblong hole. This hole is filled with *marc*-and-*morfil* sandwiches, set upright, like books on a book-shelf. The miller has at hand a variety of wedges, of long rather than stout proportions. He inserts the point of one of these into the midst of his packet of sandwiches, and then sets the pestle overhead in motion. Thump! thump! thump! again, exactly like a pile-driving machine. The wedge is driven home; and then, another; till he thinks he has squeezed his subjects enough. The oil thus expressed runs out at a hole in the bottom, the bags are taken out of their den of oppression, and from each of them is removed a cake.

But whatever may be the mode of milling, it takes at least two acts of pressure to obtain a respectable yield of oil. The cakes are again put into the mortar, and are once more pounded as fine as may be. They are again carried into the little back chamber; but before a second entrance into the bags, they have first to take a turn over a slow fire, in

a flat and shallow warming-pan of iron. Inside the pan, a piece of machinery connected with the mill-work, and crookedly resembling the hand of a clock, which indicates the hours only, keeps moving slowly round and round, stirring the powdered oil-cake, and preventing it from burning. The powder, when sufficiently warmed throughout, is again bagged, wedged, and squeezed, till it has parted with every drop of oil that can be extorted from it, by foul means or fair. The cakes are then mostly troubled no further; but are set up to dry, to be subsequently sold to fatten cattle, though they now and then return to their mother earth in the humble guise of powdery manure.

You must have heard of "cold drawn castor-oil;" you now a little understand what it means. The heat employed to aid in liberating the oil from the seeds containing it, also sets loose some other particles, which, for either medicinal or culinary purposes, it is desirable to leave behind. Hence the advantage of "drawing it mild."

The final treatment of the oil is its clarification, which is more generally performed by the oil-merchant than by the miller. Seed-oils, on escaping from their troubles of the press, always contain a portion of mucilage, colouring matter, and resinous principles, which are all native to and latent in the seed, and which cause it to have a particular smell, taste, and appearance. These are partially got rid of, by keeping the oil for a considerable time in cool cellars, and so allowing the foreign matter, in suspension, to be precipitated. But this period of mere repose is insufficient to complete the object in view; the oil is still charged with a variety of ingredients which render it unfit for many purposes, and especially for burning in lamps.

M. Thénard made known a successful method of purifying Colza oil. Having put the oil into a cask that would contain double the quantity, he then pours in very gradually, stirring it well up at the same time, concentrated sulphuric acid, to the amount of two hundredth-parts of the oil measured *by weight*. The agitation of the fluid is continued, till the whole liquid mass acquires a greenish tint. After standing for four-and-twenty hours, during which the sulphuric acid lays hold of all the foreign matter, pure water equal *in bulk* to two-thirds the quantity of oil, is then added. The whole is violently stirred together, till the combined liquids have a milky appearance. Two or three weeks' rest, in a chamber of moderate and equable temperature, are requisite for the clarification of the oil, and for the formation of a dark deposit at the bottom of the cask. The oil, which floats uppermost, is then drawn off by means of a tap, and runs into tubs that have their bottoms pierced with holes lightly plugged with tufts of cotton or carded wool. After this last filtration, the oil is perfectly clarified, and is fit for the service of the fashionable lamp-man, or even of the more fastidious lighthouse keeper.

Colza-oil lamps may be all very well: b they by no means supersede what *I* (ind vidually) hold to be the only unobjectionab mode of private-room illumination—a pair, more, of brilliant wax-lights. Lamps, as y are far from perfect.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

AFTER THE BOARS.

I HAVE been all my life fond of fie sports. It was not, therefore, without a thr of pleasure that I heard my door open five o'clock in the morning, though it w January, and a servant come stealthily in light my fire. It was a luxury to wat him with half closed eyelids, as he perform his task, and the wood began to blaze an crackle, and throw a cheerful flickering lig on the glass and polished oak with bra fittings, which formed the becoming furnitu of my antiquated chamber.

A good fire takes away all discomfort fro that terrible getting up work, and whenev you want to go anywhere early on a winter morning, it is a great mistake to sta cold.

Of course, when I was dressed, and dow stairs, somebody was not ready, and we ha to wait for him. We were a hunting part that would have astonished Melton, and mad even Epping open its eyes. Fancy an assem blage of gentlemen in grey coats, much to small for them, with bright green bai collars, and racing caps of black velve Over their trowsers—mostly of some brea check pattern — are drawn immense boot turned down at the top after the fashion o those worn at the Victoria theatre in the par of "Will Watch, that bold smuggler." Roun their waists, round their arms, round thei shoulders, are slung a multitude of useles things by gay-coloured straps and cords. Im possible horns; cat-skin muffs; powder flask of the most ingenious style of fastening tha can never be got to open when wanted, and holding each a pound and a half of powder shot belts and bags without measures, leavin the charge at the discretion of the wearer enormous game pouches (we are going boar hunting!); and lastly, guns that look any thing but like business, with straps of bright coloured webbing to carry them by. As fo my own costume, it is evident that it wa looked upon with a sort of well-bred disposi tion to make allowances, and, indeed, they are needed, as I have on a blue boating coat, too short in all directions, but borrowed for the occasion; a pair of linen gaiters that look odd enough buckled over my trowsers, and, con sidering the flimsy appearance of which, I inwardly hope the thorns may not be very strong in this country; a cambric shirt, a black silk waistcoat, and a Paris hat, bran new and shiny.

Fancy most of our party with beards, and hair of their heads an inch long, with shoulders generally disposed to be high and round, and figures short in the waist and baggy below it, and you have us to a shade.

Bless my heart, what a Babel of tongues! Frenchmen are nearly all great talkers, and the politest of them rather suffer you to speak than listen to you, being wholly occupied with what they are going to say next themselves; so I submit to be caught quietly by an excited little man, whose beard keeps wagging as I listen respectfully and somewhat drowsily to a hubbub of sounds which proceed from it, each seeming to end with a sharp note of interrogation, which I know his countrymen far too well to answer. A good listener is always popular, but a good listener in France will find himself endowed with every good quality under the sun by a host of delighted admirers, and though he may never open his mouth, except for a monosyllable, will be set down as witty, wise, and eloquent.

After about half-an-hour's waiting, in which I am sure I earned the undying gratitude of the garrulous little gentleman with the beard, the sluggard came in, the carriages came round, and away we went, wrapped up well in cloaks with hoods to them, an Algerine garment very comfortable and popular in France. Away we went all chattering together, and each with a fresh lighted cigar. I did not pay much attention to the other carriages, but I remember that the one in which I was seated was a low phaeton, which made a great deal more clattering than would have pleased Mr. Petre; so low, that the tails of the two high-actioned weeds of horses came familiarly over the splash-board. Never mind, I dare say we shall get there safely; if not, I am glad to see the ground looks soft, and there are no deep ditches; otherwise I should hardly like to notice the "all alone" sort of look of our coachman, as he shouts out to the high-actioned weeds—"*Ah, chameaux! Sois sage! Sois sage!* and holds his whip and loose reins at arm's length, somewhat as Britons do a carving knife and fork.

It is pitch dark too, but on we go clattering and jolting, and bumping over the ground, but the high-actioned weeds still keep straight and steady. The word *chameau*, as applied to them, becomes less frequent, and the motion makes me drowsy. When I freshen up again in consequence of a tremendous jolt, I hear by the country waggons which come tinkling by, and the "*Bon jour, mes bourgeois*," of the peasantry, that the day has begun; and opening my eyes, here we are, safe and sound, at our shooting quarters.

It is a house in the centre of a village, and as our phaeton drives up there is a great shouting and running; and some five-and-twenty beaters, who I find already assembled, come out and take off their hats, and talk all together, each more anxious than the other to tell us what he thinks as to the weather and our chance of sport. And, mercy on us! if the regular sportsmen of our party were a motley group, the eye of man never looked on a more oddly got up ragamuffin crew than these.

But first let us breakfast. How nice the room looks, where I notice with quite a pang of appetite that everything is laid for breakfast—sausages, and omelettes, and crêpes, pancakes, and hot milk and coffee in clean white jugs. The blazing wood fire, in the grateless fire-place, which I do and always did persist in liking better than a coal one, throws a ruddy light over the polished oak, and brass fittings of the room; the glasses snugly ranged upon the shelves glitter as it touches them, and brighten with a thousand colours. In the room is still the eternal chattering, and all sorts of preparations going on at the spare table, gaiters buckling on, guns polishing up and loading, powder flasks filling, and cap boxes opening; and without is the bay and yelp of the hounds—a very stirring scene.

Bless my heart, how full of gristle and onions these sausages are that looked so brown and promising, like young hopes! Let us try the omelette; that is sure to be good. A glass of wine too; I never drink it at breakfast anywhere but in France, but there it comes quite naturally. Come here, little dog: what, are you going with us? Why, I am sure you are too little to have anything to say to a wild boar. You wag your tail: you don't think so. Well, little dog, here is a bit of brown bread for you. I must not give you any sausage, though I can't eat it myself, for it would spoil your nose; and if you wish to be a sporting dog you must pay the penalty of ambition. Look at that pale-faced lad who has made himself uncomfortable by smoking cigars which don't agree with him, because he thinks it military; and be consoled, little dog.

There sounds a horn! With all my heart, though I foresee some of us will knock up, starting so soon after breakfast, if there is anything like work before us. There they go; the last buckles are buckling, the last straps fastening, and cigars lighting; and away tramp, tramp, splash, stumble, bundle, fall up again, tramp, tramp, through mud and mire, up to our knees. The pace is beginning to tell, I knew it would, on that fat gentleman who ate so many sausages, and on the thin hero of the cigars; I observe that both fall behind, and we shall not see them again until we are going home, when they will appear mysteriously, and claim the honours of the day. Some others follow their example, as the ground grows heavier, and we get deeper into the wood; especially those who have most bright-coloured straps and bands about them, most impossible horns and game pouches. They have had their pleasure—all they care about—in putting on their clothes, and do not half fancy getting through the mud at four miles an hour, and making two jumps at a ditch

full of water; that is to say, one into it and one out of it.

Hot work this, though it is January, and I have thrown away my cigar; it won't do to smoke at this pace. Capital plan, by the way, of carrying your gun, this, slinging it by a strap over your shoulder, and steadying it by your elbow, with your hands in your pockets. I laughed at the others this morning quietly and to myself, but I have changed my mind since then.

Who are those fellows shouting so at the dogs? Why, they will clear the country of game far and wide. The horn again, too; what on earth is the use of that? Halt! Oh, very well, with all my heart; and what are we to do now? Smoke cigars. And down we all sit on our hats by the ditch side, and the talking begins again until the stragglers come up.

Well, here is a start at all events; the beaters and dogs have struck into the wood at last, whooping and shouting; and we are to go round to a path half a mile off, and post ourselves along it, waiting for the game. It is my private opinion that we shall have to wait long enough, and that the game will be driven far enough, with all this noise, before we get there; but I keep it to myself like a prudent individual, and though I see one dog—my little friend—whipped of his scent after he had given tongue, because he was not going with the others, I shut my eyes to it, and hastening round with the rest, am posted by order among some brushwood, and wait the event. It is weary work this, waiting, and it lasts nearly two hours, during which there falls a sharp shower, my feet get wet and cold, and I know my nose must be blue, so I light a cigar again and warm it. I do not feel quite easy about my brother sportsmen, who I know are posted in all directions round me, and some of them did not seem very familiar with the guns they carried—invariably on full cock, a detestable and alarming method; but, ensconcing myself snugly between two trees, I think there is a fair chance of my not being hit, in case of an accident, and pass the time in thinking of the snug library I have left behind me at the château.

Whoop! whoop! The horn sounds again, and the dogs are giving tongue bravely. Bang at the other end of the wood. *Halloa!* The boars are a-foot! Stand fast! The boars! the boars! Bang, bang, and the sharp cry of a wounded roebuck, like that of a child in pain, is heard; but still the dogs give tongue, and they have evidently got scent of a band of *marcassins* (young wild-boar). Hark, that is the voice of my little friend: yelp—yelp! yiow—yiow! I have confidence in my little friend, and he yelps nearer and nearer.

Here they come! five little pigs, snorting and cantering, with their snouts near the ground. I kneel down, concealed by th brushwood, and think I will have one them, when I hear a deeper grunt, and fine boar, probably the respectable papa the family, appears behind at a stout tr a little beyond his natural peace, and there my small ambitious friend yelping at h heels. I change my aim, and the ne moment the boar rolls over with his off for paw broken near the shoulder, and my sm friend closes with his immense antagoni Ah! little dog. It is a fine thing to be bra but it is well to measure the inches of a f In a moment you will be thrown into the a and sure enough you are. Another ball the neck seems only to increase the rage of yo antagonist. Alas, my little friend! if you h only waited until the other dogs had come u and had yelped at a respectful distance, y need not have lost your life. Six hounds, a some of good size and spirit, are now barki furiously at the wounded animal, and s dare close but one, who is thrown, ripped by the gigantic tusks of the wild beast, just the same manner as my deceased little frie But now, attracted by the firing and the noi of the dogs, the whole hunt has come up. too, have loaded again. There is a sha volley, and the gallant beast is struck in vital part, jumps once spasmodically, in spi of his wounded legs, gives one long shri and rolls over—just as a peal of village bel come ringing along a stray wind, first li a band of joyous singers, and then m solemnly—and I hardly feel half reconciled my morning's work.

A dinner of milk soup, boiled beef, rusty bac (they have begun to make bacon in Franc and a roast leg of mutton, with some excell cognac, made of prunes (I do not trust th village wine), completes the day, and th next, and the next; though on the third, there is a high wind, we get no sport.

We have come out among the woods for week; but I notice at the end of the thir day unmistakeable signs of a desire to retur home, which I confess I share; though silently Some are anxious about their letters, som about their wives, some about their swee hearts, some about their farms or their stable and, all at once (nobody knows how or wh whom it originated), an idea seems to h growing general, that it is a bad season o the year for shooting, that the weather i against us, and that the dogs won't work, no the keepers; and, in a word, that we ha better go home.

And home we go; although—having sen away our own horses and carriages—in th rather singular fashion of being seated tw abreast upon trusses of straw for seats, an in waggons without springs. It is after a unconscionable deal of jolting, and with a amazing appetite, that I find myself betwee seven and eight o'clock in the evening in th antiquated chamber, dressing for dinner.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GENTLEMAN CADET.

I DO not know by what process it came about that my widowed mother obtained for me a nomination to the Royal Military Academy of Woolhurst. Ill health has since caused me to forsake the path of military glory, but I vividly remember Woolhurst as it used to be when I, a Gentleman Cadet, was told by my proud friends that "I was a very lucky young fellow, with my path cut out before me; that it was my own fault if I went wrong again; and that the Duke of Wellington had worked his way up as I might." Some reforms have been forced upon the Academy of Woolhurst since my day; but the inner life of a great national establishment is always slow to change, and while I travel through my story of the past, I may tread now and then upon a place or two in which the gout still lingers.

I was about fifteen years old when I accompanied my mother to the great military office in London (whence generals as well as cadets derive their dignity) to pay a call of gratitude to my exalted patron. I recollect finding it impossible to take affectionately to the tall white warrior in the splendid uniform, who could not altogether drop his habit of severe command even in giving well-meant counsel to a boy in presence of his mother.

I was to join the Academy, prepared to pass the entrance examination, in a month. That interval I employed in rubbing up the subjects upon which I should be questioned —French, German, printing, mathematics, and a little Latin—to the highest state of polish in my power; and, at the end of the month, I was so crammed with information that I was afraid to talk or walk about lest I should spill any. A night had to be passed in a hotel at Woolhurst before the day of trial. In the hotel were fellow candidates, but I avoided them; keeping my body still and my mouth shut, as became a boy who had a load upon his mind.

The knowledge swallowed in a rude heap by one of the other young gentlemen, a Mr. Pontoon, acted differently on his constitution; in a way that, in fact, closely resembled a severe fit of indigestion. He slept in the next room to mine, and kept me awake all night by broken jabbering. In the morning I ascertained that he had been repeating his *memoria technica* for about five hundred dates of principal occurrences; whereof, I am delighted to say, not one was subsequently asked of him. Certainly some erring youths employ more labour on those roundabout and complicated roads to learning, than would suffice to perform the journey two or three times over by the beaten track. Why a horse and a raven under a cucumber frame should instantly direct attention to the fourth chapter of St. John; or why a salmon leaping over a wall should be the year of the Spanish armada is rather unintelligible to me. And yet I possess a Help to the Memory, (price six shillings and sixpence) which asserts them among much other distracting matter to be clear analogies. The same youth, Mr. Pontoon, was exceedingly near-sighted; and, in addition to the doubt about his literary qualifications, there was a source of dread—scarcely a doubt at all, pretty certain he said—that he could not pass the medical ordeal. He would have been "spun" certainly, had not the senior Æsculapius been sick, and a too good-natured assistant surgeon acted as his substitute. I was a little blind; but had a specific from my late schoolmaster, a shrewd Scotchman, of this sort—"They'll be sure, lad, to ask you the colour of the horses on the common; if they are too far off, say grey. All horses are grey or bay, and if you're quick, you can just make a sound that will do well for either of them."

While youth after youth was being examined as to the objects visible upon the horizon, poor Pontoon, whose time was not yet come, took anxious note of their responses. A waggon and horses having been reported by the Cadet before him to be going up the opposite hill, Pontoon, after he had been tapped on the chest and punched in the ribs, and finally asked what he could see, promptly answered, "A blue waggon, sir, with red wheels, and a piebald horse, sir, and two black horses, and the carter has got a short pipe in his mouth, sir." "Well, sir," said the jolly doctor, "I shan't ask you any more questions, because all the things you mention have been over the hill these five minutes; and, if you can see *through* the hill, I'm sure there can't be much the matter with your eyesight." So Pontoon was passed.

It was necessary upon admittance into the Academy for each Cadet to write down in a book, kept for that purpose, the names of two respectable references. Of course, every young gentleman put down the grandest of his friends, and the entrance calendar glowed with titles like a Lodge's Peerage. Macarthy, however, an Irish Cadet, belonging to the same batch as myself, declared to the official, that "sure there was nobody respectable belonging to him, small blame to them." After that declaration, and being still compelled to conform to the regulations, he wrote down unwillingly the names of the Lord Beeswax, who at that time commanded the garrison, and the Earl of Moira. He knew them, he told me, very intimately as the signs of two public-houses in the town at which the beer was excellent.

During the first two or three weeks after admission—that is to say until our regimentals were completed — those of our batch of candidates who were so fortunate as to become Gentlemen Cadets were compelled to wear "mufti." A very singular and edifying sight it was to see us drilling in civilian dresses. Fat little Trueman, four feet high, practising the goose step, differs entirely from that martial youth, as he will appear when "keeping time" in uniform. His mensuration round the waist will be decreased by at least two inches, his chin will not be permitted to repose itself, as now it does, in oily folds. Finally there will be added half a cubit to his stature by the aggregate influences of regimental boots, a shako and a plume. From what beast or bird that last ornament emanates, was to me always the great problem. Why nature (if it be a natural production), why art (if it be artificial) should have first constructed it is, to me, now a mystery. One office—but that could scarcely have been its original mission—which it fulfilled at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst among the senior Cadets was that of a shaving brush.

The government of Woolhurst seemed, when I knew it, to have been carefully compounded of the worst features of an oligarchy and of a military despotism. The age of the Cadets (from fifteen upwards) is certainly a difficult one to manage; but the authorities must have gone a good deal out of their way to construct a system of perfect inutility.

Lack of authorities in office certainly was not the cause of failure. There was a Governor; who was a great military star shining upon us from his abode a long way off. He gave swords away upon prize-days, and expelled unruly Cadets by his sign manual. Then there was a Lieutenant-Governor, who lived in a great house hard by, and went about with an orderly. He was brilliantly visible on review-days without being too familiar to us at other times, and sent up the lists of the swords-men and the convicts to the aforesaid Governor, who gave swords away upon prize-days, and expelled Cadets by his s manual. Then there was a "Second-Capt of the Cadet company," who found out men for the swords and for the expulsions the Lieutenant-Governor to put down in a to send to the Governor who gave swo away upon prize-days, and expelled Cad by his sign manual—and so forth, like House that Jack built. The Second-C tain's abode was not so big as the Lieuten Governor's abode, and he had no orde and was visible from twelve to one o'cl in the library. Then there were two L tenants of the Cadet company. These offi saw that the Cadets' uniforms were prop brushed about twelve times a day, and quired whether the military choking sto were really put on and buckled behi not being in any case a slip of leat fashioned out of the original misery by Cadet himself into a machine that offered impediment to breathing. One of th officers was also to be present in the when the "Old Cadets" had their dinners the "neuxes" hungered; because the me being good for eight and the legs of mut eatable by four, the four oldsters cut off the handy meat, the two of middle stand picked the bone, and the remaining two "l joined" were cheerfully employed in pour out the beer and water for their elders. this fact, however—patent enough amongs hundred others—the Governor and Li tenant-Governor and the Captain and the t Lieutenants of the Cadet company were pretended to be profoundly ignorant.

These were the commissioned officers; b there were also non-commissioned office sergeants, and corporals, marching and cou ter-marching, quick marching, and doub quick marching the Cadet company from ser in the morning until sunset; moreover, the were half commissioned officers—old Cade themselves—who had all kinds of delegat authority, to the end of the Cadet company improvement and their own perfection commissioned officers that shall hereafter b Their duty was to check injustice and t promote discipline by a more detailed inve tigation of the stocks before the Lieutenant arrival, and their practice was to abuse ever individual power with which they were u happily entrusted. One of the pleasant—an compared with some others—even commen able amusements of these gentry, was n only to maltreat the bodies of the "la joined," but to destroy some items of the property. Our hats were all crushed to crown, except those which had crape roun them. I make glad mention of this delicac and only regret that the manifestation of a lil feeling was so rare. Upon a young gentl man's donning His Majesty's uniform, recei ing nominal pay, and becoming subject to th articles of war, it may perhaps be suppos that he comports himself and is treated b others as a respectability. The Eton boy ma

have been "swished" in May, and be a guardsman in July, when if insulted he will not fight "after eleven to-morrow" with a pair of fists, but will desire to shoot or horse-whip his antagonist. The transition is rapid, but it is complete. Now it appears to me, that however healthy and elevating an occupation brushing clothes for his seniors may be for the British school-boy, this task better becomes the valet than the Gentleman Cadet; and when associated, as it was in my time at Woolhurst, with much punishment from missile weapons hurled at the valet-cadet by seniors who are lolling on their beds, it grows to be degrading. To be obliged to put yourself in a convenient position to be kicked by a "fifth form," may at the public school be "roughing it" (it *is* that); perhaps it may "make a man of you;" but to be compelled to lift up those tails conferred by Majesty, that an old Cadet (an individual who founds his despotism on the fact that he has held up his own tails for about two years) may project you into space with his right foot, is only slavish. There used to occur cases of opposition to this tyranny; few enough, for they were useless. In such cases it has been made necessary for the authorities by interference to protect some Woolhurst Hampden, after he had been brutally and dangerously beaten, set upon at times when his aggressors could not be recognised, sent down to hospital again and again. Such a youth has been made sometimes a "cadet-corporal" while yet a junior (an otherwise unprecedented occurrence) in order to put him out of harm's way; because the person of a corporal is sacred, and an outrage on it is punished by expulsion. Finally, after all pains, such Cadets have been recommended "to be withdrawn" by the officials themselves, who were obliged to give up their own contest with that system of bullying which they themselves had so long indirectly favoured or permitted.

What "fagging" is at the public school—carried to an inordinate and almost incredible extent—such was "neuxing" at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst. The most savage brutality was but too often exercised by those young and irresponsible despots, into whose hands the cadet-corporals themselves were ever ready enough to play. A demand for a victim to torment was commonly made to one or other of those on duty, and a "last joined" was thereupon remitted from his place of study to undergo the triumphs of their ingenuity. To have to stand on one leg upon a high stool; and, having attained that position, to be pelted with clothes-brushes and dirty boots is bad; but, when high stool was piled upon high stool—for the rooms are very lofty—and a neux was set upon the topmost one to take his shower-bath; when finally, the bottom stool was plucked away, the sport became extremely perilous. "An angle of forty-five degrees" is in the abstract neither pleasant nor unpleasant; but, for a boy to be placed with his head at the top of a line formed by a row of very small open cupboards, one below another, and then, his feet being gradually drawn away, to have that small head bumped as many times as there are doors, in its descent, is not the way to make him eager or capable in the science of his mathematics. To carry a "baby" for a mile or so uphill is, though unpleasant, a domestic act; but when that baby happens to be a stone bottle of ardent spirits called baby for shortness and secresy, carried for others, it is, indeed, a weary burthen. At night, and after the gates were closed, many and many a wretched neux used to be compelled to fetch the baby from a public-house at least a mile away—often through snow or rain—descending and ascending, as he went or came, a ha-ha wall which was no laughing matter; it being ten feet high. And the excitement of each trip was pleasantly enhanced by the knowledge that the trespasser if discovered would, in all likelihood, be expelled.

I have only mentioned expulsion; but there were many minor punishments. There was the Black Hole; a horrible place, wherein, as our legend ran, it was necessary to contest with rats for the bare life. Culprits went into it treble their usual size, with seven pairs of stockings on, and layers of waistcoats, as though furnished for a winter at the North Pole. Very violent some of these culprits were. Daring Hauty being offered consolation by the sergeant, cast it at that official's teeth, and ceased not to howl while in durance, for about nine hours out of the allotted twenty-four, his hatred and defiance of authority. Muddles, a broken corporal, began his imprisonment recklessly drunk, and was hauled out at its close, a still more pitiable object. He had concealed a brandy-flask about his person, and strengthened himself further with it during his affliction. Arrests too, of various degrees, were of frequent occurrence; they entailed confinement to the offender's own apartment—if that is one's own which is shared by three others—and attendance at all extra drills.

Certainly the regular, without the extra drills, might have been thought severe enough already. Gentlemen Cadets could not have their breakfast, or dinner, or tea, or get up, or go to bed, or enter their respective academies, without "falling into line," and "dressing," and "standing at ease," and "breaking." It would vex the heart of any man of business to know the frightful amount of time that was wasted at the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst, in simply assembling and getting into a perfectly straight line simply that we might be dismissed. The time absorbed in raising the hand by a semi-circular wave to the cap-front, when in any sort of communication with any kind of superior officer, was almost incalculable. No request, report, answer, explanation, or

announcement, could be made without at least four salutations; two of the appellant, and two of the recipient. It was as if all the courtesies (not to say all the sympathy and kindness) of the Gentlemen Cadets and their Governors, had crystallised themselves into those forms.

"Giving step" to the Cadet company in their imposing march to church or other duty, was a greatness not without its peril. Trueman, a very morbid, nervous character, was put under arrest for seven days, while in enjoyment of this post, because he could not resist gratifying an insane desire that he was always haunted with—of treading once on every paving-stone; the effect of each irregular step being to set a column of two hundred "men" scraping and galling one another's ancles.

Arrests restricted leave of absence; therein lay their greatest punishment. Leave was granted from Saturday in the afternoon, until late on Sunday night—at first, on the application of the Cadets themselves; next, on the written invitations of friends; and finally, upon the understanding that a certificate should be brought back with them of their having gone to the places to which they had been invited. This last precaution would have been effectual if the original invitations had been always genuine; but, as there was a decayed gentleman in the vicinity who used to invite a great many of us in divers disguises of hand-writing to sundry family firesides in London, from which he was supposed to date—charging per letter, as coming from parent, uncle, or cousin, according to the affectionate nature of the summons—it was easy for that scribe to forge certificates corresponding to the invitations; and the Gentlemen Cadets went up to town on the Saturday with post-dated proofs in their pockets that they had been there eight-and-twenty hours already.

Money was essential to those Gentlemen Cadets who were ambitious to keep up their high rank and honourable position while in the metropolis on these occasions. The Government did not consider cash "a regimental necessity;" at all events they made no provision for our wants in that particular. Money was therefore often raised of pawnbrokers. When a certain new captain was appointed—strict, severe, and soldier-like—his first acquaintance with our manners and customs was made, awkwardly enough, by his picking up a dirty piece of paper on the parade ground, inscribed with "John Smith, gold watch, four pounds ten shillings." The bugle instantly sounded, the Cadet company "fell in," "dressed," were attentive, and physically stood at ease; but the majority were mentally uneasy. "I regret," said the captain, "to have to mention a circumstance inflicting the greatest degradation upon the Cadet company, one that I could not have credited, save for the evidence of my own senses, but the fact comes to me distinctly proved." ("He has nabbed a 'baby!'" whispered one. "He couldn't have seen me hang Butt up by the legs," pondered another. "I'm expelled!" thought more than half-a-dozen.) "Gentlemen, I have found a pawn ticket" (general and intense sensation of relief throughout the whole of the Cadet company); "the name is Smith" (here a dozen hands were to be seen secretly feeling for square pieces of card); "of course an assumed name: but, if the offender will come forward, he shall not be punished. I desire to reason with him only. I will get his watch out of pawn; nay, I will advance him any reasonable sum of money that will keep him from again falling into so humiliating a position; only, I say, let that Cadet who owns a pawn-ticket bearing the name of Smith come forward." About fifteen young gentlemen, headed by Macarthy, at once presented themselves; so favourite was that particular surname as an alias with the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy at Woolhurst.

During my residence at the Royal Military Academy, leader after leader fulminated from the office of the Thunderer against the abuses of that institution, and more and more sourly flowed the milk of human kindness in our officers. To write a letter to the Times or to the United Service Gazette, was to break every article of war in one offence. Again and again did the company fall in, and again and again was the Cadet—not gentleman—commanded to fall out, who had been detected in perpetrating this or that scandalous paragraph. Although we were starved; though we were beaten; though we existed in an atmosphere of blasphemy, and might be as brutal and debauched as we pleased, was all the world to hear of it? Were we aware of what we became when we put on the Gentleman Cadet uniform? Still the letters continued to be written; for I suppose some of us were not properly sensitive upon this point. To the authors of those letters, however, and to the gentlemen who wrote the leaders, the service (of which the Military Academy is a principal branch) owes very much. I had good reason to be grateful to them; because in my own time there were attempts made at improvement, tyranny for a while was checked, and I had something to eat at dinner.

Many things are now changed for the better. Cadets are admitted at an earlier age; but this holds out greater temptations to the seniors for bullying; yet there is at least a nominal limit to neuxing. With that last abuse I associate every disgrace that has occurred at the Royal Military Academy. Although Government has established a training school, every candidate for Woolhurst is not bound to pass through it; and, those who do, are no match against cramming and the *memoria technica*.

For my own part, I may add that I got through my probation in the usual way,

and wore corporal's swabs before I left Woolhurst, besides an embroidered collar of magnificence:—distinctions due to some plan-drawings of wonderful minuteness; in one of the woods of which could be counted five-and-sixty distinct trees, and in which all the houses were quite square, all the roads quite straight, and all the rivers tortuous. I managed also to remain unhurt amidst the swoops which the official eagles used to make periodically upon the lambs of the Cadet Company; for I was not expelled, but was presented with a regulation sword.

A DIGGER'S DIARY.

IN OCCASIONAL CHAPTERS.

July 5th.—I have been obliged to drop a week of my Diary (indeed I see no chance of keeping it regularly) in consequence of taking my turn to attend to the serving out of provisions for our mess, the cooking, the washing up, and other pleasing occupations. Hitherto, Waits had good-naturedly taken my turn in addition to his own, in consequence of my indisposition. The duties I was now called upon to perform, were of a kind that were very near to reducing me again to my late prostration. I was in so delicate and touchy a state after the Bay, that I think I should never have recovered the tone of my stomach, if I had not suddenly bethought me of my kind aunt's last present—the bottle of cherry-brandy. A brandy-cherry was the first thing that re-assured me I was a man. For some days previous to that restorative I had the impression that I was only an empty pump—a miserable tube of gutta percha.

I entered upon my new duties with the proper amount of apparent alacrity, and the natural degree of inward surprise and disgust at the trick that had been put upon me by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher in keeping all this drudgery a profound secret. First, then, I had to be up at six, when the hatches were opened by the third mate at the main, and the fourth mate at the forward hold; unless they overslept themselves, or had other duties elsewhere, in which case I had to wait half-an-hour or an hour, as the case might be. The fourth mate served out the allotted portions of fresh water for each mess, while the third mate served out biscuit, salt beef, pork, or something else. As it was impossible to be in both places at once, if it happened that the number of my mess was called for beef when I was at water, it generally followed that for that day our mess was minus either water or beef, and I had to bear the blame. So, with biscuits and preserved herrings; soup and bouilli and salt pork; chloride of lime and pickles or flour; one or other was always liable to be lost. As there were no stated hours and system in the serving out, an immense quantity of time was wasted. Mr. Swasher, the fourth mate, professed to serve out the water the first thing in the morning, and we accordingly attended round the fore-hold at half-past six, when the hatches were taken off; but it frequently happened, either that he had something else to do, or else he had to broach a fresh cask, and could not get it up, or get himself down to it without great labour and a good many hands. We therefore did not receive the water till perhaps three o'clock, having had to wait round about all the time, or risk losing it. The waiting at both hatchways was constantly prolonged by the sale of tobacco, bottled porter, and ardent spirits on the captain's private account—a sort of tap and chandlery in the dark, which the second and third mates managed for Captain Pennysage. The regular serving out of provisions was always stopped to meet any of these customers. By these means, from five to seven or eight hours were occupied in the course of the day by those whose turn it was to get the provisions, and obtain the cooked dishes from the cook-house, where there was considerable disorder.

What a life it was for those two young men, the mates, who ought to have been learning seamanship! In the fore-hold, where Mr. Swasher remained nearly the whole day, his life was spent among water-casks, bottled beer casks, cases of wine (execrable Cape, called pale Sherry), and cases of brandy, gin, and rum, with champagne that resembled stale lemonade. The wet, torn, and besmutched appearance of Mr. Swasher, when he came on deck for a little fresh air in the evening, or for ten minutes in the course of the day, gave him very much the look of a hunted water-rat. Mr. Rokeby lived in the suffocating obscurity of a chandlery in a low-roofed cellar, in which he was constantly bumping his head against beams, and jamming his feet between boxes, kegs, casks, and broken cases full of nail-points. Scales, weights, and measures were strewed around; and he occasionally sat on a fallen sack of flour to rest himself, with the mouth of the sack vomiting whiteness, as he wiped his reeking forehead with his bespattered and bedaubed shirt-sleeves, and turned a fatigued and worried face upwards—all yellow with mustard and gleaming with lamp-oil.

A word about the cooks. They were all three the dirtiest beasts ever seen, and the intermediate passengers' cook, in particular, was like a man made of kettle-smut and grease. Clothes, hands, feet (naked), and face were all alike; and out of the head of this thing there looked a pair of prominent bright eyes which gave him a sort of devilish appearance, equally ridiculous and horrid. This grim object had rather a predilection for me, in consequence, I think, of my having given him, by Arrowsmith's advice, half a tumbler of rum on the first day of entering upon my new office. It was unfortunate that on this very day he should happen to spoil all the soup; but I saw that he felt

grateful to me; because he smiled upon me, and, holding up his two filthy paws with the pantomime of "pat-a-cake," said he should be happy to make and cook for me any "nice little thing."

I should be very glad to pass over my own performances in cookery, but a few words must be said on public grounds. I knew nothing of the art. I had never, to the best of my recollection, even made a dirt-pie when a child. Not a word was said on this subject in any of the public advertisements and announcements of the dietary and other domestic arrangements, if I may so express myself, of the Rodneyrig, nor was a word breathed on the subject by Messrs. Saltash and Pincher. Of course I thought, as every other intermediate passenger thought, that we should have stewards in the ship for duties in the way of preparing eatables for the cook—quite as much a work requiring skill and practice as the cooking them by the fire. Yet here, all at once, one was required to be a proficient, or at any rate to be able to manage a few simple dishes. In brief, I disgraced myself in my new occupation—spoiling everything I touched, except the biscuits, and subjecting myself to innumerable unpleasant remarks, and some threats; which, but for Waits, who behaved very well, and as a "tower of strength" to me, would probably have been carried into condign execution.

July 6th.—Asked Arrowsmith how he found the provisions provided for the cuddy passengers. He said "Pretty well, considering." He had fared much worse in some voyages he had been. I said that was no rule. He admitted this, and asked me what I thought of the fare of the intermediates. I told him just the fact. A few things were tolerably good, and all the rest bad—some things abominable. Biscuits were good; salt pork was bad; salt fish abominable. Rice was good, and flour and raisins; preserved meat was bad, so were butter, and pickles, and cheese, and coffee, and preserved herrings and salt beef were abominable. The salt beef that had been provided for the sailors by the owners of the ship, was far better than that provided for the intermediates by the vile agents Saltash and Pincher. Besides this, as bone was reckoned in our weight, it often happened that a mess of six persons did not receive above ten or twelve ounces of meat among the whole of them; the remainder being bone, fat, gristle, or sinew—in short, the very worst parts of the beef had been carefully selected for our use. I told Arrowsmith I felt convinced this had been done just because they got it cheaper. He said that was rather a shrewd remark.

July 7th.—A sailor had a bad fall this morning, by which he broke his head—the back part of it, I mean—in consequence of the rope he was pulling suddenly coming in two. In the afternoon another sailor had a still worse fall and injury from precisely the same cause. Heard several sailors and passengers agreeing that it was in consequence of the rotten state of the ropes. Waits said that the rigging, both below and aloft, was rotten, and not fit for men to trust their lives to; but that Captain Pennysage would never allow the "boason" to give out a new piece of rope so long as an old one could be spliced, even though certain to break again the very next time there was any strain upon it. Isaac said that the captain no doubt thought to stand well with the owners of the Rodneyrig for this economy; or else he must be a great rogue, and sold the new rope for his own profit, while he made the old rope last twice as long as it ought. He inclined, however, to the former opinion.

July 8th.—A squall—not at all alarming. I felt pleased to think I was in a squall and able to remain on deck, looking about, or sitting upon the head of a cask with my arms folded. But presently there was a very strange kind of sound up above, quite different from the wind, and this was quickly followed by a loud flapping and flanking noise. One of the large sails had split right across. Heard the second mate say in the evening, that it was entirely owing to a rotten rope which had been spliced ten or eleven times, and that twenty pounds' worth of canvas had been torn to rags by a saving of a few shillingsworth of new rope. I mentioned this to Arrowsmith. He said it was just like Captain Pennysage; and that only yesterday morning he, Arrowsmith, had counted seventeen splices in the main-top-gallant halliards.

Arrowsmith said that as we had so many children running about the decks, there ought to be a moveable rope railing, or some such protection round the open hatchways, since a fall down one of them—especially if the hold were open at the time—would probably be attended with fatal consequences. The life-boat, which lay inverted over the sheep in the launch, had been overlaid by a number of coils of rope and new tackles, but to this hour had never been properly lashed fast to the boats beneath, and to the deck. It was therefore a wonder it had never rolled off during some of the lurches the ship had given in the Bay of Biscay; and if this occurred in the day-time, the fall of such a weight might have killed half-a-dozen passengers. Arrowsmith said he had pointed this out to Captain Pennysage, who answered that it would all be done in good time—meaning, Arrowsmith supposed, after somebody had been killed. Then he had found out that by some carelessness in the arrangements, while the ship was lying in the East India Docks, instead of the freight, the passengers' luggage, the captain's private stores, and the passengers' provision stores, being all stowed in separate compartments, they had all been lowered down and stowed together just as they arrived, with

the "medical comforts" into the bargain; out of which all sorts of inconvenience, waste of labour, and confusion, was sure to arise during the voyage, and on arriving at our destination. As for the Rodneyrig, he said, she was a very good ship for cargo, and so forth, but she had never been built as a passenger ship, and even what could have been done to remedy this had not been attempted. I told him that only half, at most, of the cabins below had scuttles to them, and these were so near to the water, that they could only be opened to admit air in smoothish weather, or only at times on one side of the ship, and still at the mercy of a deluge from an accidental wave splashing up or running higher than the rest. He said, "Shameful!" I quite dreaded the tropics, expecting to be suffocated.

July 9th.—A horrid stench from the after hatchway about twelve o'clock. Mr. Rokeby below serving out preserved meat in tin cases, which emitted this effluvia directly they were opened. Twenty or thirty in succession being found alike; and the captain with Dr. Bannister having been to inspect them (of course they hadn't a word to say), Mr. Rokeby was directed to throw them overboard. This was done, to the great delight of the intermediates; not, apparently, so much on account of getting rid of the nuisance, as from the excitement of seeing something condemned and executed. Mr. Rokeby was directed to get out some cases of preserved herrings instead. He did so, but on the first incision of his iron instrument in the top of the case there was a hissing sound, with a spurt-up of juice, and one of the most disgusting fumes imaginable. The next case was the same—and the next half-dozen—and the next score. It was shocking. All the time the hatchways were crowded by the intermediate passengers, eagerly inhaling it, and crying out "Oh! pah! pheu!" while Mr. Rokeby continued to accommodate them with the fumes of case after case, the same being diffused on its way up from the hold wherein he opened them, all through the between decks. He stopped at the sixty-eighth case, being of a sickly yellow in the face; and then it occurred to somebody to cry out that it would be better for himself and everybody else below if he would open such cases on the upper deck, and have them thrown overboard the instant the effluvia told their condition. The captain and Dr. Bannister saw the sense of this. The delight of the intermediates was considerably enhanced by forty more six-pound cases of herrings being examined and handed over to them to throw overboard. "Ah!" said the captain, as he walked away, "that's a sad waste of provisions; Messrs. Saltash and Pincher had better have paid a trifle more to the contractors. Penny wise and pound foolish." For this sentiment the intermediates cheered him.

July 10th.—A sailor fell overboard, and was drowned before a boat could be cleared of the lumber in her, and lowered down. He was hauling upon a rope, which gave way suddenly. It was suggested that, perhaps, he was drunk; and Captain Pennysage said, he was afraid poor Tom had been often in that state. The carpenter inquired of Dr. Bannister, if so be that Tom had been drunk, how that should make a rope break? He must have been very drunk indeed to "give it" to the rope.

Sunday, July 11th.—Passed the island of Madeira. Thought I could feel the beauty of the climate from the soft hues and tints of the mountains. It looked a place for oranges in the open air. Dr. Bannister read prayers on deck. Captain Pennysage was very devout. Often heard a little buzz of voices from the 'tween decks during the service. Found afterwards that Mr. Rokeby had been carrying on a very brisk trade in rum and tobacco on the captain's private account nearly the whole time; but that his weights and measures were now and then the subject of a little dispute.

July 12th.—The ship "lying her course" they said. Was extremely glad to hear this, as she had been lying with her head nearly the opposite way we wanted to go, on several occasions, I had heard, since we left Plymouth. It did not strike me that we should make a very quick passage. I was very sick of it. Everything so salt.

July 13th.—The self-resources of the passengers for passing their tedious hours, were at the lowest ebb, and the means they adopted to amuse each other were not very much better. On the poop deck the gentlemen smoked cigars and tried to read, and the ladies did fancy work and tried to read a little too. They inquired the ship's course since yesterday at twelve o'clock, and how long it wanted to dinner. In the evening they walked up and down—got up a little very queer singing, came and looked over the rail to see how we were amusing ourselves, then descended to tea, and sometimes a rubber of whist, after which they disappeared till next morning when the bell rang for breakfast. As for the intermediates, their occupations and amusements were limited to smoking, spitting, and lounging about all day, during the time they were not eating or drinking. The eating and drinking were the only great points of interest with them, *viz.*, from meal to meal, and from day to day, and from week to week. In the evening there was occasionally an attempt to be genial, and a few songs were sung with choruses, and there was some dancing. The choruses showed manifest signs of rapid improvement, as there were some good voices, and one or two who knew how to drill them; the dancing also got better each time, and especially after a sailor had made a tambourine out of one of the sheepskins, cleared of its wool, dried in the sun, and stretched across the lid of a flour cask.

But half-a-dozen blackguards in the ship took delight in spoiling everything, and as there was no order in the ship and no "public spirit," they were allowed to spoil everything. In vain had Arrowsmith declared aloud on the poop deck, in the hearing of all around, that the ship was in a most disorderly and unsafe condition, to say nothing of discomfort, from the want of all systematic arrangements; and that all these arrangements, together with the requisite authority, devolved, so far as the passengers were concerned, upon Dr. Bannister and not upon the captain. All the good he effected was to make an enemy of Captain Pennysage, for the doctor's long period of sea-sickness had rendered him totally unable to assume any authority; until the captain, having taken all upon himself, would allow of no interference in his management. But as he had no sort of head to devise, or skill or firmness to carry out anything beyond the sailing of the ship on the most slow and economical principles, we were constantly in a scene of discomfort and confusion. Dr. Bannister made one or two attempts to take his proper position, but it was too late. Not only was the captain averse to resigning any claim to authority, but all the intermediates now resisted it, as an unjustifiable interference. They said his duty was only to attend to those who were ill, and not to meddle with those who were well and hearty:—so they all refused to obey his directions, as to getting up in the morning and taking their bedding on deck to be aired; as to ranging themselves for their proper turns at the serving out of provisions; as to leaving their hot and fuming cabins and coming up, one and all, from the 'tween decks or to the upper deck, while the sailors scraped and scrubbed and cleansed their place of abode below; as to extinguishing all private candles and lamps in cabins at ten o'clock. The consequences were, that many who were well made themselves ill in various ways; the berths and cabins were in a most dirty, close, and unaired state, and the lower decks filthy with the mud of trodden biscuits, fat and gristle and skin of salt beef and pork, carelessly dropped, or recklessly thrown down, cooking refuse, slush-buckets, foul swabs, brimming pails, dishcloths, and broken candles, with the froth and suds from attempts to wash with marine soap, and a running leeward gutter-stream from the occasional shipping of seas, and the frequent upset of water-kegs or fall of rain down the open hatchways. The obtaining provisions for the messes was often a scene of brutal selfish scrambling, and it seldom happened that anybody got his proper weight, his sugar free from sticks and straws, his butter without a plentiful sprinkling of loose tea and tobacco shreds, his coffee without sand and stones from the hold, his flour without an ounce or two of incidental mustard, or his mustard without being speckled with chloride of lime. This latter article Dr. Bannister ordered to be given to everybody who asked for it, and in abundance; but scarcely three of the passengers in the 'tween decks took any of it, and with the exception of those three, (Arrowsmith, myself, and Mrs. Cowthorne, who had a large family) nobody could be induced to make use of it in any shape or way, unless with the unavoidable mustard medium.

July 14*th.*—Two children, one of five years of age, and the other of seven, playing at chasing each other about the deck, fell down the fore hatchway, and down through the open hatchway of the hold. The youngest was killed on the spot, and the elder child was taken up insensible, and with both legs broken. The only wonder was, as there was no sort of protection round these open abysses, that among so many children, and with crowded and lumbered up deck, that something of the kind didn't happen every day.

July 15*th.*—Passed the Canary Isles. Was very anxious to see Teneriffe. Don't exactly know why, but rather think it was on account of the Peak. The day very fine and clear. Wind fair and fresh, so that we went along much faster than we had almost ever done before. A bright blueish greyish cone was pointed out to me in the distance, rising above the clouds, and this being, of course, the celebrated Peak, a great many of us were anxious to contemplate it, both with and without glasses, but were disturbed, and indeed put to the rout by the ejaculations and hurryings to and fro of the mothers of the two poor children who had been killed by the fall yesterday, and were ordered by Dr. Bannister to be buried this evening, which the mothers vehemently opposed. They said they only wished no more harm would come to the health of the ship than what would happen by keeping those two sweet innocents aboard. The babes had been murdered, they said, by the want of proper protection and fenders, and insisted that they should be kept till we touched at some place where they could be buried properly, like in a Christian country. As this could not be listened to, a shocking scene took place—the mothers had to be taken down below by force, where they continued to scream—the husband of one of them collared Dr. Bannister as he was reading a bit of the burial service—and one of the mothers made her way by force on deck with her hair all flying in the wind, just as the dead body of her child was launched over the side, when she gave a loud scream with a leap upwards, and fell flat upon the deck without further motion.

July 16*th.*—The weather getting hotter and hotter. Begin to think of the tropics. Anxious to know if there were not certain ceremonies often performed at sea on crossing the Line, some of which, if I had been correctly informed, were extremely disagreeable. Heard Captain Pennysage say that he would not allow anything of the kind to take place in

the Rodneyrig; these pranks of crossing the Line were sometimes the cause of one or two buckets being thrown overboard, with other losses, for which he did not choose to be responsible to the owners of the ship: in addition to which it sometimes happened that a passenger fell overboard, and was lost.

About one o'clock in the morning I was awoke by a loud hooting, and chattering, and yelling, intermingled with long guttural screams, and short panting grunts; and then a rush of many feet, with shouts and laughter all along the between decks. "What's that, Isaac?" cried I.—"It's only a pig hunt," said he; "one of the pigs has got out, or somebody has pulled him out, and now a lot o' fellows are having a good hunt." Presently the voice of Captain Pennysage was heard, and suddenly he appeared in the 'tween decks with a dark lanthorn, the bull's-eye of which he turned right into our cabin, so that I fell back in my berth, as if shot, crying out, "It wasn't us, sir!" At this Isaac laughed like a fool for several minutes. Everybody had safely regained his cabin before the captain showed his light; he therefore declared aloud that he would put the three ringleaders of the disturbance in irons the next morning, and named three of the quietest men in the ship, who had certainly never stirred out of their cabins all night.

July 17*th*.—Wind blowing fresh—ship running ten knots an hour—very quick for us. Wind rising, men ordered to take in a flying-jib. In consequence of many splices in a rope, one of them got entangled, or would not run through a block, or something of that kind, and five men went out to clear the rigging, when a sudden gust struck the flapping sail and crash went the jib-boom, which instantly fell into the sea, carrying with it, of course, the flying jib-boom, and both sails, together with the five men. In an instant all was confusion on deck. Ropes were thrown over the side for the men to catch at—the life buoy was cut adrift, but was so jammed that it would not fall down—some ran to lower the quarter boats—others called out for the life-boat to be got out—and Captain Pennysage ran about giving all sort of orders, and not attending to any one of them being put into execution. Meantime the ship had been hove to—three of the men were clinging to the wreck of ropes and spars in the sea—and Arrowsmith and the second mate, both first-rate swimmers, jumped overboard, and swam to their assistance. Just as they had helped the third man up the side, a loud shriek was heard to leeward, followed by a cry from the deck of "Shark! Shark!" and a rush of all the passengers to the leeward side. One of the poor fellows had been taken down by a shark. Mr. Pounderby and Mrs. Pyke both saw it. The remaining sailor was still swimming for his life, and crying out for a boat. Arrowsmith and the second mate, with excited gestures and large eyes, came scrambling up the ship's side. A loud cry, swelling into a combined scream, from all the passengers! I looked over the side, and was just in time to see the sailor, with a face as white as a ghost, swung backwards and disappear beneath the wave. His mouth was wide open—I think with horror—some said he gave a scream, but I never heard it.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Waits brought into the cabin a small piece of dry touchwood. He asked me to guess what it was. I said, "Stuff to light a pipe with, to be sure." He said, "Yes, it was; but what had it lately been, or what had it been part of?"—"Of the inside of some old rotten tree or branch," said I. Waits folded it up in paper, and put it in his box. "Part of the jib-boom of the Rodneyrig!" said he, "just at the place where it broke. No wonder it broke. Two men's lives lost by a rotten spar, and a narrow escape for five others. That's the way to fit out ships to make money by passengers!" I was glad to find Isaac had so much public spirit. "I suppose you don't object," said I, "to my inserting what you have just said in my Diary." He thought a little, and then said "No."

SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

The assay of gold and silver has already been described in this miscellany, and most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature; for who ever dreamt that silk is adulterated?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge: well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and, being very dear and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c, to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterate matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the sys'em by further adulteration.

The presence of foreign substances in the silk, is fatal to proper dyeing; hence the dyer proceeds to get rid of them by means of boiling the silk in soap and water. As silk thread becomes charged with foreign matters to various degrees, given weights of several samples will contain very different lengths. In this way manufacturers are often deceived in the produce of various parcels of thrown silks after coming from the loom.

In our own country, great as have been the strides made by most branches of manufacture, the silk spinner or weaver has quietly borne all these evils and disappointments in deepest ignorance of the Chemistry of Silk, and perhaps believing that "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." He, alone, of all the workers, has neglected to seek the friendly aid of the chemist.

Possibly it is this indifference to science, which has left the silk manufacturer so far behind every other son of industry. It is notorious that, whilst our cotton, linen, and woollen manufactories have been multiplied ten-fold during the last score of years, those of silk goods have made scarcely any progress. The manufacturers are themselves perfectly aware of this startling fact, and it was but a few months since that a memorial was presented from them to the legislature, praying that all remaining protection on their goods might be removed, as the only hope of giving a new vitality to their slumbering trade.

The truth is, that Frenchmen are more keenly alive to the value of science in connection with manufacture than ourselves. Whilst our silk manufacturers have gone on upon the old well-beaten track, those of France have enlisted in their behalf the services of the chemist, who has brought their raw material as completely under his analytical control as subtle gas or ponderous ore. He has demonstrated to a nicety that its relative purity, its strength, its elasticity, its durability, its structure, the very size and weight of each separate fibre, may be shown and registered with precision and certainty. He tells the manufacturer the actual amount of latent moisture contained in a pound of silk; he shows him how much natural gum, resin, and sugar, every bale comprises: he points out how much lighter his thread should be after the processes of spinning and dyeing; and, more valuable still, he indicates the most profitable use to which every bale of raw silk is applicable: that whilst one parcel is best adapted for the manufacture of satin, another may be better employed for plain silk, another for velvet, and so on to the end.

In France, Italy, and other parts of continental Europe, the assaying, or, as it is there technically termed, the "conditioning of silk," is carried on under the sanction of the municipal authorities, in establishments called Conditioning Houses. The quantity thus assayed is published weekly for the information of the trade with as much regularity as a Price Current. In this way we may it publicly notified that, in the Conditio House at Lyons there were during year five millions, thirty-seven thousand hundred and twenty-eight pounds of sill sayed; at Milan, three millions, four hun and sixty-six thousand, six hundred ninty-one pounds, and other large quan at St. Etienne, Turin, Zurich, Elberfeld, other places.

Of so much importance has this pr been deemed in France that, in 1841, a *ordonnance* was passed, setting forth ascertained weight which silk loses by conditioning process, and which is el per cent. This eleven per cent., added t weight of the silk after the ordeal it has through, makes up what is termed its chantable weight.

The French have brought to our door means of accomplishing what they have tised during the last twenty years, wit much advantage. These means are no ther removed from us than Broad S Buildings, in the City, in premises l occupied by one of the many Colonial bu Companies which have so multiplied du the past half century. Science has e lished herself where humbug so recently enthroned.

We have paid a visit to these prem The first operation we beheld was that o termining the humidity of silk. Eleven cent. is the natural quantity in all silk, from various causes this is nearly alw much exceeded. Several samples of articles having been taken from a bale, are weighed in scales, capable of being tu by half a grain. Two of these samples then placed in other scales, equally deli and true; one end of which, containing sample, being immersed in a copper cyli heated by steam to two hundred and th degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with weights, being enclosed within a glass c The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly se the silk soon throws off its moisture, beco lighter, and the scale with the weights be to sink. In this condition it is kept unti further loss of weight is perceived;— weight which the silk is found to have being the exact degree of its humidity. natural eleven per cent. of humidity be allowed for, any loss beyond that shows degree of artificial moisture which the contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matt contained in a sample of silk, the parcels— ter a most mathematical weighing—are boi in soap and water for several hours. Th are then conveyed to the hot-air chambe subjected to two hundred and thirty degr of heat, and finally weighed. It will be fou now that silk of the greatest purity l lost not only its eleven per cent. of moistu but a further twenty-four per cent. in t various foreign matters boiled out of it. F

should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk, the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk;—its capability of being twisted round with great velocity without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and, by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for gros de Naples, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine beforehand to what purpose he shall apply his silk, and so avoid frequent disappointment and loss. In short, instead of working in the dark and by chance, he works by chemical rules of undeviating correctness.

After each of the above assays, or conditionings, the owner of the silk is supplied for a small fee with an authenticated certificate of its various qualities.

JANE MARKLAND.

A TALE.

It needs not beauty to adorn the face,
Nor flexile limbs to give the motions grace.
As from the shapeless block Apollo broke
And glowed with lovelier life at every stroke,
So glows with freshening charms the homeliest maid,
When warm Affection plies the sculptor's trade.

When young Jane Markland came to teach our school
The village children loved her gentle rule;
So mild the mistress learning won the child,
And hardest words grew easy when she smiled.
But not all smiles; the teacher knew to frown
And keep disorder by a whisper down;
Heavy her brows when idlesse mocked her reign,
And, half by chance, her hand would touch the cane;
So ermined judges thrill the crowd with awe
By useless mace, and sword they never draw.

Our curate—white his hair and warm his heart—
By merit fitted for a loftier part,
But pleased and happy 'mid the flock he tends,
Unmarked by bishops—rich in humbler friends—
Our curate ne'er grew tired of landing Jane,
And soared at once to Ciceronian strain:
"Since first," he says, "to teach our school she came
I scarce believe the village is the same;
A neatness now pervades our cottage rooms;
Our cottage walls are sweet with summer blooms;
I find a book on every table spread,
Where morn and eve the word of God is read;
Neat prints—the fruit of gathered pence—bestow
Refinement never dreamt of long ago;
The school-boys sweep the road before the door,
The weather's self seems better than of yore;
And then, in all she does, she's so sincere,
'Tis pity she's so very plain, my dear."

Yes; Jane was plain; in truth, I've often heard
A stranger paint her by a harsher word.
For coarse she was in feature, dull her eyes,
Her gait ungainly and enlarged her size;
Yet ne'er came child of Eve bereft of all
The charms, Eve's only dowry since the fall;
Some link remains by which the bond we trace
Between the loveliest and the plainest face.
Some one expression that, with instant thrill,
Tells us the ugliest is a woman still;
White teeth had Jane, and lips that well exprest
Each thought, fear, feeling of her gentle breast.

One night, when winds that had been loud all day
Beneath the troubled moonlight died away,
And left the trees unmoved, while overhead
Large jagged clouds o'er all the blue were spread;
Swiftly across the sky their squadrons passed
As if for safety flying from the blast;
You seemed to hear the tempest as it swept
Though sound was none, and calm the village slept.

To Jane's low casement came a stealthy tread:
A voice was heard. "Are you still up?" it said.
Jane laid the iron down. "Who's here so late?
What, Widow Snow! Come in."
"I may not wait—
The moon is hid; a piping gust I hear
That shows too well a storm is drawing near;
The boats are all returned, save only one,
And that—oh, Jane! I tremble for my son;
Heedless and bold he is, nor used to guide
The boat in darkness to our jetty's side."
Jane heard the widow and no word she spoke;
But struck the lanthorn's light and pinned her cloak;
"'Tis a wild night; I hear the sea," she said,
And swiftly to the shore the way she led.

A dreadful scene! With unresisted sway
Wave rushed on wave, as howling for their prey,
And dashing from their heads the blinding spray.
High o'er the pier they swept as if in pride,
And fell in thunder on the leaward side;
Then, as in wrath, they struck the rocks, and tore
Deep furrows in the sand and shook the shore.
"Can you see nothing, Jane?" the widow cried.
"There is no boat in motion far or wide;
There's nothing to be seen but the tall crest
Of the land-breakers; blackness hides the rest.
Stop! there was something dark, a moment seen,
Now sunk in the deep trough, the seas between;
Again! it is a boat! Heaven help the crew!
Through all this coil I heard a wild halloo.
Go, dearest widow! to the bay below.
Hold forth the lanthorn, it their course will show;
If they hold on there may be safety yet.
See—see—they come—oh God! the boat's upset."
Loud screamed the widow and the lanthorn shook;
With steadier fingers Jane the burden took;

And raised it high in air its light to show,
And, anxious hoping, waved it to and fro.
On a long shoreward swell that rushed in might
From the black, weltering distance into light
An upturned keel she sees; with hideous roar
The wave repulsed ejects it on the shore;
And on the fragments, drenched, insensate, cold,
Two human forms still keep their deadly hold.
The lanthorn's light their features gave to view,
But Hope expired to mark their pallid hue.
Prone lay the widow on that fatal sand,
Her dead hand closed upon her son's dead hand.

Within a garden from our street withdrawn,
With twenty feet in front by way of lawn,
Our Doctor's house—three-storied, roofed with slate—
Retired, yet public, keeps manorial state.
A gabled stable helps its airs of pride,
The surgery window decks the other side.
Thither hied Jane; in language clear though fast
Summoned his aid, and shoreward quickly passed;
Knocked at some doors, her tale of grief displayed,
And half the village rose to give her aid.

John Dire, the roughest, kindest man alive,
Was sixty years, and owned to forty-five;
A Navy surgeon, thirty years afloat,
The anchor-button still adorned his coat;
M. D. his rank, but little squared his rules
With tedious lessons learned in musty schools;
Sharp and decisive was his word; his hand
Had knife, pill, bolus ever at command;
His language rough, adorned with words so queer
That even our curate sometimes smiled to hear;
Storm-beat his cheeks, as if his days had past
Howling defiance to the northern blast,
Yet warm his feelings, though his words uncouth,
Unchilled by age and generous as in youth.

Meantime the crowd had gathered on the strand,
And round the three the mourning neighbours stand.
"Is there no hope?" said Jane, and felt the skin
Of the drowned youth. "Yes! yet there's warmth within.
Fly for a blanket; still my parlour fire
Burns clear and bright; but here comes Doctor Dire."
Back drew the crowd. With careful hand he press'd
The boatman's wrist, and felt within his breast;
Jane drew the widow off, who slowly woke,
And while the leech was silent no one spoke.
To see the other sufferer next he went,
And uttered various grunts that spoke content.
"Bill Bosford has no *watery* death to dread,
Give him some grog and put the dog to bed.
Unsling the main-sail of that boat; with care
Lay Snow within—" and then, with threatening air,
He bade the crowd go—but I can't say where.
Jane hurried homeward, stirred the fire, and spread
Before its blaze her choicest feather-bed.
When footsteps sounded at her garden gate
She oped the door, and in was borne the weight.
Oh! strange the ease that use and skill supply!
'Neath Dire's quick hand all difficulties fly;
Soon on the cheek a languid colour glows,
Slow beats the pulse; the eyelids half unclose;
With many a muttered oath—which Heaven forgive!—
The doctor swears at last the boy will live,
Puts to his lips a flask; and, with a strain,
Snow lifts his eyes and gazes first on Jane.
"Let the dog lie," says Dire; "here let him lie;
If you disturb the scoundrel's rest he'll die."
Then sat he down, and to the listening few
Who close and closer round his arm-chair drew,
Told he such tales, as filled them with affright,
Of all his doings after Algiers' fight;
The bones he sawed, the wounds he staunched, the gore
That filled the cockpit-boards a foot or more;
Such were the sights on board the Bossentore*
Then changed the theme; and next the surgeon told
Of ten feet water settling in the hold;
The store-room swampt, while water-logged they lay,
And starving watched the sunset day by day,
Till on the fourth, just when the lots they threw
That doomed the doctor's self to feed the crew,
A sail drew near that food and safety bore.
They watch'd the ship, that soon lurched wholly o'er;
Such the sad ending of the Bossentore!
Delighted listeners looked on him with dread,
As if whole histories in his face they read—
So rough, so weather-beat, so gnarled and old,
More wild and awful than the tales he told.
Snow lay asleep; above his breath he bends,
Then turns—with words uncourteous—to his friends,
Bids them go home; but speaks with honour due
To watchful Jane, and tells her what to do.
Then, muttering many curses, for display,
Goes homeward, shivering timbers all the way,
His are no curses; even our priest declares
They're but a topsy-turvy kind of prayers;
A sort of enmity that fires no lead,
But vollies on its starving foes—with bread.

Jane and the widow watched the youth's repose
And helped him home when earliest morn arose,
His was the farm that close and sheltered lay
'Neath the tall Downs that guard our tiny bay;
A rock-strewn farm, with many a deep ravine,
Where babbling runlets run their course unseen,
Till 'tween split rocks they sparkle into day,
Or soar in jets and noiseless glide away.
Humble the home where Widow Snow abode,
But picturesque and lovely from the road;
For climbing creepers hid the mouldering wall,
And clustered roses made amends for all;
A leasehold farm, with such a term to run,
It might outlast, she said, her grandson's son.
By favourite names each little field was known,
And save in name the fields were all her own;
And scarce more pride can fill an emperor's breast,
When countless armies march at his behest,
Than filled poor Widow Snow when she surveyed
Her twelve fat cows beneath the elm-trees' shade.
But pride—unblest with riches—is a snare;
And many a grief had Widow Snow to bear.
A farmer she; a pew at church her own;
Yet ne'er aspired to silk, or satin gown,
While tradesmen's wives, ev'n nursemaids out of place,
Rustled in silk and veiled themselves in lace.
But pride had heavier falls; for, as he grew,
The hopes she cherished in her son were few.
Loving to her he was; but idle, wild—
He tired of home, and revelled while she toiled;
He scorned the land that filled her heart with pride,
But cast his net; the tireless oar he plied,
Mixed with the common crew, half-shared a boat,
And ne'er was happy saving when afloat.

A change came o'er his life since that dread hour
When harsh experience showed the tempest's power.
No more he sought his comrades on the shore,
Nor scorned the home that had been dull before.
When Jane walked up at evenings there was he,
Kind host, to hand her countless cups of tea,
To press the muffin while it yet was warm,
And all the rural dainties of the farm;
Nor this alone, but books he tried to read;
If dark the sense Jane helped him at his need.

* This is supposed to be the medical pronunciation of the "Bucentaur."

A slate he bought, and toiled with many a fret,
Through sums, and weights, and measures dry and wet.
The maid still aided when a puzzler came,
And joy at her assistance drowned the shame.
Once said his mother, "What a girl is Jane!
How good her heart! Alas, that she's so plain!"
John oped his eyes as if he scarcely heard
Or strove to attain the meaning of the word.
"Plain!" he exclaimed; "I know not what you mean,
A smile like hers no mortal man has seen."
"Have you e'er told her so?" the mother said.
"What right have I, stained name and empty head,
To speak to such a scholar as Miss Jane?"
The son replied. "Indeed, I'm not so vain."

That night Jane sought the farm when school was done;
The mother archly smiled, and blushed the son.
When first they saw her at the Whitefield stile,
Said Widow Snow, "Just tell her of her smile."
But silent sat the youth the evening through,
And never hours before so swiftly flew.
When Jane rose up to take her homeward way,
"John," said the mother, "has a word to say;
He'll see you through the yard and past the stile,
He wants to tell you, Jane, about your smile."
No smile had Jane; so well her face she knew,
How many its defects, its charms how few,
She felt offence; her voice grew sharp and clear:
"I did not fancy John was so severe."
Quickly she went; abashed the young man stood,
And couldn't have o'erta'en her if he would.

A week passed on; John Snow was nowhere found,
They searched the village, tried each nook of ground.
A herd had seen him take the upland track,
With stick in hand and bundle on his back;
But none had heard him tell his journey's end,
Nor on what day his coming to attend.
Poor Widow Snow was all o'ercome with grief,
But Jane came up once more and brought relief;
Whispered her hopes that he would soon return:
"The post will bring a letter—cease to mourn;
Perhaps our curate knows—I'll go inquire—
Perhaps he told his plans to Doctor Dire.
I'll ask him, too; rest happy." So she went,
And left the widow wretched but content.

Our curate and the doctor—generous twain—
Walked up to aid the comfortings of Jane.
"An idle freak," our mild-eyed curate cried;
"He staid away three days last Whitsuntide."
"He's a changed man since then," said Widow Snow.
"And hates the Whitsun ales and all their show."
"I think—Heaven bless him!" thus the leech began,
"He's caught at last some little spark of man.
No molly-coddle now with bulls and cows,
And such live lumber pressing down his bows,
But—" here his eyes were mentioned—"he's now bore
An A. B. seaman in a ship of war;
Some fighting dragon like the Bossentore.
God save the Queen! if *that* would get him free—"
He cracked his hand—"he'd not get *that* from me."
Small comfort this; but, when some days went by,
A broken slate the widow chanced to spy,
And on the fragment this short line appears,
"Tell Jane she's not to marry for three years."
Harsh pangs on this through Jane a minute passed,
"The man!" she said, "he mocks me to the last!"
But, in long nights of talk with Widow Snow,
And tears did not fail at times to flow,
She learned what thoughts his bashfulness confin'd,
And strange, sweet fancies filled her wandering mind,
Content and pleasure gave each action grace,
And fixed their own calm beauty in her face.
So sunshine, when it warms neglected ground,
Calls flower-seeds forth and scatters perfume round.

One wintry night, when scarce two years were gone,
The two sad mourners sat and talked of John.
The glimmering fire sent forth a cheery light,
And—all without a cause—their hopes grew bright.
"I feel as if some happiness were near,"
The widow said, and wiped th' unconscious tear.
Jane smiled to hear.—But sudden, from the sea,
A gun was heard. "What can the signal be?"
They looked across the bay—but nothing saw.
A flash again! far off—and then, with awe,
They watched the coming sound, they heard its roar—
And lights grew frequent on the startled shore.
A third report came booming o'er the tide:
"They want a boat," the saddened mother sighed;
"If John were here!" dear memories awoke,
One thought possessing both though neither spoke.

A heavy footstep sounded at the door,
The handle turned, and who stood on the floor?
Toil-worn he seemed, like common sailor drest,
Blue jacket, shining hat, and hairy vest;
Across his neck two wooden boxes hung,
These at his feet with heavy sound he flung.
"You do not know me, mother?"—Yes, the tone
Of the loved voice revealed him all her own;
And in his arms she lay!—but still his eye
Was fixed on Jane who sat in silence by.
She helped the widow on a chair to place,
And both sat gazing in the stranger's face.
He went to Jane, he took her willing hand,
"For you," he said, "my life's great change planned,
Crossed the wide seas—a man before the mast—
And, armed and eager, to the gold world past.
There week by week I added to my store,
Heaped grains on grains till I required no more,
And here I'm landed on my native shore."
Then with a kick he showed the boxes' weight—
"Five hundred ounces is my golden freight,
Enough," he cried, "to crown my best design,
Oh, Jane! oh, mother! what a bliss is mine!"

What wonders quickly on the farm we see:
Three hundred pounds turned leasehold into fee—
Some wise repairs made every fence complete;
The cottage walls grew clean, the chambers neat.
And when our doctor gave the bride away—
Rough were his words that hailed the wedding-day—
Our curate, Jane's meek virtues pondering o'er,
Quite changed his taste and thought her plain no more.
"A maid so good must make a charming wife,
A very pretty girl, too, on my life!"

SIX YEARS AMONG CANNIBALS.

I AM physician to a hospital in a large seaport town. My curiosity was aroused lately by the face of a man, which, as it lay upon the pillow of a hospital bed, looked singularly savage. It was marked by a broad blue line extending from the lower level of his nose to an inch below the lips, and from the back of one whisker to the back of the other. Evidently such a tattoo-mark was not one with which any white man would have been willingly disfigured. On the patient's recovery I put some questions to him, and

obtained the substance of the following account. For several reasons I believe the tale to be a true one. It was not volunteered; the man appeared to be ashamed of his own story, and required a steady cross-examination before he would yield up half of what he had to say. The cross-questioning produced no inconsistent statements; no published accounts contradict anything that he states; and he mentions many facts known in this country through books which it is not likely that he ever read.

David or Daniel Dash, native of the state of Virginia, embarked on board a whaling ship as a common seaman, at the age of nineteen. His ship sailed round Cape Horn, and had been cruising about perhaps for nineteen months when she was overtaken by a storm near the Marquesas; there she was driven ashore in spite of all exertions, and soon went to pieces. The crew consisted of thirty persons. The captain and twenty-four men took to the boats, and he believes escaped. He and four others swam to land. As soon as they arrived on shore they were surrounded by the natives, made prisoners, and carried a few miles into the interior. Being then placed in a long hut, the prince or chief came to them and arranged them in a line. Without any delay his choice was offered to them—whether they would be tattooed or killed. The chief easily made his meaning understood; he produced first the usual tattooing implements, pointed to the marks on his own person, and then to the bodies of his prisoners. Presenting next a knife, he made a feint of cutting off their heads.

After this dumb-show, the chief offered to each man in succession dagger or bowl, that is to say, knife or tattooing apparatus. Would they be dead men or savages? Dash's four companions being his seniors, polled first at this election, and they chose the knife. He was, however, young to die, and willing to do anything to save his life. He chose to be tattooed. As soon as the decision of the five men had been ascertained, the four who had disdained to be made comrades by the cannibals were killed. They lost their heads. Without the least delay, their bodies were cut up, and preparations made for a feast. The large bones were cut out to make fish-hooks, spear-heads, tattoo instruments; particular parts were cut off to be given as offerings to the Gods, and the rest of the flesh was cooked. Holes were then dug in the earth, and filled with dry wood, some large stones being placed here and there among the wood, to be heated when the pile was fired. After ignition, fresh wood was heaped on, and the fire kept up until the ground had been made thoroughly hot. The ashes being then raked out, the flesh was put into the holes, and covered with the stones and embers. It was so left for about half an hour, and at the end of that time taken out, and eaten by perhaps two hundred men. Before the feast was ready, the men had begun to drink an intoxicating liquor, which resembled soap suds in appearance, and soon took effect. This was the Cava cup, of which travellers have written, and Lord Byron has sung. Having no rum or other spirit, and not understanding the way to prepare any ordinary fermented liquors, the islanders had been led to the discovery of a strange substitute. They procure a root called Cava root (which appears, by the bye, to be very rich in starch); they cut it up, and chew it thoroughly; they then wash it in water, strain it through tappa cloth; and, throwing the fibrous part away, retain the washings. These are allowed to stand for a short time, during which they ferment, and acquire intoxicating power. This drink appears to act as slow poison; for indulgence in it reduces men often to a miserable state of nervousness and blindness.

These natives seem, from Daniel's account, to be epicures in cannibalism; and it is rather agreeable to white men, to know that they do not think so much of white men as they do of black. Black men's flesh is greatly preferred to pork, and their fondness for it is so decided that no man of that colour would ever have a choice given him for his life. The whites, on the contrary, usually meet with the same treatment that Dash and his companions had experienced. The feast being over, tattooing operations were commenced upon him. The instruments employed were pieces of bone filed into the shape of very fine saws; they were about three inches long, and varied from a pen-knife's to two fingers' breadth; these were set in cane handles, and when used were placed upon the skin and struck by a sort of wooden mallet till blood spirted out. Burnt human bones were then rubbed in over the wounds. The process was exceedingly painful, so much so that only small portions of the skin were painted at a sitting. Three months elapsed before the whole tattooing was complete. Dash was marked on the face, on the breast, on the back, and from the toe nails to the ancles. All the natives of this island and the neighbouring ones are tattooed. The process seems to be compulsory, like some of the initiations practised by the North-American Indians. It has to be undergone alike by men and women. The priests or doctors, called "Vahanna," are the operators. The usual age for the operation is eighteen. The father hands over his children to the operator as they reach that age, with a certain sum, either of goods, money, or land. In case of his death before his children are sufficiently mature, he leaves some of his land for the same purpose. The men are usually tattooed in patterns, women more plainly. In women the lips are marked by small spots, the ears are bored, and round the hole, faint blue concentric lines are drawn. The hands

are marked as far as the wrists, looking as if they were gloved. The feet are marked in a similar way as far as the ancle, and there extend stripes from the upper margin of this tattooed shoe to the knee joint.

When the process of tattooing had been properly completed, Dash was adopted by the chief into the tribe. This man "changed places with him," "gave up his seat to him," and "they exchanged names;" Dash became Coonooai (Coonooy) or "the great chief," and the chief David or Daniel Dash. The chief could pronounce Daniel better than David, and so adopted that one of the two names which the sailor claims a right to use at option. The chief also gave him his daughter to wife, a well-built, handsome woman of nineteen years of age. He "had to marry" also four-and-twenty others, who expected to be treated as his lawful spouses, but who were in some degree inferior to the princess.

The brothers and friends of these wives soon built for their new associate a hut of bamboo, in which the entire family resided. A small compartment was made for the princess and her spouse—a sort of state-room—to mark their superiority. He was in every way treated as a chief; the brothers of his wives prepared his victuals; a pig was killed every second day for the use of his household, and they had as many boiled potatoes as they could eat. He had four children only during the time he remained on the island, three of whom died in their infancy. He was about ten months before he could speak the language perfectly, but he could make himself understood much earlier.

The women, he says, have, on the whole, few children. They suffer scarcely anything at a confinement: and do not usually nurse their children very long; they feed them with cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and raw fish, all these being finely chewed before they are given to the infant. None of the people like cooked fish; they all prefer it raw. Few die in infancy; the great majority of children born are reared. They seem almost to have an instinct for the water. As soon as they can walk to the edge of the stream they walk into it, and they can swim as soon as or even before they have learnt to run. I may observe that all children appear to have a particular fondness for the water; but those only can indulge it who go constantly either quite naked, or in clothes not liable to be injured, who at the same time have access to water mild and genial as our summer air.

The natives of the Marquesas keep up their swimming powers throughout their lives, and attain extraordinary faculties. They have no fear of sharks; when one appears in the bay the natives singly or in numbers "go out to attack it" in its own element with their knives. They have canoes which they manage cleverly, and use in trading excursions to other islands, or in fishing.

The colour of the islanders is similar to that of many a tawny Spaniard—a light mahogany, The men and women are of a medium height, well made, and often very good-looking. Their dress consists of a piece of tappa cloth round the loins, concerning which they are as careful and proud as we are in reference to the quality and fashion of our more numerous and costly garments. This tappa cloth is made by beating a part of the bark of the bread-fruit tree with a sort of wooden mall, which breaks up its fibres so that they may be stretched out, like the lace bark of the West Indies. This is carefully washed and bleached until it becomes as white and as fine as linen. It is never woven.

In disposition the islanders are, by Daniel's account, true savages. They are constantly at war with neighbouring tribes. The country is full of mountains and woods, the former being very steep and difficult, the latter dense and extensive. The valleys and bays are the parts in and about which the inhabitants are chiefly clustered. A distance of four miles is frequently all the interspace between the lands belonging to two hostile tribes. The men are constantly at war, and have the Dyak fondness for heads. Scarcely a moonlight night elapses but one man or other goes on a head-hunting excursion. They often go alone, but usually hunt in twos or threes. They start before night-fall so as to arrive in the neighbourhood of the intended victim shortly after dark; they then either lie in ambush for a lone man, or go to a hut disguising their voices, ask for shelter, or a light for their pipes. When the door is opened, they rush in; and if they can succeed in overpowering the inmates, they kill them, cut off their heads and return. The bodies are too heavy to be dragged over the mountains. The trophy or trophies being thus secured, are cut into as many parts as possible, and given to the numerous gods to propitiate them and to procure from them good luck. These gods are usually uncouth figures, but by oversight I omitted to examine Daniel on this subject. He spoke contemptuously of the people for believing just what their doctor priests told them—said that they told them all sorts of things—but did not, of his own will, particularise any.

As his account of the Taboo agreed completely with that made familiar by many writers, not forgetting Herman Melville, I did not ask many questions about it. In these midnight expeditions the knife is used; in larger battles, however, the musket supersedes all other arms. Great battles are very numerous, a fortnight never elapses without one. My informant said "He could not rightly tell what they fought for—he did not think they knew themselves—they could not be at peace." In these fights,

between two and three hundred will engage on either side; the scene of the battle is usually laid in the woods, and the combatants dodge to and fro among the trees. None like to expose themselves fully, the whiz of a bullet immediately frightens them, and causes them to drop upon the ground. In consequence of all this caution, the contests are often prolonged over from one to three days, and it rarely happens that more than four or five are killed on either side. They sometimes, but seldom, come to close quarters, when they fight with their muskets clubbed. As soon as a few men are killed, the losing side withdraws, the victims are then conveyed to their village by the conquerors, the "fancy" parts of their bodies are devoted to the gods, the rest is cooked and eaten by the men. The warriors do not appear to have much sense of honour; for the strong tribes constantly make war upon the weak, and two or three tribes now and then suspend their own quarrels to make more effective war upon a fourth. In consequence of this spirit, many tribes are now almost exterminated and do not include more than twenty or thirty men. All the people speak one language, so that a union might be easily effected if the temper of the people changed.

As they are savage in their war with hostile tribes, so they are rude and brutal in their peace amongst themselves. From some cause or another Daniel was constantly attacked by the women of the tribe who, half in savage fun and half in earnest, used to seize him by the beard and hair and shake him; this they could often do without fear of his wrath, as more than two or three would set on him at once. He considered that the attention was paid chiefly in fun, but he had often to thrash the ladies vigorously before they would set him free. The men are not commonly savage amongst themselves, as man to man—rather as man to woman. He had seen men thrashing women with the butt end of a musket, and had known limbs to be broken in this way. In such cases it would be of no use for the wife to go home to her father; he would only thrash her again and send her back. It is not often that actual murder takes place; when it does, atonement is made to the friends of the deceased by presents, or the murderer is driven out into another tribe.

The islanders have enough regard for their friends to show the delicate abstinence of not eating them—whether killed in battle or by chance. They never inter their dead, but take them out to a distance in the woods, where a rude cane hut is built to protect each corpse from the sun and rain; a sort of trough is made for the dead man's bed, in which his body is left. Two days afterwards a hog is killed, cooked, and deposited by the bedside. This is done under the impression that the dead require food like the living, and the supply is continued long after the flesh has crumbled into dust; in fact, until the family of the defunct has itself become extinct. It forms one of the chief occupations of the life of the living to convey food to the dead. Unlike some other savage nations, they keep the old people during the helplessness of age with assiduous care; the younger members of the family, or of the tribe, supply them regularly with provisions.

The climate is warm, genial, and healthy; sickness is rare; nevertheless, from the causes before mentioned, the population is on the decrease. Daniel was not aware that any European diseases had been introduced, nor were the people habitually given to intoxication.

There are numerous feasts held in the course of the year—usually one every two months. The occasion of such a feast is most commonly the reception of some recently tattooed individuals, male or female, among the adult members of a tribe. The chief entertainment then is dancing. When all is prepared, the men of the tribe arrange themselves on one side of an open space—the women in a line opposite and parallel to them—between these opposed sides there are placed four men whose duty it is to keep time by beating drums. The drums are made by scooping the interior from a piece of wood and stretching a shark skin over it, which is tightened by cords made of cocoa nut fibre. The musicians produce on them only discordant notes—but the rest of the people somewhat improve the effect by clapping their hands and singing.

Near the musicians the recently tattooed youths are placed "yellowed off," said Daniel, "with curry and cocoa nut, until they shine like burnished mahogany." They take no active part in the proceedings. The dancers are women, who are chosen for their good looks from amongst the wives and maidens indiscriminately,—they are usually six in number, and are dressed very handsomely; their head-dress consists of tortoiseshell, pearl, and feathers, their other clothing is a long robe of tappa cloth, open in front, and reaching to the ancles like a dressing gown. It is ornamented as far down as the hips, with bright feathers, hair, &c. The fingers of the women when they dance are ornamented with long feathers, which are fastened to them in such a way as to give to the hands somewhat the appearance of wings. The motions are not by any means vivacious—the women move their hands, pretending to be birds; they wriggle their bodies about also in imitation of eels, and approach each other gradually in this way on one heel. Successive sets of dancers thus present themselves, and the feast is kept up usually for three days; pork and potatoes being eaten, and cava drunk; the singing of native songs is often added to increase and vary the enjoyment.

All the natives of the Marquesas have

numerous names. Daniel himself had thirty, which belonged, in fact, to a graver class of nicknames. His most common title (I write it from the sound,) was Touanahheematchoei, or (Tou-an-â-e-mâ-te-o-ey,) which meant "the great chief."

There was no lack of food. The people cultivated the (sweet) potato with success, and had plenty of yams and bread-fruit. They caught numbers of fish, and kept a great many swine.

The savages were very fond of talking. When he knew their language, a number of them would come to Daniel, set him in the midst, and call upon him to tell them stories, to which they would sit and listen quietly for hours. "They wanted to know all about America, and white people; whether he had a wife at home, and the like." On one occasion they asked whether he would take them with him to America.—"Yes," he said, "but you would cry if I did."—"Ah, yes," they answered, "that is true; we should cry after our fathers and mothers—we should cry to come back to our lands. The whites," they said, "must surely think very little of their fathers and mothers; or must leave them when they are very young, or they never could go sailing all over the world as they do. If we attempted it, we should be always crying either after our parents or our children."

Such conversations made the young white chief a great favourite with his tribe, and he obtained such influence among them, that he believes he could have prevented them from again attacking other whites. He never went to war with them, however, "he had too much respect for his own safety; he never knew what might happen." His wives "thought a very great deal about him, and if they fancied he had ever thought of going out to fight, they would have set on him, and bound him fast in his own house." He always told them, that if he went away, he would come back again; and he believes, therefore, that they are still expecting him. He lived very happily with his house-full of wives, dividing his attentions very equally among them, and allowing due rank to "the princess." He was well treated by the men.

The natives do a little trading among themselves; the articles of barter being chiefly pigs and tappa cloth, fish-hooks, muskets, powder, and things of that kind. Their surgical skill is small; but they have good constitutions upon which to practise, and seem to have learned certain good principles. The chief demand for the doctor's art is in the cure of musket wounds, in which the treatment is to keep the track of the ball as clean as possible.

The tribe with which Daniel herded was, if I recollect rightly, named the Cauachas, and his residence was on the island called by the natives Motâni. He gave me, however, the names of the surrounding islands at the same time, and I am not quite sure that I have retained the proper one; but it was either Mat or Magdalena. The others are Magdalena, Fatuiva, Toowata, Domenique, Rahuga, and Nukuhiva.

In answer to a question as to the possibility of civilising his old friends, he said that the French had established a settlement on Rahuga (I think) where they had remained during five years. They built a small fort, European houses, and churches; but finding the place too expensive, or for some other reason, they then abandoned it. During the night after their departure, all the natives who had been friendly with the French were either killed or taken prisoners, and on the next day all the houses and other edifices that could be destroyed were pulled to pieces, and the prisoners were landed on another island; so the place became again as wild as it was before the French had it in charge. There are some French still in Ruhiva, and some French missionaries in Ruapo.

Having in my remembrance Herman Melville's story of adventures in the Marquesas, I asked my patient about Typee or Happar. He informed me that there was a Typee Bay in Nuhiva (Nukuhiva?) where the people were very savage, and that he had heard of Happa in Domenique. He had heard also of Happa Bay, where a white man named Brown had been killed who had left his vessel there.

After Daniel had been on the island about six years, he and another white from another island began, with the assistance of the natives, to build a schooner with which they hoped to trade with California, and the west coast of America. When they had been at work for about six months, Daniel, attacked with dysentery, became very low and weak. At that time an American ship passed the island, and a boat came ashore (the men being well armed) in search of wood and water. Daniel went on board the ship, telling the natives that he should return. Had they thought him anxious to escape from them they would, no doubt, have kept him prisoner until the ship was gone. He went on board, the captain promised fair to him, and so he left the island; not, he says, without some regret. It is now nineteen months since he escaped.

The man is a well-looking fellow (barring the marks upon his face,) and it is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that he has a peculiarly soft voice; which, I cannot help thinking, must have been formed or improved by his long residence amongst a people whose language is without harsh sounds or gutturals.

RECEIPT OF FERN-SEED.

Shops destined for the sale of vegetable curiosities, sometimes display a little ugly dried-up flower, labelled the "Rose of Je-

richo," which, it is boasted, revives when dipped in water, although its dried-up condition may have lasted for any length of time. The experiment is attended with success, though not with what may be called brilliant success. The dingy flower does indeed open its leaves; but it would be ridiculous to apply any synonyme of the verb "to bloom" to the phenomenon that presents itself. It is a dingy affair altogether.

We, of this great incredulous metropolis, when we grudgingly expend our sixpence on the floral wonder, which the East is kind enough to send us, pour a little water into a wine-glass, insert the stalk therein, contemplate the dull miracle, and then throw the rose away, grudging the sixpence more than ever. But when, turning away from great disbelieving London, we look for instruction to that German Bœotia, called Suabia (our classical friends need not be reminded that ancient Bœotia, notwithstanding the slights of Attican neighbours, was no such very stupid place after all,) we discern the value of the treasure we have slighted. We have not tested half its marvels. The good people in the vicinity of Rotenburg, near Tübingen, tell us, that a rose of Jericho, however dried-up, will bloom every year, of its own accord, on the nineteenth of March (that day being the festival of St. Joseph,) and that if it be kept in a box, it will burst it open with the force of its expansion. It seems to us, that our Suabian friends must have roses of greater vigour than those which we so unwillingly purchase. Flimsy, indeed, would be the box which *our* poor little roses of Jericho could burst open.

Let us not, however, be too hasty in despising the gift, which is wafted to us from the borders of the Red Sea. Our Rotenburg advisers tell us, that Christmas Day and New Year's Day are the only two occasions on which their flower will blossom, besides the said nineteenth of March, and then they generally use holy water to elicit its mystic properties. Our shabby plant, on the contrary, will thrive in its own unsatisfactory way, even though it be inserted in the unsanctified water of our own dirty Thames, and one day is just as good and just as bad as another for its purpose. Or is there something superior in the Suabian method of blooming? This may be the case, after all; for when the rose of Jericho blooms at Rotenburg, the admiring bystanders are enabled to prognosticate from the shape it assumes how fruit, corn, and chestnut will thrive in the ensuing year. If the Suabian could discern the particular form assumed by *our* rose of Jericho, Suabia must indeed be the land of sharp discernment.

And this latter may be the right hypothesis, as far as the vegetable world is concerned; for the deeper we plunge into Suabian tradition, the more we become convinced of the great acuteness of the Suabian people in botanical matters. It was a day-labourer in the same Rotenburg, who once obtained a supply of fern-seed, and this, we are enabled to state, is no such easy affair.

He who would obtain fern-seed (we learn) must not utter a single prayer during the four weeks before Christmas; but must occupy himself as much as possible with diabolical thoughts—the worse the better. On Christmas night, he must go to that old place of horrors—a cross-way; but every cross-way will not do. Corpses must have been carried along each of the crossing roads to render the point of junction fitting for the operation. The experimentalist will not want company. His deceased friends and relations will all appear to him, and ask him what he is about; a question which he may feel not at all inclined to answer. Living friends will come also, and try to make him speak; and little ugly imps will jump about, and endeavour to make him laugh. One word or one guffaw, even so much as an incipient smile, will be fatal, for the unlucky experimentalist will be immediately torn to pieces by fiends. If, however, he remains firm, and neither speaks to his friends, nor laughs at his entertainers, they will all retire at last, and a man will present himself in the guise of a hunter. Who *he* is, we need not say; but we need say, that he presents the grave inquirer with a neat little cunet — such as grocers make—filled with the desired fern-seed.

The connection between wickedness and abstinence from laughter, here set forth, is worth a moment's consideration. Popular tradition is generally in favour of good fellowship, and want of mirth is esteemed a sign of something not altogether agreeable. Thus, in the puppet-play of Faust, on which Göthe founded his immortal work, Faustus himself is represented as a gloomy individual, and thus his ultimate lot is prepared. Casperle, on the other hand, the comic character or clown of the piece, though he is, like the learned doctor, exposed to fiendish machinations, wears his mirth about him as a shield, and lives on in the humble though comfortable capacity of a town-watchman, after Faustus has descended to regions invisible. "Hence loathed melancholy," is the maxim of the unsophisticated; and, although we find that gravity is essential to obtain the wonderful fern-seed, we learn, on further investigation, that it is but a doubtful possession at last.

This we find in the case of a journeyman weaver of Rotenburg. The great virtue of the fern-seed is this, that it enables any workman who possesses it to do the work of twenty without inconvenience. Now, the weaver in question amused himself with drinking and such like pursuits for six days in the week; but on the seventh, by virtue of the fern-seed, he produced a longer web than was achieved by any of the craft who worked the whole week through. However, one day, unfortunately,

the journeyman's mistress, taking the cloth home to a purchaser, stopped at a church to pray: no sooner was the benediction pronounced than the good woman found all her cloth reduced to yarn.

Those who live in the practical life of the nineteenth century, and moisten the path of that life with coffee, need not be told that chicory possesses miraculous properties. In Suabia, chicory assumes a grave, solemn, and awful character. It should only be gathered on Saint James's day (July the twenty-fifth), and then only between eleven and twelve o'clock, and even then it should not be picked off with a mere vulgar thumb and finger, but should be daintily cut off with the edge of a gold coin. Indeed, there is such a high art in chicory cutting, that, according to Doctor Ernst Meier, (professor of oriental languages in the University of Tübingen, and our great authority in Suabian matters) there is an old woman in Pfullingen who devotes the whole energies of her life to this one pursuit. The prudent man, who will not rashly trust his own manipulative skill, no sooner finds a sign of the presence of the root, than he marks the spot with a stick, and hastens to inform the sage old lady of the discovery. She accepts the office of cutting, but she does not descend from her lofty artistical position. Great sculptors, as we know, having completed their models, allow their pupils to rough-hew the marble, while they reserve to themselves the last finishing touch of the chisel. So our old woman. When the festival of Saint James arrives—for even she must wait until then—she allows any ignorant uninitiated wretch to make the first incision with his miserable knife, but the final operation with the gold coin is performed with her own venerable hands.

The great quality required for cutting chicory is the power of keeping silence; and hence we can anticipate that a number of those empty wits, who exult over woman's alleged inability to keep a secret, and who retail old epigrams, that liken the movement of the female tongue to a clock, a smoke-jack, and so forth, will marvel that a person of the fair sex is selected to perform the delicate operation. It is indeed a very serious matter to speak while cutting chicory, and all sorts of temptations are employed to lure the operator into danger. One unhappy man, when he was just about to give the decisive slice, saw a millstone in the air, floating directly over his head. Being of a taciturn disposition, even when under strong emotions, he ran away without saying a word, and therefore underwent no further punishment than the negative one of taking all his trouble for nothing. If however, say the wise, he had uttered so much as a monosyllabic interjection, the millstone would have been no longer a vision in the air, like Macbeth's dagger, but would have smashed him.

The explanation of the origin of chicory is most satisfactory. The roots, we are informed by the sages of Pfullingen, were once human beings. When the flower is blue, bad men are at the bottom of it; when the flower is white, the root has been a very virtuous individual. The fact that the blue flower is much the commoner of the two, proves that there is a good deal of satire mixed up with the superstition. The statement that two white flowers are usually found together, is pleasant—the doctrine that sociality and virtue go hand in hand being once more agreeably illustrated.

But what is the use of the chicory after the employment of these singular contrivances to get it? Its chief utility seems to be that if we take (exhibit internally) only so much as a shaving, it will cause all thorns and splinters which may have run into our flesh to fly out with the greatest celerity.

When we reflect that a young English lady with her needle can perform the same office as the old German lady with her gold coin, we will not run the risk of being crushed by imaginary millstones in our endeavours to gather chicory.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Duke of Northumberland was very anxious to keep the young King's death a secret, in order that he might get the two Princesses into his power. But, the Princess Mary, being informed of that event as she was on her way to London to see her sick brother, turned her horse's head, and rode away into Norfolk. The Earl of Arundel was her friend, and it was he who sent her warning of what had happened.

As the secret could not be kept, the Duke of Northumberland and the Council sent for the Lord Mayor of London and some of the aldermen and made a merit of telling it to them. Then, they made it known to the people, and set off to inform Lady Jane Grey that she was to be Queen.

She was a pretty girl of only sixteen, and was amiable, learned, and clever. When the lords who came to her, fell on their knees before her, and told her what tidings they brought, she was so astonished that she fainted. On recovering, she expressed her sorrow for the young King's death, and said that she knew she was unfit to govern the kingdom, but, that if she must be Queen, she prayed God to direct her. She was then at Sion House, near Brentford, and the lords took her down the river in state to the Tower, that she might remain there (as the custom was) until she was crowned. But the people were not at all favourable to Lady Jane, considering that the right to be Queen was Mary's, and greatly disliking the Duke of Northumberland. They were not put into a better humour by the Duke's causing a

vintner's servant, one Gabriel Pot, to be taken up for expressing his dissatisfaction among the crowd, and to have his ears nailed to the pillory, and cut off. Some powerful men among the nobility declared on Mary's side. They raised troops to support her cause, had her proclaimed Queen at Norwich, and gathered around her at the castle of Framlingham, which belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. For she was not considered so safe as yet, but that it was best to keep her in a castle on the sea-coast, from whence she might be sent abroad, if necessary.

The Council would have dispatched Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, as the general of the army against this force; but as Lady Jane implored that her father might remain with her, and as he was known to be but a weak man, they told the Duke of Northumberland that he must take the command himself. He was not very ready to do so, as he mistrusted the Council much, but there was no help for it, and he set forth with a heavy heart; observing to a lord who rode beside him through Shoreditch at the head of the troops, that, although the people pressed in great numbers to look at them, they were terribly silent.

And his fears for himself turned out to be true. While he was waiting at Cambridge for further help from the Council, the Council took it into their heads to turn their backs on Lady Jane's cause, and to take up the Princess Mary's. This was chiefly owing to the before-mentioned Earl of Arundel, who represented to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, in a second interview with those sagacious persons, that, as for himself, he did not perceive the Reformed religion to be in much danger—which Lord Pembroke backed by flourishing his sword as another kind of persuasion. The Lord Mayor and aldermen, thus enlightened, said, there could be no doubt that the Princess Mary ought to be Queen. So, she was proclaimed at the Cross by St. Paul's, and barrels of wine were given to the people, and they got very drunk, and danced round blazing bonfires—little thinking, poor wretches, what other bonfires would soon be blazing in Queen Mary's name!

After a ten days' dream of royalty, Lady Jane Grey resigned the Crown with great willingness, saying that she had only accepted it in obedience to her father and mother; and went gladly back to her pleasant house by the river, and her books. Mary then came on towards London; and at Wanstead, in Essex, was joined by her half sister, the Princess Elizabeth. They passed through the streets of London to the Tower, and there the new Queen met some eminent prisoners then confined in it, kissed them, and gave them their liberty. Among these were that Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who had been imprisoned in the last reign for holding to the unreformed religion. Him she soon made chancellor.

The Duke of Northumberland had been taken prisoner, and, together with his son and five others, was quickly brought before the Council. He, not unnaturally, asked that Council, in his defence, whether it was treason to obey orders that had been issued under the great seal, and if it were, whether they, who had obeyed them too, ought to be his judges? But they made light of these points, and, being resolved to have him out of the way, soon sentenced him to death. He had risen into power upon the death of another man, and made but a poor show (as might be expected) when he himself lay low. He entreated Gardiner to let him live, if it were only in a mouse's hole; and when he ascended the scaffold to be beheaded on Tower Hill addressed the people in a miserable way, saying that he had been incited by others and exhorting them to return to the unreformed religion, which he told them was his faith. There seems reason to suppose that he expected a pardon even then, in return for this confession; but it matters little whether he did or not. His head was struck off, and Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, two better and more manly gentlemen, suffered with him.

Mary was now crowned Queen. She was thirty-seven years of age, short and thin, wrinkled in the face, and very unhealthy. But she had a great liking for show and for bright colours, and all the ladies of her Court were magnificently dressed. She had a great liking too for old customs, without much sense in them; and she was oiled in the oldest way, and blessed in the oldest way, and done all manner of things to in the oldest way, at her coronation. I hope they did her good.

She soon began to show her desire to put down the Reformed religion, and put up the unreformed one: though it was dangerous work as yet, the people being something wiser than they used to be. They even cast a shower of stones—and among them a dagger—at one of the royal chaplains, who attacked the Reformed religion in a public sermon. But, the Queen and her priests went steadily on. Ridley, the powerful bishop of the last reign, was seized and sent to the Tower. Latimer, also a celebrated prelate of the last reign, was likewise sent to the Tower, and Cranmer speedily followed. Latimer was an aged man; and as his guards took him through Smithfield, he looked round it, and said, "This is a place that hath long groaned for me." For he knew well what kind of bonfires would soon be burning. Nor was the knowledge confined to him. The prisons were fast filled with the chief Protestants, who were there left rotting in darkness, hunger, dirt, and separation from their friends; many, who had time left them for escape, fled from the kingdom; and the dullest of the people began, now, to see what was coming.

It came on fast. A Parliament was got together, not without strong suspicion of un-

fairness, and they annulled the divorce, formerly pronounced by Cranmer between the Queen's mother and King Henry the Eighth, and unmade all the laws on the subject of religion that had been made in the last King Edward's reign. They began their proceedings in violation of the law, by having the old mass said before them in Latin, and by turning out a bishop who would not kneel down. They also declared guilty of treason Lady Jane Grey, for aspiring to the Crown, her husband, for being her husband, and Cranmer for not believing in the mass aforesaid. They then prayed the Queen graciously to choose a husband for herself, as soon as might be.

Now, the question who should be the Queen's husband had given rise to a great deal of discussion, and to several contending parties. Some said Cardinal Pole was the man—but the Queen was of opinion that he was *not* the man, being too old and too much of a student. Others said that the gallant young COURTENAY, whom the Queen had made Earl of Devonshire, was the man—and the Queen thought so too, for a while, but she changed her mind. At last it appeared that PHILIP, PRINCE OF SPAIN, was certainly the man—though certainly not the people's man, for they detested the idea of such a marriage from the beginning to the end, and murmured that the Spaniard would establish in England, by the aid of foreign soldiers, the worst abuses of the Popish religion, and even the terrible Inquisition itself.

These discontents gave rise to a conspiracy for marrying young Courtenay to the Princess Elizabeth, and setting them up, with popular tumults all over the kingdom, against the Queen. This was discovered in time by Gardiner; but in Kent, the old bold county, the people rose in their old bold way. SIR THOMAS WYAT, a man of great daring, was their leader. He raised his standard at Maidstone, marched on to Rochester, established himself in the old castle there, and prepared to hold out against the Duke of Norfolk, who came against him with a part of the Queen's guards and a body of five hundred London men. The London men, however, were all for Elizabeth, and not at all for Mary. They declared, under the castle walls, for Wyat; the Duke retreated; and Wyat came on to Deptford, at the head of fifteen thousand men.

But these, in their turn, fell away. When he came to Southwark, there were only two thousand left Not dismayed by finding the London citizens in arms, and the guns at the Tower ready to oppose his crossing the river there, Wyat led them off to Kingston-upon-Thames, intending to cross the bridge that he knew to be in that place, and so to work his way round to Ludgate, one of the old gates of the city. He found the bridge broken down, but mended it, and came across, and bravely fought his way up Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill. Finding the gate closed against him he fought his way back again, sword in hand, to Temple Bar. Here, being overpowered, he surrendered himself, and three or four hundred of his men were taken, besides a hundred killed. Wyat, in a moment of weakness (and perhaps of torture) was afterwards made to accuse the Princess Elizabeth as his accomplice to some very small extent. But his manhood soon returned to him, and he refused to save his life by making any more false confessions. He was quartered and distributed in the usual brutal way, and from fifty to a hundred of his followers were hanged. The rest were led out, with halters round their necks, to be pardoned and to make a parade of crying out, "God save Queen Mary!"

In the danger of this rebellion, the Queen showed herself to be a woman of courage and spirit. She disdained to retreat to any place of safety, and went down to the Guildhall, sceptre in hand, and made a gallant speech to the Lord Mayor and citizens. But on the day after Wyat's defeat, she did the most cruel act, even of her cruel reign, in signing the warrant for the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

They tried to persuade Lady Jane to accept the unreformed religion, but she steadily refused. On the morning when she was to die, she saw from her window the bleeding and headless body of her husband, brought back in a cart from the scaffold on Tower Hill where he had laid down his life. But, as she had declined to see him before his execution, lest she should be overpowered and not make a good end, so, she even now showed a constancy and calmness that will never be forgotten. She came up to the scaffold with a firm step and a quiet face, and addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. They were not numerous, for she was too young, too innocent, and fair, to be murdered before the people on Tower Hill, as her husband had just been: so, the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. She said that she had done an unlawful act in taking what was Queen Mary's right, but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She begged the executioner to despatch her quickly, and she asked him "Will you take my head off before I lay me down?" He answered, "No, Madam," and then she was very quiet while they bandaged her eyes. Being blinded, and unable to see the block on which she was to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it with her hands, and was heard to say, confused, "O what shall I do! Where is it?" Then they guided her to the right place, and the executioner struck off her head. You know too well, now, what dreadful deeds the executioner did in England, through many, many years, and how his axe descended on the hateful block through the necks of some of the bravest,

wisest, and best in the land. But it never struck so cruel and so vile a blow as th s.

The father of Lady Jane soon followed, but was little pitied. Queen Mary's next object was to lay hold of Elizabeth, and this was pursued with great eagerness. Five hundred men were sent to her retired house at Ashbridge, by Berkhampstead, with orders to bring her up, alive or dead. They got there at ten at night, when she was sick in bed. But, their leaders followed her lady into her bedchamber, whence she was brought out betimes next morning, and put into a litter to be conveyed to London. She was so weak and ill, that she was five days on the road; still, she was so resolved to be seen by the people that she had the curtains of the litter opened, and so, very pale and sickly, passed through the streets. She wrote to her sister, saying she was innocent of any crime, and asking why she was made a prisoner; but she got no answer and was ordered to the Tower. They took her in by the Traitor's Gate, to which she objected, but in vain. One of the lords who conveyed her, offered to cover her with his cloak, as it was raining, but she put it away from her, proudly and scornfully, and passed into the Tower, and sat down in a court-yard on a stone. They besought her to come in out of the wet, but she answered that it was better sitting there, than in a worse place. At length she went to her apartment, where she was kept a prisoner, though not so close a prisoner as at Woodstock, whither she was afterwards removed, and where she is said to have one day envied a milkmaid whom she heard singing in the sunshine as she went through the green field. Gardiner, than whom there were not many worse men among the fierce and sullen priests, cared little to keep secret his stern desire for her death: being used to say that it was of little service to shake off the leaves, and lop the branches of the tree of heresy, if its root, the hope of heretics, were left. He failed, however, in his benevolent design. Elizabeth was, at length, released, and Hatfield House was assigned to her as a residence, under the care of one Sir Thomas Pope.

It would seem that Philip, the Prince of Spain, was a main cause of this change in Elizabeth's fortunes. He was not an amiable man, being, on the contrary, proud, overbearing and gloomy, but he and the Spanish lords who came over with him, assuredly did discountenance the idea of doing any violence to the Princess. It may have been prudent, but we will hope it was manly and honorable. The Queen had been expecting her husband with great impatience, and at length he came, to her great joy, though he never cared much for her. They were married by Gardiner, at Winchester, and there was more holiday-making among the people; but they had their old distrust of this Spanish marriage, in which even the Parliament shared. Though they were far from hone and were strongly suspected to have be bought with Spanish money, they would pa no bill to enable the Queen to set aside t Princess Elizabeth, and appoint her o successor.

Although Gardiner failed in this object, well as in the darker one of bringing t Princess to the scaffold, he went on, at a gre pace, in the revival of the unreformed religio A new Parliament was packed, in which th were no Protestants. Preparations we made to receive Cardinal Pole in England the Pope's messenger, bringing his ha declaration that all the nobility who h acquired Church property, should keep it which was done to enlist their selfish intere on the Pope's side. Then a great sce was enacted, which was the triumph of t Queen's plans. Cardinal Pole arrived wi great splendour and dignity, and was receiv with great pomp. The Parliament join in a petition expressive of their sorrow at th change in the national religion, and praya him to receive the country again into t Popish Church. With the Queen sitting her throne, and the King on one side of he and the Cardinal on the other, and the Parli ment present, Gardiner read the petitio aloud. The Cardinal then made a gre speech, and was so obliging as to say tha all was forgotten and forgiven, and that th kingdom was solemnly made Roman Catholi again.

Everything was now ready for the lighti of the terrible bonfires. The Queen havi declared to the Council, in writing, that sh would wish none of her subjects to be burn without some of the Council being present and that she would particularly wish there t be good sermons at all burnings, the Counci knew pretty well what was to be done next So, after the Cardinal had blessed all the bishops as a preface to the burnings, the Chan cellor Gardiner opened a High Court at Saint Mary Overy, on the Southwark side of London Bridge, for the trial of heretics. Here, two of the late bishops, Hooper and Rogers, who had been already unjustly and violently examined before the Council, were brought to be tried. Hooper was tried first for being married, though a priest, and for not believing in the mass. He admitted both of these accusations, and said that the mass was a wicked imposition. Then they tried Rogers, who said the same. Next morning the two were brought up to be sentenced, and then Rogers said that, his poor wife being a German woman and a stranger in the land, he hoped she might be allowed to come to speak to him before he died. To this the inhuman Gardiner replied, that she was not his wife. "Yea, but she is, my lord," said Rogers, "and she hath been my wife these eighteen years." His request was still re fused, and they were both sent to Newgate all those who stood in the streets to see

things, being ordered to put out their lights that the people might not see them. But, the people stood at their doors with candles in their hands, and prayed for them as they went by. Soon afterwards, Rogers was taken out of jail to be burnt in Smithfield; and, in the crowd as he went along, he saw his poor wife and his ten children, of whom the youngest was a little baby. And so he was burnt to death.

The next day, Hooper, who was to be burnt at Gloucester, was brought out to take his last journey, and was made to wear a hood over his face that he might not be known by the people. But, they did know him for all that, down in his own part of the country, and when he came near Gloucester they lined the road, making prayers and lamentations. His guards took him to a lodging, where he slept soundly all night, and at nine o'clock next morning was brought forth, leaning on a staff; for he had taken cold in prison and was infirm. The iron stake, and the iron chain which was to bind him to it, were fixed up near a great elm-tree in a pleasant open space before the cathedral, where, on peaceful Sundays, he had been accustomed to preach and to pray, when he was Bishop of Gloucester. This tree, which had no leaves then, it being February, was filled with people; and the priests of Gloucester College were looking complacently on from a window, and there was a great concourse of spectators in every spot from which a glimpse of the dreadful sight could be beheld. When the old man kneeled down on the small platform at the foot of the stake, and prayed aloud, the nearest people were observed to be so attentive to his prayers that they were ordered to stand further back; for it did not suit the Romish Church to have those Protestant words heard. His prayers concluded, he went up to the stake and was stripped to his shirt, and chained ready for the fire. One of his guards had such compassion on him, that, to shorten his agonies, he tied some packets of gunpowder about him. Then they heaped up wood and straw and reeds, and set them all alight. But, unhappily, the wood was green and damp, and there was a wind blowing that blew what flame there was, away. Thus, through three quarters of an hour, the good old man was scorched and roasted and smoked, as the fire rose and sank; and all that time they saw him, as he burned, moving his lips in prayer, and beating his breast with one hand, even after the other was burnt away and had fallen off.

Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were taken to Oxford to dispute with a commission of priests and doctors about the mass. They were shamefully treated, and it is recorded that the Oxford scholars hissed and howled and groaned, and misconducted themselves in an anything but scholarly way—which, of course, they have never done, on any public occasion, since. The prisoners were taken back to jail, and afterwards tried in St. Mary's Church. They were all found guilty. On the sixteenth of the month of October, Ridley and Latimer were brought out, to make another of the dreadful bonfires.

The scene of the suffering of these two good Protestant men was in the City ditch, near Baliol College. On coming to the dreadful spot, they kissed the stakes, and then embraced each other. And then a learned doctor got up into a pulpit which was placed there, and preached a sermon from the text "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." When you think of the charity of burning men alive, you may imagine that this learned doctor had a rather brazen face. Ridley would have answered his sermon when it came to an end, but was not allowed. When Latimer was stripped, it appeared that he had dressed himself, under his other clothes, in a new shroud; and, as he stood in it before all the people, it was noted of him, and long remembered, that, whereas he had been stooping and feeble but a few minutes before, he now stood upright and handsome, in the knowledge that he was dying for a just and a great cause. Ridley's brother-in-law was there, with bags of gunpowder; and when they were both chained up, he tied them round their bodies. Then, a light was thrown upon the pile to fire it. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," said Latimer, at that awful moment, "and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And then he was seen to make motions with his hands as if he were washing them in the flames, and to stroke his aged face with them and was heard to cry: "Father of Heaven, receive my soul!" He died quickly, but the fire, after having burnt the legs of Ridley, sunk. There he lingered chained to the iron post, and crying, "O! I cannot burn! O! For Christ's sake let the fire come unto me!" And still when his brother-in-law had heaped on more wood, he was heard through the blinding smoke, still dismally crying; "O! I cannot burn, I cannot burn!" At last, the gunpowder caught fire, and ended his miseries.

Five days after this fearful scene, Gardiner went to his tremendous account before God, for the cruelties he had so much assisted in committing.

Cranmer remained still alive and in prison. He was brought out again in February, for more examining and trying, by Bonner, bishop of London: another man of blood, who had succeeded to Gardiner's work, even in his lifetime, when Gardiner was tired of it. Cranmer was now degraded as a priest, and left for death; but, if the Queen hated any one on earth, she hated him, and it was resolved that he should be ruined and disgraced to the utmost. There is no doubt that the Queen

and her husband personally urged on these deeds, because they wrote to the Council, urging them to be active in the kindling of the fearful fires. As Cranmer was known not to be a firm man, a plan was laid for surrounding him with artful people, and inducing him to recant to the unreformed religion. Deans and friars visited him, played at bowls with him, showed him various attentions, talked persuasively with him, gave him money for his prison comforts, and induced him to sign, I fear, as many as six recantations. But when, after all, he was taken out to be burnt, he was nobly true to his better self, and made a glorious end.

After prayers and a sermon, Dr. Cole, the preacher of the day (who had been one of the artful priests about Cranmer in prison), required him to make a public confession of his faith before the people. This Cole did, expecting that he would declare himself a Roman Catholic. "I *will* make a profession of my faith," said Cranmer, "and with a good will too."

Then, he arose before them all, and took from the sleeve of his robe a written prayer and read it aloud. That done, he kneeled and said the Lord's Prayer, all the people joining; and then he arose again and told them that he believed in the Bible, and that in what he had lately written, he had written what was not the truth, and because his hand had signed those papers, he would burn his right hand first when he came to the fire. As for the Pope he did refuse him and denounce him as the enemy of Heaven. Hereupon the pious Dr. Cole cried out to the guards to stop that heretic's mouth and take him away.

So, they took him away, and chained him to the stake, where he hastily took off his own clothes to make ready for the flames, and stood before them with a bald head and a white and flowing beard. He was so firm now, when the worst was come, that he again declared against his recantation, and was so impressive and so undismayed, that a certain lord, who was one of the directors of the execution, called out to the men to make haste! When the fire was lighted, Cranmer, true to his latest words, stretched out his right hand, and crying out "This hand hath offended!" held it out among the flames, until it blazed and burned away. His heart was found entire among his ashes, and he left at last a memorable name in English history.

Cardinal Pole celebrated the day by saying his first mass, and next day he was made Archbishop of Canterbury in Cranmer's place.

The Queen's husband, who was now mostly abroad in his own dominions, and generally made a coarse jest of her to his more familiar courtiers, was at war with France, and came over to seek the assistance of England. England was very unwilling to engage in a French war for his sake; but it happened that the King of France, at this very time, aided a descent upon the English coast. Hence, war was declared, greatly to Philip's satisfaction, and the Queen raised a sum of money with which to carry it on, by every unjustifiable means in her power. It met with no profitable return, for the French Duke of Guise surprised Calais, and the English sustained a complete defeat. The losses they met with in France greatly mortified the national pride, and the Queen never recovered the blow.

There was a bad fever raging in England at this time, and I am glad to write that the Queen took it, and the hour of her death came. "When I am dead and my body is opened," she said to those around her, "you shall find CALAIS written on my heart." I should have thought, if anything were written on it, they would have found the words —JANE GREY, HOOPER, ROGERS, RIDLEY, LATIMER, CRANMER, AND THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE BURNT ALIVE WITHIN FOUR YEARS OF MY WICKED REIGN, INCLUDING SIXTY WOMEN, AND FORTY LITTLE CHILDREN. But it is enough that their deaths were written in Heaven.

The Queen died on the seventeenth of November, Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight, after reigning not quite five years and a half, and in the forty-fourth year of her age. Cardinal Pole died of the same fever next day.

AS BLOODY QUEEN MARY, this woman has become famous, and as BLOODY QUEEN MARY, she will ever be justly remembered with horror and detestation in Great Britain. Her memory has been held in such abhorrence that some writers have arisen in later years to take her part, and to shew that she was, upon the whole, quite an amiable and cheerful sovereign! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said OUR SAVIOUR. The stake and the fire were the fruits of this reign, and you will judge this Queen by nothing else.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.] DIX & EDWARDS, PUBLISHERS. [No. 32.
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H. W.

THE subject of this paper is not—as from its title might at first seem probable—the individual who never will go home on affectionate persuasion, to save the life of his nearest and dearest relative. Nor is it that other individual who leaves mysterious trunks, horses, ponies, greyhounds, gigs, watches, wheel-barrows, down long-suffering yards or in patient lodgings, where they run into debt and must at last be sold, unless fetched away within fourteen days. Nor is it that Somebody who appears to have an unaccountable objection to come forward and hear of something to his advantage; nor that impalpable creature who from year's end to year's end is in a convulsive state of advertisement about a lever, or an anchor, or a dove, or a scorpion, or a trumpeter, or a turbot, or some other cabalistic sign tending to the general confusion and madness. H. W. is the shorter name for Household Words by which this Journal is familiarly known among the persons employed in its production; and we purpose to describe the processes by which this Journal is produced.

We have already described the manufacture of paper.* But before we can possibly go to the printer's we have to dispose (as we know to our cost) of our Voluntary Correspondent. We will give our readers some account of him in his most irrational aspect.

His name is Legion. He writes everything—on every description of paper, and with every conceivable and inconceivable quality of illegible ink. Like the players in Hamlet, nothing comes amiss to him; "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited." But if he particularly excel in any one species of composition, it is perhaps, as to our experience, in the poem unlimited.

He has a general idea that literature is the easiest amusement in the world. He figures a successful author as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime—who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn-sieve, and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes, in an odd half hour after breakfast. It would amaze his incredulity beyond all measure, to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what he reads in seconds, enter into such a career. He has no more conception of the necessity of entire devotion to it, than he has of an eternity from the beginning. Correction and re-correction in the blotted manuscript, consideration, new observation, the patient massing of many reflections, experiences and imaginings for one minute purpose, and the patient separation from the heap of all the fragments that will unite to serve it—these would be Unicorns or Griffins to him—fables altogether. Hence, he can often afford to dispense with the low rudiments of orthography; and of the principles of composition it is obvious that he need know nothing.

He is fond of applying himself to literature in a leisure hour, or "a few leisure moments." He "throws his thoughts" upon paper. He rarely sends what he considers his best production. His best production is not copied—somehow, it seldom is. He is aware that there are many remarkable defects in the manuscript he encloses, but if we will insert that, "on the usual terms," he has another at home that will astonish us. He is not at all vain, but he "knows he has it in him." It is possible that it may be in him; but it is certain that under these circumstances it very, very, seldom comes out.

Sometimes he will write, without sending anything, to know "if we are open to voluntary contributors?" He will be informed "Yes, decidedly. If their contributions be adapted to these pages." He will then write again, to know what style of contribution would be preferred? He will be informed in answer that he had better try his own style. He writes back to the effect that he has no style, no subject, no knowledge, and nothing to tell; and will therefore feel obliged to us for a few suggestions.

He calls sometimes. When he calls, he has often been a captain or a major. He comes with a foregone conclusion that we are always sitting in a padded chair (after a little early corn-sieve practice) open, like some

* See Vol. I., page 529.

competition of a sporting nature, to All England. He takes it very ill that we don't see him. Considers it ungentlemanly. Had supposed we were a public character, and doesn't understand it. He comes on behalf of a gifted friend, with a tragedy in five acts, a poem in twelve books, or a story that would occupy a volume or two of this publication. He brings it out of a cab, and leaves it in the office, rolled up in paper like a whitey-brown bolster. It bears evident traces of having been in every other office in the wide world, whence any composition in the English language is disseminated through the agency of print and paper. He is written to, and politely informed that the excessive bulk of this treasure renders it (without reference to its intrinsic merits or demerits) quite unsuitable as a blessing to the unhappy H. W. He reappears with all speed, red-faced and ireful, reproduces card, demands explanatory interview and terrifies publisher. Nothing coming of it, he, on the spot, indites a letter, wherein he communicates to us that as we decline to accept the contribution of his gifted friend, he requires to be informed in writing, for the information of his gifted friend, what our critical opinion is, in detail, of the bolster, and what publisher we recommend for it; for which critical opinion he will call to-morrow afternoon at four precisely. He is again politely written to and informed that we cannot undertake to form and deliver such opinion, having our little hallucinations and labouring under the delusion that we have something else to do. Then he reappears with the cab, and takes the bolster away in extraordinary dudgeon; protesting to the last that he had supposed we were a public character, and that he don't understand it.

She (God bless her!—Mrs. or Miss Legion) is not so angry, but she is an unreasonable Angel, too. She brings little beneficent schemes in bags of Berlin wool, and, though they won't suit us, thinks they will suit our friends: among whom she begs us to distribute two hundred and fifty copies. She is the most amiable woman in the world—but she is impracticable; she is, indeed, though we love her! She brings the flattest and thinnest of little crimson or blue books, published by subscription, and wants to read them to us aloud. When she writes, it is on scented paper, highly glazed, over which all the letters seem to skate, and all the looped letters to tumble down. Her favourite title for poetry is "To a Child" or "To ——." We don't know who —— is, but we wish he would lead her to the altar. In prose, she addresses the Gentle Reader constantly, and sprinkles with French words. She is invariably persuaded that blanks heighten the interest, and convey an air of reality. She generally begins, "It was on a summer evening in the year eighteen hundred and (blank), near the pretty little town of (blank), where the (blank) river murmurs its rippling way among the rushes, that a youth of handsome mien and fine figure, who might have numbered two-and-twenty summers, and whose expressive countenance was cast in the pure Greek mould." Occasionally, she presents herself in the serious aspect of having some relative to support, and is particularly deserving of the gentlest consideration and respect. Then it is our misery to endeavour to explain to her that what is written for publication can be read for its own merits only; and that it would be as hopeful a resource to play a church organ without any knowledge of, or aptitude for, the instrument, as to play the muse's lyre. In any case and every case, she always forms a profound conviction (and will die in it) that we have never read her manuscript.

What inventors write and come, and what people with grievances of immense duration, and often real grievances too, we will not endeavour to set forth. What numbers of people suppose that to smuggle manuscripts in at our private door is a means of beguiling us into despatching them by express to the printer, instead of an infallible means of delaying their consideration, we will not record. Through how many of these various rocks and shoals every devoted number of H. W. steers its course, our readers may infer from the following facts. In the last year, we read nine hundred manuscripts, of which eleven were available for this journal, after being entirely re-written. In the same period, we received and answered two thousand letters, and made appointments with an odd two or three hundred more of our fellow creatures than there were pounds to pay for the celebrated nails in the horse's shoes, which will go down to posterity rusty with the tears of school-boys. On the other hand, it is delightful to state that five of our very best regular fellow labourers first became known to us, as volunteers, at various periods within the three years and upwards of our existence; and that some remarkable descriptions in this Journal have come to us from wholly unaccustomed writers, who have faithfully and in thorough earnest put down what they have undergone or seen.

Let us suppose a number of H. W. "made up." In other words, let us suppose the articles it is to contain, their length, their nature, their order of succession, all duly calculated, considered, and decided on. We then go to the printer's.

Since the whole mind of our own nation finds its way into type, a London printing-office is a sort of compound brain, in which the busy working of the thoughts of the community are represented by the rapid flowing of the fount of lead between the fingers of compositors. Permutations and combinations of the letters of the alphabet are carried on incessantly upon the premises of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the printers of H. W., and the work of the printer goes

on there, as elsewhere, with a rapidity that would have made the blood flush to the head of Guttenberg, or Faust, or Peter Schœffer. Really the world is not greatly to be blamed for idleness, when we consider that it is, after all, only about four hundred years since the art of printing was invented. The legend of the men of Strasburg, who will have it that their townsman Johann Mentelin cut the first types of wood and strung them like beads, side by side, and that Guttenberg was prompted by a runaway from Strasburg—Mentelin's servant, Gänsfleisch (by interpretation Goose meat)—is but among the tales of yesterday. When the art of printing was invented, more than half the knowledge of the best educated portion of the world was nothing beyond what had been taught two thousand years before.

As for the acres of white paper and the ponds of writing ink, the mileage of finger movement that precede the issue of each week's allowance of print to the world, it is enough for us to have indicated how much of that comes under our notice in connexion with the printing of H. W., which is dispersed every week over the country. It is indeed not easy to forget the past when our attention is directed to the mass of printer's labour that is set in action by the pence of our subscribers. When the first printers used their types on the first printed Bible, they were in despair because it had cost them four thousand florins by the time they had printed to the end of the twelfth sheet; and the works issued by them, though some ten times cheaper than written copies, were still what we should now think enormously expensive.

The most familiar portion of the printer's work, as it is done at this day, it is not necessary to describe. Few do not know how the scrap of written paper, placed conveniently before him, is regarded by the compositor in the most literal sense as the production of a man of letters; and how all the author's a's and b's, translated into lead, are reproduced with an impartial fidelity that never troubles itself to consider whether it is reproducing sense or nonsense. From the types arranged, line under line, in lines of a fit length, forming a long column, a rough impression is taken of each article upon three or four long slips of paper, as a proof of the accuracy of the printer's handiwork. A reader in the printing-office then corrects all errors of the kind for which that office is responsible. The printer's work being made so far accurate, and fresh proofs having been printed, those are sent to the office; to which the responsibility attaches of the truth and fitness of the literary workmanship. Alterations are then often made in the matter or the manner of the article. In that case the compositors undo much that they have done; and, with the expedition of good generals, break up their lines to form them again into solid columns. The work of two-fold correction has then of course to be repeated.

The long irregular columns broken into detachments of an equal size, are paired into pages again. Two pages are wedded and bound together, and then, bondage within bondage, four of these couples are wedged within an iron frame or chase, into a square. A set is thus made of eight pages, cunningly arranged with a view to the subsequent folding of the half sheet of paper upon which they will be printed at a single stroke. H. W. is in this form—and in this form only, we would hope—a desperately heavy journal. The mass of type prepared thus for eight pages of a number contains more than forty thousand separate fragments of type, and weighs eighty-seven pounds and a half.

Three such iron-bound tablets of lead contain the matter of one number; and, from these, several proofs are again struck for final correction and revision. When the last amendments have been made, and all is so far accounted satisfactory, the frames containing the compositors' work are carried down into the domains of Vulcan:—for H. W. never appears until it has gone through fire and water.

The two hundred and sixty-two pounds and a half weight of unpublished H. W. are taken down into a vault, which may be regarded as a workshop of Vulcan by reason of the strong fire-heat that is in it. We observe, too, by the light of its three furnaces, a pan of Vulcan's broth—boiling-hot lead soup—in a corner. In other respects we might take the workers in this hot cave for the miller and his men; for they are all covered with a white dust, and white is the prevailing colour of all the splash and soil that is to be seen about the walls and floors and benches. There is a bin filled with white powder in the middle of the room; and, from one corner, there proceeds the sound of water flowing from a tap. In another corner is a gas-jet; for the gloom natural to this workshop on the basement story is dispelled by gas.

Each stereotype plate is the casting of two pages. The workman takes therefore one pair of leaden pages bound in its frame, lays it before him and beats upon its surface with a broad, flat wooden mallet. The blows of the mallet are intended to abase all stuck-up leads, and to produce a perfect evenness upon the surface of the type from which it is designed to make a casting. After they have had their beating, the two pages are carried to another part of the long work-bench, or dresser, that runs along the wall; and, being set down by another workman near the water tap and sink, are covered with a thin cream. "Plaster of Paris mixed with water," the stereotyper tells us. "That's for the quads."

"O yes, certainly. The quads of course. By the bye, what are the quads?"

"Quadrats, sir. We call 'em quads."

"Exactly. Yes. And so you take a casting?"

"Bless you, no, sir, you don't seem to understand. Quads are the spaces left between the paragraphs that come white on the paper. If you look here, at this page that is set up, you will see that they are deeper than the spaces left between the words and letters—regular little trenches. We don't want any of them. We must have all the spaces of an equal depth."

"And so you cover the whole mass with a thin mud of plaster; which that mischievous young monkey there is washing off again."

"Yes, he's bound to do that, and then I, with a soft brush, go and rub at it; but, look you, my brush sweeps the plaster from about the letters and between them, but it passes over the tops of the deep quads and smooths it into *them*. I made the heights all even with a mallet, now I'm evening the depths with plaster and a hair-brush."

Cunning workman, you are understood. You need not explain why you in the next place with a delicate touch wipe fine oil over the types you have prepared; you are about to take a casting of those pages of the work whose title you and your brethren so irreverently shorten.

A collar is placed about the lump of H. W. which fits it, and sticks up around it, sloping outwards. The type and its new collar together make a pudding-pan; and, into the pan plaster pudding—mixed by hand in a large bowl—is, in the next place, carefully poured. Carefully, because at first it must be rubbed and smoothed, and perfectly insinuated between every crevice; the sharp outline of no letter must be rounded by a bubble. When the pan is full, the pudding stands to set, the top of it being in the meantime scraped smooth and flat. In less than a quarter of an hour it is firm enough to be lifted by its frame, upon the bevelled sides of which it is supported, and the heavy types, forming the false bottom to the pan, are left behind. A plaster cast, shaped like a little Yorkshire pudding, has upon one side of it an accurate impression of those two pages of H. W. The characters inscribed thus upon pudding remind one very much of Nineveh and Babylon, but not at all of sixteen, Wellington Street North, Strand, London. Since this cast is the mould or sop which will be dipped presently into the pan of Vulcan's gravy, "you see, sir," says the cunning workman, "if I hadn't made the back of it quite even, the hot lead would lie more on one part than another, and the plaster then would crack. Next-a-ways all the damp must be got out, and so we put the casts into these ovens to be dried. They want care. I don't understand what they want in thermometer degrees, but I know the exact heat by practice—this way: with my bare arm thrust into the oven."

The mould being quite dry, the demonstrator takes a piece of metal that resembles it in shape and size. "This," he says, "is a float. You see there's a rim round the cast side of the mould. The plaster was allowed to run down for the purpose of a making of it. I just smooth that with a knife, and nick it in a place or two, and lay the plaster cast side downwards, on the float. Now when that goes into the metal, metal can flow in between the nicks. Nextly here is the great pan without a lid, full of metal whereof stereotype plates are made; six parts lead, hardened with one part antimony. The metal's now at melting heat. Here's a crane over it, with a fixed plate hanging to it. Under the plate we put the plaster mould, with the float or swimming jacket under that, and down they all go for a warm bath. Now you see the float won't sink willingly, and the plate fastened to the crane can't rise: the plaster is between the two, and the float at the bottom. What's the results? The float pushes the plaster up, and keeps it fastened tight with its flat back against the plate above it. The metal forces in between the notches, but the float won't be shoved down by the metal, and forces that up consequently into every cranny of the plaster mould. What's the results again? We take it out and cool it with a little water, and there you have two pages of H. W. stereotyped on one plate—beautiful to look at! Just like a married couple."

From this plate the two pages will be printed, if it be not found faulty in another room, to which we follow it. It is there subjected to the criticism of another censor; who looks through it letter by letter, picks it over with a graver, and rejects it if it contain any flaw that cannot be removed in his department. If accepted by him it is subjected to further treatment. The pair of pages, now existing as a solid plate, will be again united under the printing press with the pairs from which it had parted; they will all meet again in their new form, and when they do meet, it will be as necessary that the separate stereotype plates should lie evenly side by side under the paper, as that the letters in each plate should present a level surface. Their edges are therefore cut by a machine. Their backs are first smoothed by a turning lathe. They are then placed on a flat table, and passed under a blade, so adjusted as to produce among all plates submitted to its cutting scrutiny, an almost perfect uniformity of thickness. Out of this room the plate of H. W., containing as we have said two pages, is sent to be used in its place for the actual printing of a weekly number.

Under the press, however, it is again subjected to criticism. The plates that belong together are slipped into nests prepared for their reception; of which the outer rims print

as borders to the pages. An impression
ien taken, upon paper, of the entire set of
es, and the printed sheet is carefully ex-
ied; faults corrected, and then the great
n-press begins its labour. Under its
revolving cylinders are grouped the
es which represent the two halves of
forthcoming number of H. W. The two
es correspond to the two sides of our
dly sheet. Upon a peak covered with
vy paper that commands the upper surface
ne cylinder there is a youth. He dex-
usly fits the paper, sheet by sheet, upon
lips of the devouring engine. As it heaves
works, the paper is drawn rapidly into a
k abyss. It is rolled over the mass of
l characters, which is perpetually fertilised
printer's ink by mystic rollers. One cylin-
asses the sheet printed upon one side, to
her. Over that it leaps, and from under
it is delivered perfect, and placed quietly
a table, ready to the fingers of a little
who helps it in its easy birth. The press
es, one among many that appear to be
ged in voluntary labour side by side.
and boys are reaping the advantage of
industry. Our youth upon the peak
nisters white sheets of paper to the busy
ster labouring on our behalf. As fast as
are put into its mouth, like great square
ges, they are all sucked away at the rate
ne hundred an hour. At the same rate,
pletely printed copies of H. W. are laid
the table of the second boy and piled by
into a cube. The dimensions of the cube
onstantly kept under by other boys who
parts of it away. But our H. W.
ot even yet ready to appear before the
ic.

ho does not entertain a proper horror of
sheets? The sheets of H. W. are sent
of the great hall of steam-presses into a
ng room. There they are hung up and
. The sheets of H. W. are in the
place mangled. They endure a whole
under a powerful hydraulic press. The
ts of H. W. are neatly folded by the tidy
ls of women.

ne copies of each number which has in
way run the gauntlet down so long a lane
bour, are, at last, brought by boys upon
heads, upon their shoulders, upon their
s, upon their breasts, over their arms,
under them, to Sixteen, Wellington Street
h, in the Strand. From that place, on a
day, and punctually after a given hour,
are issued to a race of individuals who
them away in bags, in pouches, in
ets; in hands, on heads, shoulders, backs;
bs, in carts, and in trucks to the ware-
es and shops of the metropolis to be
to the public. From the warehouses
travel in detatchments to the railway
ns, and from railway stations many
l to the ships. So each number at
finds its owner out, who by some
e he sees in it is perhaps prompted
to become a sensible Voluntary Correspond-
ent, and send up to H. W. a little bag—or a
large sack—of grist. So the mill goes.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

One night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula of Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gathered; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fire-place crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife—a girl of eighteen—clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fire-place, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sacking which served him for a pillow, and his light grey eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he muttered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little delf image of

the Virgin placed in a niche over the fire-place. Whenever they saw him look in this direction Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child who still kept awake imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitions which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death which the old man heard in the wailing of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary monotonous rattling of the casement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fire-side, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fire-side and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails, hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wisps of straw and ears of barley dropped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre-life, while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window, seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in forever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night-scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence—doubly desolate at her age—which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I also said to him, what I have often said before, that he must never [illegible] at that terrible game of the *Soule* again."

The old man had been looking intently [illegible] Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. [illegible] harsh, hollow voice mingled with the [illegible] soft tones of the young girl, repeating [illegible] and over again the same terrible wor[illegible] "Drowned! drowned! Son and grand[illegible] both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! Grandfather," said Gabriel, "[illegible] must not lose all hope for them yet. [illegible] and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" [illegible] looked at the little delf image, and cro[illegible] himself; the others imitated him except [illegible] old man. He still tossed his hands over [illegible] coverlid, and still repeated "Drown[illegible] drowned!"

"Oh that accursed *Soule!*" groaned [illegible] young man. "But for this wound I sho[illegible] have been with my father. The poor b[illegible] life might at least have been saved; for [illegible] should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice fr[illegible] the bed. "The wail of dying men rises lou[illegible] than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-sing[illegible] roars higher than the roaring wind! Be [illegible] lent, and listen! François drowned! Pie[illegible] drowned! Hark! Hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the hou[illegible] as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, ov[illegible] powering all other sounds, even to the deafe[illegible] ing crash of the waves. The slumbering chi[illegible] awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Ros[illegible] who had been kneeling before her lover bin[illegible] ing the fresh bandages on his wounded arm[illegible] paused in her occupation, trembling from he[illegible] to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window[illegible] his experience told him what must be th[illegible] hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea[illegible] and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself "God help them both—man's help will[illegible] be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in [illegible] altered tones—very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or did not attend to the [illegible] old man. He was trying to soothe and en[illegible] courage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't [illegible] be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very [illegible] gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You [illegible] are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not [illegible] right in saying that it would be madness to [illegible] attempt taking you back to the farm-house [illegible] this evening? You can sleep in that room [illegible] Rose, when you are tired—you can sleep with [illegible] the two girls."

"Gabriel! brother Gabriel!" cried one of [illegible] the children. "O! look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man [illegible] had raised himself into a sitting position; his [illegible] eyes were dilated, his whole face was rigid [illegible] with terror, his hands were stretched out [illegible] convulsively towards his grandson. "The [illegible] White Women!" he screamed. "The White [illegible] Women; the grave-diggers of the drowned [illegible] are out on the sea!" The children, with [illegible] cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's [illegible] arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation [illegible]

of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in their long white garments, with their white hair trailing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel—or though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness—pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to *you;* but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel—*I* see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered, "you had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him."

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude—thoughts darkened and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race. Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune—the steady, withering, household blight of many years—had ended in the last worst misery of all—in death. The fate of his father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt—he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear! Forebodings which he dared not realise began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the Church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living—for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel, do you hear a dripping of water—now slow, now quick again—on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor—look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry—the torch dropped upon the hearth—he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you!—Is the floor wet?"—asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage. As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face—the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too altered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip!

faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from the place where I hear it—the foot of the bed I lie on—that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me: my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake—they are too young to look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled, when he heard these words—when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own—when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood—the duty of summoning the Priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away."

"Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel, I implore, I command you not to leave me!"

"The priest, grandfather—your confession—"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying—I should be dead before you got back, Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die—my time is short—I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth! quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened; and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man—suspicious even in death—caught sight of her directly. "Go back," he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back—push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse—you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!—your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake), "Let us pray for grandfather." And as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea; rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel—lean down closer! I'm weak, and they must hear a word in that room—I took an oa not to tell it; but death is a warrant to men for breaking such an oath as th Listen; don't lose a word I'm saying! Do look away into the room: the stain of blo guilt has defiled it for ever!—Hush! Hus Hush! Let me speak. Now your fathe dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with into the grave. Just remember, Gabrie try if you can't remember the time befor was bed-ridden—ten years ago and more—was about six weeks, you know, before y mother's death; you can remember it that. You and all the children were in t room with your mother; you were all asle I think; it was night, not very late—o nine o'clock. Your father and I w standing at the door, looking out at heath in the moonlight. He was so poo that time, he had been obliged to sell own boat, and none of the neighbours wo take him out fishing with them—your fat wasn't liked by any of the neighbours. W we saw a stranger coming towards us; a v young man, with a knapsack on his back. looked like a gentleman, though he was poorly dressed. He came up, and told us was dead tired, and didn't think he co reach the town that night, and asked if would give him shelter till morning. A your father said yes, if he would make noise, because the wife was ill and the childr were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to to sleep himself before the fire. We had thing to give him, but black bread. He h better food with him than that, and undid knapsack to get at it—and—and—Gabrie I'm sinking—drink! something to drink I'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured som of the cider from the pitcher on the table in a drinking cup, and gave it to the old ma Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on hi was almost instantaneous. His dull eye brightened a little, and he went on in th same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat pocket—there was a tear in one of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank-notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I didn't like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your mother's illness, and the constant crying ou

of you children for more to eat. So when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I didn't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father—as indeed we all were at that time—but I couldn't make up my mind to go far from the house: I was afraid of something happening, though I didn't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw—O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me!—I saw—I—more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again—more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, as plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand over an instant, thinking. I believe—oh, no! no!—I'm sure, he was repenting; I'm sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father—I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it—but saw nothing more. I couldn't look in at the window—I couldn't move away—I couldn't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round; but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob in that way! Stifle it with the bed-clothes. Hush! you'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel—Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. "What has happened? Gabriel! let me come out and be with you?"

"No! no!" cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are—don't speak—don't come out, I command you! Gabriel," (his voice dropped to a faint whisper) "raise me up in bed—you must hear the whole of it, now—raise me: I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?—Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I didn't swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him to carry the body—we took it all across the heath—oh! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—(lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call 'The Merchant's Table'—we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again). We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that.) It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from The Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God!—and tell the priest—(lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd murder me—but tell the priest—because of my guilty soul—to pray—and remember The Merchant's Table—to bury, and to pray—to pray always for——"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man—though no word that he said reached her ear—she shrank from opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds—which terrified her she knew not how or why—first faltered, then ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room—then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating—almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while, the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved—except once when she touched him, and then he shuddered—shuddered under *her* hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless

and motionless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling—but still no changes occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavouring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a deathbed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized on Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window—so coldly, so drearily, and yet so reassuringly—that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened; and a man appeared on the threshold, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer—looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonishment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognised him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it hadn't been for the brandy!——" He stopped suddenly—started—put down the bottle on the bench near him—and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone—its blank ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall—then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand.

"Anything the matter here?" he asked, he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw and answered for him. "Gabriel is afra that his poor grandfather is dead," she whi pered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in t tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he v bad in the night before his death happene Did he wander in his mind? He has be rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of t ghostly warnings that we all know of: he s he saw and heard many things which t him from the other world that you and Pier ——Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly int rupting herself. "Look at him! Look his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At tnat moment, François was raisi his father's head to look closely at him. faint spasm had indeed passed over th deathly face; the lips quivered, the ja dropped. François shuddered as he looke and moved away hastily from the bed. the same instant Gabriel started from t wall; his expression altered, his pale chee flushed suddenly, as he snatched up t wickor-cased bottle, and poured all the litt brandy that was left in it down his gra father's throat. The effect was nearly i stantaneous; the sinking vital forces ralli desperately. The old man's eyes open again, wandered round the room, then fix themselves intently on François, as he sto near the fire. Trying and terrible as h position was at that moment, Gabriel st retained self-possession enough to whisper few words in Rose's ear. "Go back agai into the bedroom, and take the children wit you," he said. "We may have something t speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trem bling all over," said François. "If he dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me t lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gaspe the old man. "Don't let him look at me that way! Don't let him come near m Gabriel! Is it his ghost? or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knockin at the door. His father opened it; and di closed to view some people from the neigh bouring fishing village, who had come—mor out of curiosity than sympathy—to inqui whether François and the boy, Pierre, ha survived the night. Without asking any on to enter, the fisherman surlily and shortl answered the various questions addressed t him, standing in his own doorway. Whi he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his gran father muttering vacantly to himself—"La night—how about last night, grandson What was I talking about last night? Did say your father was drowned? Very foolis to say he was drowned, and then see hi come back alive again! But it wasn't that- I'm so weak in my head, I can't remembe

What was it, Gabriel? Something too horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime? Bloodshed? I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here—I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table? Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man—last night—light-headed—fancies and nonsense of an old man—why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing—so light-headed—so light—!"

He stopped suddenly. A low cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it for ever. He shivered a little—breathed heavily once or twice—then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips?

Gabriel looked round, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, on once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did your grandfather talk about, last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realised. He could only feel them vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart: while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh.. "I come back to you, saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now — why shouldn't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night?—You won't? I say, you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! *You* keep me here—for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot? Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again—what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth—"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth?" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man: expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool! Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken—and no wonder:—by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that—for you've had a trying night of it; trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed—very naturally—by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose—come out of the bed room whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't? Still angry with me for what I said to you just now?—Ah! you'll think better about it, by the time I return. Come out, Rose, we've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are *my* duties, and must be performed before I take any rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the moment his father's back was turned. Fearful as thought was now, it

was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behaviour of his father compatible with innocence? Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazard! There was but one way of setting it at rest—to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth—if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to The Merchant's Table. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of The Merchant's Table. Here Gabriel descried the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards The Merchant's Table—then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus; the second time pausing long befor he appeared finally to take the way that le to the village. Leaving the post of observ tion among the stones, at which he ha instinctively halted for some minutes pas Gabriel now proceeded in his own pat Could this man really be his father? And i it were so, why did François Sarzeau onl determine to go to the village where his bus ness lay, after having twice vainly attempte to persevere in taking the exactly opposi direction of The Merchant's Table? Did h really desire to go there? Had he heard th name mentioned, when the old man referr to it in his dying words? And had he faile to summon courage enough to make all sa by removing——? This last question wa too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled affrightedly in his own heart, as he went o

He reached the great Druid monument without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm-clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. Th waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; bu the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. A Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly th promise of a lovely day was written in th heavens, he trembled as he thought of th search which he was now about to mak The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarre horribly with the suspicions of committe murder that were rankling foully in his hear But he knew that his errand must be per formed, and he nerved himself to go throug with it; for he dared not return to the cot tage until the mystery had been cleared up at once and for ever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones—since often visited by strangers—was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briers, convinced him that the place had not been entered—perhaps for years—by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine. Was it a human bone? No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror

—he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he re-entered the place, when another idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks in the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunshiny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which—like the other inhabitants of the district—he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long and had been preserved so dry in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly aflame Gabriel went into the cavity—penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood to burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now—ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

DIRGE.

A FALLEN angel here doth rest:
Deal gently with her, Memory! lest
In after years thou com'st to know
God was more merciful than thou!

She cannot feel the timid peeping
Of loving flowers—the small moss creeping
Over her grave—the quiet weeping
Of saltless dews;
She hears not—she that lies there sleeping,
Whoe'er accuse!

She hears not how the wild winds crave
An entrance to her sheltered grave;
Nor heeds how they bewail and moan,
That one door closed to them alone;

She nothing recks the cold rains' beating,
The swathèd turf-sod's icy sheeting,
Nor hears nor answers she the greeting,
Of such cold friends!
Nor more, of summer suns unweeting,
To them attends.

Alas! no season now has power
To charm her for one little hour!
Each change and chance that men oppress
Pass o'er her now impressionless.

She cannot note the gradual merging
Of Night in Day; the Days' quick urging
To longer Weeks; the Weeks' converging
In Months—Months, Years!
On Time's wide sea for ever surging
Till Heaven nears.

The light is parted from her eye,
The moisture on her lips is dry;
No smile can part them now; no glow
Ever again those cheeks can know.

Harsh world! oh, then, be not thou slow'r
The ugly Past to bury o'er!
Time yet may have some sweets in store
For our poor sister;
Life cast her off; that self-same hour
Death took, and kissed her!

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

THE American loyalist of seventy-eight years ago, setting out from London in search of a temporary abiding-place or home among the country towns of England had not supposed to himself an easy task. But he was bent on going through with his enterprise. Reduced from affluence to the practice of a strict economy, he yet imagined that not a few of the social enjoyments of London, without their extravagant cost, might be obtainable in one of our large provincial cities. He thought thus to sweeten that bread of exile which Dante tells us must be always bitter bread; and cheerfully enough, therefore, at four o'clock on a July morning of 1776, took his seat in the early and fast coach for Salisbury, which, after performing the gallant feat of eighty-three miles in fifteen hours, deposited him at the Red Lion in the ancient city at seven o'clock on that July evening.

Dear to every American loyalist in those days had been the old country, and its Church and State; and Mr. Curwen was no exception to the rule. But it is a piece of truth, as well as a line of poetry, that distance lends enchantment to the view; and it happened, on the occasion of this journey to Salisbury, that the ex-Admiralty Judge of New England got so near a view of two very remarkable types or examples of the Church and State of Old England as then existing, that their enchantment passed clean out of them, then and there. He strolled into the fine old cathedral the morning after his arrival, and heard the dean, with five or six surpliced followers and eight singing boys, mumbling the service to a congregation of "eight as miserable looking wretches as ever entered the doors of a hospital." Yet wretched as this audience was, it had been *hired to attend;* and on closer examination of the condition of the cathedral itself, was found not at all out of harmony with it. The walls seemed mouldering, the ceiling rotting with centuries of decay, the seats and woodwork everywhere tumbling down. Mr. Curwen bethought him of the English Church militant of old; compared

what he now saw to a neglected old soldier out of service, with his regimentals worn threadbare and soiled; and turned on his heel with the indignant remark that "this whole church is so slovenly and dirtily kept that a stranger would judge that these stewards of the Lord's inheritance regarded the revenues more than the repairs of the mansion house." But if such was the shock conveyed to him by want of due repairs in the Church, it was at least equalled by the impression which waited him next morning of repairs as cryingly wanted in the State. He had started early on a visit to Stonehenge, when, about three miles from the city on the right hand, an eminence apparently of an oval figure including about sixty acres was pointed out to him, without a sign upon it of a habitation fit for man; and he was told that while the most populous manufacturing cities had no voice in the legislature of England, the possessor of this mound of grass and ruin had the power to send two members to represent and protect his mere breeches-pocket in that dignified assembly. It was the fine ancient borough of Old Sarum.

But Old Sarum paled an ineffectual fire before the exciting scene that awaited this admirer of English institutions at the last resting point in his journey. He arrived at Exeter, after another spirited ride of ninety miles in seventeen hours, in the midst of a contested election. The seat had been vacated by Mr. Waters; Mr. Baring and Mr. Cholwich were the new competitors for it, in the interests respectively of Church and Corporation; and to the innocent inexperience of Mr. Curwen an astounding scene presented itself. All the public-houses were open to the partizans of either candidate. In some of them were voters locked up, secured by bolts and bars, and watched zealously day and night to secure their free and independent presence at the polling booths. From others, in the very teeth of bars and bolts, voters fetched and secured from great distances by one party had yet been secretly and suddenly "spirited away" by the other, whether or not to re-appear on polling day remained an inscrutable mystery. From morn to dewy eve corporation-clerks were creating voters. As the election approached, the constituency had mounted up to fourteen hundred; but of these, two hundred held themselves honourably aloof from the general disgrace, unconcerned whether "Baring or Cholwich be the tool of Administration"; while secure alike of either tool, the Administration was under pledge, as Mr. Curwen heard on all sides, to contribute five thousand pounds to the expenses of the successful man. In other words, in the sole person of the leading Minister were concentrated, with much saving of trouble and perhaps some of expense, the Coppock, Brown, Beresford, Flewker, and Frail, of those more primitive and less complicated days of corruption. And so the scene went on—"the contest fierce, some wounds and broken heads, but n deaths, and enough to convince me of th deplorable venality of the nation." Th winners in this particular venal race, it ma be added, notwithstanding the strenuou efforts of Cholwich and the Corporatio turned out to be Baring and the Churc who came in first by no less than a hundre and one votes; and on the morning of h departure, Mr. Curwen left the whole city o Exeter decked out in blue and purple favour displaying the Baring device, and actually, a well as metaphorically, drunk with joy. Ne could any thing have been happier than th Baring device, whether as an expression o the nature as well as name of the fortunat candidate, or as a compliment of exquisit delicacy at once to the member secured an the minister who had secured him. Enamelle pendant on a blue ribbon appeared a bea with a ring in his nose.

It is not matter of surprise, then, tha Mr. Curwen should have carried away wit him no very agreeable impression of Exete He computes the population as scarcely seve eighths as numerous as that of his nativ Boston, but finds as little resemblance in th buildings of the two cities as in the wrinkle features of fourscore and the florid complexio of thirty. He pronounces the streets narrow ill-paved, and dirty enough to pass into proverb; if there were any good building they were crowded in a corner out of sigh —as perhaps the good people were also; fo such of them in private as Mr. Curwen saw he thought proud, unsocial, and solitary neither conversible nor hospitable. Stil there was something to set off against al this, for a man of sociable tastes; as fo example, "a theatre, concerts, a coffee-house called Moll's, and an hotel, both in the church yard, where the London papers are brough four days in the week";—and such was after wards the scant success of Mr. Curwen's per severing search for his temporary home, that the day soon came when even Exeter, with all its faults, was "a very paradise to Manchester" or any town in the North that he had seen.

Not yet, however, has he seen the North, for, after a brief stay with a friend at Sidmouth, he is next to be found at Bristol. His impression of Bristol was not immediately formed, yet appears to have had sufficient promise in it to bring him back for another trial, on the recommendation of certain friends who had settled there, after a couple of visits to some of the northern towns. For, after brief stay, he went fron Bristol, through Newport, Gloucester, Upton, and Worcester, to Birmingham; of which he said at once, as the best observers familiar with both places have since repeatedly said, "it looks more like Boston in its general appearance than any place in England." This disposes him to like Birmingham, though it will not suit him to live there; and what he sees of its

manufacturers is also agreeable enough. At the workshops where he went to examine the first rifle he had ever beheld, "and many other pieces of peculiar construction I was a stranger to," he found the master of the concern under contract to supply Government with six hundred rifles for use against the Americans; yet "in principle an anti-ministerialist, as is the whole town." This has a relish of independence that tastes well after Exeter; and he records conversations with Quakers and other residents whom he declares to be not only "sensible," but warm Americans, as most of the middling classes are through the kingdom, as far as my experience reaches." And so already the mind of our loyalist friend, purged bythe "euphrasy and rue" of its English experience, finds itself so far divested of those violent partialities and likings which had compelled his exile, that he is now quite able, as he describes himself when entertained by "that friendly stranger Mr. Cornelius Fry of Bristol," to pass his time not at all disagreeably in listening to people "talking treason, and justifying American independence."

He returned by way of Tewkesbury to Bristol, which he reached after a nine hours' drive; but it was not till the following year he took up a brief abode there, having first, without success, pursued and completed his search through the northern towns. He tried Lichfield, Derby, Sheffield, Wakefield, Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax, taking a post-chaise at the latter, and passing through Rochdale to Manchester. The various trades and manufactures interest and occupy him chiefly in these various towns, and in many instances they are skilfully described; but he makes a general complaint against all the inhabitants that they show a jealousy and suspicion of strangers, and that acquaintance with one manufacturer proved always enough effectually to debar him from intercourse with a second in the same business; while the difficulty he everywhere experienced in getting admitted to see their works (often quite impracticable, "express prohibition being issued bythe masters") appears to have reached its height in Manchester, and to have turned his wrath especially against that thriving and bustling community. He characterises the disposition and manners of this Manchester people as, by their own showing, inhospitable and boorish; says further, that they are remarkable for coarseness of feature, and a quite unintelligible dialect; and, of their dress, that it "savours not much of the London mode in general." What surprised him greatly, moreover, was to find the extraordinary prevalence of Jacobite opinions in the town. His landlady was a Jacobite; he heard Jacobite doctrines everywhere openly professed; and, happening to be there on the twenty-ninth of May, he saw hoisted over numbers of doors at the most respectable houses, large oak boughs to express hopes for another Stuart restoration. Still, amid all that he thus thought ungenial and strange, he perceived also such intimations of energetic movement and self-satisfied activity, that the place seemed actually changing and enlarging before his very eyes. He saw (what nowhere else he saw), "great additions of buildings and streets *daily making*"; in contact everywhere with the old, narrow, irregularly built streets, he saw noble houses in process of erection; and when, a few months later, the disastrous news of Burgoyne's surrender fell like a thunderclap on England, Mr. Curwen puts it down in his journal, without an expression of surprise, that Manchester was the town that first started up from the blow, offered to raise a thousand men at its own expense to be ready in two months for service in America, and thus lighted up that spirit to which Liverpool next gave eager response, and which in a very few weeks was seen "spreading like a flame from north to south."

Of Liverpool, the commercial character and fame had raised higher expectation than of its neighbour, and the disappointment seems to have been extreme. The docks he admired immensely, thinking them "stupendously grand"; but he has no better phrase than "disgustful" for everything else in the place. He speaks of the houses, as by a great majority in middling and lower style, few rising above that mark; of the streets, as long, narrow, crooked, and amazingly dirty; of the shops, as inferior to those in other great towns; and of the dress and looks of the people, as more like the inhabitants of Wapping, Shadwell, and Rotherhithe, than those in the neighbourhood of the Exchange or any part of London above the Tower. "During our short abode here," says Mr. Curwen, "we scarcely saw a well-dressed person, nor half-a-dozen gentlemen's carriages." In short, the whole complexion of Liverpool appeared to him nautical and common, "and infinitely below expectation."

Undaunted, notwithstanding, by all his failures hitherto, and hoping "still the reward of a cheap plentiful country to reside in for some time," the American wanderer now proposed to turn his steps to York; but a fellow exile induced him to change his plan, on representation of the number of their fellow countrymen who had already pitched tents in the West; and to the West, with his compatriot, he consented to go back. They passed through Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek, and were very "quietly and genteelly supped and lodged" in the Dog and Duck at Sandon. Thence through Stafford and Wolverhampton, by Bromsgrove and Stourbridge (which instead of a mean, pitiful place, as its avenues seemed to threaten, they describe as a well-built, large, lively, and rich town, having a noble, wide, and convenient street a mile long, with cross streets well paved), they reached Worcester, which Mr. Curwen finds to be a very handsome, well-built city, lively and full of business, having spacious, airy streets, a noble cathedral

and elegant modern houses, its shops large and well-filled, and its inhabitants polite and genteel, with "more the air of Londoners than at any place I have seen." Then, from Worcester, travelling by way of Tewkesbury where they stayed the night, past apple orchards of uncommon height and bigness, through fields, pastures, and enclosures singular for their richness and verdure, and with fruit and forest trees on either hand, "in greater abundance, and larger girth and greater height than are to be seen elsewhere in England,"—the American exiles, stopping to dine and see the cathedral at Gloucester (a city which, after Worcester, sorely disappointed them), resumed their drive through roads dirty and rough—past farmers' houses wonderful for their look of slovenliness, and over a soil whose richness they could never sufficiently admire—till they arrived at Bristol.

The welcome that here waited them, their first salute in their temporarily selected home, was hardly complimentary or cordial; for it proceeded from the "virulent tongue of a vixen" in the streets, excited by something that displeased her in their manner or dress, and it "saluted us by the names of *damned American rebels.*" They walked on, however, not much moved; and soon after, in the same streets, passed one who seemed a humble pedestrian like themselves, yet who well deserved the interest with which they stopped, turned. and looked earnestly after him. This was "a person dressed in green, with a small round hat flapped before, very like an English country gentleman"; and the Americans knew, from what already they had heard, that under that green dress, small round flapped hat, and country gentleman's bearing, walked quietly along those Bristol streets, no less a potentate than the Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, not simply interesting to them for his rank, or because he was the son of Maria Theresa and brother to Marie Antoinette, but for many high and striking qualities of his own. He was at this time (1777) performing *incog* the grand tour, including England.

And now, having seen the working of Old England's institutions in a borough contest, the New Englander had the opportunity of observing how these things were managed in the counties; for on the morning after his arrival in Bristol, he beheld a triumphant entry of the member just elected for the county of Gloucester; and this proved to be "*the Duke of Beaufort's man*" (his grace's footman it might have been, though it was not), Mr. Chester, who burst into the huzzaing town, amid the ringing of bells and discharging of cannon, attended by a bodyguard of some couple of hundred horsemen "clad in new blue coats and breeches, with buff waistcoats, the Duke of Beaufort's hunting garb." The duke himself, touched apparently by a not unbecoming modesty, privately left the liveried procession just bef its arrival in town, and was content with out-of-the-way corner in a private hou whence himself and his duchess could the parade and "enjoy his triumph with observation." After which second not instance of a free election, and of that in pendence of the Lower House from all influe of the Upper which is so cardinal a theory the English constitution, Mr. Curwen n not be thought wholly unreasonable or un for a belief recorded in the next page of diary, to the effect that if anything destroys devoted English people it will be "venality —or for an opinion subsequently expres that "in the corrupt state of this people, wheels of Government cannot move an i without money to grease them";—or gravely recording in his journal what he heard from the owner of a wine vault, t of port wine alone a general election alw consumed six thousand hogsheads extra addition to the ordinary annual consumpt of twenty-four thousand hogsheads;—or ev at last, for pleasantly proposing to writ book that should make confession of his N England visions of Old England and Eng institutions which daylight had broken dissolved, under the title of "The Perils "Peregrinations of a Tory or Refugee in qu "of Civil Liberty, which the Author fon "imagined was to be enjoyed in higher p "fection in the Land he travelled throu "than in That he precipitately abandoned

But his peregrinations, if not his perils, drawn for the present to a close; and he but to sit down and record the result of "dearly bought experience," his "long, pensive, and not very pleasing tour." It briefly, that manufacturing towns are proper places of residence for idle peop either on account of pleasure or profit; expenses of living in every such town, howe distant from London, being as high almost in London itself; the spirit of bargainin moreover, and of taking advantage, runni through every line of life in those places; a having especially reached a cruel predominat in the North. Not that the good old gentlem felt he should escape all this, by settling in West; but he had satisfied himself on whole that the West was "a quarter of grea plenty and less expense," and a majority of fellow refugees had already taken up residen there. As many as eighteen were in Bris alone; and that he counted upon these as chief society may be inferred from the fact, th he notes as worthy of record the circumstance his having had "an hour's conversation with stranger on 'Change, a rare event, people England being greatly indisposed to join wi unknown persons." He goes on to ma certain exceptions, indeed, which it is evide do not include himself, in the observati that the Bristolians are notorious for early quiries into the character of all strangers, fr

commercial motives; and for soon fastening on everybody worth making a property of, if practicable; all others, of how great estimation soever, being in general neglected. In short, says Mr. Curwen plainly, "This city is remarkable for sharp dealings; and hence the proverb, *One Jew is equal to two Genoese, one Bristolian to two Jews.*" To all which it may be well to add, at the same time, that in the matter of himself and his real or fancied sufferings and wrongs, the diarist's authority is not to be taken more implicitly than the common understanding in such a case would suggest. Nothing is so frequent in the diary, for instance, as lamentations for old age, whose infirmities every day would appear to be increasing, and making more and more hard to bear; yet in close connection with one of the most pathetic of these complaints, uttered in most doleful strain soon after the writer was lodged in Bristol, and when he was sixty-three years old, the reader's spirits are suddenly raised by the following memorandum. "*Oct.* 21. Rose at six o'clock, and went a coursing with two greyhounds and a spaniel for hares. Started one, and left her in a turnip-field; returned about two o'clock, not greatly fatigued, after a ramble of fifteen miles over hedge-fences, ditches, &c."

Nor is this a mere casual indication of activity and the power of bearing fatigue. It expresses the habit of the man. During the long journeyings to which reference has been made, the mere movement from place to place has been the least part of the fatigue undergone. Whatever any place contains, he must see; if there be any object of interest in the neighbourhood, off he starts on avisit to it. He is never willingly at rest, never comes to a positive stand-still, is still pushing forward where something more may be seen or known. With the passion of a dweller in a new country for all that makes memory and association so pleasant in an old one, he is honourably anxious to examine every spot consecrated by genius or made illustrious by heroism or worth. He goes out of his way to see Redclyffe church at Bristol, not because Chatterton has yet become a name (poor fellow! the earth is still fresh above him in the Shoe Lane pauper burial-ground), but because it contains paintings by Hogarth and the monument of Admiral Penn. After crossing Salisbury Plain to Stonehenge, he takes a turn of seven miles that he may see the classical remains at Lord Pembroke's seat, admire the handy-work of Inigo Jones, and touch with reverence the urn alleged to have held the ashes of Horace. As he passes through Upton he does not fail to think of Sophia Western, and the little muff that turned Tom Jones's head; and nothing occupies him so much in Wakefield as enquiries after Goldsmith's vicar, a somewhat spurious original for that delightful creation being imposed on him by the worthy inhabitants, who protested it was their own "Parson Johnson" put into a book. Of course he went to Cambridge, and to Oxford; he visited Blenheim and Stowe; and from Birmingham he made rapid diversions to Hagley, with its memories of Pope, and to the Leasowes, still fragrant with Shenstone's homely and kindly poetry. He finds out the house where Marlborough was born, on the road to Axminster; makes a pilgrimage from Exeter to Sir Francis Drake's birthplace; and pleasantly persuades himself that he has seen in Dovedale "the very spot in which Chaucer wrote many of his pieces." Nor has he been in Bristol many hours, after the long and tedious journey which has finally lodged him there, before he sets forth to hear the famous Wesley preach to an immense concourse, "having the heavens for his canopy," when the ungraceful, but plain, intelligible, and earnest speech, the weak and harsh, but passionate voice, of the grand old Methodist, suggest to him an instructive contrast to "the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, macaroni parsons, who, to the shame and dishonour of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy who possess valuable livings."

Yet, a few evenings later, it was his chance to meet one of the dignitaries of the Establishment deserving a quite different character, from whom he heard opinions of the dispute now raging with America, such as never before had he heard expressed on either side, or in either country. Mr. Curwen drily describes him, as well as the opinions he heard expressed by him, in the remark that he has been sitting in company with "a famous political divine and anti-colonist, who judges the colonies a burden to Great Britain, and presses Administration to cast them off."

The man who held these eccentric opinions was the Dean of Gloucester, Doctor Josiah Tucker; and the reason for his holding them was, that he alone, among the public writers of that day, correctly reasoned on the causes of colonial as well as home prosperity, and what obstructed their further development. He did not dispute the right of England to tax America, and he held the colonists to have been wrong at the outset of the dispute; but he had the courage and foresight to warn his countrymen to desist from any farther struggle, for that political power was not to be increased by the cumbrous and unwieldy retention of ill-governed territory, but by energetic and judicious cultivation of physical resources, commercial interchanges, and intellectual acquirements. He exploded the fallacy of the advantage supposed to be implied in the monopoly of a distant market. A far other and greater market we had created in America, a market of the raw material from which prosperous empires are made; for we had supplied that vast continent with *man*, and with institutions that strengthen and develop manhood,—nor could the inevitable tendency of such be stayed by any human

power. Let the separation be only prompt and amicable, and all would be well.

For this, as we see, our intelligent American loyalist denounces him as an "anti-colonist;" and much harder words were applied to him in those days by men who had less excuse for the error. Burke himself, in his impetuous advocacy of America, refused to believe that any man could have formed an opinion in favour of separation except with the dishonest motive of secretly helping the hostility of the court, by making the colonies unpopular with the people. He denounced the Dean of Gloucester, therefore, "as one of those court vermin who would do anything for the sake of a bishoprick;" and was not moved to retract the coarse insinuation even by Tucker's calm and dignified reproof declaring his independence of both parties, and that his opinions had been equally unpalatable to both. Burke's attack, however, passionate and unthinking as it was, was not, like Bishop Warburton's, treacherous. The bishop assailed the dean through the side of their common calling, and, referring to the commercial arguments by which the case for separation had been urged, described him as a divine with whom religion was a trade, and with whom trade was a religion. "The bishop affects to consider me with contempt," replied the dean, calmly; "to which I say nothing. He has sometimes spoken coarsely of me; to which I replied nothing. He has said that religion is my trade, and trade is my religion. It is quite true that commerce and its connections have been favourite objects of my attention; and where is the crime? As for religion, I have attended carefully to the duties of my parish; nor have I neglected my cathedral. The world knows something of me as a writer on religious subjects; and I will add, what the world does not know, that I have written near three hundred sermons, and preached them all again and again. My heart is at ease on that score; and my conscience, thank God! does not accuse me."

Such were the penalties then, as they have ever been, and will probably continue to be, attendant on having outstripped contemporary opinion. There was hardly a question on which Dean Tucker was not distinctly in advance of his time. Though a strenuous defender of religion against the infidel attacks which were then so common, he was not less the eager advocate of universal toleration. He wrote against drunkenness, against sports involving cruelty to the brute creation, and against war. Nothing was too grand, nothing too mean, if it affected a single human interest, for the wise word he had to utter. His great argument for trade against territory, in which he warned the sovereigns of Europe that the proper cultivation of the land of their own countries inappreciably exceeded in importance any amount of acquisition of waste land in other countries, was followed by his "earnest and affectionate address to the common peo of England on their barbarous custom cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday." He w the first to defend the naturalisation foreigners, to point out the necessity of a un with Ireland, to denounce the impolicy of existing restraints against interchanges w that country, to resist the taxation which t fell so heavily on the industrious and the po to oppose every kind of monopoly whether corporations or trading companies, to decl the navigation laws a clog upon commerce propose a plan for getting rid of slave to call for the opening of canals, to po out what advantages would result from establishment of a warehousing system, urge the necessity of improvement in the h roads, to cry out against that East In Company in which we only now begin detect an injustice too monstrous for con nuance or sufficiently ripe for redress, to ins on the wisdom of permitting the free expo ation and importation of grain, and to adv cate perseveringly in its largest sense f trade among all the nations of the ear "Ah!" exclaimed Doctor Johnson one at Thrale's; "another pamphlet by Tuck The Dean always tells me something whic did not know before." Yet it was but short time after, that the dean was burnt effigy in his native town of Bristol, becau something in one of his pamphlets (it was argument for the naturalisation of the Je had given high offence on 'Change, where l tolerance for originality prevailed than in t large heart of Samuel Johnson.

Nevertheless Doctor Tucker lived to s his townsmen make something better than Guy of him, though of themselves perha something worse; for he lived to see shouting mob unyoke the horses from l carriage, against his remonstrance yo themselves instead, and draw him into Bris in triumph. It was a wonderful change, a brought about in a curious way. In tho days, the reader will hardly require to be tol there existed in full force a great many egre ously foolish acts of parliament, called diverse acts against *Forestalling*, *Regrating*, *Badg ing*, and *Engrossing*, but all passed with t same silly purpose of putting senseless r straints on trade, by preventing the mercha or speculator from purchasing corn or oth provisions, in market or on their way to m ket, and selling them again in the same pla or within four miles of it. The professed obje was to prevent any unfair enhancement the prices of provisions; the almost invariab result was to empty the market of provisio altogether; and never were the magistrat in their fullness of ignorance, so bent putting in force the law against Forestallin as at those times of pinch and pressure wh nothing but that very law obstructed reli A crisis of this kind occurred, and happen to be sorely felt in Bristol, where a scarcity corn was threatened; whereupon straightw

assembled the sapient justices to give immediate effect to the legislation described, and were surprised to see Doctor Tucker assume for the first time his privilege of magistrate, and take his seat on the bench beside them. "Why, gentlemen," said the dean, "what are you going to do? How can you expect to have any corn at all, *if you mean to punish the only persons perhaps that will bring you any?*" This home-thrust had its effect; and, says a contemporary account of the incident, "the markets were immediately supplied with corn." For the dean's great principle, pursues the same authority (a writer in a magazine of the time), about trade and commerce is, "that they will ever find their level; that what commodities are wanted, and can be paid for, will always be had; that a nation will always go to the best and cheapest market for what they have occasion for; and that neither political friendship nor enmity have anything to do with these matters, but that they are regulated by utility and convenience." A very simple and sufficient creed, which it took nearly a hundred years more to make manifest to English statesmen.

Happily the dean had not to wait so long before his view of the American quarrel received its ample justification. He did not live, indeed, to see that country enlarged and raised by Independence from thirteen colonies to thirty-one, and from three millions to thirty-five millions of population; but his life was spared till sixteen years after the treaty of Paris; and when, on the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford in the summer of 1793, the dean of Gloucester, then between eighty and ninety years of age, entered the theatre with his brother doctors, the whole assemblage welcomed with acclamation, on each of the three days of the ceremony, the venerable man whose advice, if timely taken, would have saved the useless bloodshed of more than a hundred thousand of the Saxon race, and an addition to the English debt of more than eighty millions sterling.

And as Mr. Curwen himself was still living at the time, in his native town of Salem, we may perhaps presume that even *he* had grown to be much more tolerant of Dean Tucker and his opinions, as a citizen of the American Republic, than when he first heard them in Bristol as a Loyalist exile and refugee.

THE NORFOLK GRIDIRON.

The palace of the Escurial in Spain is said to have been contrived on the model of a gridiron—the lines of building representing the bars—in honour of St. Lawrence; for, as yet, Cobbet and *his* gridiron were not. St. Nicholas, the patron of fishermen and children in general, and of Great Yarmouth in particular, has no special or legendary connection with gridirons; and yet great Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by "Rows," to the number of one hundred and fifty-six. Repel the recollection of a Chester Row, a Paradise Row, or a Rotten Row. A Yarmouth Row is none of these. A row is a long narrow lane or alley, quite straight, or as nearly so as may be, with houses on each side, both of which you can sometimes touch at once with the finger-tips of each hand, by stretching out your arms to their full extent. Now and then the houses overhang, and even join above your head, converting the row, so far, into a sort of tunnel, or tubular passage. Many and many a picturesque old bit of domestic architecture is to be hunted up amongst the rows. In some rows there is little more than a blank wall for the double boundary. In others, the houses retreat into tiny square courts, where washing and clear-starching are done, and wonderful nasturtiums and scarlet-runners are reared from green boxes, filled with that scarce commodity, vegetable mould. Most of the rows are paved with pebbles from the beach; and, strange to say, these narrow gangways are traversed by horses and carts which are built for this special service, and which have been the cause of serious misunderstandings amongst antiquaries, as to whether they were, or were not, modelled after the chariots of Roman invaders. Of course, if two carts were to meet in the middle of a row, one of the two must either go back to the end again, or pass over the other one, like goats upon a single-file ledge of precipice. The straightness of the passage usually obviates this alternative. A few rows are well paved throughout with flag-stone; carts are not allowed to enter them, and foot passengers prefer them to the pebbly pathways. Hence they are the chosen locality of numerous little shopkeepers. If you want a stout pair of hob-nailed shoes, or a scientifically-oiled dreadnought, or a dozen of bloaters, or a quadrant or compass, or a bunch of turnips the best in the world, or a woollen comforter and nightcap for one end of your person, and worsted overall stockings for the other, or a plate of cold boiled leg of pork stuffed with parsley, or a ready-made waistcoat, with blazing pattern and bright glass buttons—with any of these you can soon be accommodated in one or other of the paved rows. Here, you have a board announcing the luxurious interval during which hot joints are offered to the satisfaction of a salt-water appetite; from twelve to two no one need suffer hunger. There, you behold a valuable oil-painting representing a gentleman taking off his hat to a lady in a row, to intimate how happy he shall be to cut her corns. Elsewhere is the notice over the door that, within, "Live and Boil'd Shrimps are sold BY THE CATCHER." Shrimps unadulterated, caught and sold by the very catcher himself; the original article, and no mistake! Many are the pints of shrimps we have had from thy shrimp-net, O hard-faring catcher, with the

motherly wife and chubby-cheeked child, and long may the winds and the waves spare thy cockle-shell boat, to catch thy daily bread and thy quarterly rent!

Some few of the most distinguished and fashionable rows have names to them, but the vulgar multitude are known simply by their numbers—and that only since 1804. Before, it was Jumbers's Row and Mopus's Row, when Jumbers and Mopus had moved into the street or passed into the churchyard. It was the Rising Sun Row for many a year after the Rising Sun, and all belonging to it, had long since gone to the dogs. From time immemorial there has been a Market Row, in which two people *can* walk arm in arm as they stare at the *élite* of Yarmouth shop windows; and there is a Broad Row, across which, if an Adelphi harlequin could not skip from first floor to first floor, he would get from the management very significant hints about his abilities.

The entire Gridiron which constitutes Great Yarmouth is an irregular long square, stretching from north to south. The oddity is, that until 1813 there were no streets across it, namely, from east to west, although there are several along it, and no carriage-way through the town, except by cart through the little rows. A cross street at each end of the parallelogram — Fuller's Hill on the north, and Friar's Lane on the south—were both wide apart and inconvenient, causing this goodly watering-place to be more like a rabbit-warren or an ant-hill, than a city of men. If otters lived in society, an otter's hole would have been a better comparison, seeing that Yarmouth people take to the water and prey upon fish, as a matter of natural instinct.

A little piece of superstition still prevails amongst these Ichthyophagi — or herring-eaters—which can be nothing else than a remnant of the evil eye. On one occasion I purchased of a fish-woman on the beach the first fresh herrings she had sold that season. Their cost amounted to that respectable coin, a shilling, which she considered a much better omen for her than if their equivalent had been merely a few dirty copper penny-pieces. The lady's eyes twinkled; with extreme rapidity she spat on both sides of the pure metal—which of the Georges was thus insulted I cannot say, but am nearly sure it was not Victoria—and hastily concealed it beneath the thick folds of her gown, through the intricacies of which it may be supposed to have at last arrived at the lowest depths, the fourth stomach, of an omnivorous pocket.

And so, in an Arab tent, the favourite child is hidden, and perhaps its face purposely dirtied by the anxious mother, to avert the dangers of the evil eye. The prudential feeling is perfectly intelligible in the midst of the envious world we dwell in. The French maxim *cacher son bonheur*, to conceal one's good fortune, expresses the same apprehension with practical forethought. Boast how luc you are, how successful you have been, wh a happy life you and yours are likely to le and a whole gang of less fortunate folks v soon come and throw stones at your hap ness. But if you chance to be in the mi of comfort, leading the very life which plea you best, and fearing nothing so much a change, give out to the world that you wretched, and heart-broken, and miseral and good-for-nothing, and they will leave y quiet, and cease troubling you with their tentions. It is a wise thing now and then hide one's own advantages, and to spit up one's self "for luck."

The foundations of Great Yarmouth built upon herrings. It is they which h enabled the town to stand firm upon sterile sands. And herrings, if we think it, are of the greatest importance to this p of England, now that salmon no longer ex there to rival them. The great attenti which the Scottish monarchs for a long ti directed to the salmon fishery only m fresh-water sailors; whereas the herr fishery has ever been one of the best scho in which to train the genuine British tar a pilot. The grant of various bounties fr the British Government have showed its precination of this admirable marine discipli The exploits of Yarmouth beachmen, fish men, and sailors, the results of nursing in rude a cradle, would make an interest volume full of that class of adventure. instance of courage and promptitude m suffice us here.

On the morning of September 4th, 18 although the sea did not appear to be v rough at the distance of three or four hundr yards from the shore, the billows which bro over the jetty and the sands were neverthel very huge and frightful, and unusually hea At about ten o'clock, a ship's boat, with th men in her, rowed towards the jetty, for t purpose of landing; but she was sudden struck by the breakers, lifted up as high the jetty railing, and in a moment overturn with the men under her. The next wa removed the boat, and discovered the m struggling for life amidst the boiling wate It was soon apparent that only one of the could swim, though swimming would be little avail in such a foaming sea as that; a it was impossible for any boat to get to the assistance, because it would be sure to overturned in a moment, exactly as their ow had been. Soon the boat came to the surfac floating bottom upwards, with one man clin ing to her; the other two men seemed to grasping each other in the death struggl The one who could not swim entangled th other who could, while the waves were buffe ing the overturned boat, and the sailor wh still was holding fast to it. The bystande were ejaculating that there was no earth hope for them, and thought only to aid the by their prayers, when suddenly twenty

thirty brave beachmen ran down, with ropes in their hands, to a spot on the beach to which they knew the wind and tide would probably drift the drowning men. Instantly five or six of them fastened the ropes round themselves, the others holding on firmly; and although frequently struck down by the waves, they still ran courageously into the sea to the rescue. At the very first dash they grasped and held fast the two men who were clinging together. The other beachmen who held the ropes, drew them *all* safely to the shore. These two were the captain of the ship, who could not swim, and a stout lad, who could. The beachmen, speedily disengaging themselves from the ropes, and leaving the two men whom they had saved to the care of the others, who assisted their recovery by no very gentle treatment, ran towards the sailor who was still kept up by the boat, which, although repeatedly struck by the waves, fortunately maintained its position, bottom upwards. The boat had now drifted to a considerable distance from the shore; but the beachmen, with great strength and courage, at once reached the poor fellow, who secured the rope round his body, and was finally dragged through the surf, and landed safe and sound. Feats like these are continually performed by the Yarmouth beachmen, without their seeming to think they have done any thing very extraordinary.

Such are the works which they constantly do; now judge of the sights which they are ever liable to see, as mementos of the fate which may one day await themselves. During the gales at the beginning of October, 1851, a captain of a steamer encountered, somewhere between Yarmouth and Holland, a vessel which, from its ungainly movements, he knew must be waterlogged, and likely to sink. He therefore steered towards it, for the purpose of saving those on board. On approaching, he observed the master pacing to and fro on his quarter-deck, in apparent unconcern. He took no notice of the shouts that were addressed to him, and seemed quite unconscious of the close neighbourhood of the steamer. None of the crew were visible. They were, perhaps, worn out with pumping, and might have lain down, giving up all further effort as useless; or, in their despair, they might have got to the spirits and made themselves dead drunk, fearing to meet death in a state of consciousness. As the master gave no sign of wishing to accept the assistance offered, the captain of the steamer turned away, intending to leave the vessel to her fate. When he had reached the distance of a quarter of a mile or so, he gave one more look at the sinking craft; and feeling sure, from some awkward and unmistakeable movements, that she must soon founder, he resolved to make a second trial, and turned back again, getting as near to the vessel as he dared. As before, no notice whatever was taken of the presence of the steamer; but the master continued pacing backwards and forwards, as one might do quietly and idly in one's study. In a few minutes the ship gave a shiver and a struggle, and went down headforemost, like a duck taking a dip and a dive, as foundering ships mostly do. It is nothing very strange to tell, but must have been strange indeed to witness! It must have been frightful; far more so than the inevitable loss of life. If the master and crew were prevented from using the opportunity of a rescue, in consequence of having yielded to the intoxication suggested by despair, it shows the folly (the immorality — say, wickedness — is acknowledged) of such cowardice. While there is life, there is hope; and there ought to be a battle for life, to the last gasp. Let those who think this sentence harsh, read the account of the Wreck of the Tweed, published by the Christian Knowledge Society; or let them refer to the Norfolk newspapers for the record of the heroic exertions of a Yarmouth man, who was seventeen hours, I think, floating and swimming in the sea, till at last he was safely stranded on Corton beach, and restored to his despairing family. The ordinary annual rate of deaths at sea is fearful enough; the extraordinary cases are overwhelming to the mind. "In 1554 was a dreadful gale of wind. Fifty sail of ships lost on this coast in one day and night, and their crews perished!" Such are the calamities that sometimes happen "off" the Norfolk Gridiron.

AGROUND UP THE GANGES.

During the annual overflow of the Ganges, in the year 1838, one of the East India Company's steam vessels grounded at the village of Damadapore, a little beyond Dinapore, on her passage from Calcutta to Allahabad, with a flat in tow.

The manner of her grounding:—She was a victim to the thirst after "short cuts" by which so many noble vessels have been led to destruction. At Damadapore the river Ganges bends considerably, and when the Megna (that was the name of the vessel) reached that place, the land was flooded by the rains. Although the water had begun then to subside, the Captain thought that he could make a short cut across, by the overland route, to avoid following the twist of the river. So he tried his luck at a quick passage; and, luck failing him, when he had got about a mile and a quarter from the river bed the vessel struck. The water was then falling very fast, the flat in tow had cast off where the steamer grounded, and found her way back again to the river without getting aground. Three days after this the water had fallen so much that the ship was high and dry. She had struck upon a rising mound of earth, the only bit of danger in her way, for if she had avoided this she would have made her short cut safely.

What was to be done? Fearing that they should have to remain in the same spot till the next year's overflow, the people of the ship sent the flat down to Dinapore, to communicate with the resident engineer of that place, who shortly afterwards went on a visit to the scene of the disaster. He thought it possible to launch the vessel by means of placing her in a cradle on ways. The captain coincided. They both went down again to Dinapore. When there they wrote to the authorities at Calcutta for permission to attempt the enterprise. Permission soon arrived, and they had power to proceed as they thought best.

How I came to be mixed up in this business:—In consequence of the above, I gave up the charge of the Honourable Company's steamer Soanso, to which vessel I had been attached for sixteen months, and proceeded to the scene of action on board the Honourable Company's "flat" Soorena, in which boat I had been ordered a passage to Damadapore. I took with me twenty Lascars, some good Europe eight-inch hawsers (or stout rope), purchase blocks, and other apparatus, and I went for the purpose of assisting in getting the Honourable Company's steamer Megna afloat, which had been left aground in the manner hereinbefore stated, mentioned, and set down.

The flats are built expressly for this service, by Maudsley, Field, and Son, the engineers in London. Their shells are of iron plate; in length they are about one hundred and twenty feet, with fifteen feet beam, and depth of hold about six feet. They are sharp at both ends, with a good run abaft, and steer with a very broad rudder, like the rudders of our barges on the Thames. They are flat bottomed. Beams are placed over the shell for the lower deck, and stout wooden stanchions are fixed upright all round the vessel. Over these beams are placed for the upper deck. The sides, instead of being flanked, are formed of Venetian windows, one in each cabin, and two in the dining cabin, which is in the centre of the vessel, and extends from side to side. There are glass windows, which can be put in when required. They are always in use during the wet and cold seasons, so that the cabins are then made as warm as if the sides were planked.

The flats are steered forward by a wheel, the tiller ropes being led along the sides on the upper deck. On the same deck are placed cow-house, hen-coops, cook-house, &c. Finally, each flat has three slight masts fixed in a trunk to lower down when required, and carries lug sails.

The steamers are constructed on nearly the same plan; and these flats and steamers are, in my opinion, very comfortable vessels; well adapted to the purpose for which they are built. When I left Calcutta some years ago, there were six of each running between that place and Allahabad starting from Calcutta twice a month, and several more were setting up i the dockyard. They perform the passag (which is about eight hundred miles, followin the course of the river) during the "freshes, in about twenty-eight or thirty days; and during the other parts of the year, when th rapids are not so violent, in much less time They are officered by Englishmen, with a cre of twelve Lascars. The steamers, in addition carry two engine-drivers, and four stoker The passage money is moderate, and the ac commodation to the public is very great for, by a native boat, it takes between tw and three months to go by water to Alla habad. At the present time there are many such vessels running over all the navigabl Indian rivers.

My journey to the scene of the disaster:— At noon we started from the Bankshal Ghaut, in tow of the steamer Jumna, and proceeded down the river Hoogly, to go *via* the Sunderbunds (a tract of country consisting of that part of the Delta of the Ganges which borders on the sea), between the main-land and the island of Sangor In this part of the Sunderbunds some of the creeks are so narrow, that the paddle boxes brush the jungle on each side. Tiger and alligators here abound, and many native woodcutters are yearly carried off whilst at work at a distance from their boats. Not far from the place where we anchored, a Lascar of one of the steamers was killed by a tiger that swam off in the night from shore, and scrambled up into the vessel. The man had the watch in the forepart of the ship, and went to sleep—so that I daresay the occasion could be improved into a judgment upon him. The poor fellow was destroyed before any assistance could arrive; the captain or mate—I forget which—being awake, heard strange sounds on deck, jumped out immediately, and whilst in the act of going up the companion ladder, was struck down by the paw of the invader. By that time, however, the alarm had become general, the tiger taking fright at the great outcry in the ship, jumped overboard and swam safely ashore.

We kept a good look out that night, and the next morning at daylight we up anchor and steamed on. It is customary always to weigh at daylight and cast anchor at dusk, as the navigation of the river, in many parts, is very intricate; and fresh native pilots are engaged at every station. The first station we arrived at, after a few days, was Commercolly. We also stopped and coaled, and landed passengers at Rajmahal, Monghyr, Patna, and Dinapore. At Dinapore is stationed a European engineer, who always comes on board the steamers to examine their engines and take care that all is right. When we arrived, however, he was gone up to the Megna. After the due amount of steaming between low lands cultivated with rice, cotton, and indigo, of which the sameness

was relieved only by the Rajmahal Hills, on the morning of the twenty-first of November, we arrived in sight of the Megna, high and dry, at Damadapore.

How we launched the Megna:—At about ten A.M. I landed with my men and stores at the bottom of a small creek, running up about a quarter of a mile towards the vessel; there was a high bank on the left completely shutting out the view of the river. I walked up to the vessel, and was introduced to the commander and officers, who expected and were glad to see me, because the assistance I had brought was much required.

A cradle had been already constructed of teak, and there had been prepared four hundred feet of ways, in pieces of from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, besides cross pieces and blocks of wood for laying the ways on. Over this preparation some time had of course been spent; when ready everything had been shipped in native boats and towed up to the Megna by one of the steamers which had arrived from Calcutta.

In about a month from the date of the disaster all the materials were got up, but there was a dearth of ropes to reeve for tackles. The flood had by that time quite retired, and the Ganges had resumed its natural appearance. There remained only a narrow creek that ran up to the spot where the Megna was lying: the ground here being rather hollow, the water had remained. It was at the entrance of the creek five feet in depth, shoaling to nothing, and decreasing daily. The ship was distant from the river not more than a quarter of a mile on her larboard side, but as she could not be slewed round to launch in that direction, and lay also in a hollow, there was nothing for it but to hand her back by the same way that she had come. After a great deal of difficulty, the ground being very soft, the men had succeeded in lifting the steamer, by means of jack-screws and levers, blocking her up as they hove. The ground had then been levelled under her, and the ways laid; on them a cradle had been placed, and the vessel had been lowered down on it. When she first took the cradle her weight sunk her down several inches, the ways not being sufficiently blocked up. This of course made it very difficult afterwards to get her off, as it became necessary to drag her up hill into the rest of the ways. However, when I arrived, the Honourable Company's engineer, officers and men had succeeded in getting the Megna back towards the river some three hundred feet; they had, in fact, made one launch.

By that time the ground had become quite dry, and the weather cold; the vessel had been ashore nearly two months. At first it had been difficult to procure labourers, because very few of the natives would come out to work; but, through the kindness of a native prince named Bucter Pondee, who lived at a short distance from the launch, we soon procured as many workmen as were necessary. The vessel appeared to be quite straight, not at all turned or altered in her form, although much strain had been used in raising her, and none of the machinery had been taken out, the paddle-boards only being taken off and put out of the way. Our party of heads consisted of the captain, mate, and myself, who with two engineers in alliance lived on board; but the hands were encamped near the vessel in tents made out of her sails.

The way we launched the steamer:—She stood in the cradle on ways to her own length, and we had in addition three hundred feet more, thus moving her every launch a little more than three hundred feet. The ground being uneven, we frequently had either to cut through it to the height of her paddle-box, or to raise the ways to the proper level by filling up the hollows with mould taken from the cuttings. These ways were laid in the same manner as those used in shipwrights' yards, on a very gentle slope. We could not afford much, for we should have made bad worse if we had brought the vessel down to a point below the surface of the river. When all the ways were laid, well greased, and black-leaded, the launch was performed by passing the chain-cable round the vessel, triced up to her sides. Her two anchors were buried in a trench, with a large beam laid in it for the lower arms to take. The stocks lying level on the ground, the upper arms, being partly above ground, were backed by another anchor, a chain passing from both the foremost anchor's arms diagonally to the ring of the after anchor. To the chain-cable at the stern of the vessel (for we were launching stern foremost) two large three-fold purchase blocks were lashed, and one to each of the rings of the large anchors. Through these we rove eight-inch Europe hawsers, with three-inch luffs on them, hooked to the aftermost anchor; then a large jack-screw was placed up under the stem. When all was ready the falls were manned by about two hundred men on each, and the screw hove on to a joist in starting her; the men hauling at the same time the screw was turned. The steamer would start on end from ten to fifteen feet each time, sometimes more, and the screw was always shifted every time she was moved. When during each launch we had got half way down the whole length of the ways, all the anchors were taken up and removed further down and reburied. After overhauling the tackles, &c., we proceeded as before. It generally took us four hours to launch her the whole three hundred yards. The next day all the ways she had passed over were taken up again, to be laid down astern. We generally, when the ground was pretty level, laid the ways, launched, and took them up again in six or seven days. When we had to cut through high ground it took us more than twice that time. On launching days we employed about four

hundred men, and on the other days, while preparing, about half the number.

How the men were paid:—The method of paying the people (which we had to do every evening) was as follows: In the morning when they came they were formed into four lines, and the captain and I took each of us a basket filled with small paper tickets, with the ship's name written on them. We then passed through the lines, giving each man a ticket, and if this ticket was not produced in the evening he lost his pay. They were then all set to work, and overlooked by the captain, mate, and myself. The engineers, having left everything to us a few days after my arrival, had returned to Dinapore. The men had an hour at noon for their dinner, and at dusk assembled to be paid. The captain then took his chair close by the vessel, with a large basket of copper coin before him. I sat opposite, holding my basket ready to take tickets, and we had a guard about us to keep off the pressure of the crowd. The first man being let into the circle came to me, and having given me his ticket, went over to the captain, who handed him six pice—about twopence halfpenny in English money. In this manner all in turn receive their pay. We generally found it more than an hour's work to pay all, and sometimes after working later than usual, on launching days, when the number of men was doubled, the rush of the people attempting to get first within the circle was tremendous. Guard, captain, and ticket-taker were then frequently capsized, and rolled into a heap.

Our comforts:—We were very badly off for provisions up the Ganges (I speak gastronomically) for the natives either could not or would not supply us. We occasionally purchased a pig, fattened him up for a week or so, and then killed and corned him for our future use. We also made churpatties from flour, and eat them instead of bread, of which we could get none. We occasionally got a fowl or two, and shot game, which abounded, when we got a leisure hour. The weather being cold, and the nights frosty, we did not greatly care about it. The country in our neighbourhood was flat, with large cotton plantations close to us; in fact, we had to cut through one of them.

By way of evening amusement we shot the jackalls and hyænas, that after a launch, came in great numbers from the adjacent jungles, to lick up the grease left on the ways. On Christmas Day our work was nearly over, and we hoped to get the ship afloat by the New Year. On that day we had a visit from the officers and passengers of one of the flats on their way down to Calcutta; and, during the whole of the time of our stay, we were frequently visited by passengers passing up and down the river in boats, who wondered duly at the undertaking. Our friend, Prin Bucter Pondee, generally paid us a visit on a week, always coming on his elephant, a tended by a princely suite. He was a stou powerful man—a proper man to ride an el phant—and very good-natured. He made picturesque addition to our busy group.

We did not end our work on New Year Day. I think it was on the twenty-eight of January that all was prepared for th last launch; the Megna was then distan about two hundred feet from the water i the creek. The ground being in that pa of her course particularly soft and muddy it was not able to support the weight o the vessel; so we cut, and laid down great quantity of green bamboos as leve as possible, to help to support the ways up The anchors were then laid down on th opposite side of the creek, as during the whole progress of launching. We had gradu- ally brought the vessel to a suitable positio by slightly curving the ways, for if we had launched in a straight line, the vessel's stern would have looked right down the creek and consequently we should not have been able to have laid our anchors down in th solid ground, our small anchors would have come home in the mud of the river, without starting her an inch, and all our labour would have been lost. At about three P.M. on the above-mentioned day we launched the Megn once more into the river Ganges without any trouble, and then tracked her down th stream about a quarter of a mile below th creek, and secured her alongside the shore in safety for the night. During the next week w were busily engaged in collecting the mate rials, and stowing them away in native boats ready for starting. On the morning of th first of February Prince Bucter Pondee came on board to pay his farewell visit. At noon all being ready, we cast off from the bank of the river, and with three native boats in tow put on the engines at full speed for Dinapore on the way to Calcutta, heartily saluted by the cheers of our late workmen and of all th natives who had come to see us off. S Government was spared the trouble of layin up the steamer for a year, till the nex flood; and in three months the launching o the Megna was completed by the force o Saxon heads and Indian hands.

MORAL.—When any man—young man, o old man—gets his ship, no matter what ship grounded—as we all have ships that run aground sometimes, especially when we at tempt short cuts—let him not wait for th next flood, like a lazy fellow, but set himself to work at once, and persevere until he haul her back by his own strength of wit and wi into deep water.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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HOME FOR HOMELESS WOMEN.

FIVE years and a half ago, certain ladies, ved to think that numbers of their own were wandering about the streets in radation, passing through and through prisons all their lives, or hopelessly ishing in other ways, resolved to try the eriment on a limited scale of a Home for reclamation and emigration of women. As was clear to them that there could be e or no hope in this country for the greater t of those who might become the objects their charity, they determined to receive their Home, only those who distinctly epted this condition: that they came there be ultimately sent abroad, (whither, was he discretion of the ladies); and that they came there, to remain for such length time as might, according to the circumnces of each individual case, be considered essary as a term of probation, and for truction in the means of obtaining an honest lihood. The object of the Home was two-l. First, to replace young women who had ady lost their characters and lapsed into lt, in a situation of hope. Secondly, to e other young women who were in danger alling into the like condition, and give them opportunity of flying from crime when y and it stood face to face.

The projectors of this establishment, in dertaking it, were sustained by nothing the high object of making some unhappy men a blessing to themselves and others tead of a curse, and raising up among the itudes of a new world some virtuous homes, ch needed there, from the sorrow and ruin he old. They had no romantic visions or ravagant expectations. They were pre-ed for many failures and disappointments, l to consider their enterprise rewarded, if y in time succeeded with one third or one f of the cases they received.

As the experience of this small Institution, n under the many disadvantages of a ginning, may be useful and interesting, s paper will contain an exact account of progress and results.

t was (and is) established in a detached se with a garden. The house was never igned for any such purpose, and is only pted to it, in being *retired* and not immediately overlooked. It is capable of containing thirteen inmates besides two Superintendents. Excluding from consideration ten young women now in the house, there have been received in all, since Novem ber eighteen hundred and forty seven, fifty-six inmates. They have belonged to no particular class, but have been starving needlewomen of good character, poor needlewomen who have robbed their furnished lodgings, violent girls committed to prison for disturbances in ill-conducted workhouses, poor girls from Ragged Schools, destitute girls who have applied at police offices for relief, young women from the streets: young women of the same class taken from the prisons after undergoing punishment there as disorderly characters, or for shoplifting, or for thefts from the person: domestic servants who have been seduced, and two young women held to bail for attempting suicide. No class has been favoured more than another; and misfortune and distress are a sufficient introduction. It is not usual to receive women of more than five or six-and-twenty; the average age in the fifty-six cases would probably be about twenty. In some instances there have been great personal attractions; in others, the girls have been very homely and plain. The reception has been wholly irrespective of such sources of interest. Nearly all have been extremely ignorant.

Of these fifty-six cases, seven went away by their own desire during their probation; ten were sent away for misconduct in the Home; seven ran away; three emigrated and relapsed on the passage out; thirty (of whom seven are now married) on their arrival in Australia or elsewhere, entered into good service, acquired a good character, and have done so well ever since as to establish a strong prepossession in favour of others sent out from the same quarter. It will be seen from these figures that the failures are generally discovered in the Home itself, and that the amount of misconduct after the training and emigration, is remarkably small. And it is to be taken into consideration that many cases are admitted into the Home, of which there is, in the outset, very little hope, but which it is not deemed right to exclude from the experiment.

The Home is managed by two Superintendents. The second in order acts under the first, who has from day to day the supreme direction of the family. On the cheerfulness, quickness, good-temper, firmness, and vigilance of these ladies, and on their never bickering, the successful working of the establishment in a great degree depends. Their position is one of high trust and responsibility, and requires not only an always accumulating experience, but an accurate observation of every character about them. The ladies who established the Home, hold little confidential communication with the inmates, thinking the system better administered when it is undisturbed by individuals. A committee, composed of a few gentlemen of experience, meets once a month to audit the accounts, receive the principal Superintendent's reports, investigate any unusual occurrence, and see all the inmates separately. None but the committee are present as they enter one by one, in order that they may be under no restraint in anything they wish to say. A complaint from any of them is exceedingly uncommon. The history of every inmate, taken down from her own mouth—usually after she has been some little time in the Home—is preserved in a book. She is shown that what she relates of herself she relates in confidence, and does not even communicate to the Superintendents. She is particularly admonished by no means to communicate her history to any of the other inmates: all of whom have in their turns received a similar admonition. And she is encouraged to tell the truth, by having it explained to her that nothing in her story but falsehood can possibly affect her position in the Home after she has been once admitted.

The work of the Home is thus divided. They rise, both in summer and winter, at six o'clock. Morning prayers and scripture reading take place at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is had immediately afterwards. Dinner at one. Tea at six. Evening prayers are said at half-past eight. The hour of going to bed is nine. Supposing the Home to be full, ten are employed upon the household work; two in the bed-rooms; two in the general living room; two in the Superintendents' rooms; two in the kitchen (who cook); two in the scullery; three at needlework. Straw-plaiting has been occasionally taught besides. On washing-days, five are employed in the laundry, three of whom are taken from the needle-work, and two are told off from the household work. The nature and order of each girl's work is changed every week, so that she may become practically acquainted with the whole routine of household duties. They take it in turns to bake the bread which is eaten in the house. In every room, every Monday morning, there is hung up, framed and glazed, the names of the girls who are in charge there for the week, and who are, consequently, responsible for its neat condition and the proper execution of the work belonging to it. This is found to inspire them with a greater pride in good housewifery, and a greater sense of shame in the reverse.

The book-education is of a very plain kind, as they have generally much to learn in the commonest domestic duties, and are often singularly inexpert in acquiring them. They read and write, and cipher. School is held every morning at half-past ten (Saturday excepted) for two hours. The Superintendents are the teachers. The times for recreation are half an hour between school-time and dinner, and an hour after dinner; half an hour before tea, and an hour after tea. In the winter, these intervals are usually employed in light fancy work, the making of little presents for their friends, &c. In the fine summer weather they are passed in the garden, where they take exercise, and have their little flower-beds. In the afternoon and evening, they sit all together at needlework, and some one reads aloud. The books are carefully chosen, but are always interesting.

Saturday is devoted to an extraordinary cleaning up and polishing of the whole establishment, and to the distribution of clean clothes; every inmate arranging and preparing her own. Each girl also takes a bath on Saturday.

On Sundays they go to church in the neighbourhood, some to morning service, some to afternoon service, some to both. They are invariably accompanied by one of the Superintendents. Wearing no uniform and not being dressed alike, they attract little notice out of doors. Their attire is that of respectable plain servants. On Sunday evenings they receive religious instruction from the principal Superintendent. They also receive regular religious instruction from a clergyman on one day in every week, and on two days in every alternate week. They are constantly employed, and always overlooked.

They are allowed to be visited under the following restrictions; if by their parents, once in a month; if by other relatives or friends, once in three months. The principal Superintendent is present at all such interviews, and hears the conversation. It is not often found that the girls and their friends have much to say to one another; any display of feeling on these occasions is rare. It is generally observed that the inmates seem rather relieved than otherwise when the interviews are over.

They can write to relatives, or old teachers, or persons known to have been kind to them, once a month, on application to the committee. It seldom happens that a girl who has any person in the world to correspond with, fails to take advantage of this opportunity. All letters dispatched from the Home are read and posted by the principal Superintendent. All letters received, are likewise read by the Superintendent; but she

does not open them. Every such letter is opened by the girl to whom it is addressed, who reads it first, in the Superintendent's presence. It never happens that they wish to reserve the contents; they are always anxious to impart them to her immediately. This seems to be one of their chief pleasures in receiving letters.

They make and mend their own clothes, but do not keep them. In many cases they are not for some time to be trusted with such a charge; in other cases, when temper is awakened, the possession of a shawl and bonnet would often lead to an abrupt departure which the unfortunate creature would ever afterwards regret. To distinguish between these cases and others of a more promising nature, would be to make invidious distinctions, than which nothing could be more prejudicial to the Home, as the objects of its care are invariably sensitive and, jealous. For these various reasons their clothes are kept under lock and key in a wardrobe room. They have a great pride in the state of their clothes, and the neatness of their persons. Those who have no such pride on their admission, are sure to acquire it.

Formerly, when a girl accepted for admission had clothes of her own to wear, she was allowed to be admitted in them, and they were put by for her; though within the Institution she always wore the clothing it provides. It was found, however, that a girl with a hankering after old companions rather relied on these reserved clothes, and that she put them on with an air, if she went away or were dismissed. They now invariably come, therefore, in clothes belonging to the Home, and bring no other clothing with them. A suit of the commonest apparel has been provided for the next inmate who may leave during her probation, or be sent away; and it is thought that the sight of a girl departing so disgraced, will have a good effect on those who remain. Cases of dismissal or departure are becoming more rare, however, as the Home increases in experience, and no occasion for making the experiment has yet arisen.

When the Home had been opened for some time, it was resolved to adopt a modification of Captain Macconnochie's mark system: so arranging the mark table as to render it difficult for a girl to lose marks under any one of its heads, without also losing under nearly all the others. The mark table is divided into the nine following heads. Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy, Cleanliness. The word Temperance is not used in the modern slang acceptation, but in its enlarged meaning as defined by Johnson, from the English of Spenser: "Moderation, patience, calmness, sedateness, moderation of passion." A separate account for every day is kept with every girl as to each of these items. If her conduct be without objection, she is marked in each column, three —excepting the truthfulness and temperance columns in which, saving under extraordinary circumstances, she is only marked two: the temptation to err in those particulars, being considered low under the circumstances of the life she leads in the Home. If she be particularly deserving under any of the other heads, she is marked the highest number—four. If her deserts be low, she is marked only one, or not marked at all. If her conduct under any head have been, during the day, particularly objectionable, she receives a bad mark (marked in red ink, to distinguish it at a glance from the others) which destroys forty good marks. The value of the good marks is six shillings and sixpence per thousand; the earnings of each girl are withheld until she emigrates, in order to form a little fund for her first subsistence on her disembarkation. The inmates are found, without an exception, to value their marks highly. A bad mark is very unfrequent, and occasions great distress in the recipient and great excitement in the community. In case of dismissal or premature departure from the Home, all the previous gain in marks is forfeited. If a girl be ill through no fault of her own, she is marked, during her illness, according to her average marking. But, if she be ill through her own act (as in a recent case, where a girl set herself on fire, through carelessness and a violation of the rules of the house), she is credited with no marks until she is again in a condition to earn them. The usual earnings in a year are about equal to the average wages of the commoner class of domestic servants.

They are usually brought to the Home by the principal superintendent in a coach. From wheresoever they come, they generally weep on the road, and are silent and depressed. The average term of probation is about a year; longer when the girl is very slow to learn what she is taught. When the time of her emigration arrives, the same lady accompanies her on board ship. They usually go out, three or four together, with a letter of recommendation to some influential person at their destination; sometimes they are placed under the charge of a respectable family of emigrants; sometimes they act as nurses or as servants to individual ladies with children, on board. In these capacities they have given great satisfaction. Their grief at parting from the Superintendent is always strong, and frequently of a heart-rending kind. They are also exceedingly affected by their separation from the Home; usually going round and round the garden first, as if they clung to every tree and shrub in it. Nevertheless, individual attachments among them are rare, though strong affections have arisen when they have afterwards encountered in distant solitudes. Some touching circumstances have occurred, where unexpected recognitions

of this kind have taken place on Sundays in lonely churches to which the various members of the little congregations have repaired from great distances. Some of the girls now married have chosen old companions thus encountered for their bridesmaids, and in their letters have described their delight very pathetically.

A considerable part of the needle-work done in the Home is necessary to its own internal neatness, and the preparation of outfits for the emigrants; especially as many of the inmates know little or nothing of such work, and have it all to learn. But, as they become more dexterous, plain work is taken in, and the proceeds are applied as a fund to defray the cost of outfits. The outfits are always of the simplest kind. Nothing is allowed to be wasted or thrown away in the Home. From the bones, and remnants of food, the girls are taught to make soup for the poor and sick. This at once extends their domestic knowledge, and preserves their sympathy for the distressed.

Some of the experiences not already mentioned, that have been acquired in the management of the Home, are curious, and perhaps deserving of consideration in prisons and other institutions. It has been observed, in taking the histories—especially of the more artful cases—that nothing is so likely to elicit the truth as a perfectly imperturbable face, and an avoidance of any leading question or expression of opinion. Give the narrator the least idea what tone will make her an object of interest, and she will take it directly. Give her none, and she will be driven on the truth, and in most cases will tell it. For similar reasons it is found desirable always to repress stock religious professions and religious phrases; to discourage shows of sentiment, and to make their lives practical and active. "Don't talk about it—do it!" is the motto of the place. The inmates find everywhere about them the same kind discriminating firmness, and the same determination to have no favourite subjects, or favourite objects, of interest. Girls from Ragged Schools are not generally so impressible as reduced girls who have failed to support themselves by hard work, or as women from the streets—probably because they have suffered less. The poorest of the Ragged School condition, who are odious to approach when first picked up, invariably affect afterwards that their friends are "well off." This psychological curiosity is considered inexplicable. Most of the inmates are depressed at first. At holiday times the more doubtful part of them usually become restless and uncertain; there would always appear to be, usually, a time of considerable restlessness after six or eight months. In any little difficulty, the general feeling is invariably with the establishment and never with the offender. When a girl is discharged for misconduct, she is generally in deep distress, and goes away miserably. The rest will sometime intercede for her with tears; but it is found that firmness on this and every point, when decision is once taken, is the most humane course, as having a wholesome influence on the greatest number. For this reason, a mere threat of discharge is never on any account resorted to. Two points of management are extremely important: the first, to refer very sparingly to the past; the second never to treat the inmates as children. They must never be allowed to suppose it possible that they can get the better of the management. Judicious commendation, when it is deserved, has a very salutary influence. It is also found that a serious and urgent entreaty to a girl, to exercise her self-restraint on some point (generally temper) on which her mark-table shows her to be deficient, often has an excellent effect when it is accompanied with such encouragement as "You know how changed you are since you have been here; you know we have begun to entertain great hopes of you. For God's sake consider! Do not throw away this great chance of your life, by making yourself and everybody around you unhappy—which will oblige us to send you away—but conquer this. Now, try hard for a month, and pray let us have no fault to find with you at the end of that time." Many will make great and successful efforts to control themselves, after such remonstrance. In all cases, the fewest and plainest words are the best. When new to the place, they are found to break and spoil through great carelessness. Patience and the strictest attention to order and punctuality, will in most cases overcome these discouragements. Nothing else will. They are often rather disposed to quarrel among themselves, particularly in bad weather when their lives are necessarily monotonous and confined; but, on the whole, allowing for their different breeding, they perhaps quarrel less than the average of passengers in the state cabin on a voyage out to India.

As some of the inmates of the Home have to be saved and guarded from themselves more than from any other people they can scarcely be defended by too many precautions. These precautions are not obtruded upon them, but are strictly observed. Keys are never left about. The garden gate is always kept locked; but the girls take it in turn to act as porteress, overlooked by the second superintendent. They are proud of this trust. Any inmate missing from her usual place for ten minutes would be looked after. Any suspicious circumstance would be quickly and quietly investigated. As no girl makes her own bed, no girl has the opportunity of safely hiding any secret correspondence, or anything else, in it. Each inmate has a separate bed, but there are several beds in a room. The occupants of each room are always arranged with a reference to their several characters and counteracting influences.

girl declaring that she wishes to leave, is not allowed to do so hastily, but is locked in a chamber by herself, to consider of it until next day: when, if she still persist, she is formally discharged. It has never once happened that a girl, however excited, has refused to submit to this restraint.

One of the most remarkable effects of the Home, even in many of the cases where it does not ultimately succeed, is the extraordinary change it produces in the appearance of its inmates. Putting out of the question their look of cleanliness and health (which may be regarded as a physical consequence of their treatment), a refining and humanizing alteration is wrought in the expression of the features, and in the whole air of the person, which can scarcely be imagined. Teachers in Ragged Schools have made the observation in reference to young women whom they had previously known well, and for a long time. A very sagacious and observant police magistrate, visiting a girl before her emigration who had been taken from his bar, could detect no likeness in her to the girl he remembered. It is considered doubtful whether, in the majority of the worst cases, the subject would easily be known again at a year's end, among a dozen, by an old companion.

The moral influence of the Home, still applying the remark even to cases of failure, is illustrated in a no less remarkable manner. It has never had any violence done to a chair or a stool. It has never been asked to render any aid to the one lady and her assistant, who are shut up with the thirteen the year round. Bad language is so uncommon, that its utterance is an event. The committee have never heard the least approach to it, or seen anything but submission; though it has often been their task to reprove and dismiss women who have been violently agitated, and unquestionably (for the time) incensed against them. Four of the fugitives have robbed the Institution of some clothes. The rest had no reason on earth for running away in preference to asking to be dismissed, but shame is not remaining.

A specimen or two of cases of success may be interesting.

Case number twenty-seven was a girl supposed to be of about eighteen, but who had none but supposititious knowledge of her age, and no knowledge at all of her birth-day. Both her parents had died in her infancy. She had been brought up in the establishment of that amiable victim of popular prejudice, the late Mr. Drouet, of Tooting. It did not appear that she was naturally stupid, but her intellect had been so dulled by neglect that she was in the Home many months before she could be imbued with a thorough understanding that Christmas Day was so called as the birthday of Jesus Christ. But when she acquired this piece of learning, she was amaz'ngly proud of it. She had been apprenticed to a small artificial flower maker with three others. They were all ill-treated, and all seemed to have run away at different times: this girl last: who absconded with an old man, a hawker, who brought "combs and things" to the door for sale. She took what she called "some old clothes" of her mistress with her, and was apprehended with the old man, and they were tried together. He was acquitted; she was found guilty. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment, and, on its expiration, she was received into the Home. She was appallingly ignorant, but most anxious to learn, and contended against her blunted faculties with a consciously slow perseverance. She showed a remarkable capacity for copying writing by the eye alone, without having the least idea of its sound, or what it meant. There seemed to be some analogy between her making letters and her making artificial flowers. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, about a year. On her passage out, she made artificial flowers for the ladies on board, earned money, and was much liked. She obtained a comfortable service as soon as she landed, and is happy and respected. This girl had not a friend in the world, and had never known a natural affection, or formed a natural tie, upon the face of this earth.

Case number thirteen was a half-starved girl of eighteen whose father had died soon after her birth, and who had long eked out a miserable subsistence for herself and a sick mother by doing plain needlework. At last her mother died in a workhouse, and the needlework "falling off bit by bit," this girl suffered, for nine months, every extremity of dire distress. Being one night without any food or shelter from the weather, she went to the lodging of a woman who had once lived in the same house with herself and her mother, and asked to be allowed to lie down on the stairs. She was refused, and stole a shawl which she sold for a penny. A fortnight afterwards, being still in a starving and houseless state, she went back to the same woman's, and preferred the same request. Again refused she stole a bible from her, which she sold for twopence. The theft was immediately discovered, and she was taken as she lay asleep in the casual ward of a workhouse. These facts were distinctly proved upon her trial. She was sentenced to three months imprisonment, and was then admitted into the Home. She had never been corrupted. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, a little more than a year; emigrated; conducted herself uniformly well in a good situation; and is now married.

Case number forty-one was a pretty girl of a quiet and good manner, aged nineteen. She came from a watering-place where she had lived with her mother until within a couple of years, when her mother married again and she was considered an incumbrance

at a very bad home. She became apprenticed to a dressmaker, who, on account of her staying out beyond the prescribed hours one night when she went with some other young people to a Circus, positively refused to admit her or give her any shelter from the streets. The natural consequences of this unjustifiable behaviour followed. She came to the Home on the recommendation of a clergyman to whom she fortunately applied, when in a state of sickness and misery too deplorable to be even suggested to the reader's imagination. She remained in the Home (with an interval of hospital treatment) upwards of a year and a half, when she was sent abroad. Her character is irreproachable, and she is industrious, happy, and full of gratitude.

Case number fifty was a very homely, clumsy, ignorant girl, supposed to be about nineteen, but who again had no knowledge of her birthday. She was taken from a Ragged School; her mother had died when she was a little girl; and her father, marrying again, had turned her out of doors, though her mother-in-law had been kind to her. She had been once in prison for breaking some windows near the Mansion House, "having nowheres as you can think of, to go to." She had never gone wrong otherwise, and particularly wished that "to be wrote down." She was in as dirty and unwholesome a condition, on her admission, as she could well be, but was inconsolable at the idea of losing her hair, until the fortunate suggestion was made that it would grow more luxuriantly after shaving. She then consented, with many tears, to that (in her case) indispensable operation. This deserted and unfortunate creature, after a short period of depression, began to brighten, uniformly showed a very honest and truthful nature, and after remaining in the Home a year, has recently emigrated; a thoroughly good plain servant, with every susceptibility for forming a faithful and affectionate attachment to her employers.

Case number fifty-eight was a girl of nineteen, all but starved through inability to live by needlework. She had never gone wrong, was gradually brought into a good bodily condition, invariably conducted herself well, and went abroad, rescued and happy.

Case number fifty-one, was a little ragged girl of sixteen or seventeen, as she said; but of very juvenile appearance. She was put to the bar at a Police Office, with two much older women, regular vagrants, for making a disturbance at the workhouse gate on the previous night on being refused relief. She had been a professed tramp for six or seven years, knew of no relation, and had had no friends but one old woman, whose very name she did not appear to be sure of. Her father, a scaffold builder, she had "lost" on London Bridge when she was ten or eleven years old. There appeared little doubt that he had purposely abandoned her, but she had no suspicion of it. She had long been hop-picking in the hop season, and wandering about the country at all seasons, and was unaccustomed to shoes, and had seldom slept in a bed. She answered some searching questions without the least reserve, and not at all in her own favour. Her appearance of destitution was in perfect keeping with her story. This girl was received into the Home. Within a year, there was clinging round the principal Superintendent's neck, on board a ship bound for Australia—in a state of grief at parting that moved the bystanders to tears—a pretty little neat modest useful girl, against whom not a moment's complaint had been made, and who had diligently learnt everything that had been set before her.

Case number fifty-four, a good-looking young woman of two-and-twenty, was first seen in prison under remand on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again; but she spoke in high and affectionate terms both of her father and her mother-in-law. She had been travelling maid with an elderly lady, and, on her mistress going to Russia, had returned home to her father's. She had stayed out late one night, in company with a "commissioner" whom she had known abroad, was afraid or ashamed to go home, and so went wrong. Falling lower, and becoming poorer, she became at last acquainted with a ticket-taker at a railway station, who tired of the acquaintance. One night when he had made an appointment (as he had often done before) and, on the plea of inability to leave his duties, had put this girl in a cab, that she might be taken safely home (she seemed to have inspired him with that much enduring regard), she pulled up the window and swallowed two shillings' worth of the essential oil of almonds which she had bought at a chemist's an hour before. The driver happened to look round when she still had the bottle to her lips, immediately made out the whole story, and had the presence of mind to drive her straight to a hospital where she remained a month before she was cured. She was in that state of depression in the prison, that it was a matter for grave consideration whether it would be safe to take her into the Home, where, if she were bent upon committing suicide, it would be almost impossible to prevent her. After some talk with her, however, it was decided to receive her. She proved one of the best inmates it has ever had, and remained in it seven months before she emigrated. Her father, who had never seen her since the night of her staying out late, came to see her in the Home, and confirmed these particulars. It is doubtful whether any treatment but that pursued in such an institution would have restored this girl.

Case number fourteen was an extremely pretty girl of twenty, whose mother was

married to a second husband—a drunken man who ill-treated his step-daughter. She had been engaged to be married, but had been deceived, and had run away from home in shame, and had been away three years. Within that period, however, she had twice returned home; the first time for six months; the second time for a few days. She had also been in a London hospital. She had also been in the Magdalen: which institution her father-in-law, with a drunkard's inconsistency, had induced her to leave, to attend her mother's funeral—and then ill-treated her as before. She had been once in prison as a disorderly character, and was received from the prison into the Home. Her health was impaired and her experiences had been of a bad kind in a bad quarter of London, but she was still a girl of remarkably engaging and delicate appearance. She remained in the Home, improving rapidly, thirteen months. She was never complained of, and her general deportment was unusually quiet and modest. She emigrated, and is a good, industrious, happy wife.

This paper can scarcely be better closed than by the following pretty passage from a letter of one of the married young women.

HONNOURED LADIES,

I have again taken the liberty of writing to you to let you know how I am going on since I last wrote Home for I can never forget that name that still comes fresh to my mind, Honnoured Ladies I received your most kind letter on Tuesday the 21st of May my Mistress was kind enough to bring it over to me she told me that she also had a letter from you and that she should write Home and give you a good account of us. Honnoured Ladies I cannot describe the feelings which I felt on receiving your most kind letter, I first read my letter then I cried but it was with tears of joy, to think you was so kind as to write to us Honnoured Ladies I have seen Jane and I showed my letter and she is going write Home, she is living about 36 miles from where I live and her and her husband are very happy together she has been down to our Town this week and it is the first that we have seen of her since a week after they were married. My Husband is very kind to me and we live very happy and comfortable together we have a nice garden where we grow all that we want we have sown some peas turnips and I helped to do some we have three such nice pigs and we killed one last week he was so fat that he could not see out of his eyes he used to have to sit down to eat and I have got such a nice cat—she peeps over me while I am writing this. My Husband was going out one day, and he heard that cat cry and he fetched her in she was so thin. My tow little birds are gone—one dide and the other flew away now I have got none, get down Cat do. My Husband has built a shed at the side of the house to do anything for hisself when he comes home from work of a night he tells me that I shall every 9 years com Home if we live so long please God, but I think that he is only making game of me. Honnoured Ladies I can never feel grateful enough for your kindness to me and the kind indulgences which I received at my happy Home, I often wish that I could come Home and see that happy place again once more and all my kind friends which I hope I may one day please God.

No comments or arguments shall be added to swell the length this account has already attained. Our readers will judge for themselves what some of these cases must have soon become, but for the timely interposition of the Home established by the Ladies whose charity is so discreet and so impartial.

RED-HOT BUBBLE-BLOWING.

Noon-and-a-half, or half-past twelve, was much too early an hour to dine. But I had driven eight leagues, seated not in the inside of a carriage, that sharp snowy February morning, and was therefore able to do justice to the long procession of excellent viands which are sure to march deliberately across every French *table d'hôte* which enjoys the patronage of that cruelly and unjustly calumniated class—commercial travellers.

The great puzzle after eating heartily in the middle of the day is, what are you to do with yourself while the bodily man is weighed down with indolence, during the pleasant process of easy digestion? A grand resource is, to look out at the window; so out at the window I began to look. The first object that caught my eye was a cart laden with queer-looking sand. Being an amateur in sand, my curiosity was excited. For I had seen green sands, white sands, blue sands, yellow sands, coarse sands, fine sands, light sands, and heavy sands. But this sand, at the same time that it was not of vulgar texture, was of extraordinary colour. Figure to yourself the thick residue settled at the bottom of a tureen of pea-soup, and you have a sample of the sand in that cart; only you could not for the life of you tell whether the soup had been made with green peas, or with grey peas.

"Tell me, if you please, what is that load of sand for?" was the question which I put to a *commis-voyageur*, whom a fashionable tourist would have disdained to notice; but who, nevertheless, might be as well-conducted as himself. "What do they do with all that curious sand?"

"Monsieur, they do several things with it; amongst others, you will see, if you look down to your feet, that they use it for the purpose of carpeting this dining-room. But it is employed for a much more important service than that; and I should like you to amuse yourself by trying to guess it."

"Where does the sand come from?"

"From the hills close by, and—if you have a mind for an afternoon walk—by passing hence through the Little Place, stepping down the street of Swordmakers, and then out at the gate of this good town of Arras, merely taking the trouble to follow the path, you will at last discover not only the quarries whence this sand is dug, but also the very satisfactory use which they contrive to make of it."

"I cannot imagine," I replied, musingly, at the same time filling myself a glass of vin de

grave from my pint bottle, and tossing it off with a sincere appreciation of its merits.

"You burn, nevertheless," said the provoking bagman, (the French expression in such cases, *vous brulez*, being exactly the same as our own).

"It cannot be possible that the natives of those parts drink one another's healths in glasses full of sand? However, I will go and see."

By this time, the mid-day meal had comfortably settled itself; I started on my pilgrimage, not alone, and the gate of Arras was soon behind me. Next I had to pass through a formidable outwork, which appears on the maps as the Fort de Grace; as if there were anything particularly gracious in either the aspect or performances of bombs and cannon. Emerging out of the Fort de Grace, I found myself proceeding along one of those paved roads, on which, in France, if you once happen to set foot, you never know when you will get off again. This one, decidedly, has no known termination; for, after mounting mysterious hills in which the quarries of sand are hollowed out, it darts off straight into the distant space of an endless perspective.

The paved road, bordered by elms planted at regular distances, and lopped into naked poles up to the broom-head which crowns their summits, leads me, before long, to a droll little village, which successively offers to my inspection a church with a short stubby well-crocketed spire, a flour mill, a rushing stream, a flax mill, and a long straight street, in which the inns are as numerous as their signs are strange. There is no fault to be found with "The Descent of the Good Farmer," for it does not imply any depression of the agricultural interest, but simply indicates the hospitable shelter at which the farmer, good or bad, will be welcomed, on getting down or descending from cart or horseback; but think of stopping to eat or drink at "The Double-quick Step," or "*A la Fanfare des Pompiers*," "The Fireman's Flourish!" "*A la bonne Femme*," to call at "The Good Woman," is undoubtedly a considerable temptation to the wayfarer, did not the sign most ungallantly illustrate the name by a horrible portrait of a lady without any head. "*Au point du jour*," or "The Break of Day," suggests the duty of early rising, and equally so of early dram-drinking.

The signs are disregarded and left unvisited, and before me lies a rising ground in which the sand pits are distinctly visible. Down-hill, from them, comes a cart laden with their yellow-green produce; and which, turning to the left of the *pavé*, enters a couple of dingy portals. These sombre gates occupy the centre of a long uniform row of cottages, whose principal external feature is soot and grime.

The cart is an omen that the enigma will be solved, and I follow it through the cle obscure of the entrance-way. Once in, I ga around me, and find that I have wander into a large open square, the centre of whi is occupied by a huge oblong thoroughl blacked building, from one of the two cupol on the summit of whose roof colossal wreat of smoke are majestically rolling away. T cart disappears in a subterranean passa beneath the mystic edifice, and I hesitate track it further, without a little assuran that all is right within. For—though no soul is to be seen passing in and out, a scarcely a sound is to be heard proceedi from it—there are yet some half-closed sh ters in front, through which I can brilliant points of light flashing backwar and forwards, strange shadows flitting hith and thither; and, through whose opening there escapes a slight, sharp, crackling di just sufficient to testify that busy life is ha at work behind all this tranquil outs shell.

A trifle of information would be extreme convenient at this crisis. Yonder lies a hu pile of glass bottles, of singular shape a considerable capacity; but whether they a intended to contain imprisoned genii, or a already well-stored with "black spirits a white, red spirits and grey," it is impossi for a foreigner like myself to guess. Al know is, that they are, hereabouts, call *dammes-jeannes*, or "Ladies Jane." A cou of mutes are abstractedly surveying the Can those silent figures speak? Suppo we try.

"I beg of you, Messieurs, tell me how I c contrive to obtain admittance to that gre building."

"Monsieur can obtain admittance by wall ing along that slope and opening the door the end of it. There is no prohibition; an even if there were, a foreigner would not b ill-received."

I made a low bow, and proceeded on m way with both surprise and pleasure. Droll —isn't it?—that the straightforward manne of attaining any end is not always the firs which enters one's head! It is most commonly taken for granted that there *must* be all sort of bush-beatings and round-abouts, if yo want the simplest thing in the world. I struck me therefore as a grand discovery, that in cases like this we have only to follow our noses and open a door; instead of in-triguing for the favour and permission of some one, or some three or four, who might, per haps, take care to show what great obligation we were laying ourselves under.

I did open the door; and beheld a spec tacle. A band of devotees were holding an excited orgy, in which a considerable amount of method was mingled with a very suspicious state of madness. Were they celebrating an act of fire-worship? Or were they revivin some secret pagan rites in honour of wha were once supposed the Four and only Ele

ments of the World?—for fire, air, earth, and water, were all conspicuously represented in the ceremony. The performers were exactly a dozen men and boys, alike simply and uniformly clad; a blue cotton jacket and trousers, the everlasting French cap or *casquette*, and a light pair of wooden shoes, being their only garments. Shirts, stockings, and other superfluities were dispensed with. "Did you ever see such a lean set of fellows?" was the first remark I could make to my astonished companion. "Never!" was the prompt reply. "They are as lean as cuckoos;" which is the acumé of French imaginable leanness.

Besides ourselves (who were mere interloping nobodies) and these pale, blue-clad, active, fleshless men, the only other visible figure was a very pretty girl, some twenty years of age, carefully and neatly dressed in peasant costume, with health and good-nature sparkling from her eyes and blushing on her cheeks. She looked like a Hebe that had tripped downstairs into the bowels of Ætna, to have a peep at the labours of the Cyclops, and who was paying for the privilege of her visit by the assuaging of their toil. Such, too, was her office here. What her nectar might be, I cannot tell, as I did not taste it; nor had she the politeness to offer any. But to those who did want it her attentions were assiduous, giving a sip to one, a draught to another, and answering to the appealing eye of a third panting perspiring mortal, by fetching him some liquid of extra-coolness, which she had purposely placed to catch the air rushing in from the half-open shutters. And it was little more than a taste they took each time. None went to her; but it was she who dispensed the welcome refreshment to them, as they plied their various tasks uninterruptedly. Then she vanished for a quarter of an hour, as if she had started on some other benevolent mission, disappearing in the shade round a dark and dingy corner. And then she tripped back again once more, all fresh and smiling, to convey a drop of cooling fluid to the lips of these lean and thirsty living skeletons.

It requires a little close attention and a quick eye to catch the leading idea of such a scene of orderly confusion and methodized bustle; but, after watching them for an unreasonable time, I think I hit upon the secret of their doings. Before the half-closed shutters, and facing them, stood what seemed to be four altars. Each altar consisted of three parts; to the left, a small table, supporting a large bucket of clear cold water; in the middle, a lower table, with a smooth flat iron top; and to the right, a small square hole, dug in the floor, containing a vase of incombustible earth, or pipe-clay, and edged by an iron pavement, like the top of the mid-altar. Behind the altars, and not far from them, rose a vast shapeless mass of brickwork, whose objects and contents would have been inexplicable had it not been pierced with four peering window-like holes (corresponding to, and serving for, each one of the four altars), through which a vast mass of fierce and concentrated fire could be discovered to be dreadfully raging within. The rays which darted out from those loop-holes were the double-distilled essence of light and heat. The one which answered to the altar nearest to me, shot forth such a piercing pricking glow and glare, as to parch my skin and blind my eyes with the overpowering whiteness of its intensity. Lucky wert thou, good Fridolin, to escape being thrust into such a burning fiery hole as that! The torments of thy substitute, however, could not have been of long duration. In one single instant, his vile envious carcase would burst, and blaze, and become a mass of living coal.

In the midst of this detailed apparatus, the rites proceeded unremittingly, ever repeated, and constantly the same. Each altar was served by three persons;—first, the officiating high-priest, or *souffleur*, which may be translated as the blower; next, the *grand garçon*, or big attendant; and lastly, the *gamin*, a Parisian title of honour, which may be rendered as the blackguard boy, or scamp, *blackguard* and *scamp* being understood in a good, rather than in a bad sense; just as it is well known that there exist in France good devils, as well as bad ones.

And now for a revelation;—this mysterious hot-blast establishment is a *verrerie*, or bottle-glass house. The gamin, taking the lead in mischief, seizes a bar of iron five or six feet long, and of the thickness of a walking stick, and first, perhaps, dipping his fingers into the bucketful of water, runs with it to his own proper window in the burning fiery furnace, dips it in, twists it about, and then trips back with a lump of molten fire at its end. He quickly lays the iron rod across the water-bucket, and bathes it, at some distance from the lump of fire, to cool it. A drop or two had fallen into the water with a hiss and a splash. He then respectfully hands the wand, so charged, to his superior, the souffleur. The souffleur rolls the bit of fire on his iron table, till he has brought it to a shape intermediate between a sausage and a pear. Then, clapping one end of the rod to his mouth, he blows fiercely, as if his cheeks would crack, like those of poor King Lear's inhospitable winds. The rod is pierced, and is called a *canne*, being known in England by the denomination of *blow-pipe*; a mouthful of air therefore enters the lump of fire. He rolls and turns it a few times more, and then returns it to the ready gamin. The gamin darts to the fiery wicket, pushes his charge into the blazing interior, withdraws it, and redelivers it to the souffleur. The souffleur throws himself into an energetic attitude, thrusts his red-hot plaything into the earthen pot, or mould, which is fast fixed in one corner of his hole, blows and rolls it till the

result satisfies him, raises it aloft in the air in sign of triumph, and with an iron punch pushes down the soft yielding top, till it bears a vast resemblance to the bottom of a wine-bottle. He then, with dignity, hands it to his grand garçon, and has never afterwards anything to do with it, but receives from the gamin a fresh lump of fire to dally with.

The grand garçon proceeds to the furnace; and, with a tap on a shelf, there detaches the would-be bottle from the blow-pipe. The place at which it is broken is very like a neck. The bottle is gently slipped into a little round iron cage at the end of an iron wand, and is once more shown into the inside of the furnace. With another stick of iron the grand garçon picks up a little bit of fire, or red-hot treacle, and with it makes a rim, or band, or cord round the neck. A twist with a pair of pincers finishes the whole; and it actually is at last a real claret bottle, like those that stood upon our dinner-table to-day, with the simple difference of being at a slightly higher temperature. The big attendant delivers his finished article to the gamin, who bears it on high, like a shining cresset, and cuts away with it round the same dark dingy corner, behind which our Hebe makes her exits and her entrances.

A souffleur glaring upon me with an eye which was not malevolent, put the question, in plain French, whether I should like to have a blow at his pipe. Why not? By all means. So I had the honour of officiating at his altar, and at last produced a specimen of black bottle, which would be refused admission at many fashionable tables. "Try again, monsieur. Better next time." I did try again, and did improve; though, even the improved bottle was a bit of a curiosity, which ought to have a place in some very select bin. But it still remains hidden in the book of fate, what *bon-vivant* is destined to be astonished by that elegant pair of *bourdelaises;* for the gamin carried them straight away with the rest.

And why didn't I set them by to cool, to be brought home in my pocket as souvenirs of the *verrerie?* I might have set them by to cool, but as to bringing them home, that would have been by no means an easy matter —unless you can suggest some method of keeping the inside of the pocket of my paletot, in which they were to travel, at a red heat for four successive days and nights. Every individual bottle is obliged to remain that time in the annealing oven, or it will fly and crack at the least touch and look exactly like a bit of glass gone mad. Only observe how careful the gamins are to warm their iron cage, before they venture to receive a red-hot bottle in it.

This necessity that glass utensils should be subjected to a long and gradual cooling, is a curious fact whose explanation has not, as far *as I know,* been demonstrated. The fragility of suddenly cooled glass shall be exhibit to you in one single minute. The gamin the souffleur of whom we have been takin lesson in glass-blowing, dips his hand into t pail, and fishes out what he calls some *lar de verre,* or tears of glass, very like the paint tears which you saw on the gravestones the cemetery, and which (the glass, not painted tears) are known in England as Pri Rupert's drops. They are small pear-shap lumps, with a long fine hair-like tail. Th drops the gamin presents to us as a mark friendship. Take the bulb of one of them your hand; do not be afraid, it will not h you. I seize the neck part, break it off sho and snap!—you now hold nothing but a f pinches of greenish powder. The tear glass has exploded into dust!

We may suppose that this is the result the shape and arrangement of the elements atoms, or ultimate crystals of which glass composed. Suppose them to be cubical, like so many dice. If they were pack together side by side, and symmetrically, th would bear carriage and retain their pla quietly enough. But a box full of dice nic balanced upon and against each other, cor to corner, or edge to edge, would be dis ranged with a rattle at the merest tou We know that expansion and contracti and therefore different arrangements of component atoms, are produced by heat cold in all the bodies; and it is possible t the respective position of the atoms of r hot semi-fluid glass may be something l that of dice placed edge to edge. At mos only presume to guess.

It is not easy to tire of watching this b and dexterous industry, although we mu own that it makes the eyes ache. We co have staid from that time to this, gazing aw without interruption; for fires like the o which was glowing there are not put out, lighted again, in a violent hurry. The prod tion of bottles goes on continually, throughe the whole twenty-four hours that make the natural day. There are night souffleu grands garçons, and gamins, just as th are members of the same profession wi diurnal habits; and we may assume, witho great fear of error, that a nice little nig Hebe is always there, to fulfil her charitab office of giving drink to the thirsty. B other matters invite our attention, and w are tempted to peep round the mysterio corner.

Whether in tracking a mountain valley, in wandering through the streets of an u known city; whether in following the inc dents of a truthlike romance, or in lookin out for the still stranger events that succe sively chequer the course of real life—th unseen something which lurks beyond th nearest turning is always that which attrac us onwards. Here, a few steps beyond th row of altars show the solid squareness the central furnace; and a few paces st

further in advance conduct us to a scene the exact duplicate of that we have just quitted. Four more altars, four more triple knots of men, four more peep-holes into the burning abyss, are again vigorously working to the utmost of their strength. The cause of Hebe's disappearances is now explained. She oscillates, with equal swing, between two similar groups of desiccated labourers. Her cooling presence refreshes in turn the opposite hemispheres of a hard-working and fast perspiring little world.

So, good-day, or good-night to you, my bold band of bottle-glass blowers! Farewell, probably for ever, to Hebe the beneficent. Talk about subjects for pictures out of the heathen and other mythologies! Here is one that beats them all, by its artistic combination of strength, and energy, and earnest purpose, and brilliant light, and strange obscurity of darkness, each element contrasting with the other, and yet bringing into higher relief one single figure of active youth and beauty.

We emerge into the cold blue outer air, the very antithesis of the red glare within. The snow is falling fast, and never did it look so white, as after our eyes had been wearied with the dull luminosity of the gradually cooling bottles. The communicative mutes waylay us on our exit, and are anxious to know whether they can further increase our stock of knowledge, of course with the understanding that the Englishman has always a franc or two to spare, in return for a little civil attention. We are taken to a house where a horse is grinding away at a single upright millstone, preparing the burnt pipe-clay of which the crucibles are made, and with which the whole interior of the furnace is lined. We are shown the stores of bottles, in numbers which I will not venture to mention; of shades from light sea-green to dark green-black; of sizes from the huge carboy and portly *dame-jeanne* to the *demi-bouteille*, or pint, whose vin-de-grave I finished at dinner; and of shapes representative of two great and enterprising nations, *anglaises* and *bordelaises*, ranged quietly against two opposite walls, without exhibiting the least symptoms of an intention to invade each other's prerogatives. We are shown another busy apartment, where the larger of these hollow vitrifactions are covered with wicker-work from top to toe, to be filled with *genièvre* at the distilleries close by, and then expedited for "America and the Isles;" "the Isles" meaning, in French acceptation, the utmost ends, or Thules of the world.

The mutes then enter a subterranean passage, similar to that in which the sand-cart vanished. We thread its symmetrical intricacies, sometimes in darkness, sometimes in light, sometimes beneath the very shower of fire which rains from the bottom grate of the awful furnace. It is as good as worming discoveries out of the inside of the great pyramid, —and considerably more cheerful work. In one alley is a throng of children come to warm themselves this inclement evening, and to gather their perquisite of fallen cinders. Soon, we stumble on a collection of the materials of which bottle glass is made. Our droll pea-soup sand is, after all, but a minor portion of the mixture. For we have yellow-white sand from Compiègne, cinder ashes, broken glass, kelp, potter's earth, and so on. Further advanced, is a winnowing machine, to dust the ashes into a proper state of fineness. In other respects, the manufacturers are not nice; bottle glass seems all the better for being made of impure matters. Coloured sands are even preferable to white ones, the oxide of iron which tinges them acting most conveniently as a flux. All that need be got rid of from them are foreign bodies of decided magnitude, as pyrites, stones, and such-like disagreeables. In bottle-glass making, the great thing to be remembered is to make the bottles thick enough and strong enough. France is the land of sparkling wines and effervescent drinks; and the vessels which contain them must be able to support a considerable outward pressure. Champagne bottles, it appears by experiment, are worthless unless they will bear the weight of a dozen atmospheres imprisoned within them.

The time at last arrives to take a real and final leave. The long one-streeted village is passed; its inviting inns are stoically despised —with the certainty of finding something better in the end; the Fort de Grace is left to repel the enemy, who doesn't come; the gate of Arras entered, the street of Sword-makers traversed, the Little Place diagonally crossed, and the day's amusement comfortably closed by an eight-o'clock supper at the *table-d'hôte*, in company with the suggestive *commis-voyageur*; the crown of the whole being a slumber so sound as not even to be disturbed by dreams of Hebe.

CHLOROFORM.

The recent occurrence of a case of sudden death after the administration of Chloroform in a London hospital reminds us that we are now fairly entitled by the lapse of time to pass a very distinct judgment on the value of this drug as an anæsthetic agent. Since we last gave an account of Chloroform—at a time when the whole subject was comparatively new—a vast mass of experience has been acquired. The case to which we have just referred was the first fatal issue within the practice of the Hospital in which it occurred, although Chloroform had been administered in the establishment to sixteen hundred patients. We propose now to add a few memoranda to our former notice of the subject, in order that the leading facts connected with it may be placed, pretty completely, in the possession of our readers.

The importance of the discovery being placed beyond all chance of dispute, it is worth while to bear in mind the names of

those to whom we are indebted for it. From very early times substances have now and then been used to produce sleep and a state of insensibility to pain during operations. Dioscorides and Pliny state that mandrake-root was used by the ancients for that purpose. Augustus II. of Poland was put to sleep by the use of some secret agent, in order that he might the better bear a painful operation, probably upon his foot. It was suggested by Sir Humphrey Davy that the inhalation of nitrous oxide might be used for the destruction of pain during surgical operations. In 1832, a M. Dauriol had operated upon persons made insensible by the use of ether containing sedative substances, hemlock, henbane or stramony. In the spring of 1844, Dr. Smilie operated after the use of ether combined with tincture of opium, but laid aside the practice through fear of injurious consequences. In the same year, 1844, Mr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, revived Sir Humphrey Davy's notion of the use of nitrous oxide, and applied it to the extraction of a tooth. It is to be observed, however, that nitrous oxide is by no means a good anæsthetic agent. Mr. Wells says: "Being a resident of Hartford, Connecticut, I proceeded to Boston in December of the same year, in order to present my discovery to the medical faculty." He made known his idea, he says, to Drs. Jackson and Morton, and applying before his experiment to Dr. Jackson for some gas, received from Dr. Jackson, not nitrous oxide gas, but ether. In the meantime, Dr. Morton had tried the effects of ether on himself, and on the 30th September, 1846, extracted a tooth from a person placed under its influence. Afterwards, at the suggestion of the same gentleman, an arm was amputated under the same circumstances at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

The discovery was communicated to England in a letter from Dr. Bigelow of Boston to Dr. Booth of London, bearing date November 28, 1846. On the nineteenth of the succeeding month, ether was used by Mr. Robinson in the extraction of a tooth, and on the twenty-first of the same month it was first used by Mr. Liston in two more serious cases—the amputation of a thigh, and the extraction of a toe-nail.

The use of ether became general; the instrument-makers tried to strike out a new branch of business (as in such cases they always do) by inventing elaborate, troublesome, and costly machines, full of pipes and stopcocks; none of which were half so well adapted to the purpose of inhalation as a simple pocket-handkerchief or piece of sponge.

Under an indiscriminate use of ether, several deaths followed: not many months had elapsed before there were nine cases on record of death from the effects of ether, so applied by the surgeon, without reckoning two or three accidents. A reaction began to set in; some gave up the use of the new agent; others attempted to discover the substar that should be as efficient and less danger Many substances were found to be more less available (all containing carbon), none were capable of superseding ether u Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in Novem 1847, published the merits of Chlorof to the profession. Experiment had been m with that substance by M. Flourens, French physiologist, upon animals, in preceding March; but Professor Simp stands alone as the establisher of Chlorof in the position which it now holds in medical profession. Its use spread rapi no doubt the more rapidly, because Dr. Si son taught that it should be applied up handkerchief without the use of any paratus, and his invention was, theref spared the heavy clog which had been attac to the use of ether by the instrument mak Ether as little required machinery of b and glass as Chloroform; but people fan that it did. Chloroform was, therefore, once highly recommended by the ease w which it was to be administered.

The death of Hannah Greener at Newca who had been in great fear of Chlorof and died in two minutes after its use, impressed people with the idea that e Chloroform was not to be respired with great precaution. Accidents were h ever few, and instances of striking ben almost innumerable: the use of Chlorof spread therefore over Europe, and in the and a half years that have elapsed since introduction, the whole number of case which it has produced death does not amo to more than fifty, while the number of ca in which life has been saved, by sparing the system of a sick person the shock of attendant upon a painful operation, are to numbered certainly by thousands.

This we are now able to prove by tab furnished during the last five years fr private and hospital experience. A f figures, however, will suffice. The dea after great amputations of the ordinary ki (not painless), calculated for the half-centur were found in the tables collected by M Phillips, relating to hospital and priva practice, to be thirty-five per cent. In D Simpson's estimate, calculated from hospita alone, they were twenty-nine per cent. Th per centage, computed from all cases in whi an anæsthetic agent had been used, was four to be reduced to twenty-three. After amp tations of the thigh the deaths used to be Paris, according to Malgaigne, sixty-nine a hundred; in the Edinburgh Infirmar according to Peacock, forty-nine per cent.; all practice, according to the general tables Phillips, forty-four in a hundred; at Glasgo according to Laurie, thirty-six; in all Engli and Scottish hospitals, according to Simpso thirty-eight, while by the use of painl operations, the per centage of mortality h been reduced to twenty-five.

A few deaths directly occasioned by the use of Chloroform or ether are, therefore, no more to be adduced as arguments against the employment of those agents, than a few—or a great many—deaths by railway, are arguments for the complete abolition of the railway system. Chloroform and railways are both blessings to humanity; but it is requisite that they should both be managed carefully. It is a fact very much to the credit of the medical profession that instances of accident by Chloroform are so much rarer than railway accidents.

When we before discussed this subject, we mentioned those cases in which especially Chloroform or ether should not be employed; but, we repeat—as it is a kind of information which it is advantageous for the Chloroform-inhaling public to bear well in mind—that the use of such agents is rarely safe in the case of persons suffering under disease of the brain or spinal marrow; of the heart or lungs, having an intermittent pulse; or when they are in a weak and pallid bodily condition. Experience also shows that fatal results have often followed the administration of Chloroform to persons who had exhibited a decisive and unaccountable dread of it. This is a curious fact which we may account for as we please, either by some theory of instinct, or by some superstition of the fore-cast shadow of approaching fate.

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

When the silver stars looked down from Heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman, from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caress'd,
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,
Folded to thy mother's heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent-up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherished by my loss and shame:
Shall I live to suffer more?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world's neglect and scorn?
Hark! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise?
Is 't not better far to die?
Shall I gaze upon the skies—
Gaze upon them shamelessly?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs
That I cannot, cannot check.
Oh! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
Waking us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.
Hark! the murmur of the stream.
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;
Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that dark and silent river;
And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother;
And the tide rolls on for ever
Of that swift and silent river.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I MAY marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of conscientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge—his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonour, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidence of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had prompted his first joyful words:—He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François

had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them for ever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What's that girl Rose doing here still? Why hasn't she gone home long ago? The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop there with her, if you like: nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistibly on his mind—might not his father have followed him to The Merchant's Table? Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the re-assuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped; and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence which had been dissipated by his visit to The Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived—had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive—that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them—what did these things mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was bewildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking?—The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent—possibly also the less willing—he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father looked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt—but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him—saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed—weeks, months even elapsed—and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done

on the night of the storm from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill-treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides from her approaching connection with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us—but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy—no, not even to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew roadside crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and byeway, wreaked havoc on the people—even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken—every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their Faith; everywhere the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates: they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening, while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farm-house: it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan—as he was called by the neighbours—had now to say in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do this," concluded the old man. "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise—gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him:—

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I know now—I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and had walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the

farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because, while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralysed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made desperate by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, François was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning, Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child for which I am his present and only warrant"—Something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Père Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations, have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one—we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among the names on the list of the denounced; if the soldiers of the republic find me here!—but we will say nothing more of this: it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening, your marriage may be solemnized with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the blessing may be pronounced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and the protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Père Bonan:—

Not very long before the persecutions broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member of his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labours. It was not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry: he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hair-breadth escapes from death; his extraordinary re-appearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people reverenced him as more than mortal; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the dispirited peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well-remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship! Razed from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed—for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship On the morning

of Gabriel's visit to the farmhouse, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farmhouse. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighbourhood was already assembled there; Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that had been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky—not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased; for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship—there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on—she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters; and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthily into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had confronted, but for the scar of a sabre-wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and at awful sacrifice of their own lives saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up? Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its one great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers of sweet sounds. This congregation, and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it!—how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship!—how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation—young or old—there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace: that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in the presence of the priest—and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation

and saw Rose kneeling by his side—when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart—when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul—then, the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him—grew too vivid to be endured: the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candour placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame: the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the passive accomplice by his silence and secresy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them: sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes even—until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly—then paused for a moment, reflecting—then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear—the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly the while from the congregation above—his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost, as he had heard it in the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at The Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behaviour since that time, appealed to the priest to know whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated—then Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts for ever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck—paused a little—sighed heavily—and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head—then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin—the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face—and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei*.

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I desire not to avenge injuries: I visit not the sins of the father on the child. Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that—not to me: not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend—for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his

manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say!"

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus:—

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time then at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I accosted your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I recovered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air; when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent—perhaps also by the linen I wore, which they examined closely—that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other, 'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Paimbœuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in coagulating the blood over the place had, in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterance.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know first that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me—from the surgeon—from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation—the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself—'In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow men. Surely it must be well for me here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me.' It was for this reason, Gabriel—it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage, and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead—that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out;

the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's. "Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country—but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it; and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on—never looked aside either to the right or the left—always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moonlight night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms: on a lovely moonlight night, he now stood there again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few paces, so that the moonlight fell fuller on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent, while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot—then, his limbs steadied again—stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted, but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back,"—then, there was an instant of silence again—then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard—and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of something falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there—so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open—saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face: tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night—"Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment

of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need—as all, I believe, that you would wish—to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you, are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself, from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this manner:—When the persecution of our religion has ceased—as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it!—he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of re-erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good, where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell—bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands, pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach. Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, and put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last, in this world, of Father Paul.

* * * * *

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to re-erect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byeway his promise to Father Paul. For months and months he laboured without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wood enough to restore a single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an outhouse, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription:—"*Pray for the repose of his soul: he died penitent, and the doer of good works.*"

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained for him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends for ever in this world, before setting out—for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them

affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labours in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with:—"God bless Father Paul!"

ABD-EL-KADER ON HORSEBACK.

Some curious particulars respecting Arabian horses have lately been given to the world, from no less an authoritative a source than Abd-el-Kader himself. General Daumas has published a work, intitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, and it contains the answers furnished by the Arab chief to a list of inquiries that had been expressly addressed to him. The Emir's letter was translated into French by M. Boissonnet, its original form being scrupulously retained; and many of our readers may be gratified by the sight of an English version of the document, even if it be not likely to afford them any very great practical instruction.

November 8, 1851 (*the* 23*rd of Moharrem, the first month of* 1268.)

Glory to the One God. His reign alone is eternal.

Health to him who equals in good qualities all the men of his time, who seeks only after good, whose heart is pure and his discourse accomplished, the wise, the intelligent Lord, General Daumas, on the part of your friend, Sid-el-Hadi Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahi-Eddin.

Behold the answer to your questions.

I. You ask how many days an Arabian horse can travel without resting, and without being made to suffer too much.

Know that a horse, who is sound in all his members, who eats barley which his stomach requires, can do whatever his rider wishes him. On this subject the Arabs say *Alleƒ ou annef*, "Give barley, and overwork." But without overworking the horse, he may be made to travel sixteen parasanges every day, (a parasange is a measure of distance—originally Persian—equal to a French league and a half, or three and three-quarters English miles, as near as may be); that is the distance from Mascara to Koudiah-Aghelizan, on the Oued-Mina: it has been measured in *drâa* (cubits). A horse performing this distance (of sixty miles English) daily, and eating as much barley as he likes, can go on without fatigue for three, or even for four months, without resting a single day.

II. You ask what distance a horse can travel in one day.

I cannot tell you precisely; but the distance ought to be not much less than fifty parasanges (one hundred and eighty-seven miles and a half), as from Tlemcen to Mascara. We have seen a very great number of horses perform in one day the distance from Tlemcen to Mascara. Nevertheless, a horse which has completed that journey, ought to be spared the following day, and ought only to be ridden a much shorter distance. Most of our horses could go from Osran to Mascara in one day, and would perform the same journey for two or three successive days. We started from Saïda towards eight in the morning (*au dohha*) in order to fall upon the Arbâa, who encamped at Aaïn-Toukria (among the Oulad-Aïad, near Taza), and we reached them by break of day (*feldjer*). You know the country, and are acquainted with the road which we had to traverse.

III. You ask me for instances of abstinence in the Arabian horse, and for proofs of his power of enduring hunger and thirst.

Know that when we were stationed at the mouth of the Mélouïa, we made *razzias* in the Djebel-Amour, following the route of the Desert. On the day of attack, we pushed our horses on for a gallop of five or six hours without taking breath, completing our excursion thither and back in twenty, or at most in five-and-twenty days. During this interval of time, our horses had no barley to eat, except what their riders were able to carry with them,—about eight ordinary feeds. Our horses found no straw to eat, but only *alfa* and *chiehh*, or besides that, in spring-time, grass. Notwithstanding which, on returning home again, we performed our games on horseback the day of our arrival, and we shot with a certain number of them. Many which were unable to go through with this last exercise, were still in good travelling condition. Our horses went without drinking, either for one day, or for two; once, no water was to be found for three days. The horses of the Desert do much more than that; they remain about three months without eating a single grain of barley; they have no acquaintance with straw, except on the days when they go to buy corn in the Teli, and in general have nothing to eat but *alfa* and *chiehh*, and sometimes *guetof*. *Chiehh* is better than *alfa*, and *guetof* is better than *chiehh*. The Arabs say, "*Alfa* makes a horse go, *chiehh* makes him fit for battle." And, "*Guetof* is better than barley." Certain years occur in which the horses of the Desert go without tasting a single grain of barley during the whole twelvemonth, when the tribes have not been received in the Teli. They then sometimes give dates to their horses; this food fattens them. Their horses are then capable both of travelling and of going to battle.

IV. You ask me why, when the French do

not mount their horses till they are four years old, the Arabs mount theirs at an early age.

Know that the Arabs say that horses, like men, can learn quickly only in their childhood. These are their proverbs on that subject: "The lessons of infancy are engraved on stone; the lessons of mature age disappear like birds' nests." They also say, "The young branch rises up straight again without great difficulty; but the timber tree never rises up again."

In the first year, the Arabs teach the horse to be led with the *réseun*, a sort of bridle. They call him then *djeda*, and begin to bridle him and to tie him up. When he is become *teni*—that is to say, in his second year—they ride him for a mile, then two, then a parasange; and when he is turned of eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing him. When he is become *rebâa telata*—that is to say, when he enters his third year—they tie him up, cease to ride him, cover him with a good *djelale* (horse-cloth), and make him fat. On this subject they say: "In the first year (*djeda*) tie him up for fear any accident should happen to him. In the second year (*teni*) ride him till his back bends. In the the third year (*rebâa telata*) tie him up again. Then if he does not suit you sell him."

If a horse is not ridden before the third year, it is certain that he will be good-for-nothing but for running, at most, which there is no occasion for him to learn; it is his original faculty. The Arabs thus express the thought: *El djouad idjri be aaselouh;* "The *djouad* runs according to his breeding." (The noble horse has no need to be taught to run.)

V. You ask me why, if the offspring partakes more of the qualities of the male than of the female parent, the mares, notwithstanding, sell for higher prices than the horses.

The reason is this; he who purchases a mare hopes that all the while he is making use of her, he will obtain from her a numerous progeny; but he who buys a horse, derives from it no other benefit than its services for the saddle, as the Arabs never take money for the use of their horses, but lend them gratuitously.

VI. You ask whether the Arabs of the Desert keep registers to record the descent of their horses?

Know that the people of the Algerian Desert do not trouble themselves about such registers, any more than the people of Telí. The notoriety of the facts is quite sufficient; for the genealogy of the blood horses is as universally known as that of their masters. I have heard say that some families had these written genealogies, but I am unable to quote them. But books of the kind are in the East, as I have mentioned in the little treatise which I am shortly about to address to you.

VII. You ask which of the Algerian tribes are the most celebrated for the purity of race of their horses.

Know that the horses of the Hamyan are the best horses of the Desert, without exception. They have none but excellent horses, because they never employ them either for tillage or for carrying burdens. They use them only for travelling and for battle. These are the horses which are best able to endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The horses of the Arbâa and of the Oulad-Nayal, come next after those of the Hamyan. In the Telí, the best horses in respect to purity of race, stature, and beauty of form, are those of the people of Chelif, particularly those of the Oulad-Sidi-Ben-Abd-Allah (Sidi-el-Aaribi), near the Mina, and also those of the Oulad-Sidi-Hassan, a branch of the Oulad-Sidi-Dahhou, who inhabit the mountains of Mascara. The most rapid in the Hippodrome, and also of beautiful shape, are of the tribe of Flitas, of the Oulad-Cherif and the Oulad-Lekreud. The best to travel over stony ground, without being shod, are those of the tribe of Assassena, in the Yakoubia. This saying is attributed to Moulaye Ismaïl, the celebrated Sultan of Morocco; "May my horse have been brought up in the Mâz, and led to water in the Biaz!" The Mâz is a place in the country of the Assassena, and the Biaz is the brook, known by the name of Toufet, which runs through their territory. The horses of the Ouled-Khaled are also renowned for the same qualities. Sidi-Amed-Ben-Youssef has said on the subject of this tribe, "Long tresses and long *djelais* will be seen amongst you till the day of resurrection," praising thus at the same time both their women and their horses.

VIII. You tell me that people have assured you that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian horses, but Barbs.

This is an opinion which falls back again upon its authors. The people of Barbary are of Arab origin. A celebrated author has said; "The people of Barbary inhabit the Mogheb; they are all sons of Kaïs-Ben-Ghilan. It is also asserted that they are descended from the two great Hémiatrites tribes, the Senahdja and the Kettama, who came into the country at the time of the invasion of Ifrikech-el-Malik."

According to these two opinions, the people of Barbary are really Arabs. Moreover, historians have established the kindred of the majority of the tribes of Barbary, and their descent from the Senahdja and the Kettama. The arrival of these tribes is anterior to Islamism; the number of emigrated Arabs in the Mogheb is incalculable. When the Obeïdin (the Fatémites) were masters of Egypt, immense tribes passed into Africa, and amongst others the Riahh. They spread from Kaïrouan to Merrakech (Marocco). It is from these tribes that they are descended, in

Algeria, the Douaouda, the Aïad, the Mâdid, the Oulad-Mad, the Galad-Joakoub-Zerara, the Djendal, the Attaf, the Amis, the Braze, the Sbéha, and many others. No one doubts that the Arabian horses have spread in the Mogheb, in the same way as the Arabian families. In the time of Ifrikech-ben-Kaïf, the empire of the Arabs was all-powerful; it extended towards the west as far as the boundaries of the Mogheb, as in the time of Chamar the Hémiarite, it extended towards the east as far as China, according to the statement of Ben-Kouteïba in his book entitled *El Mârif*.

It is perfectly true, that if the Algerian horses are of Arab race, many of them have fallen from their nobility, because they are only too frequently employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and in doing other similar hard work; and also because some of the mares have been associated with asses, which never happened under the Arabs of old. So much so, that according to their ideas, it is sufficient for a horse to have trodden upon ploughed land, to diminish his value. On this subject, the following story is told:

A man was riding upon a horse of pure race. He was met by his enemy, also mounted upon a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to reach him, he then shouted out, "I ask you, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on the land?"

"He has worked on the land, for four days."

"Very well! mine has never worked. By the head of the Prophet, I am sure of catching you."

He continued the chase. Towards the end of the day, the fugitive began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it. He soon succeeded in fighting with the man whom he had given up all hopes of reaching.

My father—may God receive him in mercy!—was accustomed to say, "No blessing upon our country, ever since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and tillage. Has not God made the horse for the race, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the transport of merchandize? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God."

IX. You ask me, besides, for our maxims as to the manner of keeping and feeding our horses.

Know that the master of a horse gives him at first but little barley, successively increasing his ration by small quantities, and then diminishing it again a trifle, as soon as he leaves any, and continuing to supply it at that rate. The best time to give barley, is the evening. Except on the road, there is no profit in giving it in the morning. On this point, they say, "Morning barley is found again on the dunghill, evening barley in the croup." The best way of giving barley is to offer it the horse ready saddled and girthed; as the best way of watering a horse, is to make him drink with his bridle on. On this point it is said, "The water with the bridle, and the barley with the saddle." The Arabs especially prefer those horses which are moderate eaters, provided they are not weakened by their abstinence. "Such a one," they say, "is a priceless treasure." "To give drink at sunrise, makes the horse lean: to give him drink in the evening, makes him fat: to give him drink in the middle of the day, keeps him in his present condition."

During the great heats, which last forty days, (*semaime*), the Arabs give their horses drink, only every other day. It is said that this custom has the best effects. In the summer, in the autumn, and in the winter, they give an armful of straw to their horses, but the ground-work of their diet is barley, in preference to every other sort of food. On this subject the Arabs say; "If we had not seen that horses are foaled by horses, we should have said that barley produces them." They say,

Ghalid ou chetrih,
Ou chair idjerrih—
"Look for a large one, and buy him,
Barley will make him run."

They say; "Of forbidden meats, choose the lightest." That is to say, choose a light horse: the flesh of the horse is forbidden to Musselmen.

They say; "It takes many a breakage to make a good rider."

They say; "Horses of pure race have no vice."

They say; "The horse at the altar is the honour of the master."

They say; "Horses are birds which have no wings."

"For horses, nothing is distant."

They say; "Nothing is at a distance, for horses."

They say; "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women, will never prosper."

They say; "The horse knows his rider."

The Saint Ben-el-Abbas—may God take him into favour!—has also said;

"Love horses, care for them,
Spare no trouble for them,
By them comes honour, by them comes beauty.
If horses are abandoned by men,
I make them enter into my family,
I share with them the bread of my children,
My wives dress them in their own veils,
And cover themselves with horsecloths.
I lead them every day
On the field of adventure,
I fight with the bravest."

I have finished the letter which our brother and companion, the friend of all, the Commandant Sidi-Bou-Senna, will forward to you.—Health.

ABD-EL-KADER.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MYSELF AND MY FAMILY.

MY uncle was a lawyer, and a money-lender. His name was Beecham. He is dead and gone, but I must confess he was a hard-hearted old man. He had scraped together a good deal of money, and was considered one of the richest men in our town. My father hated him, and he hated my father: in fact, he liked none of my family except my brother Lionel. Why he liked him I never knew. Lionel was a wild young fellow, and would take such liberties in my uncle's house, that I expected every day that he would offend him. But it went on for some time. He paid for Lionel's education at the Grammar School; and when he left there, he took him into his house, and articled him to himself. I was left to shift: nobody helped me. I might choose between slaving in my father's yard as a boatbuilder, or wearing out my elbows at a merchant's desk. I preferred the latter; and there I toiled, early and late, for four years.

My father's was a low, white house, with green wooden screens, or persiennes, outside every window, and covered with a vine in front and at the back. The garden behind ran alongside a creek, where vessels came up from sea and moored. My bedroom, when I was at home, was at the back, on the upper floor, but a man might reach the window-sill with a stick. One night, as I was going to bed, rather later than usual, I heard a tapping at my window, and a moment after, some one call me by name. I thought I recognised my brother's voice, and I was surprised; for I had not seen him for nearly a twelvemonth.

"Is that you, Lionel?" I said.

"Creep down and open the door quietly—that's a good fellow, John," said he.

"Oh! oh!" thought I; "he wants something of me." I went down stairs in my stockings, shading the light with my hand, as I passed the door of my father's room: Lionel came in, and followed me quietly upstairs. I could read in his face that something unusual had happened; for it took a great deal to make him thoughtful.

"It has come to a rupture at last," he said, as soon as I had closed the door.

"With Uncle Beecham and yourself?" I asked.

Lionel nodded. "I am not sorry for it," said he, "in some respects. We were not made to live together. Better would it be that I should starve, than become the kind of man that he would make me."

"Gently, Lionel!" said I—"gently! Your head is hot to-night." I knew Lionel's headstrong way, however; and that to dissuade him was only to confirm him in his determination.

"It is of no use, John," said he, walking to and fro in the room. "A year's thinking wouldn't alter the matter. My mind is made up."

"Very good," said I; "but never say I advised you to any rash step."

"John," said he, stopping suddenly, "I know we have not been such good friends as brothers should be."

"Whose fault is that?" said I.

"It is no use to talk about that to-night," he replied, "perhaps I was overhasty, and though I thought the fault was all on your side; however, here is my hand. If I have hurt you, at any time, I ask your forgiveness." He put his handkerchief to his eyes; but I saw no sign of any tears there.

"I forgive you," said I. "I bear no malice against any one. I knew you would be sorry for it one day."

"And now, John," said my brother, "I have a favour to ask of you."

I knew he was coming to this. "You are pinched for money," said I.

His face flushed crimson. I rather think his conscience touched him.

"I would sooner come to borrow of you," said he, "a thousand times, than keep a penny that had belonged to Uncle Beecham. I want ten pounds, just to set me going; and I know you can lend me this, if you choose."

I had a great mind to fling in his teeth the very words he used the last time we parted; and I don't know that I should have been wrong, if I had. He had never before thought of coming to me, crying and offering to shake hands, and it was rather remarkable that he should just then want to borrow money. But I was never revengeful.

"Ten pounds," said I, considering whether I could spare so much. "What do you want to do with them?"

"It is a secret," he said, "but I don't mind

telling you. Ridley goes up to London with the smack to-night, and I go with him."

"And what do you mean to do in London?"

"Oh! never fear. I shall do very well, if once I get there."

"Ay! ay!" thought I. "You may find it different to what you expect, Master Lionel." But I would not say anything to discourage him.

"I can't refuse you this, of course," said I, "though it will leave me rather straitened" (which was true).

"Give me only five, if you can't spare more," said my brother, in his offhand way. "I dare say I shall get some employment before these are gone."

So I gave him the five pounds, in gold. I took no acknowledgment from him. I never thought of asking my own brother for such a thing, for a trifling sum of five pounds. I lent them cheerfully, though I never thought to see them again. Not that Lionel had not good principles—I will give him his due—but principles are nothing. Those who can pay their way do, and take credit to themselves for their honesty: those who find they can't, are soon content to remain in debt.

"Not a word of this," said my brother; "I stay to bid no one farewell. As to my father, I know what he would say. He would advise me to submit; to go back and ask pardon, and live on charity again."

"Then," said I, as he was about to leave me; "if I understand you rightly, you are determined never to go back?"

"Never, John, never. I am glad that the breach is so wide between us; though I am sorry that I should have struck him. He is an old man, but he exasperated me, and tried to detain me by force, and my temper was up."

"I know Uncle Beecham," said I. "If you came to blows, I am afraid it would be, as you say, of little use to go back. But never say I advised you to this step; that is all." (I was particularly careful to say this, for I know how prone some people are to misrepresent.)

"Good-bye, John," said he; "and many thanks for the money." I grasped his hand cordially, and he went down the garden and got aboard a little boat, in charge of a man who had been waiting for him. This is exactly what passed between us at this interview. I have put it all down. My memory is very good, and I could swear to that. I don't know what account my brother gave of it.

I never told any one in our house what had occurred; but I thought it right, the next day, to go to Uncle Beecham, just to see if there was any chance of making peace again between them. But I soon saw there was not. My uncle called him "a scoundrel, a base ungrateful scoundrel (I use his very words), an idle villain, that would sooner go out and rob on the highways, than settle down into an honest profession." I never saw him so angry before; I was afraid to say much in Lionel's favour. I knew it would only irritate him—perhaps make him think I was in league with him, and that he had sent me there to sound him. However, I did say, "I dare say he repents of it, uncle, by this time. He doesn't know the world. When he finds how harsh strangers are, he will think of all your kindness, and return to ask forgiveness."

"Ask my forgiveness," said my uncle, rubbing his hands at the fire as if the idea pleased him. "Yes, I dare say he will."

"I hope you have received no serious injury, uncle," said I.

"No," replied my uncle, "but he shall never enter my household again. His place shall be filled up immediately. That's his seat by the window. If you would like to take it, say so."

"You forget, uncle," said I; "that I could not possibly leave Cobb and Dawkey's without a month's notice."

"Very well," said my uncle, "come in a month. I'll make shift."

"But, uncle," said I; "though, of course, I am deeply sensible of your kindness, I shouldn't——"

"Shouldn't what?"

"I shouldn't like to take Lionel's place, unless I thought I was keeping it open for him, against a day of reconciliation." (I particularly remember saying this.)

"John," said my uncle; "say whether you accept my offer, but never mention Lionel's name, or talk about reconciliation again."

So, of course, I did accept his offer. And this is the simple history of my "supplanting my own brother," of which some of my family (I don't say Lionel) have made so much. I hope those who have believed their slanders will in future determine to hear both sides, in all things, before they form a judgment.

I got on very well at my uncle's. My new profession suited me: I had always thought it would, and I was not mistaken. My uncle was very well satisfied with me, and I served my articles to him. I never once quarrelled with him during the whole five years. It would have been very easy to quarrel with him, if I had wished; but I thought it better to humour him a little, than run the risk of having words. When my time was up, he talked of taking me into partnership with him. One afternoon—it was in the winter-time—I was sitting at my desk, when I suddenly heard a groan in the adjoining room, in which my uncle sat. I opened the door, and looking in, found him sitting in the chair, his face fallen almost flat upon the table. I thought he must be dead at first; but, on raising him, I found that he was in a fit. I rang the bell, and my uncle's housekeeper came, and we loosened his neckcloth together. He revived before the doctor arrived—but he was very weak. I never saw a man so changed, in a short time, as he was after that.

All his old self seemed to have left him. Everybody remarked it. He crawled about the house and gave orders quite childishly. His old clients saw he was not the same man, and always asked to see me now. He would talk of retiring in the spring—of taking a little house, at a watering-place near. But a month after, he had a second fit, and took to his bed; and everybody saw he was going except himself. He continued to talk of what he would do when he got up—till one day he was seized with a strong shivering, followed alternately by heats. I believe that day he began to think he should never get better. When the doctor had left him, and he grew calmer, he asked me, "What I was going to do in Palmer's matter." This was a mortgage of some land to my uncle.

"I suppose we file a bill to foreclose, uncle," said I.

"No," said my uncle; "not for my right hand. Palmer's an honest man, but he has had some losses lately. I will not be hard upon him. His father, old Joe Palmer, and I were schoolmates."

I did not remind him that he had himself told me to proceed against him, only the day before. I saw his mind was wandering, and I thought it best to take no heed of what he said.

I sat up with him that night. I felt a little out of spirits. I led a dull life there at the best of times, and watching all night in a sick chamber was not calculated to make me cheerful. Our house stood alone, just where the houses began to appear here and there to travellers coming into the town by the highway. It was a kind of mansion, built of red brick, with a double row of attic windows in the sloping tiled roof. A high wall hid it from the road. It had been a school, and afterwards a madhouse, before my uncle bought it. It was a comfortless place, with not a room in it but smelt close, or was full of draughts. I never knew why my uncle chose to live there. Half the rooms were empty, and others he never occupied—their furniture being regularly dusted now and then, and then shut up again, till the carpet and coverings of chairs, without being worn, were faded and patternless. I hated the place as it was, and had been thinking that night of having certain alterations in the event of anything happening to my uncle.

Our old housekeeper bade me good night, a little before twelve. She promised to come and relieve me, as soon as she had had some rest; for she had been sitting up the night before, and my uncle did not like strangers there. I could not have been very well myself that night. I tried to read, but I couldn't; I was too restless. A room door had been left open below, and its creaking annoyed me so much that I was compelled to go down and fasten it. I shut the door quickly and hastened upstairs again. I was getting heartily tired of my watch, and I resolved to remonstrate with my uncle on the morrow, upon his whim of making his own household attend upon him all night. I locked myself in, and sat down by the fire again. I do not know how it was that I came to think of Lionel that night. He had not behaved well to me at all; and when any one has not behaved well to me, I generally shut him as much out of my thoughts as if he had never existed. For four years he had never taken the trouble to write even to let me know that he was alive. The last time I had heard from him he had sent me back the five pounds he had borrowed, saying he was sorry to hear of the differences between myself and my father (which were no business of his). I knew well enough that he was in communication with home, and who it was who had poisoned his mind against me: though that mattered very little. I was not bound to write defending myself to him; and I didn't, and perhaps that was his grievance.

My uncle breathing heavily, and moaning, aroused me from my reflections. I asked him if he wanted anything, but he did not answer; he seemed asleep. A moment after, I heard him muttering, and was much surprised to hear him pronounce the name of Lionel. During all the six years that I had now been there, he had never once alluded to him. I listened, but could not distinguish any other words, though I caught the name of Lionel several times. I stood up, and leaning over the bed with the lamp in my hand, listened again and watched the expression of his features. He looked as if he were in a bad dream; but I think he was only wandering, for a moment afterwards his eyes opened wide.

"I am afraid you are in pain, uncle," said I. "You have been moaning in your sleep."

"Yes, yes!" said my uncle, "I am in pain; but tell me something of my nephew Lionel."

"What of Lionel, uncle?" I asked.

"Some one told me he was not doing well. Didn't he go abroad?"

"I know nothing about him," said I. "He doesn't condescend to let me know what he is doing."

"I did much for him; but he treated me with ingratitude," said my uncle.

"And me also, uncle," said I.

"And yet," continued my uncle (dropping into a childish tone quite painful to hear, from a man who had always been known—whatever his faults—for a certain strength of character), "and yet, if he had come back—if he had only come back and just acknowledged he had done wrong, I would have thought no more of it—indeed I wouldn't. I liked the lad and missed him sorely. He was like my own child to me. I am an old man, and he is but a boy. It was not my duty to send for him; was it, John?"

"By no means, uncle," said I.

"He had a high spirit," said my uncle, "I used to tell him that we must bend

sometimes in this life; but he did not heed me. And so, at last, he quarrelled with his best friend, and threw up everything."

"A great pity," said I.

My uncle did not speak again for some time. I thought he had forgotten the subject; but it was still working in his mind; for he said to me, at last, "I should not like to know that he was poor, and not to help him. I never meant that. Come nearer to me. It pains me to talk loud." I drew my chair close up beside the bed, and he continued, almost in a whisper. "All that I have in the world, John, I have given to you."

I grasped his hand, but I made no answer; for I was affected by this proof of his regard for me.

"But Lionel must have something," continued my uncle. "I meant to give him Palmer's money. He must have this. I cannot abandon him; though he has behaved very ill to me. You will still be rich, John."

"He shall have it, uncle," said I. "Do not let this trouble you."

"I will have this put in writing," said my uncle; "I always meant to do so, but I put it off from day to day. Let me only get my strength again, and I will put everything in order. I will live at enmity with no one. I am tired of strife. I am seventy-six years of age, and any day may bring me to the grave."

"You were always strong before this attack, uncle," said I, trying to soothe him. "You have led a regular life, too, which is a great thing. You may get over it yet."

"So I may, John," said my uncle. "But I won't live at enmity with any one. I will make all be friends with me. If there are any who have offended me, I will own that I was wrong, for the sake of peace."

"Pray calm yourself, uncle," said I. "You stand in need of rest." I do not know what new thought took him at this moment, but he suddenly began to sob like a child. However, he soon came back to the subject of Lionel; for he bade me go down, and get paper and pens to write. I took up the lamp again and was about to obey him, when I observed his head droop upon the pillow; I could hear his teeth chatter, where I stood, at a distance from the bed. I spoke to him, but he did not answer, and I began to feel alarmed. Our housekeeper was beginning to move about overhead, and I went up to her room, and bade her hasten. When she came down, my uncle was still insensible. We talked of what was best to be done. A new physician from London was expected in the morning; but I determined to go at once for our surgeon, who lived on the other side of the town.

I had full two miles to walk, there and back, and the surgeon delayed some time, dressing. I urged him as much as I could; but an hour had passed before I got back. The first glance at my uncle convinced me it was too late; and I saw the doctor thought so too. He felt his pulse for a moment, and simply said he was gone; at which our housekeeper began to cry. I asked her if he had spoken since I went out, and she said he had been asking for a pen to write.

"Dreaming of business," said the doctor.

"Was that all?" said I.

"Only sobbing and muttering, sobbing and muttering, sir."

So ended old Uncle Beecham. He had his faults and his good qualities, like all of us; but it is a saddening thing, if death brings wisdom and immortal life, to see a strong-minded man grow childish as he draws towards his end, and at last die drivelling. I went up to my bedroom to try to get a little rest; but I felt much depressed and could not sleep all that night.

I was very ill on the day of the funeral. I do not pretend to say it was through grieving about my uncle; though, perhaps, I had had more regard for him than any one living. Some of my family attended; though they could not have the decency to bury their animosities on such an occasion, but must sit apart and treat me as an utter stranger. I do not think they felt inclined to treat me any better when they heard the will read. My uncle bequeathed a small annuity to his housekeeper; the rest of his property he gave entirely to me. When this ceremony was ended, the company took their departure. Most of them I have not seen from that day to this.

Now with regard to the money which my uncle had desired to leave to Lionel, I meant from the first to give it him. I knew that he had no claim against me at law, but I did not mean to take advantage of that. The money was there for him whenever he liked to come for it. I was not, to be sure, bound to run after him, and I did not intend to do so. He had not even let me know his address, so that he could not complain of me in this respect. If there was any delay, therefore, in his getting it, he had no one but himself to blame. I thought he would, at least, have written to me, now my uncle was dead, to ask me for some particulars of his end. The old man forgave him on his death-bed; but Lionel, it appears, was not satisfied yet.

I missed my uncle very much. A great change seemed to have come upon the place since he was gone. I should have been glad to leave the house if I could have found another equally suitable for my business; but I could not find one, and I remained there all that winter. My health was very bad. I do not know exactly what was the matter with me. I had rarely been ill before. I became very nervous, and had continual pains in the head. The conduct of my family towards me, and the ingratitude I had everywhere met with, weighed upon me. I was a young man still, but I had seen much of the evil side of life. I had never met with

a friend who was worthy of that name. It would, perhaps, have been well for me if I could have deluded myself as some men can; but I could not help perceiving how hollow and selfish is what the world calls friendship, and so I found myself alone. I rarely went out to see any one, unless on business; but my solitary life fretted me till it became almost insupportable. Other causes, connected with my business, contributed to annoy me. I had several losses, and became involved in a Chancery suit about my uncle's title to some land.

It was about this time that I began to see visions. We had had a long continuance of stormy weather, and the noise of the wind had kept me awake for several nights brooding over these things. One afternoon I went out to see a client at some distance, and returned a little before dark. I opened the outer gate with a key, and went round, and let myself in at the back, as I sometimes did. I did not hear my housekeeper moving about below. I called to her; but she did not answer, and I went upstairs, to find some papers on my table. As I opened the door of my room—it being then still daylight—I distinctly saw my uncle sitting in his chair at the table. I could not be mistaken: his head was bent over the desk as if he were writing. I uttered no exclamation, though I cannot say that I did not feel alarmed. I advanced towards him, but the form, still bent in the attitude that I have described, moved before me like my own shadow, and disappeared near a door leading into an adjoining room.

I was much agitated; but I did not lose my presence of mind. I examined the place where he had sat; my papers were exactly as I had left them, and the chair was drawn up close to the table. Next I walked over to the door where I had last seen him; but I found it shut. I rang the bell, and my housekeeper came up. I asked her if any one had been there; but she said she had seen no one, and I then went into the next room, but I saw nothing remarkable.

My housekeeper must have noticed my agitation, though I did not tell her what I had seen. For a long time after, I could not banish the circumstance from my mind. I believe my actions must have appeared strange at this time; for I noticed that my housekeeper avoided me as if she feared me. Some of my old clients, too, left me without assigning any cause. All this naturally irritated me. Once, I stopped my housekeeper, and asked her why she avoided me; but she made some excuse that I knew was not the true one. I did not suspect that she remained there as a spy upon my actions; and that all these little things were regularly noted, and reported to my family—who, no doubt, paid her well for her treachery; but one day I found her out.

A certain Dr. Barker, a retired physician, who lived in town, and knew our family, called upon me, desiring to have my opinion on a simple point of law. My housekeeper looked confused when she announced him, and I suspected his true errand immediately; but I resolved to baffle him. I answered his question calmly, and we chatted about my uncle. When he was about to leave me, I asked him carelessly "if he had heard any news of my brother Lionel lately?"

"I saw him only yesterday," replied the doctor: "he appeared to be in the enjoyment of good health."

"Is he staying at my father's house?" I asked.

"I believe he is," said the doctor.

"Are you not quite sure of this, doctor," said I, scrutinising his features. (I thought he looked a little abashed.)

"I certainly did understand that he intended to stay there for some time," replied my visitor.

"Doctor," said I, rising from my seat in order to cut short our interview, "you are not acting frankly with me. I know the object of your visit; though I shall be happy to see you at any time, if those who employ you think it worth while to send you." My visitor stammered out some excuses and departed. This was the first and last visit that I received from Dr. Barker.

I felt much exasperated against my brother. I had received Palmer's money that very day. This was the property that my uncle had meant him to have, but I firmly resolved that night that he should never touch a sixpence of it. I was not bound to furnish him with an arm to be used against myself. As to my housekeeper, as I was not yet quite sure that she betrayed me, I determined to treat her as before; but to watch her closely.

These things had driven from my mind the vision that I had seen; but I was soon afterwards visited by an apparition still more extraordinary. I generally went myself to see that all doors and windows were fastened, before I retired to bed. One night, being tired, I trusted this duty to my housekeeper. I knew her to be a careless woman, however, and fearing afterwards that she had omitted to fasten some place, I descended again. I found everything secure. Our doors and shutters were plated with iron, and the lower windows, at the back, were crossed with bars left there from the time when it had been a madhouse. I was thinking to myself that a burglar would have some difficulty in getting in there, and was leisurely ascending the topmost flight of stairs, with the candle in my hand, when I became suddenly aware of some one walking close behind me. I turned round sharply, and found a woman there. She had a very pale face: and I saw a chain about her neck. I was more terrified this time than I had been before. I cried out in a loud voice; but I trembled violently, and the candle fell from my hand. My housekeeper was not a-bed yet: she heard my cry, and

came out of her bed-room with a light: she asked me what had happened; but I excused myself, saying that I had stumbled on the stairs; for I did not dare to tell her what I had seen. She picked my candle up, and relighted it, and I hastened up to my bed-room; for I knew that it would be useless to search the house. I could not account for this. I had not been thinking about the house having been once a madhouse.

But these were but the beginning of my troubles. Such visitations began to grow frequent, till at length scarcely a day past but some strange, uncouth, or terrible apparition came to annoy me. I saw friends whom I knew to be long since dead in corners of my room. I found the same woman with the chain whom I had seen before, sitting in a chair in the hall. I was followed sometimes up and down stairs by the shadow of a dog—a large water dog who ran with his head downwards as if smelling the ground as he went. Nowhere was I safe from these annoyances. My housekeeper came into my room once to speak to me, and I saw a little child walking beside her, whom I knew she could not see. Nor was it only in the house that I saw these things. Walking in a lane one evening I noticed a man sitting on a stile that I had to pass, with a countenance hideous to look at, having large, blind eyeballs, such as sculptors carve. As I stood looking at him, he faded away like the others.

I strove for a long time against these imaginations. I tried to take them calmly—to treat them as a disease of the mind that time would cure. I got books, and read of men who had been haunted in a similar manner, and saw what they had done to rid themselves of such annoyances; but most of their remedies were impracticable for me. I could not leave my business to run about the world for "change of scene." I thought that I might perhaps get used to them in time, and come to pass them by without concern. But I felt that my health was growing worse under the persecution that I suffered. My housekeeper remarked that I grew thin in the face; which fact I dare say was duly reported to my family as another proof of my insanity. I felt inclined to bid her leave the house when she said so; but I was afraid of making her my enemy, for I knew how eager my friends were to employ her against me.

My fortitude gave way at last, and I began to torment myself with superstitious fancies. I thought, one night, that I might perhaps be suffering this persecution, because I had neglected my promise, made to my uncle on his deathbed, to give Palmer's money to Lionel. I taxed myself (unjustly, I know) with deliberately intending to keep it from him, and I thought of sending it to him at once; but my reason prevailed over my determination for some time. I knew very well what my family were, and that if they ever got a little of my money, their first thought would be how to get the remainder into their hands. What claims had they upon my uncle? As to Lionel, he had behaved ill to his uncle, and while in cool blood and in full possession of his reasoning faculties, the old man had resolved to punish him. For six years he had never thought of altering this determination. Were then the mere ravings of a dying man to upset a cool judgment made in health, when patiently weighed this with that, and no superstitious fears drove him to reward one who had treated him with the basest ingratitude? I think it will be admitted that there was some reason in these arguments. My family may talk about conscience; but let them consider how many men there are who would not, in my position, have taken what the law allowed them, and never let the matter trouble their minds for a moment.

I had never spoken to any one of these wild delusions. I knew no one whom I dared to trust with my secret. My housekeeper suspected it, I knew; but she could not be sure, so long as I held my tongue, and treated her as before, but, one day, having been haunted the whole afternoon by a strange face, I put on my hat and hurried out, determined to visit the physician who had attended on my uncle; and having first got from him a promise of secresy, to ask his advice. He heard me gravely; said my life had been too solitary (which I knew as well as he did); recommended me to travel for a while, which I told him was impracticable. "In that case," said the doctor, "I counsel you to marry."

I thanked him for his advice, and said, I would think of it. As I passed through a waiting-room to take my departure, I noticed a man standing near the window. Heavy curtains made the room dark; but I recognised my brother Lionel's face. Not doubting that this was but another of the delusions that haunted me, I stood still a moment, and stared at him. He returned my gaze so steadily, that any one might have seen me tremble. I do not know, now, whether I said anything or uttered any exclamation, but I remember that I rushed to the door, which was half open, and hurried out of the house.

The thought that it might have been indeed my brother whom I had seen became a new subject of anxiety. I did not know what might be his business there. Perhaps he had come to speak to him about me; in which case I could scarcely hope that the doctor would keep my secret. He would perhaps consider himself bound, for my good, to tell what he had heard, and to have me, at once, put under restraint. I saw myself already the inmate of a lunatic asylum, subjected to all the tortures with which madmen are treated. I could not sleep for the terror which this thought brought with it. Every footstep seemed to me to indicate the approach of the men who were to confiscate my property for the benefit of my enemies, and to drag me

to a prison, where I might sue in vain for an opportunity of proving my sanity—where I could hope for no release but death.

But I determined to make an effort to free myself from their persecutions; I would not despair. I knew I stood alone, and that my enemies were numerous; but I was not going to yield easily. I felt that if I could but rid myself of these terrible imaginations, I should gain the courage to set every one at defiance. I thought of the doctor's advice, and resolved to seek at once for a wife. I was not long in fixing upon some one. My old master, Cobb (the firm had dwindled to plain Cobb, now, for Dawkey was dead), had a daughter. Cobb was never very friendly to me, but he owed me a large sum of money, for which I had obtained judgments against him; and although he paid me interest regularly, I could have put them in force against him at any hour. Knowing this, and that Cobb was short of ready money just then, I started to make my offer to him with pretty good hopes of success.

Cobb lived in a town on the coast. He was a crafty little old man, full of fair words, but very hard to move in anything that was not to his own advantage. I went to see him in his dirty, ink-splashed counting-house, where I had sat some years before. Cobb was "very glad to see me—very sorry to hear that my health was not good." I asked who had told him that my health was not good?

"Oh, he couldn't say exactly. He certainly had heard it somewhere; but, wherever he heard it, it was a subject of deep regret to him."

"Why should it be a subject of deep regret to you, Mr. Cobb?" said I, observing him closely; for I suspected that some of my relatives had been talking with him about me.

"Why? He was surprised to hear me ask that question. Hadn't he known me from a boy? Didn't he flatter himself that it was he who had made a man of business of me? Did I recollect that mistake I made once in Parker and Co.'s account, and the little 'tiff' we had about it?" And so on.

"Mr. Cobb," said I (for I always got impatient when he talked to me in this manner), "are you prepared to let me have my principal on those judgment debts?"

"This day three months," said he, "the money shall be paid into your banker's. Let me make a note at that date in my diary, that I mayn't forget it."

"Very good," said I, "let it stand over till then. And now that is settled, I have another matter to speak to you about. You have a daughter, Mr. Cobb."

He looked surprised. I thought he seemed fidgetty. He bade me take a chair, and then said, "Yes, my only child. My daughter Augusta. God bless her! she is dearer to me than my life."

"I do not doubt she is a very excellent young woman," said I, "or that she will be a great acquisition to the man who wins her; no necessity at all to praise her good qualities to me. I am thinking of taking a wife, Mr. Cobb. I am not a poor man, as you are aware. May I hope to gain the hand of Miss Cobb?"

"I can't promise you anything," he replied. "Women are very capricious. I know it would be very advantageous. But I can't force her. I would not make her unhappy to save myself from ruin."

I was at first rather surprised at his lukewarmness; but I guessed what all this meant. "Make her unhappy! Mr. Cobb?" said I. "You have allowed yourself to be prejudiced against me in some manner."

He assured me I was mistaken; but he seemed embarrassed.

"The truth is," said he, "she has already a kind of attachment. I don't know whether it is broken off or not. I never attempt to control her in this matter."

I asked the name of my supposed rival, but he would not tell me, though he said it was a mere boy and girl affair. Nothing would come of it, he was sure. I thought he was deceiving me and I felt angry with him, and rose from my chair to go: but he stopped me. A new thought seemed to have struck him.

"We must not be too hasty," said he. "You had better call here as a simple visitor for a month or so: after that I will sound Augusta."

I pointed out that we lived at some distance apart, and that I had not much time to spend in courtship: but he maintained his ground; and prevailed on me to agree to his plan. I stayed with him that afternoon, and his daughter made tea for us. I don't know how she may have appeared to others; but I always thought her no great beauty. I don't deny that her manners were pleasing enough. She is dead now, poor thing! I do not know that *she* ever deceived me, and I would not say anything ungenerous about her for the world.

I did not go there very often that month, but I will tell the truth. I admit that I felt a pleasure in the company of Augusta. I thought she would make me a good wife, and that we might live very comfortably together. When the month was up, I asked Cobb, if he had spoken with his daughter, as he had promised. He put me off with excuses. I began to suspect that he was only anxious to gain time to pay off his debt, and to snap his fingers in my face. I told him so; but he found means of putting me off again.

Two months had passed, and I had never spoken to Augusta of my object. My visits were rare, and I saw that she did not even suspect it. I determined that I would not be duped by her father any longer. I would go and speak to her myself. In her house, I felt as free from care as any man. But in my miserable home, my terrible malady continued

to torment me. One afternoon, having been thinking over these things, I ordered my horse to be saddled and determined to go instantly to Augusta, and get an answer from her own lips that night. I rode fast along the solitary highway. It began to get dusk before I arrived. I would not look to right or left, nor forward; lest I should see again that terrible woman, whom I had seen once before, on that same highway, standing at the cross road, and pointing to the way I was to take. I pulled my hat low over my eyes, and pushed on, through a wood, and along a by-way into the town. Cobb's house stood up from the road, with a wall in front, and a row of trees and plots of grass, enclosed with low white posts and chains. I tied my horse from the road-way below to one of these posts, and dismounted.

There was a narrow passage, between two walls and paved with bricks, running up by the side and leading to the back of the house. I determined to go through this passage, expecting to find Augusta in the back room looking on to the garden, where at this hour she sometimes sat, alone, at work. As I was about to mount the steps, I looked up and saw a man standing in the entrance. It was quite light enough for me to distinguish his features. It was like my brother Lionel. I turned quickly and untied my horse, and without looking behind me, mounted, and rode back at a swift pace the way I had come.

I could not rest that night. I knew that if this way of life continued, I must soon go mad, and so fall helplessly into the power of my enemies. I was tempted to fly at once, and thus put myself beyond their reach: but I knew that my terrible companions would be with me still. I thought of making another attempt to see Augusta on the following day: but I felt convinced that the figure I had seen would be always there, to stop me at the entrance to the passage. A conviction grew upon me that it would be useless to renew my visits to Augusta, until I had fulfilled the promise made to my uncle on his death-bed. I strove to quiet my fancies with the arguments which I had used before. I called to mind the treatment I had received from every member of my family: how they had conspired against me; set spies to watch me, and sent pretended clients to betray me. I pleaded with myself that I never intended to break my promise till it became necessary in self-defence; I set them in my place, and imagined how they would have acted towards me. But the vulgar superstition of the sacredness of a promise made to a dying man grew strong in my mind. I taxed myself with intending to defraud my brother, and all that I had suffered appeared to me but the consequence of this. A chance of escape from these terrors seemed to offer itself, and I caught at it eagerly. What was a sum of money compared with the persecution I endured? I cursed my folly in not having seen this before; and, like a madman as I was, I determined to humble myself to my brother Lionel. I meant at first to put off my design till the morrow; but I could no longer rest in the house. So weak and timid had my strange disorder made me, that I did not dare go up the stairs to my bed, until I had relieved my mind of the load that oppressed it. There was a sum in notes in my cash-box, which I should have paid into my banker's on the following day. I took out this sum, and put it in my pocket-book, and bidding my housekeeper sit up for me till my return, I started for my father's house.

I had not seen my father or sisters for a long time, and I did not wish to meet any of them that night. My anger was none the less against them, because of my errand; I had not yet become so abject, as to sue for a reconciliation with them. My object was to rid myself of my charge as quietly as possible, and depart. It was getting late, and I knew that they would have retired to bed. I opened the gate and went round to the back of the house. There was a light at the window of what was once my bedroom, and I knew that it must be my brother there; so I raised myself a little upon the framework of the vine against the house, and tapped at the window. It was not till Lionel answered me, and I begged him to come down and open the door, that I remembered that it was exactly in the same way that he had come to me when he borrowed the five pounds seven years before.

A lamp was on the table in his bedroom, and a book open. He had not been troubling his head with the thought of me, or of what I suffered, driven to desperation by their persecution: that was certain. He placed a chair for me, but I would not sit.

"My business is very short here," said I. "I know there is war between me and all who live in this house. I do not come to ask for peace."

"Quite a mistake, John," said my brother. "We all wish you well."

"I want nobody's good wishes," said I. "I only ask to be let alone."

"Very good," replied my brother, in his exasperating, flippant way. "You shall be let alone."

"And now, Lionel," said I, "let me explain what I do come about;" and so I related to him how my uncle had desired that he should have this money, and how I had kept it for him, expecting that he would come to me, and how, as he did not trouble himself to come, I finally resolved to bring it to him, and rid myself of a troublesome duty.

"You did not speak of this when you saw me in the waiting-room at Dr. Chandler's," said my brother.

"I was not sure that it was you," I replied; "the room was dark." I paused, thinking he would allude to the night before; but he said

nothing, and I pulled out the notes and laid them on the table. Lionel walked to and fro in silence for some time. He appeared to be hesitating whether to accept them or not: though I never doubted that he would decide to accept them after a little show of reluctance.

"John," said he, at last; "you know well that while my uncle lived, I would not have taken a sixpence from him. I am in nowise changed now. For myself, though my uncle is dead, and no one perhaps would have a better right to this money than I, I would still reject it. But other considerations tempt me. The power of shielding a friend from ruin is now most unexpectedly placed within my reach. It would be folly to refuse it."

"I care not to what use you put it, Lionel," I replied. "I had a commission to perform—and I have performed it. I wish you a very good night."

I dare say I might have listened for an hour longer to his remonstrances, and thanks, and compliments to my honourable principles; but I was already sick of his hypocrisy. I snatched up my hat and groping my way down in the dark before he had time to light me, I left the house.

My mind was easier that night. I knew that I had done an act of which any man would have a right to be proud. I never expected gratitude in return. I believed it my duty to do it, and I did it, and there was an end of it. I do not say that I never regretted it afterwards, or that I would do the same now. I hope I am a little wiser than I was then.

The very next afternoon I set out again to see Augusta. I felt lighter of heart than I had been for many months. I thought I was about to live in peace at last, and I rode on, musing upon this theme, till I came into the town. I was but a short distance from the house—my horse walking slowly after a sharp trot—when I was aroused by a voice calling me. It was old Cobb himself, and he was walking the way I was going.

"Glad to see you," said he. "I should have gone over to your house to-night. I had a great deal to say to you." I thought he was about to put me off again with words, but I was firmly resolved to be trifled with no longer. I followed him into his counting-house, and, as soon as we were seated, I told him that I had come determined to speak to Augusta myself.

"Augusta is a fool," said he, shaking his head as if he was much concerned at some course she had taken. "She is my only child; but I am sorry to say she is a fool."

I was not deceived by this piece of acting. "Have you spoken to her, according to your promise?" said I, rather sharply.

"I did hint to her last night," he replied, "that is to say, I just in a casual way alluded to the probability of a gentleman—a friend of mine whom she knew—a very honourable gentleman, possessed of considerable property, making her an offer of marriage."

I knew that he was fooling me; but I kept my temper, and requested to know her answer.

"Oh!" he continued, "she set me quite at defiance; said that she had chosen a husband already, and meant to be married at once, and that I must take her husband into partnership with me."

"Mr. Cobb," said I, "I feel that you have been deceiving me. I will at once appeal to Augusta herself."

"Do," he replied. "I would prefer it. I know you will always tax me with this unless you hear it from her own lips. Her future husband will be here to-day. You may stay and see him also, if you please; though for myself, of course, I would like to avoid anything disagreeable. I am sure I have taken pains enough to prevent his seeing you, or hearing of your visits. I like peace."

"Mr. Cobb," said I, "I know you to be a great scoundrel. I am determined now to have nothing to do with you or your daughter."

"I am very sorry," said Cobb. "I should have been glad to see her married to a man of property if it could have been so arranged."

"You shall repent of these insults," said I, for I felt much exasperated by his coolness. "I wish you a good day."

"Stay," said he, unlocking a drawer of his desk and pulling out a pocket-book. "As we may probably not see each other very frequently, we had better settle those judgment debts. If you will write me a discharge, I will give you the money."

I hastily wrote the discharge and took up the notes which he offered me. I was not at all surprised to find that they were the very notes I had given to my brother the night before. I saw at once the conspiracy of which I had been the victim.

"You have no need to tell me who is my rival in this matter, Mr. Cobb," said I. "My brother Lionel is a villain, an ungrateful villain." I was too much hurt to say more then. I was sick of the hypocrisy and ingratitude that I had met with, and I left the place abruptly, thereby disappointing them no doubt of that little scene, which my amiable brother had planned for my humiliation. I know that Lionel pretends that he never heard of these things till long after his marriage with Augusta: that he declares that he lent the money to pay off a debt in ignorance of the exact use it was to be applied to; and that he feigns to blame old Cobb for bidding Augusta conceal from him that I occasionally visited there, under the pretext of motives of delicacy, as we were not good friends. I ask any one to judge from what I have related, whether this is probable.

My persecutors were not done with me yet. I knew that they spread abroad the whole

story of my courtship with many more slanders than ever came to my ears. I knew this from the faces of those whom I knew, and others who met me in the street. My mind being troubled again with these annoyances, it is no wonder that my old malady returned with greater terrors than before. I found myself sinking into a settled melancholy, till at last I determined to abandon my business and leave the town; so I placed my affairs in the hands of an agent, and went abroad for some time. I am a different man now, thank Heaven, to what I was then!

I have now told the whole history of this sum of money, which proved a curse to me to the last. I have concealed nothing, not even my own infirmities, though I know I have only been exposing myself to the unfeeling ridicule of my enemies. I hope I have cleared myself to all reasonable minds of the calumnies of those who assert that I insinuated myself into my uncle's good will by depreciating my brother; that I studiously prevented a reconciliation between them for my own purposes; that, having been compelled by my uncle to swear that I would give a sum of money to Lionel, I intended to keep it; but that being sillily fond of Augusta, I hoped to induce him to give her up to me by restoring to him his right. This has been my object in writing this. I have done.

LEAVES FROM LIMA.

The railroad from Callao to Lima—a new creation, as may well be imagined, projected and completed by native capitalists—passes round Callao Castle, then close along the old road, and enters the city of Lima on the south. The carriages (built at King's Cross, London), are more than usually comfortable, and well adapted to the climate. Another railroad in Peru is on the eve of being commenced between Arica and Tacua, which, with other apparently profitable schemes, seems to show that the country is in a flourishing condition. Its revenue is about eight million dollars, raised principally by import duties, nearly five million, however, of which is from the sale of guano—an ephemeral and fleeting cause of prosperity; which, when science discovers a substitute, will cease to exist, while, in the meantime, it causes the heedless government to lavish public money in a reckless manner. They are building a steam-frigate in the Thames; but Peru supplies bad sailors and worse officers.

I had not been in Lima many days (entering it in the month of October, 1852, by the same railroad from Callao) when I encountered a young Irishman—a wild, harum-scarum, care-for-nothing, sort of fellow—who came out to seek his fortune, and joined General Flores' expedition, as aide-de-camp. Being defeated, he narrowly escaped being taken by the Ecuadorians; and, before being killed, chopped limb from limb, which was the fate of all prisoners taken by the inhuman General Urbino, the President of the Republic. Without a rial in his pocket, he was obliged to accept the employment of paymaster at some silver mines in the interior. This hero had come down to Lima to procure dollars for the miners; and was on his return, when he expressed a wish that I should accompany him a couple of days' journey on his road, as a sort of escort, to protect him and his dollars from the numerous bands of robbers that infest the neighbourhood of Lima. As his road lay through a country which I knew to be full of ancient remains, I readily assented to his proposal. The next morning, early, we were in our saddles, leaving Lima by the Maravillas gate on the road to Taruca. I was mounted on an old grey horse; the Irishman on a mule, with two thousand dollars sown into the lining of his saddle, mostly in small money. For a journey of this sort, it is necessary to be well armed, for it is often the traveller's fortune to be beset by more than one man is able easily to manage. I was equipped with a brace of horse-pistols in my belt, a long knife down one boot, in the other a life-preserver, and in my coat pocket a six-barrelled revolver; over all a poncho. My friend also was armed somewhat after the same fashion.

To the little village of Chocolacaya, about six leagues distant from Lima, the road passes through a beautifully fertile valley, where maize and *alfalfa* (lucerne) are extensively cultivated. The rocky hills—offshoots of the Andes—rise almost perpendicularly from the valley; which runs north-east from Lima, and is some four miles broad. Here and there along the road are several *haciendas* and *chagras* (farms); and, through the centre of the valley, a rapid torrent, whose waters irrigate the neighbouring pines, boils and bubbles over a rocky bed in admired confusion. This stream is bordered by lofty canes, averaging twenty feet in height, and growing so closely as, in many places, to be perfectly impenetrable. Large and beautiful willow trees, thorns, orange, myrtle, arbutus, pepper, jessamine, and fig-trees, line the road, and cover parts of the valley; while now and then the beautiful flora-pondia (an enormous white bell-shaped flower, deliciously sweet, growing on a large bush), and fragrant roses of all sorts, fill the air with their perfume. The smaller flowers are numerous and beautiful.

Hawks, owls, ground doves, and pigeons abound in vast quantities; turkey-buzzards are constantly to be seen soaring among the rocky peaks of the hills, or sitting on the walls of the *corrals* (yards for mules and horses); while now and then, the huge condor swoops down among them to take his share of some carrion feast. The finches and smaller

birds were very beautiful, but my limited knowledge of ornithology refused to afford me their names. There was one, a bright crimson, with dark brown wings; there were others of a pale green, with a scarlet tuft; others of azure blue; woodpeckers bright green, and red; flocks of noisy, green parrots; a large black pie, with a tail like a pair of scissors, called *tixera;* a bird with a tail spreading like a fan, at an acute angle with its back; and vast varieties of pretty little humming birds. Brilliant butterflies were also numerous; and herds of oxen, horses and mules, goats and asses, and flocks of sheep were spread over the fields, grazing on the lucerne; the sky was cloudless, and all nature was clad with its most cheerful and pleasing aspect.

About a league outside Lima, the ruins of Inca *pueblas* or villages begin to appear, and afterwards almost every gorge on both sides of the valley is filled with these strange and interesting remains. They are built of enormous *adobes* (bricks baked in the sun) of prodigious dimensions, and the cactus, or prickly pear, is frequently seen to raise its ungainly and ugly head amidst the now deserted dwellings. It is remarkable that these dwellings are all situated in the gorges of the hills, and not in the valleys; an incontestible proof of the formerly thickly peopled state of the country, and how anxious its governors were that every foot of ground should be retained for cultivation where that was possible. As the traveller draws near to Chocolacaya, the magnificent Inca road steals upon his view, running on the north side of the river. For miles and miles this unparalleled work of art continues on a perfectly dead level, no obstacle opposing its progress, nothing breaking the even uniformity of its course, and causing it to resemble nothing more than a modern railroad.

At equal distances, *Tambos*, or provision houses for travellers, were discernible, built of large adobes. The road itself (we are told by Ciera de Leon) was formerly lined with trees, whose branches, laden with flowers and fruit, spread over the heads of the travellers. Some of these were even yet standing. It was made by order of Inca Yupangui, great grandfather of Atahualpa, and was paved with small stones of equal size, well blended together—thus anticipating the works of Mac Adam by some four hundred years, who little thought, when he formed the road from London to Holyhead, that he was treading in the footsteps of an Inca of Peru.

I would have given worlds to have gone across to examine it, but the impenetrable canes, the foaming torrent, and above all the two thousand dollars I was to help to defend, were obstacles too great to be overcome. Chocolacaya, which we reached in the afternoon, consists of about a dozen ranchos, built with cane and plastered with mud; roses, jessamines, figs and orange-trees growing among them, and a vine twining its branches over the verandahs of the little tambo, or inn. These places of refreshment have always the sign of the green bush on a long pole over the door; and, in the verandah, a table with bottles of pisco, bread, and fruits on it. We, however, were obliged to press on. The road became worse. Passing close along the sides of the rocky hills that bound the valley, which are covered with cacti, we travelled slowly, wearily on; the great weight of silver being an impediment to anything like speed, till we reached the small village of Yanna-Cocha, consisting of one rancho, where we fell in with a youthful subject of the Celestial Empire; not an uncommon animal now, among the workmen and water-carriers of Lima. A few miles beyond this spot the valley becomes much narrower, and turns to the south-east, while the road becomes considerably more dangerous.

Thus we journeyed on, until we arrived at the village of Coca-Chacra, situated in a lovely spot, and reminding me of the happy valley in Rasselas. A clear and rapid river runs through the middle, bounded by delicious gardens of fruit-trees and fields of maize; here every description of fruit is to be found; including pine-apples, the chirimoya and alligator pears, in the greatest profusion. Horses, cattle, sheep, and goats luxuriate in the surrounding pastures. We were now forty miles from Lima, at the point to which I had agreed to escort the dollars on their way to the mine; and here the steep ascent of the Sierra commences. At the urgent request, however, of my companion, I accompanied him up the zig-zag ascent, high, high above the happy valley of Coca-Chacra, until my poor old horse could go no further; so, bidding my friend adieu, I betook myself to the tambo again, and to a nice repast of eggs and potatoes, and a delicious cup of chocolate and milk.

I travelled back without accident or adventure, through the greater part of the day, and considered myself pretty safe from molestation. When within two miles of Lima, I was suddenly attacked by a band of mounted negroes, five in number, who all rushed upon me at once, roaring out to me to stop. One of them, without farther ado, clasped me round the waist with one arm, drawing a long knife with the other, which he would not have hesitated to use, had I not instantly seized, cocked my revolver and held it at his breast, retaining still presence of mind enough not to draw the trigger; for independent of my distaste to shedding blood, it was prudent, with such odds against me, to reserve my fire. I am glad I did so, for the fellow, not liking the appearance of the six barrels staring him in the face, sheared off; and the others drawing on one side, left me room to pass. This I did at a pretty rapid pace, presenting my pistol at them to prevent an attack from the rear. On arriving at Lima, and telling my

story, I was soundly rated for not shooting some of them. This, however, was unnecessary; for a robbery having been committed the next day, a detachment of cavalry was sent out to attack these banditti; a regular battle took place outside the town, and seven robbers were killed. Their bodies were laid out in the Plaza de la Inquisition; and, on going to inspect them, I found that three of them were my friends of Thursday. The only danger from robbers is close round the walls of Lima, where the worst class of negroes, mulattoes, and emancipated slaves abound. Higher up among the Inca Indians there is less danger. Revolvers are a great safeguard, and astonish these marauders amazingly.

After passing a few very agreeable days in Lima, I was tempted, before my grand expedition across the Andes, to make another exploration, and this time to visit the ruins of Pachacamac. I started at two in the afternoon alone, a foolish thing to do, as I found.

Passing through Chorillos, (the Brighton of the New World) the road, skirting a cemetery of white-washed adobes, closely hugs the Morro Solar, a precipitous headland, at the foot of which are extensive ruins, built of enormous adobes, the hill itself being partly faced with them. The road then turns sharply down into a wood of thorn-trees into a deep hollow, which present a weird and unearthly aspect, with great sprawling branches, leafless, and covered with coarse cobwebs. Emerging from the wood, the road winds through a broad and handsome avenue, bordered by adobe walls and tall willow trees, leading to the extensive hacienda of Villar. Fruit gardens, alfalfa fields, maize, and sugar-cane, appeared in abundance on either side. The hacienda itself is an extensive collection of buildings containing a good house, huts for slaves, outhouses, and a fine church. Villar has long been infamous for the lawless character of its slaves; they are four hundred and eighty in number, and equal to any atrocity. A few years ago they killed the Major Domo, and burnt his body, which not long afterwards was found in an oven.

The road is still considered the most dangerous in the vicinity of Lima. Beyond the hacienda an extensive plain extends to the sea, and along the coast from Villar to the great desert of San Juan. It contains several considerable lakes well stocked with wild-fowl; and the swampy banks, overgrown with lofty canes, are frequented by curlew and sand-pipers. Much of this plain is morass, but part of it contains pasture for cattle. Passing the road, it winds up a steep hill, and enters the sandy desert of San Juan, consisting of gentle undulations over very heavy sand hills. This wild ground is six miles broad, and very fatiguing to horses. At last, reaching the summit of an almost imperceptible ascent, the vast Pacific Ocean, with thr rocky islets off the coast, breaks upon t view, and then is seen the *cerro*, on which situated the once splendid temple of Pacha mac. Riding rapidly down the steep, a skirting the small *chagra* of Mama-Cenas entered the city of the dead. It is with feeling of mournful thoughtfulness that o passes along the now deserted streets of th once rich and populous city. The hous built of small bricks, still remain; but t roofs are gone, and the rooms filled with sa I ascended the *cerro*, and soon reached t temple, which stands on the summit of th noble terraces. The remains are not ve great, though some parts of the walls, wh the savage hands of the barbarian Spania have left them, rise to the height of twen feet covered with vermillion paint; it stan about four hundred feet above the level of t sea, and about half a mile from it. Marvello accounts are related of its great wealth amongst others, that the doors were of go ornamented with precious stones, and that t keys and other appurtenances were al worth four thousand marks. I arrived on t sacred spot just at sunset. The view is ve beautiful; but I had no time to admire it, after sunset, in the tropics, darkness comes so rapidly, that in a few minutes there is to darkness. To prevent this, I bent my st towards some huts which I knew to exist the river Lurin. On arriving there I selec one for my habitation that night; for in P this sort of hospitality is shown by the po est to every benighted traveller. On knocki at the door, however, I received no answ and proceeded to more effectual efforts; t this had only the effect, to my utter astonis ment, of bringing round from behind a cro of brutal-looking negroes, exhibiting more t appearance of messengers from his Sata Majesty, than earthly beings. They sw with bitter oaths that I should not ent Remonstrance was out of the question; no sooner had they uttered their determi tion, than they set their ferocious dogs at m I had this advantage, however, in this aw ward dilemma, that I had not dismounte managing my horse, therefore, so as to g myself time to draw out my revolver, one these animals was soon weltering in blood. The death of one of these faithf but savage animals, roused still further t ferocity of the banditti, and one of th rushed at me with his knife. In self-defen I was obliged to fire again, and with t same success; for the man fell apparen lifeless by his faithful dog. Another sh freed me from further danger; and thin ing discretion the better part of valo I set spurs to my horse, and was so out of reach of their wrath. My obje on finding that I was so mercifully leased from a great peril, was to gain t plain of Villar on the other side of the dese but night had come on, dark as a wol

mouth, and I soon lost my way in the sandy waste, and was compelled most unwillingly to pass the night there. It was with no very pleasing reflection that I tied my horse's bridle round my arm, and tried to fall asleep. The awful stillness was very depressing; my very breath seemed to echo innumerable sounds, and the sense of loneliness affected me very much in the same way as I was once before overpowered, when spending some eight-and-forty hours alone in the solitudes of the Arctic regions; the night, however, passed slowly and gloomily on, and at length a dim glimmering streak of light appeared on the eastern sky. The light increased, and then I heard a faint plaintive note—a lark was soaring from the sand up into the blue of heaven. Who can describe the joy of that first sound? It came like delightful music to my ears, and my unstrung nerves were braced again. A heavy dew had completely wetted me through, and made my limbs stiff and aching; but, mustering resolution, I consulted my compass, which showed me my error, and soon finding the beaten tracks and riding briskly on, I reached Chorillos by half-past seven in the morning—both, man and horse, dead tired, and ravenously hungry and thirsty. I drank four cups of chocolate, and devoured, I believe, as many loaves of bread; while my horse, following my lead, slacked his thirst with two buckets of water, and managed to eat a bushel of alfalfa.

THE TEST OF TIME.

I.

Once, in the twilight realm of thought,
Wandering and musing, I was brought
Before an ancient portal, wrought

Of heavy stone, but now decay'd;
And, under a thick ivy shade,
I entered straightway, undismay'd.

It was an old, half-ruined place,
Bearing in every part some trace
Of war, as did that Fane at Thrace

Built, on a perilous descent
Under a forest rude and rent,
To Mars, the God Armipotent.

A steely light was in the hall.
The portraits hanging by the wall
Were arm'd, and mail'd, and vizor'd—all.

And round about stood empty cases
Of armour, with those grinning spaces
Which are as ghosts of living faces.

Each held a lance with nerveless grip,
And leaning sideways tow'rds the hip:
A rust of blood was at the tip.

And many clarions lay around
Which o'er the reeling battle-ground
Speaking in sudden starts of sound,

Once lit the blood of men like flame,
Or like the audible tongues of Fame:
But now the pale dust hid their shame.

And battered swords and falchions hung
Down from the walls where, lightly slung
The indolent spiders slept and swung.

And, fix'd amid the pendant woof
And giant net-work of the roof,
The rotting banners drooped aloof.

Dankness, and ashiness, and decay,
Were on that house. The hall was grey
With ghost-light of an elder day,

And touched us with a sense of Death,
Or with the vapour of a breath
That in the wide air vanisheth.

Oh, house that thought thyself so strong,
Forgetful that the years are long,
And many notes make up Heaven's song!

Oh, house whose tenants all are gone,
Whose iron strength has been withdrawn,
As clouds are burnt up in the dawn!

Oh, house whose living soul has past!
I saw thy idol, War, down cast
By Time, the grand Iconoclast!

II.

Much moved by those sad pageants there,
I wandered forth into the air,
And reached a garden bright and fair—

Bright and fair, though overlaid
With languid weeds, which crept and stray'd
Across the pathways like a shade.

It was an evening at the close
Of maiden April, when she grows
Flush'd with the breath of May, and goes

Like an enchantress through the night,
Preparing for men's waking sight
New splendour, mystery, and delight:

That magic season which calls forth
From the brown boughs and from the earth,
Hourly, some glad and sudden birth

Glorious and swift vitalities!
I look'd across the garden trees,
And felt the deep heart-mysteries

Of the place and of the hour—
Emanations from that Power
Which is the life of star and flower.

Like emerald clouds, with light between
Their vapoury folds, appeared the sheen
Of spring's intense and balmy green.

And many flowers were blooming yet
In that old garden, quaintly set
In strange devices; but now, wet

With dews of night, they closed their eyes,
And gave up as a sacrifice
Their odorous souls into the skies.

In far-off fields reposed the herds:
Through the nigh stream's syllabic words
Came the quick talking of the birds.

And, as I watched, the hooded night
Sloped down in majesty and might,
Sprinkled about with drops of light,

And made a golden ferment waken
Within the heavens, as though o'ertaken
With rich thoughts, they were stirr'd and shaken:

For the keen stars (though faltering never),
Through those blue gulfs which them dissever,
Like lamps in wind, kept trembling ever.

Calm Power, and Peace, and Constancy,
And all sweet things which cannot die,
Murmured of smooth Eternity.

Oh, drooping House of Mars! decay
Unheeded; wane and pass away!
Thy strength was only for a day.

But the round heavens, and the trees,
And flowers, and winds, and harmonies
Of light and dark—all such as these

Are steadfast, and perpetuate
For aye, the glory of their state;
Gentle as Love, and strong as Fate.

THE BLACK LAD.

"The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones;" and it is fortunate for the world that it is so; for if there were no more good than comes uppermost to broad daylight, the world would hardly have held together until now. The Black Lad as he really existed, and the Black Lad as he has come down in tradition, is a curious instance of the refracting medium of popular myths.

Ashton-under-Lyne of the present day is an entirely manufacturing town: all the inhabitants, except a few professional men and some shopkeepers, are either cotton-masters or cotton operatives; and, as the masters were most of them operatives to begin with, there is little beside wealth to distinguish them from their men. There are whole streets of nothing else but fine large cotton-mills many stories high; the chimneys of which make no manner of pretence to consume their own smoke, and consequently the sky is dense with the soot of them.

Ashton-under-Lyne stands in a very beautiful country, when it can be discerned for smoke. It is on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire, close under a portion of the Blackstone Edge range of hills. It stands upon an elevation which rises precipitously above the River Tame and the narrow valley of Duckenfield, which is filled with cotton-mills; whilst the hills shut out the horizon and surround the town as with walls, seeming to block up the road into the world beyond. The street that overlooks the river contains a remarkable combination of the past and present. Below, within a narrow space, lies the turnpike road, the river, the canal, and the railway. At the end of the street, upon a steep elevation like a rampart, stands the old Hall—a quaint, many-gabled building, flanked by two round towers, containing the conveniences for detaining prisoners which were used in the Middle Ages; and, close by, rises the old church, a fine specimen of a church of the fourteenth century.

The Hall, which was formerly fortified, was the residence of a powerful family—the Asshetons of Assheton Hall—who possessed the power of life and death over their vassals; as a place called Gallows Field still exists to testify.

The people of Ashton of the present day would seem to have as little in common with the feudal ages as it is possible to conceive; but there are only one set of people in the world, namely—those who come now are linked on to those who went before. On Easter Monday, every year, all the inhabitants of Ashton and the surrounding country for miles round, assemble "To Ride the Black Lad." It is an event which is looked forward to with so much eagerness, that the whole town is in a ferment about it. Having come recently to reside in Ashton, and hearing it said a dozen times "that I was just in time to see the Black Lad," I inquired what it all meant.

"Why," replied one man, "I have heard say that in former times there lived a great man at the Old Hall up yonder. He was such a terrible bad man, that the folks called him the "Black Knight." He used to gallop up and down on a black horse, that was as wicked as its master. He tyrannized, and ill-treated the people till they could not stand it no road. If he saw a man as did not please him, he had him hanged up in the Gallows Field yonder; and if he saw any of their wives or daughters he had a mind to, and if those they belonged to opposed him, or was not altogether agreeable, he had him taken and put into a barrel lined with sharp spikes and rolled him down the hill from the top to the bottom. He had a road made under ground from the Hall that reached two miles away; but it did him no good; for, one Easter Monday as he was riding through the town, a woman shot him from a window. He made a rule that his horse and an effigy of himself, dressed in the armour he wore when he was shot, should ride through the streets every Easter Monday. He left five pounds a year for that purpose. It used to be a very grand affair, but it has fallen off of late years. The figure used to be made of the best black silk velvet that could be got for money, but now it is made of sacking blacked over and stuffed with any sort of rubbish, and the five pounds that was formerly allowed, has been taken away and the men have only five shillings allowed besides what other parties may be willing to subscribe; but all the publicans of the place are obliged to give them either money or beer. Those who have the dressing of the figure always put on the back of the "Black Lad,"

as they call him, some emblem of the trade of the couple last married in the old year. If they were spinners, it would be three "cobbs," or bits of paper in the shape of them; if they were cotton-masters, it would be the same thing only smaller; or an awl for a shoemaker. Respectable parties usually pay well to be let alone, and now the police walk in the procession, or else the people used to throw sludge and dirt at anybody who would not give them money; but they dare not now. The whole thing has quite fallen away from what it was."

I received another version of the "Black Lad" from a young woman, who told me: "That formerly he was a sort of hermit gentleman, who lived up at the Hall and who used to go about clothed in black velvet, and had a passage under ground leading from the Hall."

"Was he a good man?" I inquired.

"Oh dear no, ma'am, quite the contrary; he was a murderous kind of man, who did great harm to poor people. He was killed, they say, by a woman, and left word to have the procession every year in memory of him."

"And what becomes of the figure when the procession is over?" I asked.

"Why generally the people take off the best of its clothes and set it up in the market place, and shoot or make away with it by burning." She, also, spoke with regret of the "black velvet," and lamented that it was now replaced by nothing better than "sacking."

All I heard gave me a great desire to assist at the ceremony of "Riding the Black Lad." My ideas of what was to be expected were heightened by rumours that the figure of the Black Lad was actually "on view;" and that policemen had to guard the doors to keep the peace.

Easter Monday came at last—a lovely day of real old-fashioned Easter weather. The whole town was in a state of lively agitation, and was crowded with country people from many miles round.

At half-past two in the afternoon, the procession started from the market-place. It consisted first of the effigy of the Knight of Ashton; but it was not either black velvet nor black sackcloth—indeed it was not black at all—but the figure of quite a flesh-coloured young man, looking like one of those wax ideals in hair-dressers' windows, attired in steel breastplate, plumed helmet, and a flowing mantle of black velvet. Two men walked beside the figure, and held it on the back of a sedate black cart-horse. A band of music came next; and around and on all sides in no particular order, was a mob of several hundred persons who manifested the greatest delight. Everybody who was not in the streets turned out upon their door steps or appeared at their windows to see the Black Lad, as he passed along.

I must confess to a certain disappointment at seeing such a modernized version of an old custom; but a woman who canvassed my admiration, assured me "that it was the handsomest Black Lad she had ever seen, and she had seen a score in that market-place."

The origin of this ceremony has been the subject of many disputes and conjectures; but the following is, I believe, an account of the true origin, and is supported by Dr. Hibbert:—

Sir John de Assheton was the head of the Assheton family, living in the old hall, and possessing the Manor of Ashton, in the reign of Henry the Fourth by whom he was knighted. He died in the reign of Henry the Sixth, leaving a numerous family. He bequeathed to his two sons by a second marriage, Rauf and Robin, amongst other possessions, a large portion of low wet land in the neighbourhood of Ashton, called the "sour carr," the "guld-rode," and "stane ryuges," for the term of their natural lives, with the privilege of "guld-riding."

"Sour carr," signifies poor impoverished land, and the "privilege of guld-riding" is a custom of great antiquity, at least in Scotland, where it existed as early as the days of King Kenneth. It was intended to prevent lands from being overrun with the weeds called gools, or gulds—what we now name corn marigolds, from their bright yellow colour—and which were reckoned so destructive to the growth of corn, that very effectual methods had to be adopted to force the tenants to extirpate them. A fine was imposed on all persons holding land for every stock of gool found growing in their fields on a certain day; and the gool-riders were those appointed to ride through the lands and to search for gool and carry the law into execution. It is evident that a wide scope for tyranny was thus enjoyed by these gool-riders. The effects of the law were, however, salutary enough, so far as the land was concerned; and the lords of the manor took care to keep up the practice rigidly, wherever such a regulation existed.

Rauf of Assheton was page to Henry the Sixth, and married a rich heiress, daughter to the Lord of the Manor of Middleton; consequently the people of Ashton did not consider that he had any right to rule over or interfere with them—his elder brother being their natural lord. But Rauf of Assheton was a stern man, who pushed his fortune and allowed none of his rights to fall into disuse. He was in great favour with Edward the Fourth, from whom he received knighthood, and who also made him Lieutenant of the Tower, and Vice-constable of the kingdom. Invested with such powers, he committed great excesses and oppressions in his own part of the kingdom. It was for his rigorous guld-riding, that he was especially execrated by the inhabitants of Ashton. It was

his custom on Easter Monday to make his appearance in this manor, clad in black armour, and mounted on a black charger (whence he got the name of The Black Lad); and, attended by a numerous train of followers, he rode through the town and over the lands called the Carr-guld roads, levying the fines against all who had not cleared their lands from carr-gulds (or corn marigolds), and until the penalties were paid, punishing the unfortunate tenants by putting them in the stone-rings, or stocks; or in prison, or worse. The name of the Black Lad has been handed down, associated with nothing but traditions of cruelty and horror. An old doggrel verse is still preserved containing fervent ejaculations for deliverance from his yoke:

"Sweet Jesó for thy mercy's sake,
And for thy bitter passion,
Save us from the axe of the Tower,
And from Sir Raph of Assheton."

Sir Rauf must, however, have been a man of energy and talent, as may be judged from the great trusts reposed in, and the honours bestowed upon him by successive sovereigns.—

He was Knight Marshal of England, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, Sheriff of Yorkshire in the reign of King Edward the Fourth. He was made Knight Banneret at Hutton Field, in Scotland, whither he had accompanied the Duke of Gloucester to recover Berwick.

In the first year of Richard the Third he was made Vice-constable of England, with the same authority as Constable, and was one of the knights mentioned by Hollinshed who rode at the coronation of Richard the Third, whom he did not long survive; and now, in this year of grace, 1853, he still exists as the Easter show for the holiday folks at Ashton, who parade the Black Lad in effigy, and shoot and burn it in the market-place. So does "the whirligig of time bring about its own revenges."

Upon the death of Sir Rauf the "Carr-guld roads" reverted to the lord of the manor of Ashton, who abolished the practice of "guld-riding" for ever; and a small sum of money was set apart from the estate to perpetuate in an annual ceremony the dreaded yearly visits of the Black Lad.

The mother of Sir Rauf of Ashton was Margaret, daughter of Sir John Byron of Clayton in Lancashire, one of Lord Byron's ancestors. Sir Rauf's elder brother, Thomas, the lord of the manor of Ashton, was much addicted to the occult sciences, and to the practice of chemistry, in which he was so skilful that he obtained, as was natural in those times, the reputation of being a magician, and in compact with evil spirits. He and Sir Edward Trafford obtained a patent in the third year of Henry the Fifth for "making" alchemy, or translating imperfect metals into gold and silver. He would appear to be the original of the hermit gentleman in black velvet.

FOUR-LEGGED AUSTRALIANS.

I HAVE settled in a large manufacturing town after a residence of some years in Australia, and since my return had been enjoying life as well as any of my neighbours, until I was made miserable by the gold discoveries. From that time, until this hour, I have been surrounded by intending emigrants or curious inquirers, among whom I am known no longer as the quiet Mr. Spettigue, who drives a pony chaise, but as the gentleman who was a long time in Australia, and will be happy to give anybody any information upon any subject that is in any way related to any part of the Australian colonies.

Some of the questions asked of me are most ridiculous. A plain speculator wanted my opinion the other day as to the chance there was of establishing a railroad between Sydney and Hobart Town, so that the agricultural produce of Tasmania might be more easily conveyed to New South Wales. I was obliged to remind him that the two towns are a little farther apart than London and Lisbon, and that the two countries are parted from each other by a strait a little wider than the Irish Channel.

But the commonest and fairest questions asked of me are zoological! What sort of animals are there in those parts besides kangaroos? In most of the books studied by emigrants the accounts given of Australian quadrupeds are very meagre. As I lived long in the bush and wandered far and wide over the new land of promise, I scraped acquaintance with very nearly all its known four-legged inhabitants—there are not many—and I suppose that I shall do a civil thing, as well as save myself much trouble, by making public what I know about them.

In the first place, I think that I tell news to nobody in stating that the number of these animals is small, and is confined almost entirely to creatures belonging to an order unknown in the old world, marsupials or pouch-bearers. The small number of species may be estimated by comparison. Cuvier described one thousand two hundred and seventy-two distinct species of mammals. Of these there are not so many as the odd seventy-two found in New Holland; there are only sixty-two, and nine of those are not found in the bush, for they are members of the tribe of seals. Of the fifty-three species of four-legged animals known to exist in Australia, not one is to be found anywhere else; they are all residents of New Holland exclusively, or of the adjacent islands. On the other hand, the very commonest of old-world quadrupeds are not to be met with otherwise than as colonists like ourselves in Australia. The horse is no more native to the country than the Englishman.

There are no Australian representatives either of horses, or of any other pachydermatous being: such as a hog, for example, or an elephant. The ruminating animals, again, are all of them immigrants; the sheep were taken to Australia before the wool was brought from thence; there are no native sheep, no native oxen, goats, or stags, or other creatures of the kind. Of the carnivorous tribes which play so loud a part in the concert of zoological music at the gardens in the Regent's Park, there is but one specimen—the Dingo, or the Native Dog. The marsupials, in fact, have very nearly the whole country to themselves, and the country contains very nearly all the marsupials. There exist altogether only sixty-seven species of that curious order, and of those, forty-three are peculiar to Australia, and the rest (with two or three exceptions in America) are confined to New Guinea and the islands lying to the northward of New Holland. Of the ten Australian quadrupeds that are not marsupial, two belong to the order of the toothless, and are cousins to the sloth and anteater; one is carnivorous; five are nibblers, cousins to the rabbit; and two are finger-winged after the manner of the bat. But all differ from their relations in our neighbourhood by the possession of a few marsupial characters.

Of the forty-three Australian marsupials there are eight genera. They differ much in size, and form, and habit; they resemble now one old world animal, and now another, but they all agree in the peculiarity from which they get their name—the having a little pouch in which the young are carried until they are able to take some care of themselves. Their young are, in fact, prematurely born, and it is in the pouch that their development is completed. Immediately after birth the unfinished creature is put into its mother's pocket; there it finds a nipple to which it fastens, and from which it is able, by a peculiar arrangement of the throat, to receive milk before it has enough sense for the business of sucking. There it hangs and grows for eight more months; after that time it becomes a ripe kangaroo baby, and eats grass, but at first often returns for shelter to its mother's pocket, or, when too big to be pocketed, may be seen poking its nose into the old nest in search of milk. The marsupials usually have only one little one at a birth, but I have sometimes shot kangaroos, and often smaller creatures, with two young ones attached to the nipples, or at rest, loose in the pouch.

I will insult nobody by the description of a kangaroo, but I will specify in a few words the several varieties. There is the Boomah, or old man kangaroo: which is the largest of the class. It is very tall; often eight feet high when seated in its usual position on the tripod formed by the hind legs and tail. Its weight reaches sometimes a hundred and thirty pounds. In the remote districts of New South Wales Boomahs are still met with in considerable numbers, frequenting the open plains and park-like forests; there they browse on the grass, or on leaves stripped from the lower branches of the trees. They afford sport to the bushmen of the colony, who hunt them with large fierce dogs, apparently bred between the mastiff and greyhound, possessing equal fleetness and ferocity. Only the hind-quarters of the kangaroo are eaten; they remind an Englishman of venison. From the skin there is made a very soft and pliant leather, used by colonial shoemakers in preference to the best English calf-skin. There are many smaller varieties, as the Forester, the Rock, and the Brush Kangaroos; the Wallaby and Paddymellor; then there is also the darkly, deeply, beautifully, Blue Kangaroo—found only in the colonies of Swan River and South Australia. The Brush Kangaroo is very plentiful in some parts of Tasmania, where it forms regular tracks through the thick undergrowths. Snares are there placed for it by the settlers, or by men who hunt it for its skin. The thick scrubby brush in which this animal is usually found cannot be hunted through by men, but dogs are trained to run down and kill the kangaroo. Returning to the hunter, the dog shows him where the game has fallen. These little victims, when taken alive, can be soon tamed, and will become thoroughly domesticated. The smaller varieties make very pretty pets, but they are generally stupid, and are rarely taught to care about their master, or even so much as to distinguish him from strangers. The very slow rate of increase of the kangaroo, its extreme timidity, and the continual war waged against it by the blacks for food, and by the whites for amusement, sufficiently account for its quick disappearance from the settled districts. Recklessly hunted by the settlers, kangaroos seem to be following the dodo on the road to extermination.

Next in size to the kangaroo is the Wombat, or native bear. It is like the common badger in its habits, and a little like it in appearance. It is a thick, short-legged clumsy-looking quadruped, from three to four feet long, and weighing from twenty to fifty pounds. I once shot a Wombat in Port Phillip that weighed fifty-eight pounds—that was the largest specimen I ever met with. In the Geelong district, about fifty miles from the town, near the Colac and Koronomite lakes, these animals were very numerous a few years ago. They are social in their habits, and form extensive settlements in vaults of their own making underground, of which the long galleries intersect each other in all directions, and often reach to a considerable depth. There are sometimes twenty or thirty ways into these buried palaces, such gates being wide conical hollows, gently sloping down to the mouth of the burrow, which is carefully fashioned underneath a slab of stone that

keeps the earth above from falling in and scattering its dirt about the doorway. These hollows are always overgrown with grass, and appear to have been inhabited by many generations of departed Wombats. The remains of the defunct—well-bleached skulls and bones—lie scattered on the surface of the soil, as if the hairy patriarchs had dragged themselves from their dark burrows to die under the sun-light; or, as if reversing the common order of things, having expired decently in their family tombs, they had been solemnly hauled out by their successors; for, with this tribe, the living occupy the graves, and all the dead are carefully turned out of them. I have examined many hundreds of these holes, but never saw one that bore any marks of having been made recently, or even enlarged since its first formation. The green banks that surround the warren are marked out into the high roads of the Wombat's well-worn tracks, which branch off in a great many directions to the choicest feeding grounds.

The Wombat is covered with a thick coat of strong hair of a lightish brown colour, or sometimes an iron-grey. The back is very broad and flat; the legs short, and the belly almost touches the ground. On each of the fore feet are five, and on the hind feet four powerful claws; and the short massive jaws are furnished with strong molar teeth, twenty of them, and four broad sharp incisors. The head is flat, and is so hard and solid that I have seen a ball flatten like dough upon it. The skin, too, is very thick, especially about the neck and fore-part of the body. Wombats feed chiefly on grass, cropping it very close to the roots. They come out only at night, and are found rarely at any distance from their burrow. The flesh is excellent eating, though because of the sluggish habits of the animal it is apt to be too fat. Native Australians prefer it to all other food. On being disturbed, the Wombat makes straight for its burrow, heedless of any obstacle, and at such times it makes a shrill, hissing noise of a peculiar kind that may be heard on a still night to a considerable distance. This, except an occasional low grunt, is the only vocal sound ever produced by any of the marsupials.

The Native Devil (*dasyurus ursinus*) burrows like the Wombat, but is in all other respects an entirely different animal. It is a very ugly, very savage brute, fortunately (forgive me, naturalists, for the sentiment, which is, I know, a wrong one) fortunately now almost extinct. It is never discovered beyond the limits of Tasmania, where it was formerly a terrible pest to the settlers; for it destroyed their poultry, and often went so far as to kill and devour young lambs. It is about as big as a small bull-dog, covered with coarse, black hair, and ornamented with an enormous head not unlike that of the hyæna. It has a very wide mouth, garnished by a set of forty-four sharp teeth, which, when in confinement, it is continually gnashing together, jerking out at the same time a short vicious snarl. I had one of these little "devils" in a cage for several months. He was trapped near Bothwell in Tasmania, being lamed slightly in the capture. He certainly was the most vicious and ill-tempered beast I ever had to do with. During the day he slept incessantly, and his only reply to an attempt to awaken him was a savage snap accompanied by the habitually angry snarl. Even the offer of food would not arouse him while the daylight lasted; he was a veritable Prince of Darkness. At night he became active, eagerly seized food, and sitting on his hams with the meat held between his fore-paws, tore it wolfishly to pieces, crunching up large bones with the greatest ease, and often swallowing at one meal nearly his own weight in victuals. For some time I fed him only in the morning, before he coiled himself up for his day's snooze; and then, all night long he continued to prowl about the cage, growling and tearing at the bars. In his gait and mode of sitting on his hams, he has a slight resemblance to the bear, from which, I suppose, he derives his zoological title of "*ursinus*."

Another animal related to the Devil, and differing but slightly from it in its habits, is found in the mountainous districts of Tasmania. It is named by the colonists the Zebra-Wolf, and is larger but handsomer than the *dasyurus*. The skin of the Zebra-Wolf is smooth and glossy, somewhat resembling in its colour that of the Bengal tiger; a dark yellow, crossed with black stripes. In size and appearance it is like a wolf, though the head is larger, the muzzle blunter, and the mouth deeper. Zebra-Wolves are now extremely scarce. In many journeys through the unfrequented parts of the island, I never met with one. My knowledge of the variety is derived from a stuffed specimen.

Again, there are in Australia several smaller flesh-eating marsupials belonging to the same family, commonly known as native Cats, though they bear no resemblance to the cat, except in having predatory habits. The native Cat is twelve or fifteen inches long, with a long furry tail. It has a sharp head, a large mouth containing fifty-two little pointed teeth, and small erect ears. In colour it is white, with yellow spots; sometimes with glossy black spots; the latter variety being usually the finer of the two. These animals are found in all parts of the colonies, especially where quails abound. They are expert and cat-like in their way of capturing those birds; lying in wait among thick tufts of grass and pouncing upon them as they run by unsuspiciously.

But there is a very numerous Australian family whose habits differ from all those heretofore described, and which is remarkable as being the only genus of pouch-bearing animals represented in another country.

The Ring-tailed Opossum abounds in the extensive gum-forests, where it lives in the hollow trunks and branches of trees, coming out only at night to feed upon the aromatic leaves, especially those of the peppermint-tree (which, be it said, is no relation to the herb peppermint). Five kinds of opossum have been distinguished by naturalists, differing in little but their size and colour. The largest of the species, the Fox-Opossum, is also the scarcest. The handsomest, the Black Opossum, is perhaps the most common, and is about as big as a large fire-side cat, its colour varies from a dark brown to a glossy black. The head is like that of a fox, with long erect ears. The hind feet are supplied with double-jointed thumbs, on which there are no claws, though very strong claws are to be found on all the other toes; and therefore these feet resemble the hands of a monkey, and are used in the same manner in climbing trees. The tail of the opossum is from twelve to fifteen inches long, and from its power of firmly grasping any substances is of great use to its owner up among the trees, where he may be often seen swinging, by this live rope, from a spreading branch. Out of their skins, which are covered with a soft warm fur, the natives make to themselves cloaks. They stitch the skins together with a pointed bone for needle, and the long fine sinews drawn from the kangaroo's tail for their thread. The skins are now much valued by the colonists, and no bushman considers that he is fully equipped for travelling if he has not a good "possum-skin-rug" strapped to his saddle, or, if he be a pedestrian, across his shoulders.

The way in which the natives get the skins is worth describing, though, I dare say, pretty familiar already to the reading public. Selecting a tree on which fresh scratches indicate the recent ascent of an opossum, the naked black cuts, with the little tomahawk that he carries in his right hand, a small notch in the bark just large enough to admit the great toe or a couple of fingers. Three feet higher, and a little on one side, he cuts another notch, and, as high as he can reach, a third. Then placing the toe of the right foot in the lowest notch, and the fingers of the left hand in the highest one, he raises himself from the ground; and, hanging by the slight hold, makes a fourth notch above his head, to which he instantly removes his fingers, at the same time raising the last foot to the second notch. So he goes on, and rapidly continues his ascent, striking short, quick blows and clinging to the bark like a monkey; or, as sailors say, holding on by his eye-lids, until he has climbed up the first branch. From that point he is able quickly to discover the retreat of the opossum, which he at once secures, killing it by a tap on the head, and then throwing it down to his companions. The women are very expert at this work. I have seen one ascend a tree, at least twenty feet in circumference and rising to a height of sixty feet before it threw out a branch or a single protuberance large enough for any foot to rest upon. The Van Dieman's Land natives adopt another method, and, I believe that some of the Australian tribes also practise it. Several strips of strong bark are twisted and knotted together until a girdle is obtained large enough to encircle the trunk of the tree, and at the same time the body of the climber. Spreading his arms round the tree, his hands grasping the bark girdle, within which he stands, the black fellow tosses it up so that it catches on the further side of the trunk, and he is then able to draw up his body to a level with it. There he repeats the process, pressing his body close to the tree, and again throwing up the girdle, by which he once more raises himself, and so on, till the summit is attained.

Opossum shooting is good sport by moonlight, when the game is plentifully visible. The animals are then easily seen among the lofty trees, to which they cling so closely that they look like large woody excrescences upon its crooked limbs. This appearance, I suppose, is illustrated by the well worn story of the Yankee who could make so ugly a face that any 'possum seeing it dropped from the tree in a fit. "But," said he, "I grinned at one sitting on a high branch, one night for two hours, without bringing him down; and when I came down in the morning, expecting to see him dead in the tree, I found that my 'possum was only a great knot on the limb, and I'd grinned all the bark off it."

Of the same family as the opossum, but constituting a distinct group, is the Flying Squirrel; that is a most beautiful creature. It is smaller than the English squirrel, and it has, like it, a long bushy tail, that curls over its back. Between the fore and hind legs, on each side, extends a broad membrane, from which the animal receives its name, and which enables it to take strange flying leaps about the thinly wooded forests. The fur is extremely soft: the colour a delicate grey, with a narrow black line traversing the whole length of the back. The wings are edged by a dark band, which is again fringed by a line of fine white fur. The under part of the body is of a pure white; the head is dark grey; and the bright eyes are set in two circles of deep black, which give a very arch expression to the face. In its habits this squirrel resembles the opossum, excepting that, when feeding, it is in almost continual motion, leaping from tree to tree with great rapidity and ease. Although incapable of leaping to a spot above the starting point, it yet descends so gradually as to pass over a very considerable distance in its flight. In some parts of Australia, the Flying Squirrel is very abundant, in other parts, however, it is quite unknown.

Returning from the tree-tops to the earth, I fall upon the Bandicoot, a little animal very

much like the native Cat to look at, but entirely different in its behaviour. It feeds only on roots and vegetable substances, living in burrows, or beneath surface stones, or fallen timber. The Bandicoot abounds in the clear country, where it is often eaten by the bushmen. The fish reminds one of a rabbit, though the joints are not so large. In the same districts the Kangaroo-Rat is usually to be found. This is a perfect kangaroo in miniature, and like the larger genus, it moves on its hind legs only, using the hands or fore-legs to carry food to its mouth. There are several species of this tribe, but only one other worth present notice—the Kangaroo-Mouse, a pretty little creature, scarcely larger than the common shrew, but imitating all the ways of the great kangaroo.

Now I have said enough about marsupial animals, and come, in the next place, to two quadrupeds ranked by the naturalists in the order edentata (toothless.) They form a distinct family under the name of monotremes, and possess an organisation and a mode of reproduction unlike those of any other creatures. The first of these, the Duck-Billed Platypus (*ornithorhynchus paradoxus*), seemed on its first discovery to be a creature quite as wonderful as any mermaid. It has the body of a hairy quadruped, with a duck's bill; the feet are webbed and turned backwards like the flippers of a seal; and all the outlets from its body end in the same orifice (hence the name of the tribe, monotremes). It is of amphibious habits, and obtains its food from the muddy bottom of a lake or river. It is able to live under water for a considerable length of time. It produces its young in the same manner as many reptiles, from eggs hatched within its body. It possesses, instead of the usual shoulder-blade, a bone similar to that called the merry-thought in birds; and it is apparently destitute of any apparatus for secreting and supplying milk for its young, from which mammalia are named. This eccentric animal, on its first introduction to societies in Europe, created amongst naturalists great excitement; and grave doubts were entertained of the reality of its existence. When the arrival of more specimens proved that the Platypus was not a manufactured monster, it was found necessary to assign to it a distinct and prominent position in the great zoological system, for under no existing genus could the bird-beast-fish-reptile be accurately classed. Many extraordinary theories were broached respecting it. The absence of any perceptible nipple in the female was adduced as strong proof that the mode of reproduction was similar to that of birds—that the quadruped actually laid eggs. It was not until 1834 that Professor Owen set the subject finally at rest, by proving from repeated experiments and most minute and untiring investigation, that the female Platypus secretes milk in the same way as other mammals, and supplies the fluid to its young through a number of very small openings, that communicate by hair-like ducts with the secreting or mammary gland.

The Platypus is now almost as familiar to most readers as the kangaroo, though I believe no living specimen has ever yet reached England. It is rapidly becoming very scarce in Australia, where it was at no time common. Alive, and in its own haunts, it is certainly a wonder to behold. I had the good fortune, some years ago, to capture one alive on the river Glenelg, in the Portland Bay district, and though it did not long survive in confinement, I had good opportunity of making its acquaintance. The body is not unlike that of a small fur seal, having a dark grey coat of soft fur next the skin, and above that a covering of coarse hair nearly black, with an occasional patch of reddish brown. The head is much flattened, and has attached to it two mandibles, exactly resembling in shape a large duck's bill. The central ridge of the bill is a hard bony substance, which expands on both sides into a border of soft flexible cartilage. At the junction of the bill with the head, is a flap of greyish skin extending towards the eyes, and passing completely round the singular mouth-piece. The feet are armed with strong claws, and closely webbed; the web on the fore-feet stretching loosely beyond the claws. The tail is long, flat, and very broad. From the extremity of the beak to the root of the tail, this specimen measured fifteen inches, the tail adding five inches to its length. The eyes are small and deeply sunk, and the ears are only discernible on a very close examination. Like the otter —to which the Platypus bears some affinity in its habits—it makes a long burrow on the bank of the river, with two entrances; one close to the surface of the water, and the other at the inland termination. The specimen which I had in my possession fed readily on a sort of small shrimp procured from the river; but did not refuse bread crumbs steeped in water. Its movements ashore are awkward and ungainly, and the singular form of the hind legs, which bend backwards, though very suitable for swimming, makes any quick progress on land impossible.

The only other member of the family of monotremes is an animal almost as remarkable as the one just described. It is called by the colonist the Native Porcupine, by naturalists, the Echidna. Like the Platypus, it is very rare, and is found only in particular localities. A few specimens have been taken in the neighbourhood of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, and especially among the woody hills of Tasmania; but its scarcity, timidity, and solitary habits, nearly deprive men of all chance of becoming acquainted with its peculiarities, or of examining its mode of life when in a state of nature. Little is positively known respecting it; that little, however, tends to show that in its anomalous structure it resembles the Platypus. In

outward appearance the two creatures differ greatly. The Echidna has some outward likeness to the common hedgehog, but it is considerably larger, and the spines with which it is covered are stronger, intermingled with coarse hair. The head is small, and there projects from it a long, round, bony snout, terminating in a small mouth, thickly set on the inner surface of the upper portion with small sharp spines that slope inwards, and apparently supply the place of teeth. Each foot is furnished with five powerful claws, and by the aid of these, and the boring apparatus attached to its head, the Echidna buries itself in the earth, when alarmed, with astonishing rapidity. It feeds principally on ants, securing them with its long slender tongue, which appears to secrete a sticky mucilage to which the insects become glued. I likened this animal to a hedgehog, but its resemblance to a bird, when seen at a short distance, is much more complete. The mixture of quills and hair—some of which is long, fine, and silky—has the appearance of feathers; the elongated snout is an exact model of a beak, and the narrow pointed head, with the eyes set low on the sides directly behind the bill, is very bird-like in its form; whilst the long crooked talons and plump rounded figure, add considerably to the force of the illusion. I am ashamed to appear sensual, yet I must say that the Echidna is very good eating. I have twice dined on him in the bush, the spines and hair being removed by scalding, and the animal cooked in the same fashion as a sucking pig.

I come now to the one Australian specimen of the carnivorous brutes; —the Dingo or the native Dog. Its Australian origin has been abundantly confirmed by the reports of all travellers into the interior, who assert that packs of wild dogs are met with in every part of New Holland into which they have penetrated. All the early navigators who held any intercourse with the natives speak of their being attended by numbers of half-wild dogs. The Dingo has all the characteristics of the wolf; it is of the same size, lighter in colour, with a fox-like head and tail. It usually runs in packs of from six to twelve in number, though it sometimes hunts singly. Amongst the flocks of the colonists these animals make a sad havoc, like two-legged hunters. They are not content with killing enough for their own wants, but they mangle for their own pleasure. Rushing furiously through the flock they slay and bite large numbers of the sheep, and scatter the survivors so that they are sometimes altogether lost. In Tasmania the Dingo is now unknown, and the flocks therefore are not folded at night, but remain in the bush; the side of a sheltered hill commonly being chosen for their "camping ground." But in Australia the ravages of this destructive animal entail upon the settler that additional expense of providing yards for his flocks, and compel everywhere the constant attendance of the shepherds.

When men are travelling with sheep to some distant station through a district infested by wild dogs, it is customary to enclose them at night in a yard made by felling trees in different directions, so that the trunks and branches form a square. Sometimes the flock is merely gathered into a patch of comparatively clear ground, round about which large fires are lighted, and the men keep watch alternately through the night. For this kind of duty I had always an especial liking. Many a long hour have I passed pleasantly by the watch-fires, listening to the low breathings and the tongueless voices of the mighty forest. One route that I used often to traverse lay through a tract of country remarkable for its magnificent timber, and for the unusual beauty of the bush scenery. There, the wild dogs were very numerous, and they gathered round our camp at night, seldom appearing in sight, but answering each other in long plaintive howls that sounded through the still woods with a mournful cadence. When a yell sometimes arose unusually near and shrill, the frightened flock within the fiery circle grouped itself into a dense mass, or rushed frantically to and fro half wild with terror.

I have little more to tell of the Australian quadrupeds. Of the five species of Rodentia three are merely varieties of the common rat and mouse, and are perhaps of European origin, having been introduced from ships visiting the harbours. The other two are amphibious, and like the water-rat, only a little larger.

The two species of Cheiroptera, or winged quadrupeds, are a small bat possessing no peculiar features, and a very large one, with immense erect ears, now not often met with. This bat Cook mentions as having been seen by one of his crew, who returned to the ship in extreme terror, declaring that he had seen the devil, and decribed him as being as large as a ten gallon keg, and ornamented with a fearful pair of horns.

And that is all. Very few pages are sufficient for a description of all the known Australian quadrupeds, and of the animals here mentioned the great majority are very rarely seen. Men have lived many years in the colonies without ever meeting with a single kangaroo or an opossum in its wild state; yet those are the most common and most widely spread of all tribes of four-legged Australians.

Fossil remains of extinct animals of gigantic dimensions have been discovered in Australia, as in other parts of the world; but it is a singular fact that, with one exception, the whole of these bones are declared by eminent naturalists to be the relicts of marsupialia. We may therefore conclude that there have never existed in New Holland any animals of a different type to those found there in our own day; but that, at remote periods, when

the mastodon and the megatherium roamed over other countries, gigantic kangaroos hopped over the plains of Australia, and enormous wombats buried in the forests.

The one exception is that of the elephant. The remains of a mammoth species of this animal have been discovered in the bone caves; but even in this instance, zoologists assert that there are traces of marsupial organization. Amongst some of the aboriginal tribes, however, a report is current that there still exists in the interior of the country an animal to which they ascribe the most extraordinary characters and powers. Its native name is the Bunyup; and the description usually given of it is that of a huge quadruped having a large round head, a long neck, and a hairy body. It is amphibious, they say, and frequents deep lakes and water-holes. The descriptions given by other tribes point to a sort of orang-outang;—an animal walking in an erect posture, taller than a man, armed with a club, having a very large head, and apparently possessing great strength. But the accounts are very vague, and are, in all probability, either the tradition of some extinct animal, or are altogether fabulous. It is certainly possible, that there may exist, in the unexplored and more tropical districts, animals differing from all those with which we are now acquainted. But the ascertained extension of the marsupial order to the extreme North of New Holland, and even partially to the large islands adjoining it, almost warrants the belief that we are already familiar with the chief forms of animal life that are to be found in that great country.

THE ROPEMAKER'S WIFE.

At the period when the gallant king Francis the First encouraged, and his sister Marguerite adorned literature, the South of his kingdom boasted of as great an ornament of the world of letters as did the capital itself.

La Belle Cordière, by which name of endearment Louise Labé was known, was born at Lyons, and for a series of years reigned over and gave laws to the learning of her province. Her husband was a rich merchant who dealt largely in cords and cables, but she is not known by his name, which was Ennemond Perrin; nor by her father's, which was Charly—she was called Labé, from a sobriquet given to the latter, for some reason unexplained.

Perrin possessed a very considerable fortune, besides houses and lands at Lyons, all of which he appears to have left to his widow, who describes the house she resided in as being very handsome, and her gardens delicious. Where the Place Belcour now stands was probably this mansion, and one of the avenues of the garden must have occupied the spot where the street is built, which bears the name of La Belle Cordière. Louise wrote both in prose and verse, and the anagram of her name, out of which a motto had been formed which she adopted, was intended to express the beauty of her compositions, as well as of her person; it is, according to the fashion of that day, attached to her poems:

"Belle a soy" (*souhait*).

Louise established in her house a fine library, and surrounded herself with all that was learned, witty, and distinguished in her native province. Her society was very select, and talent alone gave a claim for admission to this envied place. It is easy therefore to understand that jealousy and ill will were not unknown to those who were excluded. As, in spite of her wealth, Louise could not lay claim to rank, her rivals had powerful arms against her, and those whose genius could not gain for them an invitation to this Academy of talent were able to speak of it with contempt, as beneath the notice of the high-born and aristocratic.

This however gave little annoyance to the high priestess of letters, who lived a life of literary enjoyment and learned ease, admired, caressed, and flattered, and far above the littlenesses of either sex, whom, in return, she held in no small dis-esteem, as many of her essays prove. She did not attempt to conceal her contemptuous opinion of the ladies of Lyons, whom she describes and reproaches as ignorant, frivolous, silly, and affected. These strictures, once published, were as a fireband amongst the insulted nobility whom a mere *bourgeoise* had dared to brave, and straightway the character of the imprudent authoress was attacked with all the bitterness that revenge and fury could dictate. It was asserted that her beauty and the freedom of her manners were the attractions of her Acadamy, and that the learning and accomplishments found there were but secondary; that all the ladies who frequented her circle were immoral, and that, in fact, she was a woman to be avoided and despised. An unlucky quarrel which occured between Lousie and one of her hitherto most devoted friends, gave too much colour to the insinuations thrown out against her.

Clemence de Bourges, long the intimate and beloved friend of Louise Labé, appears to have equalled her in all the gifts of mind and all the accomplishments which made her the envy and delight of Lyons, but she had an advantage over her friend, which was fatal to their attachment. She was considerably younger, and consequently more attractive to a certain adorer of genius, who, having for some time vacillated between the two divinities, declared himself the slave of the youngest.

"'Twere long to tell, and sad to hear"

how the rivals beheld their friendship from this moment rent violently asunder; all the counsels that "they two had shared" ended

abruptly, and a bitter and cruel war was established between them to the agony of both, and the exultation of their enemies. Louise, rousing herself for triumph, indignant at the only defeat she had ever known, rested not until she had won from her former friend the heart of the too unsettled swain who had hesitated between them. Clemence lost her lover and her friend at once, and nothing was left her but to die: while Louise consoled herself in the ill-advised victory she had bent all her powers to obtain. The fate of Clemence excited commiseration, and from this time a series of scandalous anecdotes of the learned fair one were spread abroad, and succeeded but too well in blackening her fame; she did not, however, want defenders, and while some biographers have represented her as the Ninon of her day, others insist that La Belle Cordière was purity itself. A contemporary historian, Paradin, thus raves in his description of her: "Her countenance was more angelic than human; yet was it nothing in comparison to her mind, so chaste, so virtuous, so poetic, so rare in learning, that she would seem to have been created by Heaven to be admired as a prodigy in nature."

It is with her works that we have to do and not with the scandal of the period, for the former prove her claim to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of the age she lived in. Her poetry, which chiefly paints the sorrows and anxieties of love, is full of feeling and grace, and the sentiments she expresses are as tender and delicate as they are passionate.

Perhaps these lines "On Time" were written at the period of her attachment to her friend's lover:

Time weighs upon the lofty pyramid,
Time dries the flowing fountain to its source,
Spares not the Cossosseum, nor its pride,
And mighty cities levels in his course;
And Time is not to Love more lenient grown,
His sign can quench the flame that all adore—
But ah! it seems within my heart alone
To grow with Time and to consume it more!

One of the most remarkable of Louise Labé's prose works is the Dispute of Folly and Love, in which she introduces much clever repartee and a good deal of sharp remark on the manners of the time. The two rivals bring their quarrel before the gods; Apollo undertakes the cause of Love, and Folly is supported by Mercury. Their arguments for and against are amusing and clever; a few specimens will give an idea of the subject, which is as a whole somewhat too tedious to entertain modern readers.

The advocate for Love thus remarks:

"He who seeks to please no one, whatever attractions he may possess, derives no more benefit from his perfections than one who conceals a flower in his sleeve: but he who desires to please thinks continually of doing so, cultivates those virtues which he knows must captivate, and is like one who holds the nosegay in his hand which delights both himself and others by its beauty and its odour."

The utility of dress is thus adroitly advocated, and the arguments will find favour with her sex in general.

"No one would willingly encourage ennui and disgust, and the means of avoiding such disagreeable attendants are easy. Man has always the same body, head, arms, legs and feet, but he can diversify them to infinity so as to appear as if constantly new. His chemises can be embroidered with a variety of patterns and perfumed with different essences. His cap, his cloak and every part of his costume can be diversified according to the season, and exhibit any particular perfection of his frame to the best advantage. How many styles of boots, gaiters, capes, cloaks, gowns, may he not invent! And cannot women do the same? What opportunities do they not possess of arranging becomingly their hair alone? By gilding, frizzing and curling it, alternately appearing in the fashion of Spain, of France, of Germany, of Italy, or of Greece. And can they not also bestow such attention on their complexion that they remain almost always young, by diligently preserving their faces from the accidents of wind and weather: and virtuous it is in them to endeavour to repair by art those ravages which would displease the beholder, and thus make themselves mistresses of the fashion of every country and costume.

"How proper it is that the dress should sit gracefully round the form, like the leaf round the fruit, that which is beautiful discovered judiciously, or so veiled as to enhance its value. Then the sleeves should be tight if the arms are full, and large and flowing if small and delicate—the shoe sitting close and carefully adjusted—and nothing should be forgotten, *pommes d'or*, chains, rings, girdles, perfumed gloves, pendants, muffs, in fact anything to delight the eye and surprise it—for all these things are the work of love.

"If he is the author of this, the lightest part, he is far from neglecting what concerns sentiment and feeling. Music was his creation, and the voice and harmony are the effect and sign of perfect love. And man, to soften his tender pains or to increase his pleasures, has invented the countless instruments which he teaches to express emotion, accompanied by those glowing words which he breathes in madrigals, in sonnets, in lays of all kinds, commemorative of love!

"What makes the tired traveller so soon forget his weary way? Is it not the song of love that he sings to beguile his fatigue—or the tale of some fortunate lover's adventures that his companion relates to him as they proceed together on their journey? Then they speak of her whom they love, and recount instances of her kindness, or of her

coquetry, and speak of her beauty and her constancy. The greatest pleasure of love which is not love itself, is to speak of it.

"No sooner do men begin to love than they become poets."

Apollo having finished his pleading, the turn of Mercury comes, who is the advocate for Folly, and the case he makes out is, it must be confessed, good. There are many traits of covert satire in this defence which show humour and quick apprehension.

"I should never end," says the advocate, "if I were to relate how much honour and reputation are given every day to the Lady Folly, of whom I have just heard so much ill spoken. A few words are enough. Give me a man extremely wise and give me a fool—and tell me which will be the most esteemed? My wise friend will wait till he is called upon and will remain neglected, alone with his wisdom, without being intrusted to govern towns, or to afford his advice in council: he is content to listen, to weigh, to consider, whereas promptitude and diligence are what is required—he may as well stay at home, for he will have plenty of time allowed to plant his cabbages. The fool, on the contrary, will hurry hither and thither, strike out right and left, and if he meet with some hair-brain like himself, who can push him, he will soon be looked upon as a great man. The fool will thrust himself in amongst ten thousand musket shots, and fifty to one but he escapes; he will be esteemed, praised, prized, followed by every one. He will get up some mad scheme in which, if he succeed, he will be lauded to the skies.

"Depend upon it, that for one wise man who is talked of in the world, there will be ten thousand fools who will be the idol of the people.

Mercury having thus far proceeded with applause, continues:

"Who would have ever crossed the seas without having taken Folly for a guide? To commit themselves to the mercy of the wind and waves, rocks and quicksands, to tempt unknown ways, traffic with barbarous and savage men—what but Folly would induce them? What but Folly first taught men to seek in the bowels of the earth for iron and gold? How many occupations and trades would be utterly banished from the world if Folly were discarded? The greatest part of its inhabitants would starve. What would become, for instance, of judges, lawyers, minstrels, actors, perfumers, embroiderers, and a thousand others?

"The pleasures of Love are secret and reserved, those of Folly are open to all the world. Folly alone can amuse a whole company. Let a man, covered with flour and with a false hump on his back, enter a room and look round with a foolish countenance, will not the whole society be in a roar of laughter instantly. Name any well-known fool, and you will find that no one can contain himself for mirth at the bare mention of him. We may admire wise things, but they fatigue, if long dwelt upon: folly is always new and welcome and enlivening, and invigorates the heart. Wise men themselves seek the company of fools in order to forget their cares and drive away melancholy. If a great assembly is toward, the foolish are always invited in the hope of their making sport for others, and though a wise founder of a feast may pretend that he only invites these guests to amuse the women and the young, you will always see that he chooses those very persons for his companions rather than wise folks like himself."

The dispute between Love and Folly is at last ended by the judgment of the gods, who pronounce that neither can subsist without the other, and that the best way to conclude the strife is, that henceforth Folly shall be the guide of Love—who has no eyes to direct him—and she shall lead him wherever she pleases, until the restoration of his sight.

Thus ends this ingenious dialogue, which is in the style of the contentions of the Troubadours at the Courts of Love, and resembles not a little those so often introduced into their verses by the Eastern poets: such as the contention of Day and Night, by a famous Persian poet.

La Fontaine, who neglected no author of talent who had gone before him, has not failed to lay Louise Labé under contribution to furnish an idea of one of his celebrated fables. This dialogue is evidently the foundation of his L'Amour et La Folie.

In the Elegies and Sonnets of Louise there is much of feeling and passion, and probably her power of expressing real or feigned emotions not a little encouraged the reports of her too great sensibility.

Her poems are perhaps better known than her prose, although each has great merit. Her numerous sonnets, some of which are in Italian—for she was an excellent linguist—are not yet forgotten by the lover of a literature obscured by time. The following translation may give an idea of her fervid and feeling style, which is not disfigured by the conceits fashionable at her time.

SONNET XIV.

"Tant que mes yeux pourront larmes espandre."

While yet these tears have power to flow
O'er hours for ever passed away;
While yet these swelling sighs allow
My falt'ring voice to breathe a lay;
While yet my hand can touch the chords,
My tender lute, to wake thy tone;
While yet my mind no thought affords
But one remembered dream alone—
I ask not death, whate'er my state;
But when my eyes can weep no more,
My voice is lost, my hand untrue,
And when my spirit's fire is o'er,
Nor can express the love it knew:
Come, Death, and cast thy shadow o'er my fate.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE SPIRIT BUSINESS.

PERSONS of quality, and others, who visit the various "gifted media" now in London, or receive those supernaturally endowed ladies at their own houses, may be glad to hear how the spirit business has been doing in America. Two numbers of THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, a newspaper published in New York, and "devoted to the illustration of spiritual intercourse," having fallen into our hands, we are happy to have some means from head-quarters of gratifying the laudable curiosity of these philosophical inquirers.

In the first place, it is gratifying to know that the second volume of that admirable publication, THE SHEKINAH, was advertised last Fall, containing "Psychometrical sketches of living characters given by a lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead." To this remarkable journal, "several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally." It appears, however, scarcely to meet with sufficient terrestrial circulation; the editor being under the necessity of inquiring in capitals, "SHALL IT HAVE A PATRONAGE WORTHY OF ITS OBJECTS AND ITS CHARACTER?" We also observe with pleasure the publication of a fourth edition of "The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others, to the sixth circle in the Spirit World, by the Reverend Charles Hammond, Medium, written by the Spirit of Thomas Paine without Volition on the part of the medium."

Also the following publications: "A Chart exhibiting an outline of progressive history, and approaching destiny of the race. A. J. D. Can be sent by mail." "The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Light from the Spirit World, comprising a Series of Articles on the Condition of Spirits and the development of mind in the Rudimental and Second Spheres; being written by the controul of Spirits." We are further indebted to a gentleman—we presume a mortal—of the name of Coggshall, for "The Signs of the Times, comprising a History of the Spirit Rappings in Cincinnati and other places." The Reverend Adin Ballou has been so obliging as to favour the world with his "Spirit Manifestations;" and a Medium, of the gentle name of Ambler, has produced the "Spiritual Teacher," from the dictation of a little knot of choice spirits of the sixth circle.

As a counterpoise to the satisfaction these spiritual literary announcements are calculated to inspire, we regret to perceive that some men have been at their old work of blinking at the light. This melancholy fact is made known to us through the "medium" of a paragraph, headed "BEHIND THE DOOR;" from which we learn with indignation that "a good Presbyterian brother in Newtown, Conn.," with that want of moral courage which is unhappily characteristic of the man, is accustomed to read the Telegraph in that furtive situation, bringing down upon himself the terrible apostrophe, "Read on, brother, until thy spirit shall receive strength sufficient to enable thee to crawl from thy hiding-place." On the other hand it is a consolation to know that "we have, out in Ohio, a little girl who writes fonography interspersed with celestial characters." We have also "Mrs. S., a gifted friend," who writes, "I may at some future time draw upon the storehouse of memory for some Spiritual facts which have long slumbered there; fearing the scoff of the skeptic has hitherto kept me silent, but I believe there is a time now dawning upon us when we shall no longer hide the light given us, under a bushel." This gifted lady is supplied with a number of papers, but has none that she greets so cordially as the Telegraph, which is "loaned" her by a friend. "It ministers," says she, modestly, "to my spiritual and higher nature which craves a kindred aliment, and which in past years, has nearly starved on the husks and verbiage dressed up by the sensuous and unbelieving in spiritual illumination." Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox were, at the date of these advices, to be heard of, we rejoice to state, at number seventy-eight, West Twenty-Sixth street, where those estimable ladies "entertain strangers" on three evenings in the week from eight to ten. The enlarged liberality of MR. PARTRIDGE, who addressed THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, is worthy of all imitation, and proves him to be game indeed. Mr. P. was of opinion, when last heard of, that

"the Devil should have his due," and that if he (the Devil) were found engaged in the spirit-business, then let them "stretch forth the right hand of fellowship, and let joy resound through earth and heaven at the conversion of the Prince of Evil."

The following explicit and important communications had been received from spirits—the exalted and improving character of the announcements, evidently being a long way beyond mortality, and requiring a special spiritual revelation.

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME JOHN COLLINSWORTH.

"Who can say it, 'I am free as God made?' My dear friends, it is sometimes very difficult to express our sentiments in words. What matter who speak so long as you feel a witness in your own souls, that what is said, is said to benefit mankind and advance the truth. Why, my dear friends, my soul is filled with love towards you. I daily lift my desires to the Divine Giver of every good thing for your welfare and eternal happiness in the life to come. I will strive to watch over you as a circle."

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME ANN BILLINGS.

"I have long taken a deep interest in the progress of this circle. I have called a circle together, and now imagine your guardian spirits assembled in a circle encircling your circle, willing and anxious to gratify your every wish; you must suspend your judgment and wait patiently for further developments, which will set believers right."

FROM AN ANONYMOUS SPIRIT, PRESUMED TO BE OF THE QUAKER PERSUASION.

"Dear John, it is a pleasure to address thee now and then, after a lapse of many years. This new mode of conversing is no less interesting to thy mother than to thee. It greatly adds to the enjoyment and happiness of thy friends here to see thee happy, looking forward with composure to the change from one sphere to another."

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME LORENZO DOW.

"I will add a little to what has already been said. Keep calm—let skeptics scoff—bigots rave—the press ridicule—keep an eye on the pulpit, there will be a mighty onslaught by the clergy soon; hew straight, keep cool, and welcome them into your ranks."

Upon the general question we observe that an eminent man with the singular title of Bro Hewitt attended a meeting at Boston, where there was some speaking from, or through, the mediums, which, "although not according to the common rules or order of speaking, was nevertheless of an interesting character in its thought, as well as in the novelty of its method. Two young men were the speaking mediums alluded to, who have never spoken in public before they were thus moved to do it." Bro Hewitt does not mention, that the spirits began this particular revelation with the startling and novel declaration that they were unaccustomed to public speaking; but it appears probable. The spirits were assailed, (as only to be expected), by the Boston press, and Bro Hewitt is of opinion that "such a tissue of falsehood, slang, and abuse, was never before expressed in so eminently laconic and classic a style since Protestant Methodism began with S. F. Norris." At the Boston Melodeon, a large audience had assembled to hear Theodore Parker; but in lieu of that inspired person, "the desk was supplied by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis." One lady was much surprised to find this illustrious individual so young; he being only twenty-five and having a higher forehead than Mr. Sunderland, the mesmerizer; but wearing "a similarly savage-looking beard and moustache." His text was "All the World's a Stage;" and he merely "wished to propose a new philosophy, which, unlike the theology of the Testaments, should be free from inconsistencies, and tend to perfect harmony." Our game friend Partridge had remarked in solemn conference that "some seek to protect themselves from conflicting communications, by refusing to hearken to any spirit unless he claims to hail from the sixth or seventh sphere." Mr. Thomas Hutching, "a venerable Peracher," whatever that may be, "of forty years standing," had been "overwhelmed" by the rapping medium, Mrs. Fish; and the venerable Peracher had not recovered when last heard of. The Reverend Charles Hammond, medium, had communicated the following important facts: "I. All spirits are good and not evil. There is no evil spirit on earth or in this sphere. God nor nature never made an evil spirit. II. There is no condition of spirit lower than the rudimental. Earth has the lowest order, and the darkest sphere. Hell is not a correct word to convey the proper idea of the comparative condition of spirits in different circles. And III. A circle is not a space but a development,"—which piece of information we particularly recommend to the reader's consideration as likely to do him good.

We find that our American friends, with that familiar nomenclature which is not uncommon among them, have agreed to designate one branch of the spiritual proceedings as "Tippings. We did at first suppose this expressive word to be of English growth, and to refer to the preliminary "tipping" of the medium, which is found to be indispensable to the entertainments on this side of the Atlantic. We have discovered, however, that it denotes the spiritual movements of the tables and chairs, and of a mysterious piece of furniture called a "stand," which appears to be in every apartment. The word has passed

into current use, insomuch that one correspondent writes: "The other evening, as myself and a party of friends were entertaining ourselves with the tippings,"—and so on.

And now for a few individual cases of spiritual manifestation:—

There was a horrible medium down in Philadelphia, who recorded of herself, "Whenever I am passive, day or night, my hand writes." This appalling author came out under the following circumstances:—"A pencil and paper were lying on the table. The pencil came into my hand; my fingers were clenched on it! An unseen iron grasp compressed the tendons of my arm—my hand was flung violently forward on the paper, and I wrote meaning sentences without any intention, or knowing what they were to be." The same prolific person presently inquires, "Is this Insanity?" To which we take the liberty of replying, that we rather think it is.

R. B. Barker had been subject to a good deal of "telegraphing by the spirits." The death of U. J. had been predicted to him, and a fluttering of ethereal creatures, resembling pigeons, had taken place in his bedroom. After this supernatural poultry took flight, U. J. died. Other circumstances had occurred to R. B. Barker, "which he might relate," but which were "of such a nature as to preclude exposure" at that present writing.

D. J. Mandell had had the following experience. "I was invited to conduct a sitting at a neighbour's, with reference to affording an opportunity to a young clergyman to witness something of the manifestations. A name was here spelled out which none of the family recognised, and of which the said young clergyman at first denied any knowledge. I called for a message, and this was given: 'Believe this is spiritual.' Thinking it singular that no relative of the family, and especially that no one whom the young minister could remember, should announce himself, I inquired if the spirit of any of his friends were present. Almost before the response could be given, he spoke sharply, and said, I wish not to hear from any of my friends through any such means. I found there was considerable pride and prejudice aboard the little man, and pretty strongly suspected that there was more in the announcement of that name than he was willing to acknowledge. After considerable conversation, direct and indirect, he confessed to a knowledge of the person whose name had been given as aforesaid: it was that of a black barber who had died some time before, and who, during his life-time, had resided in the clergyman's native village. The latter had been well acquainted with him, but despised him; and, from what I could make out of the manifestation, take it all in all, I judged that his spiritual friends were present to communicate with him; but perceiving his strong repugnance to hear from his friends through the tippings, they had resolved to shock his self-complacency by putting forward the very one whom he detested most."

The following state, described by a gentleman who withholds his name, appears to us to indicate a condition, as to spirits, which is within the experience of many persons. To point our meaning we italicise a few words:

"On the evening of the fifteenth instant, at the residence of Dr. Hallock, I was directed through the raps (a medium being present), to go to the residence of Dr. Gray, and sit in a circle to be convened for the purpose of seeing an exhibition of spirit lights. As I had no other invitation I felt exceeding delicate about complying. I mentioned this to the power that was giving the direction, and added, as an additional excuse, *that my attendance there on an occasion long gone by had left an unfavourable impression.* Still I was directed to go. On arriving at Dr. Gray's, I explained the occasion of my presence, and was admitted to the circle. Being desirous that my influence should not mar the harmony of the company, I put forth a strong effort of the will to induce a passiveness in my nervous system; and, in order that I might not be deceived as to my success, *resigned myself to sleep. . . . I suppose I was unconscious for thirty minutes.*" After this the seer had a vision of stalks and leaves, "a large species of fruit, somewhat resembling a pine-apple," and, "a nebulous column, somewhat resembling the milky way," which nothing but spirits could account for, and from which nothing but soda-water, or time, is likely to have recovered him. We believe this kind of manifestation is usually followed by a severe headache next morning, attended by some degree of thirst.

A spiritualist residing at Troy, communicates the case of a lady, which appears to us to be of a nature closely resembling the last. "A lady—the wife of a certain officer in a Presbyterian church—who is a partial believer in spiritual manifestations, *was so far under the influence of spirits*, that her hands were moved, and made to perform some very singular gestures. This new mode of doing business was not very pleasing to the lady, and caused her to be a little frightened. One day, seeing their clergyman, Dr. —— passing, the latter was invited in to witness the phenomena, and to render assistance, if possible. As the Doctor entered the room, the lady shook hands with him cordially, but found it easier to commence than to leave off. After shaking hands for some time, the hands commenced patting the Doctor on the shoulders, head, and ears, to the confusion of both parties. The Doctor then advised that the hands be immersed in cold water, with a view to disengage the electricity, of which he said the lady was overcharged. When the water was procured

the motion of the hands became more violent, and manifested a repugnance to the water-cure. With a little assistance, however, the hands were finally immersed, when they at once commenced throwing the water so plentifully over the Doctor's head and shoulders, that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, carrying with him the marks of water-baptism at spirit hands. It is hoped that the Doctor, after this experience in the spiritual electrical-fountain-bath will have a little more charity for his rapping sisters, as he terms them, and not again assail them from the pulpit as void of common sense."

It certainly is very extraordinary that, with such lights as these, any man can assail their rapping and tipping brothers and sisters, from any sort of pulpit, as void of common sense. The spirit business can not fail to be regarded by all dispassionate persons as the last great triumph of common sense.

These extracts, which we might extend through several pages, will quite dispose of the objection that there is any folly or stupidity among the patrons of the spirit business. As a proof that they are equally free from self-conceit, and that that little weakness in human nature has nothing to do with the success of the trade, and is not at all consulted by the dealers, we will come home to England for a concluding testimony borne by Mr. Robert Owen. This gentleman, in a conversation with the spirits of his deceased wife and youngest daughter, inquired what object they had in view in favouring him with their company? "Answer. To reform the world. Question. Can *I* materially promote this object? Answer. You can assist in promoting it. Question. Shall *I* be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* devote the remainder of my life to this mission? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings; or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? Answer. Through the British Parliament. Question. Shall *I* also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? Answer. Yes." This naturally brought up the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, of whom Mr. Owen inquired, "Have *I* been assisted in my writings for the public, by any particular spirit? Answer. Yes. Question. What spirit? Answer. God. (This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.) Question. Shall *I* continue to be assisted by the same spirit? Answer. Yes."

We have inquired of Dr. Conolly, and are informed that there are several philosophers now resident at Hanwell, Middlesex, and, also in Saint George's Fields, Southwark, who, without any tippings or rappings, find themselves similarly inspired. But those learned prophets cry aloud in their wards, and no man regardeth them; which brings us to the painful conclusion, that in the Spirit business, as in most other trades, there are some bankruptcies.

FRIENDS IN NEED, AT CRANFORD.

It was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matey set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. While she went down to speak to Martha, and break the intelligence to her, I stole out with my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and went to the Signor's lodgings to obtain the exact address. I bound the Signora to secresy; and indeed, her military manners had a degree of shortness and reserve in them, which made her always say as little as possible, except when under the pressure of strong excitement. Moreover —(which made my secret doubly sure)—the Signor was now so far recovered as to be looking forward to travelling and conjuring again, in the space of a few days, when he, his wife, and little Phœbe, would leave Cranford. Indeed, I found him looking over a great black and red placard, in which the Signor Brunoni's accomplishments were set forth, and to which only the name of the town where he would next display them was wanting. He and his wife were so much absorbed in deciding where the red letters would come in with most effect (it might have been the Rubric for that matter), that it was some time before I could get my question asked privately, and not before I had given several decisions, the wisdom of which I questioned afterwards with equal sincerity as soon as the Signor threw in his doubts and reasons on the important subject. At last I got the address, spelt by sound; and very queer it looked! I dropped it in the post on my way home; and then for a minute I stood looking at the wooden pane with a gaping slit, which divided me from the letter but a moment ago in my hand. It was gone from me like life—never to be recalled. It would get tossed about on the sea, and stained with sea-waves perhaps; and be carried among palm-trees, and scented with all tropical fragrance;—the little piece of paper, but an hour ago so familiar and commonplace, had set out on its race to the strange wild countries beyond the Ganges! But I could not afford to lose much time on this speculation. I hastened home, that Miss Matey might not miss me. Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. As soon as she saw me, she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matey had been saying.

"I'll never leave her! No! I won't. I telled her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I'd been her. I might ha' been just as

good-for-nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Jopley, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon at that rate; that I knew when I'd got a good Missus, if she didn't know when she'd got a good servant—"

"But, Martha!" said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes.

"Don't 'but Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason—"

"I'll not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which had been rather choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I've got to say is good enough reason. But, reason or not, I'll say it, and I'll stick to it. I've money in the Savings' Bank, and I've a good stock of clothes, and I'm not going to leave Miss Matey. No! not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as much as to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matey in her increasing infirmity needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well," said I at last—

"I am thankful you begin with 'well!' If you'd ha' begun with 'But,' as you did afore, I'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matey, Martha—"

"I tell'd her so. A loss she'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha triumphantly.

"Still she will have so little—so very little—to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you food—she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matey—but you know she might not like to have it spoken about."

Apparently this was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matey had presented to her; for Martha just sat down on the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matey wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutton chop. But I'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I'll make her a pudding, and a pudding she'll like too, and I'll pay for it myself; so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon th' table."

I was rather glad that Martha's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it staved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether she should or should not leave Miss Matey's service. She began to tie on a clean apron, and otherwise prepare herself for going to the shop for the butter, eggs, and what else she might require; she would not use a scrap of the articles already in the house for her cookery, but went to an old tea-pot in which her private store of money was deposited, and took out what she wanted.

I found Miss Matey very quiet, and not a little sad; but by and bye she tried to smile for my sake. It was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation; and as soon as this letter was dispatched, we began to talk over future plans. Miss Matey's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest; and there to quietly exist upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman, past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living, without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matey could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matey could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play, "*Ah! vous dirai-je, Maman*," on the piano; but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over the design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane, while she marked the scollops and eyelet holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then again as to the branches of a solid English education—fancy-work and the use of the globes—such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to which all the tradespeople in Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach. Miss Matey's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face, in the loyal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not as good a judge of Miss Matey's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles, were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. What she piqued herself upon, as arts

in which she excelled, was making candle-lighters, or "spills" (as she preferred calling them), of coloured paper, cut so as to resemble feathers, and knitting garters in a variety of dainty stitches. I had once said, on receiving a present of an elaborate pair, that I should feel quite tempted to drop one of them in the street, in order to have it admired; but I found this little joke (and it was a very little one) was such a distress to her sense of propriety, and was taken with such anxious earnest alarm lest the temptation might some day prove too strong for me, that I quite regretted having ventured upon it. A present of these delicately-wrought garters, a bunch of gay "spills," or a set of cards on which sewing-silk was wound in a mystical manner, were the well-known tokens of Miss Matey's favour. But would any one pay to have their children taught these arts? or indeed would Miss Matey sell, for filthy lucre, the knack and the skill with which she made trifles of value to those who loved her? I had to come down to reading, writing, and arithmetic; and in reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before coming to long words. I doubted her power of getting through a genealogical chapter, with any number of coughs. Writing she did well and delicately; but spelling! she seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater the compliment she paid to her correspondent; and words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me, became perfect enigmas when she wrote to my father. No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford; unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matey had a few little peculiarities, which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies, of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try and cure herself. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard. The bread was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matey's mind, as being the way which her mother had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead-brick wall of a neighbour's stables, and yet left so as to show every tender leaf of the poplar, which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matey was just such as that good rough-spoken servant usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person. I had forgotten to tell Miss Matey about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it; for she had evidently very little appetite this day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matey's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or delight, when Martha returned, bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion *couchant* that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph, as she set it down before Miss Matey with an exultant "There!" Miss Matey wanted to speak her thanks, but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep up the necessary composure. Martha burst out of the room; and Miss Matey had to clear her voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass shade, my dear!" and the notion of the lion *couchant*, with his currant eyes being hoisted up to the place of honour on a mantel-piece, tickled my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matey.

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft; and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent, only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

We had too much to think about to talk much that afternoon. It passed over very tranquilly. But when the tea-urn was brought in, a new thought came into my head. Why should not Miss Matey sell tea—be an agent to the East India Tea Company which then existed? I could see no objections to this plan, while the advantages were many—always supposing that Miss Matey could get over the degradation of condescending to anything like trade. Tea was neither greasy, nor sticky—grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matey could not endure. No shop-window would be required. A small genteel notification of her being licensed to sell tea, would, it is true, be necessary; but I hoped that it could be placed where no one could see it. Neither was tea a heavy article, so as to tax Miss Matey's fragile strength. The only thing against my plan was the buying and selling involved. While I was giving but absent answers to the questions Miss Matey was putting—almost as absently—we heard a clumping sound on the stairs, and a whispering outside the door: which indeed once opened and shut as if by some invisible agency. After a little while Martha came in, dragging after her a great tall young man, all crimson with shyness, and finding his only relief in perpetually sleeking down his hair.

"Please, ma'am, he's only Jem Hearn," said Martha, by way of an introduction; and so out of breath was she, that I imagine she had had some bodily struggle before she could

overcome his reluctance to be presented on the courtly scene of Miss Matilda Jenkyns' drawing-room.

"And please, ma'am, he wants to marry me off-hand. And please, ma'am, we want to take a lodger—just one quiet lodger, to make our two ends meet—and we'd take any house conformable; and, oh dear Miss Matey, if I may be so bold, would you have objections to lodging with us? Jem wants it as much as I do." [To Jem:]—"You great oaf! why can't you back me?—but he does want it all the same very bad, don't you, Jem?—only, you see, he's dazed at being called on to speak before quality."

"It's not that," broke in Jem. "It's that you've taken me all on a sudden, and I didn't think for to get married so soon—and such quick work does flabbergast a man. It's not that I'm against it, ma'am," (addressing Miss Matey), "only Martha has such quick ways with her, when once she takes a thing into her head; and marriage, ma'am,—marriage nails a man, as one may say. I dare say I shan't mind it after it's once over."

"Please, ma'am," said Martha, who had plucked at his sleeve, and nudged him with her elbow, and otherwise tried to interrupt him all the time he had been speaking, "don't mind him, he'll come to; 'twas only last night he was an-axing me, and an-axing me, and all the more because I said I could not think of it for years to come, and now he's only taken aback with the suddenness of the joy; but you know, Jem, you are just as full as me about wanting a lodger." (Another great nudge.)

"Ay! if Miss Matey would lodge with us—otherwise I've no mind to be cumbered with strange folk in the house," said Jem, with a want of tact which I could see enraged Martha, who was trying to represent a lodger as the great object they wished to obtain, and that in fact Miss Matey would be smoothing their path, and conferring a favour, if she would only come and live with them.

Miss Matey herself was bewildered by the pair; their, or rather Martha's sudden resolution in favour of matrimony staggered her, and stood between her and the contemplation of the plan which Martha had at heart. Miss Matey began,—

"Marriage is a very solemn thing, Martha."

"It is indeed, ma'am," quoth Jem. "Not that I've no objections to Martha."

"You've never let me a-be for asking me for to fix when I would be married," said Martha, her face all afire, and ready to cry with vexation, "and now you're shaming me before my missus and all."

"Nay, now! Martha, don't ee! don't ee! only a man likes to have breathing time," said Jem, trying to possess himself of her hand, but in vain. Then seeing that she was more seriously hurt than he had imagined, he seemed to try to rally his scattered faculties, and with more straightforward dignity than, ten minutes before, I should have thought it possible for him to assume, he turned to Miss Matey, and said, "I hope, ma'am, you know that I'm bound to respect every one who has been kind to Martha. I always looked on her as to be my wife—some time; and she has often and often spoken of you as the kindest lady that ever was; and though the plain truth is I would not like to be troubled with lodgers of the common run; yet if, ma'am, you'd honour us by living with us, I am sure Martha would do her best to make you comfortable; and I'd keep out of your way as much as I could, which I reckon would be the best kindness such an awkward chap as me could do."

Miss Matey had been very busy with taking off her spectacles, wiping them, and replacing them; but all she could say was, "Don't let any thought of me hurry you into marriage: pray don't! Marriage is such a very solemn thing!"

"But Miss Matilda will think of your plan, Martha," said I, struck with the advantages that it offered, and unwilling to lose the opportunity of considering about it. "And I'm sure neither she nor I can ever forget your kindness, nor yours either, Jem."

"Why, yes, ma'am! I'm sure I mean kindly, though I'm a bit fluttered by being pushed straight a-head into matrimony, as it were, and mayn't express myself conformable. But I'm sure I'm willing enough, and give me time to get accustomed; so, Martha, wench, what's the use of crying so, and slapping me if I come near?"

This last was *sotto voce*, and had the effect of making Martha bounce out of the room, to be followed and soothed by her lover. Whereupon Miss Matey sat down and cried very heartily, and accounted for it by saying that the thought of Martha being married so soon gave her quite a shock, and that she should never forgive herself if she thought she was hurrying the poor creature. I think my pity was more for Jem, of the two; but both Miss Matey and I appreciated to the full the kindness of the honest couple, although we said little about this, and a good deal about the chances and dangers of matrimony.

The next morning, very early, I received a note from Miss Pole, so mysteriously wrapped up, and with so many seals on it to secure secresy, that I had to tear the paper before I could unfold it. And when I came to the writing I could hardly understand the meaning, it was so involved and oracular. I made out, however, that I was to go to Miss Pole's at eleven o'clock; the number eleven being written in full length as well as in numerals, and *A. M.* twice dashed under, as if I were very likely to come at eleven at night, when all Cranford was usually a-bed, and asleep by ten; there was no signature except Miss Pole's initials, reversed, P. E., but

as Martha had given me the note, "with Miss Pole's kind regards," it needed no wizard to find out who sent it, and if the writer's name was to be kept secret, it was very well that I was alone when Martha delivered it.

I went, as requested, to Miss Pole's. The door was opened to me by her little maid Lizzy, in Sunday trim, as if some grand event was impending over this work-day. And the drawing-room upstairs was arranged in accordance with this idea. The table was set out, with the best green card cloth and writing-materials upon it. On the little chiffonier was a tray with a newly-decanted bottle of cowslip wine, and some ladies'-finger biscuits. Miss Pole herself was in solemn array, as if to receive visitors, although it was only eleven o'clock. Mrs. Forrester was there, crying quietly and sadly, and my arrival seemed only to call forth fresh tears. Before we had finished our greetings, performed with lugubrious mystery of demeanour, there was another rat-tat-tat, and Mrs. Fitz-Adam appeared crimson with walking and excitement. It seemed as if this was all the company expected; for now Miss Pole made several demonstrations of being about to open the business of the meeting, by stirring the fire, opening and shutting the door, and coughing and blowing her nose. Then she arranged us all round the table, taking care to place me opposite to her; and last of all, she inquired of me, if the sad report was true, as she feared it was, that Miss Matey had lost all her fortune?

Of course, I had but one answer to make; and I never saw more unaffected sorrow depicted on any countenances, than I did there on the three before me.

"I wish Mrs. Jamieson was here!" said Mrs. Forrester at last; but to judge from Mrs. Fitz-Adam's face, she could not second the wish.

"But without Mrs. Jamieson," said Miss Pole, with just a sound of offended merit in her voice, "we, the ladies of Cranford, in my drawing-room assembled, can resolve upon something. I imagine we are none of us what may be called rich, though we all possess a genteel competency, sufficient for tastes that are elegant and refined, and would not, if they could, be vulgarly ostentatious." (Here I observed Miss Pole refer to a small card concealed in her hand, on which I imagine she had put down a few notes.)

"Miss Smith," she continued, addressing me, (familiarly known as "Mary" to all the company assembled, but this was a state occasion,) "I have conversed in private—I made it my business to do so yesterday afternoon—with these ladies on the misfortune which has happened to our friend,—and one and all of us have agreed that, while we have a superfluity, it is not only a duty but a pleasure,—a true pleasure, Mary!"—her voice was rather choked just here, and she had to wipe her spectacles before she could go on—"to give what we can to assist her—Miss Matilda Jenkyns. Only, in consideration of the feelings of delicate independence existing in the mind of every refined female,"—I was sure she had got back to the card now—"we wish to contribute our mites in a secret and concealed manner, so as not to hurt the feelings I have referred to. And our object in requesting you to meet us this morning, is, that believing you are the daughter—that your father is, in fact, her confidential adviser in all pecuniary matters, we imagined that, by consulting with him, you might devise some mode in which our contribution could be made to appear the legal due which Miss Matilda Jenkyns ought to receive from———. Probably your father, knowing her investments, can fill up the blank."

Miss Pole concluded her address, and looked round for approval and agreement.

"I have expressed your meaning, ladies, have I not? And while Miss Smith considers what reply to make, allow me to offer you some little refreshment."

I had no great reply to make; I had more thankfulness at my heart for their kind thoughts than I cared to put into words; and so I only mumbled out something to the effect "that I would name what Miss Pole had said to my father, and that if anything could be arranged for dear Miss Matey,"—and here I broke down utterly, and had to be refreshed with a glass of cowslip wine before I could check the crying which had been repressed for the last two or three days. The worst was, all the ladies cried in concert. Even Miss Pole cried, who had said a hundred times that to betray emotion before any one was a sign of weakness and want of self-control. She recovered herself into a slight degree of impatient anger, directed against me, as having set them all off; and, moreover, I think she was vexed that I could not make a speech back in return for hers; and if I had known beforehand what was to be said, and had had a card on which to express the probable feelings that would rise in my heart, I would have tried to gratify her. As it was, Mrs. Forrester was the person to speak when we had recovered our composure. "I don't mind, among friends, stating that I—no! I'm not poor exactly, but I don't think I'm what you may call rich; I wish I were, for dear Miss Matey's sake,—but, if you please, I'll write down, in a sealed paper, what I can give. I only wish it was more: my dear Mary, I do indeed."

Now I saw why paper, pens, and ink, were provided. Every lady wrote down the sum she could give annually, signed the paper, and sealed it mysteriously. If their proposal was acceded to, my father was to be allowed to open the papers, under pledge of secresy. If not, they were to be returned to their writers. When this ceremony had been gone

through, I rose to depart; but each lady seemed to wish to have a private conference with me. Miss Pole kept me in the drawing-room to explain why, in Mrs. Jamieson's absence, she had taken the lead in this "movement," as she was pleased to call it, and also to inform me that she had heard from good sources, that Mrs. Jamieson was coming home directly in a state of high displeasure against her sister-in-law, who was forthwith to leave her house; and was, she believed, to return to Edinburgh that very afternoon. Of course this piece of intelligence could not be communicated before Mrs. Fitz-Adam, more especially as Miss Pole was inclined to think that Lady Glenmire's engagement to Mr. Hoggins could not possibly hold against the blaze of Mrs. Jamieson's displeasure. A few hearty enquiries after Miss Matey's health concluded my interview with Miss Pole. On coming downstairs I found Mrs. Forrester waiting for me at the entrance to the dining parlour; she drew me in, and when the door was shut, she tried two or three times to begin on some subject, which was so unapproachable apparently, that I began to despair of our ever getting to a clear understanding. At last out it came; the poor old lady trembling all the time as if it were a great crime which she was exposing to daylight, in telling me how very, very little she had to live upon; a confession which she was brought to make from a dread lest we should think that the small contribution named in her paper bore any proportion to her love and regard for Miss Matey. And yet that sum which she so eagerly relinquished was in truth more than a twentieth part of what she had to live upon, and keep house, and a little serving-maiden, all as became one born a Tyrell. And when the whole income does not nearly amount to a hundred pounds, to give up a twentieth of it will necessitate many careful economies, and many pieces of self-denial—small and insignificant in the world's account, but bearing a different value in another account-book that I have heard of. She did so wish she was rich, she said; and this wish she kept repeating with no thought of herself in it, only with a longing, yearning desire to be able to heap up Miss Matey's measure of comforts. It was some time before I could console her enough to leave her; and then, on quitting the house, I was waylaid by Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had also her confidence to make of pretty nearly the opposite description. She had not liked to put down all that she could afford, and was ready to give. She told me she thought she never could look Miss Matey in the face again if she presumed to be giving her so much as she should like to do. "Miss Matey!" continued she, "that I thought was such a fine young lady, when I was nothing but a country girl, coming to market with eggs and butter and such like things; for my father, though well to do, would always make me go on as my mother had done before me; and I had to come in to Cranford every Saturday and see after sales and prices, and what not. And one day I remember I met Miss Matey in the lane that leads to Combehurst; she was walking on the footpath which, you know, is raised a good way above the road, and a gentleman rode beside her, and was talking to her, and she was looking down at some primroses she had gathered, and pulling them all to pieces, and I do believe she was crying. But after she had passed me she turned round and ran after me to ask—oh so kindly—after my poor mother, who lay on her death-bed, and when I cried she took hold of my hand to comfort me; and the gentleman waiting for her all the time; and her poor heart very full of something I am sure, and I thought it such an honour to be spoken to in that pretty way by the rector's daughter, who visited at Arley Hall. I have loved her ever since, though perhaps I'd no right to do it; but if you can think of any way in which I might be allowed to give a little more without any one knowing it, I should be so much obliged to you, my dear. And my brother would be delighted to doctor her for nothing—medicines, leeches and all. I know that he and her ladyship—(my dear! I little thought in the days I was telling you of that I should ever come to be sister-in-law to a ladyship!)—would do anything for her. We all would."

I told her I was quite sure of it, and promised all sorts of things in my anxiety to get home to Miss Matey, who might well be wondering what had become of me, absent from her two hours without being able to account for it. She had taken very little note of time, however, as she had been occupied in numberless little arrangements preparatory to the great step of giving up her house. It was evidently a relief to her to be doing something in the way of retrenchment; for, as she said, whenever she paused to think, the recollection of the poor fellow with his bad five-pound note came over her, and she felt quite dishonest; only if it made her so uncomfortable, what must it not be doing to the directors of the Bank, who must know so much more of the misery consequent upon its failure. She almost made me angry by dividing her sympathy between these directors (whom she imagined overwhelmed by self-reproach for their mismanagement of other people's affairs) and those who were suffering like her. Indeed, of the two, she seemed to think poverty a lighter burden than self-reproach; but I privately doubted if the directors would agree with her.

Old hoards were taken out and examined as to their money value, which luckily was small, or else I don't know how Miss Matey would have prevailed upon herself to part with such things as her mother's wedding-ring, the strange uncouth brooch with which her father had disfigured his shirt-frill, &c. However, we arranged things a little in order as

to their pecuniary estimation, and were all ready for my father when he came the next morning. I am not going to weary you with the details of all the business we went through; and one reason for not telling about them is that I did not understand what we were doing at the time, and cannot recollect it now. Miss Matey and I sat assenting to accounts, and schemes, and reports, and documents, of which I do not believe we either of us understood a word; for my father was clear-headed and decisive, and a capital man of business, and if we made the slightest inquiry, or expressed the slightest want of comprehension, he had a sharp way of saying, "Eh? eh? it's as clear as daylight. What's your objection?" And as we had not comprehended anything of what he had proposed, we found it rather difficult to shape our objections; in fact, we never were sure if we had any. So presently Miss Matey got into a nervously acquiescent state, and said "Yes" and "Certainly" at every pause, whether required or not: but when I once joined in as chorus to a "Decidedly" pronounced by Miss Matey in a tremblingly dubious tone, my father fired round at me and asked me "What there was to decide?" And I am sure, to this day, I have never known. But, in justice to him, I must say, he had come over from Drumble to help Miss Matey when he could ill spare the time, and when his own affairs were in a very anxious state.

While Miss Matey was out of the room giving orders for luncheon—and sadly perplexed between her desire of honouring my father by a delicate dainty meal, and her conviction that she had no right now that all her money was gone, to indulge this desire,—I told him of the meeting of Cranford ladies at Miss Pole's the day before. He kept brushing his hand before his eyes as I spoke—and when I went back to Martha's offer the evening before, of receiving Miss Matey as a lodger, he fairly walked away from me to the window, and began drumming with his fingers upon it. Then he turned abruptly round, and said, "See, Mary, how a good innocent life makes friends all around. Confound it! I could make a good lesson out of it if I were a parson, but as it is, I can't get a tail to my sentences—only I'm sure you feel what I want to say. You and I will have a walk after lunch, and talk a bit more about these plans."

The lunch—a hot savoury mutton-chop, and a little of the cold lion sliced and fried—was now brought in; every morsel of this last dish was finished, to Martha's great gratification. Then my father bluntly told Miss Matey he wanted to talk to me alone, and that we would stroll out and see some of the old places, and then I could tell her what plan we thought desirable. Just before we went out, she called me back and said, "Remember, dear, I'm the only one left—I mean there's no one to be hurt by what I do. I'm willing to do anything that's right and honest; and I don't think, if Deborah knows where she is, she'll care so very much if I'm not genteel; because, you see, she'll know all, dear. Only let me sell what I can, and pay the poor people as far as I'm able."

I gave her a hearty kiss, and ran after my father. The result of our conversation was this. If all parties were agreeable, Martha and Jem were to be married with as little delay as possible, and they were to live on in Miss Matey's present abode; the sum which the Cranford ladies had agreed to contribute annually, being sufficient to meet the greater part of the rent, and leaving Martha free to appropriate what Miss Matey should pay for her lodgings to any little extra comforts required. About the sale, my father was dubious at first; he said the old rectory furniture, however carefully used, and reverently treated, would fetch very little; and that little would be but as a drop in the sea of the debts of the Town and County Bank. But when I represented how Miss Matey's tender conscience would be soothed by feeling that she had done what she could, he gave way, especially after I had told him the five-pound-note adventure, and he had scolded me well for allowing it. I then alluded to my idea that she might add to her small income by selling tea; and, to my surprise, (for I had nearly given up the plan,) my father grasped at it with all the energy of a tradesman. I think he reckoned his chickens before they were hatched, for he immediately ran up the profits of the sales that she could effect in Cranford to more than twenty pounds a-year; the small dining parlour was to be converted into a shop, without any of its degrading characteristics; a table was to be the counter; one window was to be retained unaltered, and the other changed into a glass door. I evidently rose in his estimation, for having made this bright suggestion. I only hoped we should not both fall in Miss Matey's.

But she was patient and content with all our arrangements. She knew, she said, that we should do the best we could for her; and she only hoped, only stipulated that she should pay every farthing that she could be said to owe, for her father's sake, who had been so respected in Cranford. My father and I had agreed to say as little as possible about the Bank, indeed never to mention it again, if it could be helped. Some of the plans were evidently a little perplexing to her; but she had seen me sufficiently snubbed in the morning for want of comprehension to venture on too many enquiries now; and all passed over well, with a hope on her part that no one would be hurried into marriage on her account. When we came to the proposal that she should sell tea, I could see it was rather a shock to her; not on account of any personal loss of gentility involved, but only because she distrusted her own powers

of action in a new line of life, and would timidly have preferred a little more privation to any exertion for which she feared she was unfitted. However, when she saw my father was bent upon it, she sighed, and said she would try; and if she did not do well, of course she might give it up. One good thing about it was, she did not think men ever bought tea; and it was of men particularly she was afraid. They had such sharp loud ways with them; and did up accounts, and counted their change so quickly! Now, if she might only sell comfits to children, she was sure she could please them!

BAVARIAN POACHERS.

THERE is no reason to doubt whether in England the game laws are worth the murders they provoke. Rather, we should say, there is great reason to know that they are not. Lately there has come into our hands a book on Chamois hunting in the mountains of Bavaria, suggesting to our minds a notion of the spirit aroused by the game laws more than usually shocking. The book is a good one, written by a keen sportsman upon the subject of the finest kind of sport in Europe. It gives a vigorous and graphic picture of mountain life. We have entered into it with hearty interest, and come out of it with a belief that chamois hunting is in its way a worthy occupation of the energies of man. Throughout the book we have been distressed, however, by the faithful outline it sketches of the demoralisation that has been effected by the game laws in Bavaria. The author, giving a candid account of what he found, and hating poachers with a sportsman's bitterness, crowds tale upon tale, apparently unconscious of the force with which they tell against his desire for a more complete preservation of game. It was his intention, he says, "to the best of his ability to give a plain, faithful picture of what he saw, and to tell what sort of people these mountaineers, and poachers, and foresters are, and show how they feel inclined towards each other." And he adds, "As to a forester feeling anything like human kindness for a poacher, this is demanding more than his sinful, mortal nature is capable of. But he has plenty of human hate to give him; —inveterate, deep and unquenchable."

The author attributes a great deal of mischief to the concession to the people of rights of shooting on the open mountains, and to the general relaxation of the ancient game laws after the late revolution. We are of opinion, and it requires no sagacity to come to such a judgment, that if there never had been any denial of right like that—if there never had been game laws—there would have been no gamekeepers or poachers, and so there would have been no "hate, inveterate, deep and unquenchable," called into play between men living in the neighbourhood one of another. If the right of indulging in the sport of chamois hunting be so precious that it is justifiable to shoot down, in cold blood, men whose acts mar the enjoyment of it, really it is not to be wondered at that peasants step over an arbitrary law to come at their share of a sport that is so fascinating. Where then is the rascality of poaching? We speak as Bavarians.

Without protection what would have become of the chamois? Says the sportsman, it would certainly have been extinguished in Bavaria. See what havoc has been made already by the peasants since the revolution. No argument whatever can be drawn from the reaction that takes place after the removal of any restrictions by which men have been fretted and excited into passion. We believe that in any country, absolutely and habitually free from game-laws, whatever animals it might become the interest of all men to maintain upon their lands, either for use or pleasure, would be preserved by common consent and usage in a sufficient manner. The very lowest tribes of our race, who subsist upon the kangaroo, control their passions and their appetites so far as to have established, among themselves, a code of honour by which all waste hunting and waste eating is prevented. We believe that the Bavarian mountaineers would have kept very good guard together for the maintenance of their own hardy sports; but if they had not—if they had killed every deer and chamois in the land—it would have mattered little in comparison with such a string of tales as these which follow, all begotten of the laws by which it was intended to preserve them for the sole pleasure of licensed sportsmen:—

Meier, the forester stationed at Gmund, on the Tegern See, hearing the crack of a rifle on the Gschwenter Berg, followed the sound, and found a poacher standing over a dead stag. He seized the man and carried him off prisoner to Miesbach, in a light cart driven by a boy. On the way the poacher contrived, though his hands were bound, to push the boy out of the cart, seize the reins, and set off down hill at full speed. Meier levelled his rifle and shot him through the middle of the back. The man rolled dead out of the cart. Within two years after this occurrence Meier and two of his companions were beaten and left for dead by poachers. Meier was killed. One of the men, Fuchs, recovering a little, went, bruised and bleeding, to tell Meier's wife that her husband lay dead in the wood. The change from the cold air without to the warm fireside overpowered him, and he had scarcely told his tale when he himself fell forward and lay as a corpse upon the widow's hearth.

We quote verbally from the book a brief scrap of the small talk of two gamekeepers, the author telling us that his dialogues are not fictitious, but real transcripts of conversation on the mountains:

"There was a keeper at Schlier See—Bromberger was his name—he once met a whole band of poachers, and among them was a notorious rascal; he, therefore, thought it better not to lose so good an opportunity, but to make sure of him; and, picking him out from the rest, sent a bullet through his body.

"'That,' remarks another, 'was in the old times, perhaps. It was by far the best way. The poachers expected nothing else: they risked their lives, and we risked ours; they knew beforehand that should we happen to meet one of them he was a dead man, and in some places they treated us in the same manner.'"

Even the Bavarian foresters, it seems, look back towards their good old times. It is not now lawful for them to increase the sport of their mountains by regarding poachers as another sort of game, the hunting of which is even livelier amusement than the hunting of the chamois. As a sailor loves sea life the better for its perils of the wreck, so we are told a gamekeeper enjoys his calling all the more for the excitement provided by a moderate stock of poachers. "Without poachers," said a young man, who had been almost beaten to death in the woods, "without poachers a forester's life would be nothing!"

The Bromberger, before mentioned, was out on the mountains with a young count looking for chamois, when they saw some of the nobler heads of human game below them. With their glasses they recognised among the herd, a noted buck, or poacher of the name of Hofer. He had been fired at before but missed. Bromberger waited. When the men came out of the hollow, and stood exposed against the sky line, with Hofer a little in front, the keeper folded his handkerchief, laid it on the rock as a rest for his rifle, and prepared to fire. "It is a long distance," he said to the count, who had his glass up to observe the effect of the shot, "so"—we quote again—"so, I'll aim rather high, and somewhat to the right, to allow for the wind coming up from below. If I take him just between the shoulder and the throat, you will see I shall hit in the very centre of his chest." And a second after, the rifle cracked, and down rolled the poacher, with the ball crashing through his shoulder.

A green knoll rising from a valley was crossed by a path along which a young forester saw a noted poacher coming. He sat down and waited. As the poacher's head appeared over the top of the knoll he took his aim, and when he stood at his full height on the summit, then the youth fired. The poacher, shot in the very centre of the chest, pulled open his shirt suddenly as if surprised, looked at the shot wound, and fell down dead.

A young forester's assistant, Kothbacher, was going along the ridge of the Geidauer Eibel Spitz, when, looking down, he saw twenty-three men standing by a mountain hut. He watched them precisely as he would have watched a herd of game, only with more intense desire to get a shot at one of them. A little path led from the hut over the Eibel Spitz, and he saw presently that they were coming up, one after the other. He, therefore, lay in wait for them perfectly concealed among the bushes. After he had waited there for about an hour he heard their voices; and having suffered them to approach to within a distance of some eighty yards, fired at the foremost, and struck him in the middle of the breast. He dropped dead instantly. The others, seeing no one, ran back for the rifles and paused to deliberate what they should do. Some were for going back, one braver man urged that it would be shameful for so many to be put to flight by one chance shot: and grasping his rifle, led the way forward. Kothbacher let him advance to within sixty paces and then fired. The man turned quite round on one side by the shot, stopped short, and fell. The others fled. Kothbacher crept away among the bushes, and, taking an unusual path home, stopped by a mountain stream along which there was a narrow path and across which there was a plank bridge. He there loaded his gun, putting ball into one barrel and a handful of shot into the other. Then he sat down to watch among the bushes for he thought that the herd of poachers he had seen upon the mountains might come home that way, and be obliged to cross the plank. They came, and just as they were all crowded together, before crossing the bridge one by one, Kothbacher fired his shot-barrel into the midst of them. One man was wounded badly in the breast. Of the two shot on the mountain the second lost only his arm at the shoulder, the first lost his life. The poor fellow was the son—the only son—of a rich peasant at Schlier See. His companions dared not face his parents; but at night the old couple heard a knocking at the window, and a man said to them in a strange voice that, if they would go up to the Eibel Spitz, there they would find their son.

In the preceding narrative mention was made of a hut upon the mountains. It should be understood that the peasant girls, the Sennerinnen, when with their cattle they leave the mountain pastures for the plains, are accustomed carefully to set their huts in order to leave their floors swept, wood stacked, pans cleaned, and matches ready for the use of any hunter on the mountain. The hunter on the other hand is expected, after he has used the accommodation of the hut, to leave everything behind him as tidy as he found it, to scour any pan in which he may have cooked his meals, to sweep the floor with a broom left for the purpose, lock the door when he goes out, and to put the key where the next comer can find it. The mountaineers are thoroughly good people, and never would

themselves have learned to entertain towards one another—as between class and class of men all neighbours and all peasant born—such passions as have been excited by the game laws.

Of the wickedness that was begotten by them in Bavaria we add one illustration more.

A keeper, whose game had been often poached upon, being unable to catch the offenders, hit upon this contrivance:—He knew that when out on the mountain they frequented a certain hut, made a fire there and cooked their meal. He therefore buried, a little way below the hearth, a bombshell, charged with powder. It was his diabolical hope that the fire would get to it by the time their light cookery was over, when the men would be sitting round the embers in enjoyment of their supper.

We have gleaned these from among other painful details of the same kind, scattered through a volume that, in its whole scope and spirit, has given us nothing but pleasure. We have no desire to under-rate the worth of manly sports; but we cannot reckon either man-shooting or man-hating as accidents inseparable from them. If they be, the nobility of sporting is at end for ever, and sport itself cannot be too soon abolished when it ceases to maintain any just claim to such a word as manly for its adjective. It is a body then from which the soul has fled; a rotten thing, and we had better ring its knell.

"AND HE TOOK A CHILD."

Into the little gray churchyard
All with memorial crosses starr'd,
And mounds, a fixèd sea;
Weeping, a woman slow doth bear
Her first-born child, and lays him there
Under the old yew tree;
And resurrection flowers,
Those earliest darlings of the spring,
Pale, drooping snowdrops, she doth bring,
And o'er the small grave showers.

'Tis summer now; but, ah! behold
Another form stretched on the mould,
A little, little form.
Deep lines have marked the Mother's brow,
Her step is soft and very slow;
She loosens from her arm
(Oh, still, thou quivering lip!)
A basket brimming o'er with gems,
From nature's endless diadems,
Over the turf to heap.

Autumn—and to that churchyard drear
Her third sad offering to the year
That mourning Mother bore;
All day beside it watched; then slow
With one thick, sighing sob of woe,
From out the heart she tore
Of that old scathèd yew
A pendant branch of richest green,
With scarlet berries set between,
And o'er the hillock threw.

Yet once again that grave she sought;
Her last-born, fairest child she brought,
And laid beside the rest:
The Christmas snow lay on the ground,
No flower nor berry to be found
To deck its little breast.
'Twas but one other pang!
She laid her down beside her child,
A smile of deepest peace she smiled—
That night, the Angels sang!

PATENT WRONGS.

Perhaps a clever man would find it worth his while to write a book on the romance of trade. We have the romance of history, the romance of war, the romance of geology, even the romance of the peerage; but there are tales of the counter and of the counting-house which would stir flesh and blood with very simple telling. Indeed, if we were to take only the Tales of the Patentees, they would be found to supply matter as full of distressing incident as the most select part of the Newgate calendar. That is a meditation. It is a good thing to baste a tale at certain turns with meditation. We shall pour a little now and then over a story we have to tell as it warms; and will continue so to do until it is done.

Not very many years ago a civil servant of the East India Company received a letter from a friend in the north of India, containing sundry gossip; and, among other things, a request that he would obtain for him some steel heads for boar spears.

This request was made to Mr. Josiah Marshall Heath, while fulfilling his duties as agent to the East India Company in the interior of India. To comply with it, he was compelled to pay some visits to the Indian steel-workers, and he could not do that without observing that there was a clumsiness in the whole process of making and working steel not to be tolerated patiently by men who were quick-witted. He was, himself, quick-witted enough. He had been carefully educated for the civil service of the East India Company and went early to his post on the Madras establishment, already so well versed in Oriental literature and so remarkable for intellectual ability, that a Sanscrit professorship had been offered to him before he had attained the age of twenty-one. Mr. Heath found, in collecting information for answering his friend's letter, that the capabilities of Southern India for the manufacture of iron and steel were extraordinary; although up to that time—we may almost say up to this time—unknown. From that period he prosecuted for years an energetic search; traversed the Malabar coast, and found mountains of iron ore. It became clear to him that India might supply the best and cheapest steel iron for England and Europe, and the best and cheapest iron consumption in the markets of Asia. Ships leaving India that now pay for rubbish to bring home as ballast,

might be ballasted with Indian iron. The Indian ores were pronounced, however, by experienced metallurgists to be unmanageable. Known processes would not convert them into marketable steel and iron; but Mr. Heath was not to be daunted. He went down into the regions of the unknown, like another Orpheus, and fetched up into the light all the new knowledge that was wanted. He became the founder, in the year 1833, of the India Iron and Steel Company, which was then simply a private association of gentlemen at Madras; but was supported by the local government. The development of this branch of the resources of India remains still, however, a great To Be.

Mr. Heath—a young man with a world of enterprise before him—considered that the just performance of his duties as a servant of the Honourable Company was incompatible with the new life of labour to which he was called. He resigned his appointment, and staked all on the result of his endeavours to beget an iron trade in the East Indies, and to improve and enlarge the use of steel and iron in this country. Confident of great results, he spent his private fortune, and the produce of the retiring pension allowed to him by the Company, in traversing, from Bombay onwards, the whole south-western coast of India; in visiting all the most celebrated mines and works in Sweden; in acquiring a familiar acquaintance with the processes of iron and steel manufacture; in verifying old, and in prosecuting new experiments. After elaborate and costly researches he found himself at last in London with his resources utterly exhausted; but with his object perfectly attained.

In 1839 he took out a patent; and, in the specification of that patent, briefly described the nature of his inventions, four in number. They were (and are) all important; but the present story is concerned only with the last of them; namely, that for "the use of carburet of manganese in any process for the conversion of iron into cast-steel."

In the year 1840 Mr. Heath visited Sheffield for the purpose of introducing, among the cutlers there, the use of his discovery, so far as it concerned cast-steel.

Up to this visit of his, no great improvement had been made in the steel manufacture for two or three generations. Before Heath's discovery, it was practically impossible to produce cast-steel capable of being welded with any iron except Swedish iron, and some other of the finest quality. Cutlers were obliged, therefore, to use in their manufactures shear steel, produced from bar steel by an expensive process of manipulation under a forge hammer. Bar steel is bar iron carbonised in a converting furnace, and it is sometimes also called blistered from its external appearance. The fourth head of Mr. Heath's patent struck out a remedy for this drawback, and changed the whole aspect of the Sheffield trade. Dr. Ure in his account of "Recent Improvements in Art Manufactures, and Mines," explains the matter thus:—Mr. Heath, he says, "discovered that by the introduction of a small portion —one per cent., and even less—of carburet of manganese into the melting pot, along with the usual broken bars of blistered steel, a cast steel was obtained, after fusion, of a quality very superior to what the bar steel would have yielded without manganese, and moreover possessed of the new and peculiar property of being welded either to itself or to wrought iron. He also found that a common bar steel made from an inferior mark or quality of Swedish or Russian iron would, when so treated, produce an excellent cast-steel. One immediate consequence of this discovery has been the reduction of the price of good steel in the Sheffield market by from thirty to forty per cent., and likewise the manufacture of table-knives of cast-steel with iron tangs welded to them; whereas till Mr. Heath's invention table-knives were necessarily made of shear steel with unseemly wavy lines in them, because cast-steel could not be welded to the tangs." That was the gist of Mr. Heath's patent, so far as Sheffield was concerned in it.

How very greatly Sheffield was concerned in it, a few figures will show. In 1839, before Heath's patent was known, the Sheffield make of welding cast-steel was not more than fifty tons a year. In the manufacture of table-knife blades it was unknown; shear steel being used for them at the cost of fifty or sixty pounds a ton. Owing to the discoveries of Mr. Heath, now, in the year 1853, shear steel is a neglected article, cast-steel—the most perfect form of the metal—being invariably used for cutlery. It costs only from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds a ton. The make of welding cast-steel—which was in 1839 only fifty tons a year—is now a hundred tons a week! Sheffield, ready to show that it could turn anything into steel, even contrived to make steel of the conscience of its Cutler's Guild.

But how could it do that in spite of Mr. Heath's patent? As the tale goes on it will be easy for any one to judge:—When visiting Sheffield to introduce his invention, Mr. Heath met with a gentleman who kept a warehouse for the sale of steel in Sheffield; and who, from his position in the town, would probably be able to promote the interests of the patentee very efficiently. With this gentleman Mr. Heath dined almost daily; and, during much personal intercourse, discussed fully his processes. Finally, he proposed to him an agency, and suggested practical trials of his patented method of obtaining cast-steel. Mr. Heath's method, when the patent was first taken out, had always been to manufacture carburet of manganese (a substance neither cheap nor common) for distinct use, and known as Heath's powder in the steel-works. After

a few months it occurred to Mr. Heath that, instead of making his carburet first and separately, as good results would arise from merely putting the ingredients (coal-tar and oxide of manganese) into the same crucible with the fused steel; so that the carburet might be made, and then make the cast steel in the same pot. For, the carburet is formed at a temperature below that at which the steel was to be melted. This calculation proved to be just. Mr. Heath then communicated the fact to his agent and friend, by placing in his hands, instead of carburet of manganese, simply the elements of that substance to be used in the working of the patent process.

The attempts to introduce the new discovery among the Sheffield manufacturers, were for a time intermitted on the part of Mr. Heath, and all intercourse between him and his friend among the cutlers had temporarily ceased. But, upon a luckless day, he was told that his exclusive rights had been invaded. His agent had established steel works, and was engaged in making steel according to the patent process, on his own account. From that time until the present, cast steel has been made constantly at Sheffield by dozens of manufacturers, according to the plan suggested by Heath's patent. But all claim to remuneration set up by the patentee has been utterly denied.

In the year 1843, Mr. Heath brought an action against his agent for infringement of his patent rights. The cause has since that date never ceased to furnish a delightful illustration of the usefulness of British law. It has been, and is being, and for ever will be, dragged in a circle round a series of courts; through the ranks of a series of counsellers; under the noses of a series of judges. Heath's agent is an abstraction, standing now for about eighty Sheffield men who are all equally determined to put off the evil day when they may have to pay arrears of royalty, and perhaps to pay also the aggregate amount of extra gains obtained by the employment of the patent process. If the cause could ever be decided for the plaintiff in a final way, and if this order were made, Sheffield would have to pay between one and two millions of money. Mr. Heath saw that this was too much to expect, and was ready to compound with the infringers for a few hundreds of thousands. The modest royalty of a pound a ton upon the manufacture —a fraction of a farthing upon each pound weight of steel—would produce for a time a steady income of ten thousand pounds a year. With this prize flickering before his eyes, Mr. Heath plunged into the bottomless abyss of law. Those of the Sheffield manufacturers, on the other hand, who are most interested in the matter, maintain, if we are rightly informed, a Defence Fund, that never has been allowed to sink below a balance of some fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds. With this they have kept (and still keep) the cause perpetually going: have moved (and still move) the arguments from court to court. When chance has brought them a decision in their favour, Sheffield church bells have been set ringing, and the victors have enjoyed the gratulations that were printed in the Sheffield newspapers.

The point in litigation is this:—Mr. Heath claims, in the specification of his patent, "the use of carburet of manganese in any process whereby iron is converted into cast-steel." He at first made his carburet in a pot by itself, and put it, ready made, into the crucible in which the steel is melted. Afterwards, as we have said, he advised that coal-tar and oxide of manganese should be put into the crucible together with the steel, and that the carburet should be made when and where it was wanted. This hint the Sheffield people took; and the question carried by them through the law-courts is, Whether Mr. Heath was not bound, as a patentee, to make his carburet of manganese outside their crucibles; and whether the modification he suggested afterwards might not be adopted by them without legal (though no doubt there might be real) infringement of his rights?

So pretty a cause is of course—at eleven years old—only now in its infancy. Dr. Ure, writing in 1844, expressed his opinion on the matter somewhat prematurely when, after mentioning the date of Mr. Heath's patent, the fifth of April, 1839, he goes on to remark that "strange and melancholy to say he has never derived anything from his acknowledged improvement but vexation and loss, in consequence of a numerous body of Sheffield steel manufacturers having banded together to pirate his patent and to baffle him in our complex law-courts. I hope, however, that eventually justice will have its own, and the ridiculously unfounded pretences of the pirates to the prior use of carburet of manganese, will be set finally at rest. It is supposed, that fifty persons at least are engaged in this pilfering conspiracy." That was Dr. Ure's opinion of this great law-nut nine years ago; it is not yet cracked. At present it stands at a rule *venire de novo*—to try it all over again; but even that amount of progress is checked by a notice of appeal to the House of Lords; of which the most final thing that can be had is the delightful privilege of beginning again at the beginning.

How *did* it all begin? The round game of the law commenced in the year 1843 with the action we have mentioned brought by Mr. Heath against his agent, which was tried in Trinity Term, before Lord Abinger. Plaintiff was non-suited; moved for a new trial on the ground of misdirection; could not get it; brought a fresh action which was commenced, January 1844, in the Court of Exchequer. The issues raised in the

pleadings of that action were, firstly, that the defendant was not guilty of the infringement complained of; secondly, that the plaintiff was not the first inventor of the improvements for which he had obtained the patent; thirdly, that the nature of the invention was not sufficiently described by the specification; fourthly, that the invention had been practised, used or vended before the date of the patent; fifthly, that the defendant had the leave and license of the plaintiff to use the invention. Action tried in June, 1844, and verdict found for Heath upon all the issues.

As a matter of humanity we warn all readers at this point of the story to draw in a long breath. There is no rest to be had even in the reading of a course of law. Mr. Heath having obtained his verdict filed a Bill in Chancery against defendant, praying that defendant might be restrained by injunction from infringement of the patent; praying also for an account of the profits that had been derived from that illegal course. In the following Michaelmas Term the defendant moved for a rule to show cause why the verdict on the plea of not guilty should not be entered for him, or for a new trial on the ground of misdirection. The application came on for argument on the twenty-first of November, in the midst of gloom and fog; and after a lengthened discussion, the Court of Exchequer postponed giving judgment.

All this happened eight or nine years ago; and, as the litigation is not over yet, or likely we fear to be over until the Heath family is extinct and Sheffield has become a place for owls, it may be supposed that the judges of the Court of Exchequer have not done considering. Perhaps not. On the 11th of January, 1845, it came again to the defendant's turn to have a verdict, on the ground that "there was no intention to imitate the patented invention, and that the judges did not think that the defendant could be considered guilty of any indirect infringement if he did not intend to imitate at all." In March, 1847, upon a motion being made before the Vice-Chancellor, that worthy expressed himself in terms of dissatisfaction with the law as laid down by the judges of the Court of Exchequer, and directed that a new action should be brought in one of the Common Law-Courts at Westminster.

An action *was* brought, in the Court of Common Pleas, and the defendants—who were attacked now by a compact host of witnesses, and a ripe case—had some thought of dropping the contest; but it was suggested to them, by an able legal firm, that they should obtain a special jury; as, by so doing, they could create the delay of about another twelvemonth. The delay was effected, and the action was at last tried before Mr. Justice Cresswell and a special jury, in the Court of Common Pleas, at the sittings after Michaelmas Term, 1850, again in the congenia November month. The plaintiff made out his case (of which the moral justice, it should be remembered, never seems to have been doubted by judge or jury), the defendant relied on the judgment of Exchequer, which had been objected against by the Vice-Chancellor. Mr. Justice Cresswell, mindful of the etiquette of the bench, declared that he could not, sitting singly, confirm or reverse the judgment of the Exchequer; but he would direct the jury to find for the defendant, and the plaintiff would, of course, bring the whole case before a competent tribunal.

The mockery of law! which—after grinding and grating upon a man's heart, year after year, for eight years; tossing him on a bed of thorns while his case was being argued and re-argued, heard and re-heard in court after court—advises him to bring the whole case before a competent tribunal! Where is there such a thing as a competent tribunal in England, as the law now works? Mr. Heath was, by this time, suffering under heart disease, brought on by the anxieties of litigation. But was he to give up his splendid claims? His claims were just, and his rights were of great money value; yet he would have done better to abandon all hope of attaining them while there was the desert of the law between him and his land of promise; a desert trackless, fruitless, full of the dry bones of men who have died miserably while endeavouring to cross it.

The verdict in the Court of Common Pleas, being founded on the recommendation of a judge, sitting alone, to bring the whole case before a "competent tribunal," litigation was continued. It was felt that even the favourable judgment of the whole court could not be conclusive, as the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas are courts of concurrent jurisdiction. It was therefore determined, by the advice of three eminent counsel, to proceed with a writ of error.

The Great Exhibition was at that time in preparation. Mr. Heath procured a stall in it, and arranged with his own hands his rare metallurgical specimens; but, before the great show was opened, and before his weary cause came again to be argued, his weary heart ceased beating. He died.

At this point we stop the story in its course to take on board fresh stores of meditation, and to inquire whether the patent was not in some degree the cause of Mr. Heath's death? Already, we suspect, ninety per cent. of all the patentees who read these pages with a just foreboding, feel that so it must have been.

Do inventors as a class make profit by the acquisition of exclusive rights? When certain modifications of the patent laws, that were considered necessary for the protection of exhibitors in the year 1851 were discussed in Parliament, the whole question of the laws themselves was agitated among patentees.

We were then led to believe that an opinion is gaining strength among the ablest men opposed to the whole principle of patent rights. We venture at present to express no fixed opinion of our own, for the question is extremely difficult, and one that is to be decided only practically by the men whom it directly touches. We have invented no machines or processes ourselves, and are led by no facts within our own experience to the formation of a judgment. Copyrights are wholly of another nature. Between the copyright of a book and the patent of an invention there exists not so much as the bond of a remote cousinship. The author of a book holds by his copyright exclusive property in not one fact that he may discover. Whatever bit of solid knowledge, or addition to the sum of ascertained truths, he may print for the first time, will become instantly the whole world's property. It may be stated again in a thousand other publications. The only part of a book which a writer calls his own is that which is himself, that product of his mind which could by no possibility whatever have arisen out of any other mind. Thus essentially individual are the sequences of words by which he can communicate to other men his own emotions, the poems, tales, histories, founded upon subjects about which every man is at liberty to speak in his own way, but about which it is impossible that any one man should, without concert, write in another man's form and order of thought, or form of words. Upon all subjects, if any writer should utter himself worthily in a book, his utterance can only be his own, and is the fruit of toil for which he can receive payment in no other way than by the right of owning, for a certain time at any rate, what is more truly his property than even the shilling in his purse, or the ring on his hand. The case of an inventor is entirely different. The inventor of a machine, or the discoverer of a fact, that can be turned to profitable use in any art or manufacture—uses intellect, frequently, indeed, of a very high, and sometimes of the highest order—but he uses it to obtain something external to himself, a fact that might have become known independently to others. Often he is led by the advance of human knowledge to a fact that would so become known without much delay. Improvements are suggested in each art or manufacture as it grows; they are steps of progress, and we are not quite sure that the first man who climbs a step should hold it for a number of years as his own; we are not sure whether it is just that he should compel all who come afterwards to pay their footing, or remain below, unless they can march on by taking two steps at a stride, and so mount without trespassing upon the ground tabooed or patented. Does this tabooing principle encourage men to hurry upward? Is it found practically to reward inventors, and to stimulate invention? We confess that upon these points we entertain some doubt. The clumsy nature of our English law is very much in fault, but we are disposed to think that this alone will not account for the great prevalence of loss and disappointment among patentees. A man who is so quick-witted and energetic, who is so good an athlete that he is able to work on before his neighbours, and to mount to a new step upon a profitable path before they have attempted it, is hardly, we think, the man to need protection. Such a man left to his own exertions will stir onward and grow rich. Taboo a piece of ground for him, fix him for fourteen or a score of years to the work of establishing his footing on the basis of some one discovery, and pushing down all the invaders who climb up illegally to share his privilege, we are not quite sure whether in that case it is not in the very nature of things likely that he will grow poor. Dozens of patentees are rich, but thousands drag their lives through poverty and heartache: would the proportion be reversed if men who thought out truths could never patent them? We are not quite sure whether patentees are not a little like men self-doomed to the keeping of turnpikes on the highway, and whether patents through which fortunes always ought to come—but generally go—do not act as impediments not only to the forward progress of their holders, but to the whole onward movement of society.

> "Not fortune's slave is man: our state
> Enjoins, while firm resolves await
> On wishes just and wise,
> That strenuous action follow both,
> And life be one perpetual growth
> Of heavenward enterprise."

The lives of most inventors are lives of perpetual growth, until the possession of a patent stops further movement; but Mr. Heath's case was exceptional. *His* life was one of strenuous action. Despite the patents he had already taken out, he went on experimenting and discovering to the end. In 1849 he obtained his last patent, which has been described as the flower and outcome of his metallurgical experience of thirty-five years. Still it is not impossible that he would have accomplished even greater benefits for his country, if there had been no delusive protection. What the protection of his patent did for his successors this narrative will now proceed to tell.

On the eleventh of May last year the whole cause (carried on by Mr. Heath's widow) was argued afresh, in the Exchequer Chamber, before six judges in conclave. Four of them decided in favour of Heath's claims, two for the defendant. The decision was therefore for the plaintiff. As we have said, the improved method of carrying out the object of the patent was taught by Mr. Heath himself to the infringers; they had not even the merit of establishing the fact of prior use on which

they found their resistance. "I do not however," said a learned judge, delivering his opinion in favour of the plaintiff, "attribute any weight to the fact of the plaintiff himself being the discoverer of the new mode, or of the defendant having had it communicated to him by the plaintiff. However much these facts might affect the moral justice of the case, they do not seem to me to alter the law." So it is. Upon the moral of the case there cannot be a question that an hour's investigation would not readily and finally decide, but that does not alter the law. Right may be a very proper thing; but—right is not the question argued in a court of law.

The decision of the judges thus given was to the following effect, that the former judgment should be reversed, and there should be what the courts call a "*venire de novo*," which is a Latin form of the invitation, "Come to us again." The suit was put as nearly as possible in the position of a case that never had been tried; because the majority of the judges had expressed their decision in favour of the plaintiff's claim.

A new trial, however, could not be had, because the defendant moved in the next place for a further appeal from the Exchequer Chamber to the House of Lords. Mr. Heath is dead, and his fourteen years' patent expires almost in the present week. For the convenience of all parties, however, during litigation, an extension of the patent during seven years has been obtained, in the hope that Sheffield will make of its own free will—if not compelled by law to make—some reparation to the widow and the family of the man whose claim to payment for most valuable services it has been found more easy to resist than to deny. When, after a due delay, the House of Lords shall have affirmed the decision of the judges in Exchequer Chamber, we suppose that the whole round of the law-courts may be fought again;——

"Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach."—

We let our thoughts drop silently into the spacious pitfall.

A PUFF OF SMOKE.

Men will smoke tobacco and, we fear, take snuff for many centuries to come. M. Natalis Rondot calculates—a little hyperbolically—that there are at least a hundred millions of tobacco smokers in China. Two manufactories alone send out yearly from St. Omer forty-five millions of pipes, made out of eleven thousand tons of clay; then we have the rest of France, England, Germany, and other countries, not forgetting Turkey. Dr. Royle tells us that the poor native of India smokes his clay upon the bosom of his mother earth, by digging with his fingers two small holes in a clay soil, and boring a tunnel between them with a piece of stick. He puts tobacco into one hole, lights it, and lying down upon the ground, applies his mouth over the other. The Turk in smoking his narguile does not part too readily with his dear fumes, but sucks them all into the lungs; leaving, if he can afford it, the last portion of the charge in every bowl, and taking a new bowl at every sitting. He measures often the length of a journey, by the number of pipes that might be smoked while making it, just as we were told lately of the Ostiaks in Siberia, that they reckon time by kettles. Probably one man in every four throughout the human race is, more or less, a smoker of tobacco.

We have already (vol. iv. p. 526) described the manufacture of clay pipes, and we shall say nothing now upon that subject; but we know our duty to the aristocracy, even of pipes; and must apologise for our neglect of meerschaum and of amber.

What *is* meerschaum? In the language of the chemists it is:

$$(MgO, SiO_3 + HO.)$$

Nothing could be clearer to the general public than that explanation, it is MagO SiO three plus HO. In other words it is a hydrated silicate of magnesia; or a compound of magnesia, flint, and water, in variable proportions (for it is not crystalline), and it is often coloured more or less, with a tinge varying from pale yellow to deep brown, communicated by the silicate of iron. It is an earthy matter easily indented with the finger nail; and when wet may be cut with a knife. Some kinds of meerschaum (foam of the sea) will sink in water, some kinds float: the pipe-makers prefer to buy it not unusually light, and not unusually heavy. The light meerschaum is too porous, and contains often large holes. The heavy is perhaps a manufactured compound. The greatest quantity of meerschaum comes from Natolia in Asia Minor; but it is dug also in parts of Spain, Greece, and Moravia.

Before the meerschaum is carved by the manufacturer, it is soaked in a liquid ointment of wax oils and fats, and by this soaking there is communicated to the pipe bowl that property of passing through a series of shades of colour during use, for which the meerschaum pipes are prized. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fats united with the substance of the bowl to go through a process of dry distillation, and form products which unite with the results of the distillation of tobacco, to produce the true chameleon effect.

The meerschaum parings left by the pipe-maker are pounded and compounded into a factitious block, out of which bowls are made, called Massa bowls.

Of amber, out of which the delicate mouth-pieces of lordly pipes are formed, we need say little, for it is a material whose history is well known. The Phœnicians—Yankees of the

ancient world—fetched it from Prussia. On the coast of Prussia the greater part of it is still found, either by seeking it in mines, or by collecting it when thrown upon the shore after autumnal storms. The use of amber for a mouthpiece was probably suggested by an opinion, current now in Turkey, that this substance will not transmit infection, and as it is there a point of courtesy to offer the pipe to a stranger, amber mouthpieces are of course in general request.

About cigars it will be worth while to record a fact or two, that we have found stated in the lectures upon the results of the Great Exhibition. The best Havannah tobacco grows only in one part of Cuba, over a very small surface of soil. Very little of this comes to England; it is used at home, or sent abroad in presents. Other Havannah tobacco is not better than tobacco grown in Trinidad, or than the best American tobacco, or than tobacco grown in southern provinces of Russia. The superiority in most Havannah segars consists only in the care and skill with which they have been manufactured, but cigars can be made and are made in London as good as most, and much better than many of the cigars imported from Havannah, paying a ten shilling duty. That duty is saved by manufacturing in England. In the German Commercial Union six hundred and five million of cigars were made in the year 1842, much inferior in quality to those of English manufacture. The conversion of tobacco into these popular cloud-compellers is a matter of hand labour, and would employ in this country a very large number of hands, if the good quality of English made cigars were justly recognised.

Two hundred years ago, snuff-taking was common among all classes in Ireland. It mightily refreshed the brain, and was taken out of his box even by the ploughman resting from his work, and drawn into the nostril with a quill. The early snuff-takers did not sniff snuff by pinches. The Scotch calling their powder of tobacco not after the mode of taking it, but after the effect it produced, named it "sneeshin," and spoke of the boxes in which it was kept as sneeshin-mills. This name of mill or mull was given to the box, because the snuff-taker in those days toasted his own tobacco leaves before the fire, and then putting them into his box, made with a view to such use in the form of a cone or cylinder, there ground it into powder with a piece of wood. A ram's horn was a convenient mill, and a sneeshin horn of that kind, with a spoon and hare's foot attached to it by chains, has been for a long time regarded in England as the true Scotch Mull. We will say nothing of the snuff-boxes in gold and jewels, amber and glass, and the admirable Scotch snuff-box of the present day, with perfect hinge and closely fitting cover, out of which pinches are taken that defile the fingers and insult the nose. Few are the men now among us who can take strong beer for breakfast, and inhale snuff by the spoonful. But what can we expect in these degenerate days!

POWDER DICK AND HIS TRAIN.

The Surrey shore of the Thames at London is dotted with damp houses of entertainment. The water-side public-house, though, perchance, hard by an archiepiscopal residence, and over against a legislative palace, is essentially watersidey. Mud is before, behind, around, about it: mud, that in wet weather surges against its basement in pea-soup-like gushes, and that in summer cakes into hard parallelograms of dirt, which, pulverised by the feet of customers, fly upwards in throat-choking dust. The foundations of the water-side public-house are piles of timbers, passably rotten; timbers likewise shore up no inconsiderable portion of its frontage. It is a very damp house. The garrets are as dank and oozy as cellars, and the cellars are like—what?—well: mermaids' caves. The pewter pots and counters are never bright; the pipe splints light with a fizzy sluggish splutter; an unwholesome ooze hangs on the wall; the japanned tea-trays are covered with a damp rime; the scanty vegetation in the back-garden resembles sea-weed; the ricketty summer-house is like the wreck of a caboose. The landlord wears a low-crowned glazed hat, and the pot-boy a checked shirt; the very halfpence he gives you for change are damp, so is the tobacco, so are the leaves of last Saturday's Shipping and Mercantile Gazette. They don't wash the waterside public-house much, but let it fester and ooze and slime away as it lists; neither do they attempt to clear away the muddy sort of moat surrounding it; although, for the convenience of customers wishing to preserve clean boots, there is a species of bridge or pontoon leading from the road to the public door, formed of rotten deck planks, and stair-rails. One side of the door is guarded by a mop as ragged and as tangled as the unkempt head of Peter the wild boy; the other by a damp dog, looking as if he had been in the water too long, had not been properly dried when he came out, and had so got chapped and mangy.

Rollocks is the landlord of the waterside public-house, the Tom Tug's Head. Rollocks was a jolly young waterman once, and used for to ply at Blackfriars and elsewhere in the days when the waters of the Thames were ruffled by oars feathered with skill and dexterity; and not by the paddle-wheels of the Citizen and Waterman steamboats. Rollocks won Doggett's Coat and Badge twenty years ago. Afterwards, when by the introduction of steam-vessels aquatics had become more a sport than an avocation, Rollocks won many hard contested matches. He beat Sammon the Newcastle coaley, by three lengths, and was subsequently matched to row Jibb, the

famous sculler, from Execution Dock, for a matter of two hundred pounds. On the evening of the payment of the last deposit (made good at Thwaits's, the trim-built wherry, Fishgaff stairs) it so fell out that Jibb and Rollocks, quarrelling as to who fouled whom in some previous match, Jibb broke both Rollocks's shins with an oar; which, coupled with his getting exceedingly inebriated that night and sleeping in a six-oared cutter half full of water, brought on lameness and rheumatism, broke off the match (Jibb paid forfeit), and moved Rollocks to retire into the public line. He is a damp mildewed man now, with bow legs and very long arms; to exhibit the symmetry and muscle of which he is, seemingly, much addicted—if one may judge from his shirt-sleeves being always rolled up to his armpit.

Rollocks has, behind his bar, the silver cups he has won during his aquatic career; his Doggett's Coat and Badge, with his portrait wearing ditto; the silver oar presented to him by the Barge Club (Viscount Billingsgate, chairman), the mahogany model of his wager boat, and a neat collection of oars and sculls of various shapes and dimensions. Likewise the identical cushion on which Her Mellifluous Highness the Grand Duchess Dowager of Kartoffelshausen-Stoubenfeldt sat when he, Rollocks, had the honour to row her from Vauxhall to Whitehall stairs, during the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England in 1815. Rollocks's parlour is decorated with various coloured engravings of crack scullers in crack wager boats, all bearing (the boats I mean) in their sharp-nosedness, slim-shapedness, and eager straining attitudes, a certain curious, inanimate, yet striking resemblance to so many race-horses, winning memorable Derbys. There is a screen before the fire, on which are pasted sundry pictorial illustrations of the songs of Mr. Thomas Dibdin; notably Jolly Dick the lamplighter, in a full curled wig, lighting a large lamp with an enormous flambeau, in so jaunty a manner, that his tumbling off his ladder seems an event anything but problematical of occurrence.

When a rowing match is on the *tapis*—or, more appropriately, on the water—the parlour of the Tom Tug's Head is scarcely large enough to contain the eager crowd of fresh-water sportsmen, watermen, bargees, backers, and amateurs in aquatics. On these occasions it is by no means unfrequent to see the happy class of society, known among the commonalty as "swells," muster strongly within Rollocks's damp walls. The *alumni* of the two great seats of Academic education are here in great numbers, their costumes presenting a sumptuary medley, in which the fashions of the wild beast menagerie mingle with those of the stable. At present, they come to Rollocks's (which is close to Hook's, the great boat builder); they drink out of his pots and clap him on the back, and are hail-fellows well met with the decayed tapsters and discarded serving-men; the river weeds, and slime, and scum. They meet here, not because they like it, but because some of their associates who have been two terms longer than they have at "Keys," or "Maudlin," say that it is very "jolly" to go to old Rollocks's "crib," that it is "life, my boy," that it is "the thing," and so on.

Apart from the parlour at the Tom Tug's Head connected with aquatics as a sport, I must enumerate a miscellaneous population who are of the water and watery, though they run no races and win no cups. Here by night smoke their pipes and drink their grog captains of river steamboats: silent, reserved men, mostly, lost in fogs of fluvial metaphysics, perhaps; or forming mental charts of shoals in the river yet undiscovered. These aquatic omnibus-drivers, if I may call them so, puzzle and disconcert me mightily. They are inscrutably mysterious. Where do they live? What were they before the steamboats were started? Do their wives (if they have wives) call themselves Mrs. Captain So and So? Are the call-boys their sons? Have they studied steam? Could they stoke? Would they be sea-sick if they were to go to sea? They are nautical men, yet why do they always wear frock coats, round hats and half-boots? When shall we see a Citizen captain in a cocked hat?

Not so much parlour customers, but chiefly frequenters of the bar, or hangers about the door and muddy bridge, are knots of damp, silent, deep-drinking men, surrounding whom there is a halo of deep and fearful interest. I know what they wear those huge leathern aprons and thigh boots for. I know why they carry at times that weird apparatus of hooks and cordage. I know what lies sometimes in the long, low, slimy shed at the bottom of the garden, with a padlock on the door, blue, swollen, stiff, stark, dead! These be the searchers of the river, the finders of horrors, the coroner's purveyors, the beadle's informants, the marine-storekeeper's customers. When a man is no longer a man, but a body, and drowned, these seek and find him. The neighbouring brokers' stalls and rag-shops have dead men's boots and dead men's coats exposed for sale. These men are quiet, civil, sober men enough, and passing honest—only there never was a drowned man found with any money in his pocket.

Homogeneous to the bar and purlieus of the Tom Tug's Head are casual half-pint-of-porter customers, mudlarks, sewer gropers, rat-catchers, finders, river thieves, steamboat touters, waterside beggars, waterside thieves, I am afraid, sometimes. They pick up a living, nobody knows how, out of the mud and soppy timbers, as men will pick up livings from every refuse; as a teeming population and an advanced civilization only can have such livings to be picked up.

I don't know whether I am justified—before coming to Powder Dick—in describing

the house I am about, now, lightly to touch upon as a waterside "public," inasmuch as it is less by the waterside than on the water itself—an hostelry permanently floating on the muddy bosom of the Thamesian stream. In good sooth this "public" hath its *habitat* on a barge: its basement and cellar are keel and ribs. During the week it is moored by the muddy shore; but on Sundays it casts anchor a good score of yards therefrom, and the proprietor may, if he list, join in the exulting chorus of the piratical navigator whose bark was his bride, who was afloat, afloat! and, being a rover, free. I will call the proprietor Mr. Rover; for his hair is red, and he has a jovial roving delivery and a roving eye (one), and, according to the centilingued Rumour, has roved a great deal in his time—to the Antipodes once on compulsion. Mr. Rover's bride, the Barge and Buttons, has attained a green old age—to judge by the rankly aqueous vegetation clinging to her mildewed sides. For aught I or Mr. Rover know she may have been once, as a single barge or lady, first cousin to, if not herself the very identical "Folly on the Thames," at which our great-grandfathers and grandmothers halted sometimes in their wherries on their way to a Vauxhall masquerade. The Barge and Buttons may have beheld the "nice conduct of a clouded cane," the surrounding waters may have rippled reflectively with the dazzling brightness of Belinda's diamonds, of the still more dazzling brightness of Belinda's eyes. The Barge's rotten timbers may have been mute witnesses of the humours of Lieutenant Lismahago, of the fopperies of Beau Tibbs, of the assurance of Ferdinand Count Fathom, of the fashionable airs of Miss Caroline Arabella Wilhelmina Skeggs; for the "Folly on the Thames" was the resort of highly fashionable company, and if bears were danced there they were never danced but to the very genteelest of tunes. I only hazard this, nothing more. I am not certain.

Rover is a cunning man. Sunday, the *dies non* (comparatively speaking) of the publican of the financier (though beer *can* be sold in church hours and bargains made at church doors), is a harvest day for him. On week-days, as I have said, his boat is on the shore; but, hebdomadally his bark is on the sea, or rather on the river; and, being there, Rover is extra-parochial and can sell all sorts of exciseable commodities. So can, and do, as all men know, the river steamboats. All sorts of benches of magistrates, parochial and municipal authorities, have tried to do all sorts of things with the astute landlord; but in vain. The Rover is free and licensed. You have, to be sure, to pay a small augmentation of price on the liquors you consume, owing to the necessity of taking a wherry or a ferry boat to put you on board the Barge and Buttons, but what is a penny to a man who must and will have his drink, week-day or Sunday, fair weather or foul?

Touching Sunday I am moved to advert here, cursorily, to a class of bibulous philosophers who unite the wisdom of the serpent to the subtlety of the fox, and who, drunken dogs, as they mostly are, have been wary and expert enough to baffle persons and powers of no meaner note than the Houses of Lords and Commons. These are the Sunday "dram-waiters." The legislature has said to the dram-waiter, "John Smith, during such and such hours, when divine service is performed, you shall not buy beer of Thomas Swypes." To the publican it has said, "Swypes, you shall not during the aforesaid hours sell any beer to John Smith; and if you do, I, the Law, will send my lictors or 'bobbies' after you, and I will mulct you of golden pounds and take away your license, and bring you very low, and, in fact, play the devil with you." But the "dram-waiter," wiser, subtler, and warier than even the collective wisdom of the nation, forthwith sets to study parochial law, and parochial regulations. He finds, that in one parish afternoon service begins at one hour and in another at another, that in the one street in the county of Middlesex, called the Strand, there are houses that close from two till four, from three till five, from three till eight, from six to seven, p. m. respectively: that some publics are extra parochial. The "dram-waiter" will do without his Sunday morning drink by taking as much home over night as he wants, or he will introduce himself surreptitiously into a "public" with the connivance of a lawless licensed victualler; but he is not to be balked of his post-prandial potations. He knows to a moment when the Bag o'-Nails opens, and when the Elephant and Shoestrings closes. He can roam from bar to bar, to suck sweets from every noggin, and keep himself all the time within the strict limits of legality. He is never hard up for a drink. He may get as drunk as an African king between litany and sermon, and endanger no man's license. So much will perverted human ingenuity do. The glutton studies Latin to be able to read the beastly messes of Apicius in the original. We learn to paint in order to blacken, to write in order to libel. Heaven gives us the talents, and—somebody else their application.

But, *revenons à nos* Buttons. This barge-tap offers, both on week-days and Sundays, many features of social peculiarity worthy of entrance into the common-place book of the philosophic observer. Analogically thinking, I perpend that this beery vessel has many points in common with the dark, stifling, mouldy cheese, and rancid rat, and raw rum-smelling store-room of an emigrant ship, or to the worst class of bar in the worst class American steamer. This reeking smell of bad spirits, this lowering roof, these sticky stains of beer, this malty mildew, these haggard or crimsoned customers—these, the accessories more or less of almost every public-house, but here denuded of the adventitious

concomitants of light and glitter and gilding, stand forth in hideous and undisguised relief. They mean drink and drunkenness without excuse or extenuation; the cup that inebriates and does not cheer; the bowl that is wreathed with no flowers of soul, but with the crass dockweeds of intemperance. Bacchus is dismounted here, and lies wallowing in the thwarts of a bumboat. Sir John Barleycorn staggers about disknighted, with his spurs hacked off his heels. It is convivial life, but life seen in a Claude Lorraine glass, and that glass a pothouse rummer blackened with the smoke of a pipe of mundungus.

"Love levels ranks," Lord Grizzle says, but intemperance has pre-eminently the power of levelling and confounding ranks and ages and sexes, and species even. And thus it happens that from so levelling a system, there will result a terrible sameness of feature and expression, of habit, manner and custom; even as drill makes ploughboys, mechanics, and vagabonds all machines, as similar to each other as the sequent spikes in an area railway; even as slavery makes all negroes alike as one parched pea to another; even as judicious flogging will train a pack of hounds to run and cry and stop as one dog. Tyranny is most potent for exacting and maintaining conformity; and there is no tyranny so strong as that of the King of drink, no conformity so abject and so universal as that of drunkards. Which must be my excuse, gentles, if I find no very novel characters among the bibbers at the Barge and Buttons.

Stay! one, a man; nay, half a man; nay, a quarter man; nay, less than that, a trunk—a drunken trunk. As I live, a miserable little atomy, more deformed, more diminutive, more mutilated than any beggar in a bowl, any *cul-de-jatte*, than that famed Centaur-beggar who, as Charles Lamb phrased it, appeared to have had his equestrian half hewn off in some dire Lapithæan conflict. This wondrous abortion's name, if he have a name, is doubtful. Men call him "Powder Dick," whether in remembrance of some terrible Dartford or Hounslow explosion, by which his limbs were (supposititiously) blown off, or because his chest and face are ceaselessly covered with the black powdery refuse of coal barges, or because he was so actually baptised, who can say? Powder Dick he has been for years: blasted, blown up, crushed, torn up, or amputated he must have been at one time or another; but he cares not to say, and no man cares to ask him; for, though an atomy, he blasphemes like an imp of Acheron, and though he cannot fight he can bite and spit, and with one maimed arm his accidents have left him, hurl pewter pots, and broken glasses, and hot tobacco ash, with unerring aim. His occupation is that of a ferryman; and he ferries fares 'cross river from six in the morning till nine in the evening all the year round.

Not, of course, that he rows himself. He sits at the stern of the boat like a hideous pagod, and steers, swearing meanwhile, and craunching a monstrous plug of tobacco, in the manner of a wild beast over a shin-bone of beef. His wife plies the oars—a tall, bony ay, and a strong-boned woman—quick o action, quicker of imprecation and vitupe ration, who on a disputed copper would no scruple to paint your eyes as black as Erebu with the fire out. She is called Mrs. Dick but whether that be her right name, or sh have her "marriage lines" to prove her leg timate connection with Mr. Dick, I shoul advise you not to be too curious in inquirin She is communicative, however, when un ruffled. "My fust," she vouchsafed to te your correspondent, "was a life-guardsman and I kep him, for he carried on dreadful, an his pay wouldn't a kep him in blacking. M second was a navvy, and I kep *him*. So the I took up along with Powder Dick, here, an rabbit him, I amost keeps him, for thoug the boat is his hown, and the hoars hare h hown, my harms is my hown, and they kee us all afloat. A penny, please, sir."

Every evening at nine Mrs. Dick march into the bar of the Barge and Buttons wi Powder Dick, pickaback: which mode conveyance she adopts and he acquiesces with the utmost coolness and complacenc Powder Dick is then set up on end in a corn of the bar, propped up by emptied measure and there he remains, on end, guzzling fie compounds, and roaring forth wicked song till his wicked old trunk is suffused wi drink to the very stumps, and he tumbles rolls on to the floor, at which period of tim his wife, who has been drinking rum an porter mixed all the evening, with an i flexible countenance raises him, replaces hi in the pickaback posture, and so exit wi him towards that unknown slum of th purlieus of Lambeth, which may contain h home—if he have a home—or den.

Powder Dick has engrossed so much my space, has caused me to digress in what itself but a long digression, because I consid him to be in some measure not only an o ginal but a meritorious deformity—most *cu de-jattes* contenting themselves with existi upon charity—wheeling themselves about small trucks like cockhorses; sitting kerbstones with rude oil paintings spre before them, pictorially explaining how th came by their mutilation; being convey about as riders to perambulating organs; simply crouching on the cellar flaps of publ houses, holding hats in their mouths much the fashion of poodle dogs, with an associ (unmutilated) posted close handy to gi timely intimation of the approach of t police. But Powder Dick, inasmuch he is the owner and exploiter of a flourishi ferry-boat (albeit the *feme coverte*, his wi rows it), inasmuch as he makes an hon living and gets drunk on his proper earnin

may almost be considered in the light of a Mister Biffin, working as he does, though so horribly foreshortened.

I knew another meritorious deformity once (he is dead now), who positively became independent through his deformed industry, coupled with ingenuity. This worthy, being born endowed with qualities combining ignorance the most crass and most persistent, with idleness the most steadfast and persevering, is reported (I speak from report, for I knew him not in his perfect manhood) to have wilfully cast himself three separate times beneath the wheels of three separate carriages belonging to the nobility and gentry. Three mutilations of the most appalling nature, obtained from the charitable and wealthy occupants of the carriages three separate though trifling annuities, amounting in the aggregate to twenty-eight pounds a year. I believe he enacted the part of a votary of Juggernaut a fourth time; but the vehicle turning out to be a yellow hackney coach with a prodigious coat of arms on each panel, he gained little this time, save a five pound note from the coach proprietor and two months' eleemosynary treatment in Saint Bartholomew's hospital. He then retired upon his annuities, and, feeling naturally lonely and in want of comfort, fixed his eyes and affections on a young and ugly vendor of fruit in the public thoroughfares, to whom he was shortly after united, but who does not appear to have had that regard and consideration for the trunk of her husband, to which his talents and well-earned competence would have seemed to entitle him. At the commencement of my acquaintance with him (he had then been married two years) it was patent and notorious that his unfeeling partner was in the frequent habit of leaving him for days together without sustenance, on-end in his chair, from which, owing to his infirmity, he was, it is needless to say, unable to move. Nay, as a refinement of brutality, she has been known to place at the foot of the chair a large footbath of mustard and water, thus insultingly and derisively taunting him with his inability to avail himself of that useful adjunct to the toilet. But his sufferings were speedily terminated. My unfortunate friend was one morning found dead, drowned, his stumps uppermost, and his head in the footbath. It was conjectured that, after a too copious dose of snuff (to which he was much addicted, and to which he was wont to help himself by a dexterous extension and elongation of his upper lip, between a bag of snuff suspended round his neck and his nose —thus quite rivalling the elephant and his trunk)—he had fallen into a violent fit of sneezing; and, in the midst of his convulsive movements, had been precipitated from his chair into the bath, and so asphyxiated. His annuities died with him, and I hope his unworthy widow went to the workhouse.

One more variety of the waterside public, and I will go inland. Farther, much farther down river must you sail with me (our dray hath masts and sails now) before you come to the Trinchinopoly Crab. Far down below Woolwich, with its huge Dockyard and Field of the Balls of Death, or Arsenal, and hideous convict-hulks—spruce men-of-war once, but now no more like men of war than I to Hecuba;—far down below Dumbledowndeary, the already-sung (which charming waterport hath lately been endowed with a garrison of fourteen real coast-guardsmen—called by the natives "perwenters,"– armed with real muskets and cutlasses: and who shall say the coast's in danger now?);—far, even below Bluehithe, where the gentleman hung his harriers, and Gray's, and Purfleet, and Rainham, where the gentlemen fight for money—in a reach, a lonely reach, a swampy-shored reach—the grim sedgy banks of Essex staring from over the way, the salt marshes of Kent behind and on each side—here is the Trinchinopoly Crab, a lone white house, approached from the shore by a bridge over a slough of worse than Despond; approachable from the western side of Kent by ferry only, other communication being cut off by a sludgy miry little estuary—Dead Man's Creek.

The Trinchinopoly Crab is dismally white. Its frame might be taken for the bones of a house, bleached by the wind. The rickety bridge is painted white, so is the door of entry, with ghastly, skeleton-like chequers on either jamb, that remind you of the pips on the Dice of Death. The outward aspect of the Trinchinopoly Crab is, decidedly, not canny; yet within it is a very haven of maritime joviality and jollity. From the ships in the river come skippers, pilots, mates, supercargoes; from the adjacent villages come river-pilots, ship-chandlers, slop-dealers. From, no man knows whither—going, no man knows where—come strange mysterious men, who seem to know everything and everybody, who smoke cigars of inconceivable fragrance, *moucher* themselves with rainbow-hued bandannas, and must be either smugglers (none of your London street "duffers," but real smugglers—fellows who could run a cargo of Hollands in the teeth of all my lords mustered in the Long Room at the Custom House), or else aquatic detective policemen.

If you put your head, and subsequently your corporeality, into the long low coffee or tap room (for it serves for both) of the Crab, you will first of all be sensible that the tobacco smoked by the majority of the company is of a far better and more fragrant quality than that vended by your lordship's tobacconist. Your olfactory nerves will be gratefully titillated by the pungent fumes of the genuine molasses-mixed Cavendish; by the incense-like suavity of the pure Oronooko; by the manly, vigorous smoke of unadulterated Virginia, and the dream-like languor of Varinhas and Latakia. Next you shall

observe pipes, strange in form and fashion—not alone meerschaums and cherry-sticks of foreign make, but also yards of clay with outlandish bowls and tubes. Lastly, you are to be struck by the fact, that, although three-fourths of the company present are nautical men, you cannot detect any one nautical item in any portion of their attire. *Sic vos non vobis.* The stout little man in the rough brown coat and wide-awake has just come home from Smyrna, and is going back again in ballast, which, in the shape of sand, he is come down river to load himself with, from this portion of the Kentish coast. The tall, lean, wiry, sallow-faced man, wearing a fluffy white hat, a brown frock-coat, light cord trousers very much pulled up over his Wellington boots, and a steel watchguard exactly like a patent corkscrew, is a Yankee skipper, come on shore to see if he can pick up some sea-stores advantageously for the return voyage. Observe that he has whittled away a considerable portion of the circular wooden platter on which the pewter pots are placed, and has spat his and his neighbour's spittoon quite full, and is now sowing expectoration broadcast on the boots of the company underneath the table. His ship is a temperance ship, and he is a temperance man; for, although he has to all papearances consumed two or three tumblers of grog already (judging from the rubicund hue of the bumpers supplied him), his refreshment is, in reality, nothing more than a harmless compound, or temperance cordial called raspberry. All publics frequented by those who "go down to the sea in ships" keep a store of this, and similar cordials, such as gingerette, lemonette, orangette, all mixing with sugar and hot water in a duly groggy manner, but all perfectly innocuous and teetotal. There are snuggeries in Liverpool, frequented almost solely by American captains—temperance captains be it understood—which have no sale at all for malt or alcoholic liquors.

The fat, grey-headed, farmer-like man in the body coat, pepper and salt trousers, and brown gaiters, with a heavy bunch of watch-seals at his fob and a broad-brimmed hat, is a pilot; not one by any means you will say resembling the interesting individual with bushy whiskers, snowy ducks, varnished hat, telescope, and black neckerchief tied in a nautical knot, who very properly enjoined the impertinent passenger to go below to his berth and trust in Providence on a certain fearful night: for which *vide* the song and Mr. Brandard's lithographed frontispiece thereto. The pilot I have first introduced you to does not answer to the lithographed pilot. He is not at all like him. *I* never saw one like him; I never even saw a pilot in a pilot coat, though I have seen one in a hat like a London dustman's, in a Jerry hat, in a costermonger's fur cap, and in a red nightcap. Never a one like him of the lithograph. But, my dear sir, is anything in life like the lithograph, or the book, or the canvas, or the proscenium picture thereof? Is a Royal Academy brigand like a Calabrian brigand?—a Royal Italian Opera Swiss maiden like a young girl of any one of the thirteen Cantons? Are poet-shepherdesses like women who tend sheep? Are stage peasants like Buckinghamshire labourers? Is any imitation, reproduction, or representation of life, like life?—of man, like man? All men are liars. Put pencils, or pens, or 'broidering needles in our hands, we straightway fall a lying, and lie our heads out of shape, calling that imagination, fiction, forsooth!

The long low room of the Trinchinopoly Crab, though by day a very Lybian desert of sandy floor, tenantless settles, and pyramid-spittoons, and drawing, perhaps, scarcely a butt of beer per month, does a roaring trade at night; for there are always ships in the river, and boats to row, and skippers who have used the Crab before, and nautical tradesmen eager to meet them; though this river-side house is a good mile and a quarter from any village, or even inhabited house. Decent, honest, civil, God-fearing men are these seamen-captains—the nobly great majority of them that is—of every port and nation. From the blunt whaling captains at Hull and Glasgow, to the mighty mail steamer skippers at Liverpool or Southampton, they are almost invariably the same: civil of speech, quiet of demeanour, modest of assertion, and incapable of grandiloquence, almost to a fault. They will tell you diffidently of the Isles of Greece that they "were down Cerigo way once with fruit;" whereas young Swallowpounce of the Treasury, whose Mediterranean travels I verily believe have never extended beyond Malta, is for ever bragging of and quoting

> "Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all except their sun is set."

Have they been to India? Um, yes: Calcutta, and so on, said as easily as "Chelsea." The terrible Patagonian promontory, the awful and inhospitable land of Terra del Fuego is to them merely The Horn; and Venice, the Adriatic, Dalmatia, Styria, are all summed up in a simple "Up the Gulf as far as Tryeast with hides." Farewell, ye seamen-captains, honest men, who as pertinaciously persist in wearing chimney-pot hats and frockcoats, as your pictorial and literary delineators are incorrigible in delineating you in large-buttoned peacoats, wide ducks, and flat hats. Simple-minded men, making the little parade you do of your travelling lore and nautical learning—leaving the first only to be guessed at in your mahogany cheeks and sun-crimsoned foreheads and embrowned hands; the second only to be known in the hour of danger and peril, when the sea runs mountains high, and the masts bend like whips, and the rigging writhes like the tresses of a woman possessed.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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IN AND OUT OF JAIL.

I AM a medical practitioner, the author of a little work on Whitlows. As I sit at this moment I see the little work bound neatly—"Cook on Whitlows"—lying upon the table of my consulting room. When I look round my walls upon my bookshelves I see works by the hundred on detached subjects. There is a work upon diseases of the heart and lungs; there are several others quite as long on asthma, or consumption. There are works upon dyspepsia, rheumatism, fevers, gunshot wounds, diseases of the knee-joint or of the skin; there are systems of medicine, systems of surgery, treatises upon the whole contents of the apothecary's shop, and elaborate works upon the uses of a single medicine.

Now, although we medical writers are rather apt to fall into the Whole Hog course of action, and to grind, each of us at his own subject, as if there were no other in the world; although one of us refers everything to the heart, another to the lungs, another to the stomach, another to gun-shot wounds, another to the knee-joint, and another to the skin; and although I myself have a strong impression that there is a latent whitlow at the bottom of rheumatic gout; still, I am tempted to ask myself the question, when will there be as good a library provided for the uses of the moralist or statesman? When, apart from the Rabbinical traditions of the law books, shall he have ready to his use, works as elaborate and philosophical upon the Principles of Crime as we have on the Principles of Medicine?

In a by-street, this very morning, I saw at the door of a small oil-shop a cart heaped with bundles of firewood. The carter was discussing matters with the shopkeeper inside the house. A child not five years old crept furtively along the pavement with a wicked, craven glance towards the shop-door, and when he was near enough sprang at the cart and snatched from the bottom of it one loose stick. With that treasure he sped away as fast as baby legs could carry him, turning back every now and then a face that looked as cowardly and villanous as though it were that of a grown man flying guilty from before the cry of murder. The cry of "Stop thief!" *was raised after this little* varlet by a child of his own age, with lustrous eyes, long eyelashes and an emaciated down-covered face. You boy who cry stop thief! I said to myself, are scrofulous. My books explain you to me. I know how far, and in what manner, I can do you good. The other child is suffering as evidently under some moral disease, but how would that be regarded, if I—using my longer legs—should overtake the sufferer, and then submit him to the notice of the doctor authorised by law to treat such cases? Deep-seated and serious as the mischief in his case evidently is, either nothing would be done, I think, or something very useless; an expensive remedy might be applied in such a way as to confirm and strengthen the disease. Political economy is but a part of social science. I would say it is the physiology of the civil constitution. You may base your morbid anatomy upon it, and much also of your medicine and surgery, but those studies have yet to be placed on scientific ground. You have also your whole system of materia medica, of remedies, to form into a study, before your knowledge can be brought to bear with accurate effect on crime.

Nevertheless, some little houses have already been run up on this new plot, and I have lately seen a book lettered—just as we label "Solly on the Brain," or "Budd on the Liver,"—Hill on Crime. I sat down before it with an appetite, and read it through. As a book, in spite of the old proverb, is a cake that you can eat and have, the volume remained whole upon the table after it had been devoured. I propose now to mince a little of it, or I should rather say, as a professional man, to exhibit it in the form of a single draught.

In the first place, it is made evident in Mr. Hill's book that the amount of crime has decreased greatly since the good old times, because the predisposing and exciting causes (upon which the author duly treats) have decreased very much in strength.

Highway robbery was once regarded as a gentlemanly, spirited amusement. Assaults upon watchmen were so regarded in the memory of many of us, but in the really good old times it was no great stain upon the youth even of a Chief Justice if, like Sir John Popham, he sallied out at night as captain of a desperate band, to stop travellers

on Shooter's Hill and pillage them. A Prince of Wales had been a robber on Gad's Hill; and, for the benefit of noble burglars and highwaymen, a statute decreed that a peer of the realm or lord of parliament, on his first conviction of a robbery, was entitled to benefit of clergy, even if he could not read; that a lord of parliament could read being in those days by no means a matter of course. The spirit of such fine old English gentlemen, all of the good old times, was not invariably mild. Upon the coat of one such chief was blazoned in large silver letters, "I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without mercy."

The causes of crime, as summed up by Mr. Hill, are, bad training and ignorance, drunkenness and other kinds of profligacy, poverty, habits of violating the laws engendered by the creation of artificial offences, other kinds of unjust legislation, temptations to crime caused by uncertainty or insufficiency of punishment. These last act, of course, rather in aid of other causes; chances of escape from the due penalties of crime weaken resistance to temptation—they are not temptations in themselves.

The causes thus specified are all now actively at work; that is notorious. But it is not so well known as it should be, that every one of them acts, in our own days, with greatly diminished force. Few criminals are reading people. The great decrease of drunkenness is notorious to every moderately sane man who does not carry his pigs to a Whole Hog market. Of the decrease of poverty we may be very well convinced, when we remember that in the fine old times of Agincourt and so on, the four-pound wheaten loaf would have cost, at our money valuation, half-a-crown, and the artificers and labourers were "driven to content themselves with horsse corn, beans, peason, otes, tares, and lintels." The increase of servants' wages—which in Birmingham have risen fourfold in the last sixty years, and everywhere have increased so much as to yield a large deposit of surplus in the savings' banks—is a sufficient proof of the increased value of the poor man's services, and the increased consideration he receives for what he does. In this respect, though many still are suffering, the number of the sufferers becomes steadily fewer. As for artificial offences, when we have got rid of the game laws, there will remain not many; and although courts of justice are, to this day, uncertain in their issues, and unequal in the judgments they pronounce, it is a long time since the English judges were themselves tried and fined for their venality; since Sir Adam de Stratton, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, paid thirty-four thousand marks for having subjected his law to *lucre, and since Sir Thomas* Wayland, Chief *Justice of the Common* Pleas, was sentenced to be hanged, for aiding and abetting murder.

What of the remedies, the modes of treatment now in use, or those others which are perhaps hereafter to be preferred? Upon this important subject Mr. Frederic Hill has a great deal to say. His opinions are entitled to respect, because his life has been devoted chiefly to the consideration of the subjects about which he speaks; he having fulfilled the duties of an Inspector of prisons both in England and Scotland. I will state a few of Mr. Hill's opinions, and then hint a few of my own.

A first fact to be remembered in considering what treatment is most proper for our public criminals is, that the number of them bears a very small proportion to the population of the country. In any town of moderate size the thieves are better known to the police than the shoemakers or hatters. Even in London a list very nearly complete could be supplied for insertion in the trade department of the Post Office Directory. At Kinghorn, in Fife, there were nine resident professional thieves, who produced the bulk of the public offences for a population of fifteen hundred people. In the whole of East Lothian there were not more than twelve professional thieves among six-and-thirty thousand men, honest in the sight of law. Many offences are committed by a small number of culprits, some of whom come into the prison scores of times. Mr. Hill quotes from one of his reports a striking illustration of this fact in the case of Inverness. "My informant, a police officer of the town, who had been several years in the service, had passed all his life at Inverness, and says that he knows every house in the town, and all its inhabitants, that he is quite certain the great bulk of the people are honest, and that if fifty or sixty persons could be withdrawn, and the vagrants kept away, there would be really very few offences. He says that he has the very same set of offenders over and over again through his hands, and he particularly mentioned one woman who had been eighteen years on the street, and who he feels sure has been a prisoner in the police cells at least a thousand times, chiefly for acts of violence, such as breaking windows, &c., committed when drunk. It was on the 28th of September that I was questioning him on these matters, and this woman had already been committed seventeen times in that month."

This case makes very evident the uselessness of short committals, and may lead at once to a statement of the principle which Mr. Hill advocates. The object of state punishment, he argues, is not to avenge offences, but to prevent them. Prevention requires that the prison should be made a place decidedly unpleasant to the criminal, but while imprisonment should be a penalty to the transgressor, it should be used at the same time as a means of reformation. Therefore Mr. Hill looks forward to the time when

a criminal once placed in proper custody shall so remain until he can be returned upon the country with a reasonable hope that he will not go out to prey again upon his fellows.

There is another point upon which Mr. Hill has a good deal to say. There never (according to him) was a more absurd mistake made in social science than when prisoners were set to work upon a labour machine, to toil hard and produce nothing, for the absurd reason that honest men would suffer if the wealth of the country were increased by prison industry. Honest working people gain by the result of productive labour in the prisons, and must gain by every addition to the country's wealth, however produced, as they must lose by every deduction from it.

Mr. Hill is of opinion that a short-sighted view of this extremely simple question leads not a few people frequently into the companion error that when waste makes want, such want is good for trade. A man's house is burnt down with all its contents. At once there is employment for the bricklayers, there is a demand for tables and chairs, carpets, glass, &c. To a few people there has been an obvious gain, but to the community there has occurred a loss. The man whose house was burned down, and upon whose purse those sudden calls were made, finding his capital reduced, reduces thenceforward in a proportionate degree his expenses, and for years afterwards abstains from the employment of much labour, which would otherwise have been receiving wages from his wealth. The fallacy arises from the gain to the few being immediately perceptible; while the loss to the many is invisible, because it is so widely spread.

The capital being the same, the wages rise and fall in proportion to the number of men among whom the wages-fund has to be divided. But when the criminals produce nothing, the capital is less than when they help to swell it, and whether they produce or not, they eat. A consideration of the interest of honest men does not, therefore, as many have supposed, call us off from our plain answer to the simple question: is it better that the taxes of the honest working people should be spent on feeding criminals in idleness; or should not prisoners be made, as far as possible, to earn their board and lodging in the jail? In Mr. Hill's opinion, prisons could be made nearly self-supporting.

Mr. Hill says, that those criminals who least deserve our mercy, find the discipline of a well-regulated prison, in proportion to their stubbornness, a most unmerciful infliction upon their ill-regulated minds and bodies. A burglar accustomed to sloth, drunkenness, and the excitements of debauchery and vice, finds himself tortured by the wholesomeness of the new life he leads in prison. "However great a sluggard, he must rise, the very morning after his admission, even in the middle of winter, *when the clock strikes six.*" (In English jails, however it is to be owned that he has too much bed.) "Then, although he would probably prefer remaining in his dirt to the trouble of making himself clean, he must immediately wash himself, and that thoroughly. So soon as that is done, he must, if he has been tried, begin a task of labour, with the prospect of losing his dinner if he be sullen and refuse to complete it. Should he ask for a companion he will be at once refused. Between times he may wish to comfort himself with a pipe, or, at least, with a pinch of snuff; but no, the rules inexorably and most properly forbid all luxuries, especially such as foster habits of expense. At dinner, he may ask for at least a little beer; but he is again refused, and he finds that, however much against his will, he has suddenly become a member of a total abstinence society. As for opportunities for gambling, he has neither anything to stake, nor any person with whom to play. When it is considered how painful an effort is generally necessary to break through a single bad habit, it may be judged how much a person under such circumstances, must suffer." When Mr. Hill's labours began, men were often found declaring that they had rather be in jail than out of it, "since they were full fed and had no work to do." In one case a prisoner sent repeated complaints to the magistrates of various defects in the building in which he was confined, and, getting no attention, he at last threatened their worships that if they did not make the place more comfortable he should be obliged to leave. On another occasion, the tenant of an old-fashioned prison under Mr. Hill's inspection being informed that his term had expired, and that he was at liberty, replied, that having been in jail twelve months for other people's pleasure he should now stop for his own. To this determination he adhered with so much obstinacy, that the jailer reported the case to the town clerk. The town clerk having in vain expostulated with the man, summoned a meeting of the magistrates, and the wisdom of the whole bench not sufficing to get over the difficulty in any other way, it was at last proposed by the town clerk, and carried unanimously, that the man should be smoked out of his cell with brimstone.

Though prison discipline should be reformatory, it must at the same time be penal; and upon this Mr. Hill also insists. It appears to him quite possible to make a change in the dietaries of the English prisons. The average daily cost of food to a prisoner is fourpence halfpenny in England, and a penny less in Scotland. To reduce this expense in England to the same rate as in Scotland would save forty thousand pounds a year. There is no reason why this should not be done, Mr. Hill thinks, by a free use of maize and oatmeal.

Under the prison system at which it is the desire of Mr. Hill that the country should arrive by slow and careful steps, as much care

would be required in the selection of the governors of jails as in the selection of physicians to our hospitals. On the judgment of each, equal reliance would be placed; how to treat individual cases, and when to discharge them as relieved and cured, being subject to general rules, whether economic or medical, left for determination to the skill of the appointed officers. The prisons of the nation would not be so many disconnected undertakings, but all parts of one great whole; and as there are hospitals for children, for consumptive cases, and for idiots and for incurables, so Mr. Hill looks forward to the day when we may have prisons prepared for the classification of offenders according to the general character of their crimes, and also according to the three separate classes, men, women, and children. The refractory or the confirmed and hopeless criminals whose presence among others would complicate the discipline of any gaol, he would have drafted to a prison of their own, and collected for peculiar treatment in establishments analogous to those existing, among us doctors, for idiots and incurables. Prisons should not be expensive structures with palatial fronts. The average cost of building prisons is now about a hundred and fifty pounds for each criminal's accommodation. The largest and newest portion of York Castle was erected at a cost of one thousand two hundred pounds a head—which, compared with even Model Cottages, is rather an expensive style of building.

Thus far I have carried Mr. Hill in my gig. He is full of good matter, and his views are always worth steady reflection; but are not always to be adopted without inquiry. I will now hint how I come to this latter conclusion.

As that learned and influential body, The British College of Health, trace all diseases to one polluted source, which only their admirable pills, numbers one and two, can purify; and, as I, myself, am not clear but that the neglect of a disorder to which I have devoted much time and attention (I allude to whitlows), may have something to do with the commission of Crime; so I generally find that writers on prisons, and thick-and-thin administrators of prison systems, write about prisons and prisoners as if everything else in the social system were perfectly adjusted. Whereas it appears to me impossible rationally to consider the subject of Prison Discipline without an immediate, a constant, and a careful reference to the condition of many varieties of people who never offend against the laws and never get into prison at all.

Mr. Hill is so far sensible of this difficulty as connected with the employment of prison labour, that he makes the good suggestion that there might be established in workhouses, for all people able to maintain themselves in *the house by their own* work, an independent *ward, in which a distressed* man, having health and industry, might find relief unalloyed by the degradation—which such a man often keenly feels—of living on the parish. But I go further, and contend that until there be such wards in workhouses, we must not think of regulating prisons as Mr. Hill proposes. I go further still, and contend that one of the first essentials and requirements of a well-regulated Prison is, that its inmates should be worse off in every imaginable respect than the bulk of honest paupers and honest labouring men. Taking every precaution to ensure the cleanliness and health of criminals—for it is of great importance to society that they should not engender disease—I require that their condition shall, in no particular, present a favourable comparison with the pauper's or the labourer's. Let it do so under any system, and I call that system, however plausible in theory a manifestly false and absurd one in its practical operation.

We may all set up our little chandlers' shops of political economy, and serve out quarterns and half quarterns of that excellent article across the counter until Doomsday: but on this question of prison labour there always remains a consideration to be kept in view which is even superior to that commodity. It is, that the poor and honest workman shall never within his personal experience know it to be a fact that his labour is interfered with, by the labour of criminals thrown into the market with the contract-power of a great prison. It would no doubt be an unspeakable comfort to him, in such a case, to know from the Gospel according to Cocker, that society was the gainer by the operation. Such an assurance would beyond all question exceedingly mitigate the pangs of hunger, the miseries of a wretched home, the despair of living hard by the toil of a whole life; still, enough suffering, and enough matter for unwholesome reflection and unwholesome contrast would remain in the breast of that deluded and unreasonable citizen, to render it highly desirable that he should never be placed in such a condition. And so widely is this felt, notwithstanding the briskness of the retail trade in political economy, that the difficulty of getting work for prisoners to do, has been enormous; while the difficulty of disposing of their work, when it has been done on speculation, has, over and over again, necessitated its sale at a considerable loss. Mr. Hill's treadmill patients did not grind the air because the magistrates were bent on their grinding the air, but because the magistrates could not get anything else for them to grind.

And this brings me to another consideration. I think it right and necessary that there should be in jails some degraded kind of hard and irksome work, belonging only to jails. I don't think Mr. Hill's punishment of cleanliness and discipline, and no beer and no tobacco, half enough for the regular

hands. I think it a question by no means to be left out of view, What kind of work does the determined thief, or the determined swindler, or the determined vagrant, most abhor? Find me that work; and to it, in preference to any other, I set that man relentlessly. Now, I make bold to whisper in Mr. Hill's ear, the inquiry whether the work best answering to this description is not almost invariably found to be useless work? And to such useless work, I plainly say, I desire to set that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant, *for his punishment*. I have not the least hesitation in avowing to Mr. Hill that it is a satisfaction to me to see that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant, sweating profusely at the treadmill or the crank, and extremely galled to know that he is doing nothing all the time but undergoing *punishment*. I have a very strong idea that he is sent to prison, rightfully, for that purpose; and I have no idea whatever that he is yet entitled to the privilege of being taught a trade, or that his life out of that place has established his claim within that place to work as men work who are not despoilers of their kind.

Considering prisons as hospitals for cure, Mr. Hill seems to forget how often they would be hospitals for incurables. Already, he justly points out, prisons are chiefly filled with professional thieves, to whom, when at large, "thieving" is a profession. Does he think it possible that the twelve professional thieves of East Lothian; the fifty or sixty thieves of Inverness; or the woman of eighteen years' law and window-breaking experience who was committed to jail seventeen times in twenty-eight days; could ever be made to serve in the ranks of honest folks by any sort of such hospital treatment as he recommends?

In short, putting whitlows out of the question just now (though I think, myself, there is a great deal in them appropriate to this subject and every other), I am afraid that persons who get into prison must continue to accept prison, subject to many considerable inconveniences; and that it is even better for the community not to profit by the labour of those persons, than to make their condition suggestive of shocking comparisons in the minds of the striving and honest. Mr. Hill is a very sensible man, and has served the public (like others of his name and lineage) well, and has a far better eye for looking over a prison wall and seeing something outside of it than many authorities I could name. I cordially agree with him that the first thing to be done is to exert and exhaust every real and sound educational means of keeping people, from their childhood upwards, out of prison. But, when they have got into prison, and when we are considering how to provide for them there, we must mount with the aid of a Good Spirit to the highest tower in the jail; we must let that beneficent Asmodeus unroof the houses for us, and *show us how the people* live, and toil, and die; and we shall then know that we must not stretch out a hand to touch a privation or a hardship in the criminal's condition, without a just consideration for every humble figure in the great panorama.

TEN YEARS OLD.

In the triangular space left between the side of a steamer and a pair of barrels, many years ago, there was jammed a boy, myself, travelling from London to Rotterdam under care of the steward. It was, or I was, a pale boy, with blue eyes and yellow hair, aged ten. I thought that I had chosen with remarkable skill an entrenched position, parted by the barrels from an impertinent world too ready with its vulgar consolations, and very handy to the mighty basin of the sea, for I was worse than qualmish. As for the steward, I disowned his patronage. I was a free boy on a free element. Accustomed up to that date to an income of chance shillings and half-crowns that never became warm in my pocket before they were torn out to feed an unknown monster bearing the hard name of Savings Bank, I knew that whatever adventures might befall, whether from whales or pirates, on the way to Rotterdam, the ogre Savings Bank could not stride through the ocean after me, though I had money in my jacket, money in my waistcoat, and gold sewn up in the waistband of my trousers. I belonged to the monied world, and paid my way. That the steward was a buccaneer in disguise, a very eminent sea-robber, I soon found out. But was he not my most obedient, humble vassal?

"One service, steward, you may do me," I said, "now that we are at Rotterdam. Tell this Dutch porter, who shoulders so easily my little school portmanteau, and leaves me to carry my umbrella—tell him that I want to go to the house of Mynheer Van der Tabak, and that he must take me there." To that house I had been consigned, for Mynheer Van der Tabak was the agent in Rotterdam to a large school established in New Unkraut on the Rhine. New Unkraut *is* upon the Rhine, although you will not find the name on any map; I went to school there, and I ought to know. My father, tied to London, could not, on my first departure thither, lead me in his hand to the school door, but he saw me safely on my way over the worst part of my journey—London streets. From St. Katharine's docks it was all plain sailing, and a boy of ten must be a dunce indeed if he could not find his own way up the Rhine.

Besides, there was Van der Tabak ready to do everything. I had a letter to him, addressed generally "Rotterdam," in which town he was said to be so well known that it had been considered impertinent and useless to include on the address the street celebrated as that on which his house abutted. I followed the porter, therefore, confidently. He

stepped boldly out, up a street, down a street, over a bridge, down a canal, up a street, over a bridge, down a street, until he stopped at a small door, rang a bell, talked a great deal of Dutch with the genius of the bell, and then, turning round to me as the door closed upon us, shook his head and trotted up the street again. He had made a mistake, evidently, but he did not look chagrined. "Van der Tabak," I cried in his ear, and pulling the letter out of my jacket pocket, at the same time held before his eyes the superscription. He then paused, and by words and signs deliberately explained to me: "There are seventeen Van der Tabaks."

The seventeen did not appear to constitute a loving clan, for they had all carefully established themselves in places very remote from one another. If I showed the address on my letter with an inquisitive look to a passer-by, he either shook his head or pointed off in some new direction, saying a few words to the porter, who then added a branch line to the main trunk along which we travelled. We commenced our stradametrical survey of Rotterdam at about half-past one o'clock, and at about five o'clock—at which time, I judged, the porter might begin to want his tea—I was left with my little portmanteau at the proper house, distant about a quarter of a mile from the spot at which the boat had landed us. As I had no Dutch money, my friend the porter very kindly consented to receive his hire in English half-crowns, two of which satisfied him after much biting of their edges and a growl or two. I thought I had been cheated. Probably the fact that I was a little tired and hungry will account for the uncharitable suspicion. However, I had only paid five shillings for a walk through all the streets of Rotterdam with a real Dutchman; after all it was cheap. I felt for the hard lumps in my waistband, found them there, and mounted two flights of dark stairs to the chamber of Mynheer Van der Tabak, with the boldness of a true whelp of the British Lion.

But Mynheer was out. Three women, wonderful oily for their age, sat at work in a horribly close room, with their feet upon abominations that I then saw used for the first time—hot *chauffe-pieds*, though it was a July afternoon. Methought, if these are ordinary Frows, I know how we come by the word frowsy. Clotho Van der Tabak held her hand out for my letter, looked at it, and put it into the big pocket at her side. Lachesis asked me eight or ten questions in Dutch, and Atropos pointed to a wooden stool, at some distance in front of the dread sisters, upon which I was to sit. The distance pleased me. It was evident that I was to wait until their father, husband, or son, the Van der Tabak himself, should return; and I did wait for an hour, in silence. During that hour the sisters talked but little to each *other, but sat stewing gently* on their *chauffe-pieds*, following their work with their fingers, and watching me a little pitifully with their eyes. At last one of them, after a long search with her hand among the articles concealed within her pocket, brought to light a soft cake, in a state of perspiration, which, with a word or two expressed in a kind tone, she offered to me. They mistook me for a child, those Dutch women.

I declined the cake, upon which its owner, having first taken a bite out of it, returned it to her pocket. After another pause, there was a short discussion among the women, and Clotho, stooping a little, drew from under her chair, where it lay hidden by her ample skirts, such a stone bottle as I should, in England, have supposed to contain Seltzer-water. From the same handy cupboard she produced a glass, having the mark of her own fair lips upon its rim, impressed in at least three places. Into this she poured for me some beer out of the stone bottle. I drank that, and thought it good, but very soon my head began to ache, while I was wondering at what time Mynheer Van der Tabak would come home to tea.

The Dutch women worked, and the light waned. I stared at them through the twilight and the thick, hot atmosphere, while my mind ran in a melancholy way to the tune of Mynheer Van Dunk. Was Van der Tabak, like his countryman, given to sipping "brandy and water gaily;" and was there no tea to be hoped for; but would he come in presently and ask me to play at cards with him by the light of a flaring candle, getting my nose red, and my body stout, and my trousers wrinkled like his own? Should we, in fact, go to work in the true Dutch way, as I had seen it represented in old pictures? Was the unwholesome Lachesis to lean over my shoulder as I deliberated whether I would play the ace or ten of spades, and was I—longing for tea, or, to speak honestly, even a draught of milk and water—to imitate my host, who was accustomed to sip brandy and water gaily, quenching his thirst with two quarts of the first and a pint of the latter daily.

There was a creaking on the stairs. It was not Van der Tabak. Under the weight of a true Dutchman they would have groaned more heavily. A tall, spare, yellow man, with a long, hooked nose, entered. The women, in a few quiet guttural words, acknowledged his presence and indicated mine. He read my letter, looked at me, and said, "Very goot; I will take you to a bed." We went down stairs; my little portmanteau was again placed on the shoulder of a porter, and I trotted out into the lamp-lighted streets beside the hospitable Zamiel to whom I had been consigned. "I will show you," he said, "a very goot hotel." I did not talk to him, and I was glad to get out of his close room into the summer twilight. As my guide stalked on, I fell into a reverie beside him, and forgot my hunger. I should be soon again an

independent English traveller, able to call for what I liked. As we walked by a canal side, the lamplight and the water in the street, the quaint old houses and the people round about me, even the very pebbles under foot, were printed off on the white paper of my mind. We passed an old church porch, and a rich flow of organ music pouring over the fresh impressions as they were just then made within me, fixed them permanently into the only picture of the town of Rotterdam that time has been unable to efface.

"You must take the boat to Cologne at two o'clock to-morrow," said Mynheer. "You carry English monies, I suppose?" I said "Yes." "Very goot. I will change it for you into Dutches and Germans. I will be with you when you get up to-morrow morning." So Mynheer considerately left me at one of the few hotels in which there happened to be not a waiter who spoke English. Ordered by him in my name, there was brought to me a supper of bread and milk. Then I was shown the way to bed.

Alone that night upon a little bed, under clean dimity curtains, I cried myself to sleep, for the spirit of childhood came and set my tears a-flowing. But in the morning there came Mynheer Van der Tabak, with the question, "What is your monies?" In exchange for a few sovereigns he gave me a complete numismatical collection of greasy copper and German silver counters having no recognizable image and superscription; over them he mumbled, as if it were a benison, a very short and rapid account of their value. "You must have pieces of all kinds and pay exact, or else in giving change peoples will cheat you." I felt at the time as though I had bought a copper-mine, and lost considerably by the venture. But as Van der Tabak said, "in giving change, peoples will cheat you," so I pocketed without any remark his dirty money and his axiom.

Mynheer departed, and I saw no more of him. In a big room I sat down before a fresh basin of bread and milk, not feeling my dignity offended, because I had a real affection for good bread and milk, especially when I was master of the sugar basin. After breakfast I set out to do what Mynheer should have done for me, and without much trouble found the starting place of the Cologne steamer and the booking office, there being plenty of English spoken by the water side. I paid my way—half fare as being a child—on to Cologne; made sure about the time of starting, and went back to the hotel, where I was to dine like an independent tourist at the *table d'hôte*. The hostess, a clear-skinned, stout, genial woman, caused me to sit by her side, and I was not too proud to be glad that she assumed towards me, with a great deal of nice tact, motherly relations. The dinner puzzled me. I did not understand the meaning of dessert and meat at once upon the table-cloth. There was so much oil in all the dishes that I felt a little sick at contemplation of the long perspective of them. I had some vermicelli soup, tasting of castor oil. The fish fried in oil I could not put into my mouth. After that, I nursed terrible suspicions on the subject of the made dishes. The waiters, hovering over us like harpies, pounced upon the larger lumps and joints of meat, and bore them away over our heads, to be sliced up at side tables, and brought round. I could not dine at all until I saw plum pudding. The good-humoured landlady was at last amused and gratified at seeing that I made a hearty dinner upon that.

Then all was paid for, and my little portmanteau went upon a truck with other luggage to the boat. Fairly on board and started up the Rhine, I went down into the cabin, put my cap upon my knees, and emptied into it the coins out of my jacket pocket. I desired to know what they all meant. I had already begun to use them, and in so doing had obtained data to go upon; therefore I set to work upon the problem with the unsightly counters before me, as I had set to work at home over a dissected map or an ingenious labyrinth. A worthy Englishman accosted me. "Terrible work that, sir," he said, with a comic air; half humouring, half pitying my dignity of independence as a tourist. "Terrible work. Can I help you at all?" "Thank you," I said, "I should like really to know how much I have been cheated." Then I told him my suspicion about Mynheer Van der Tabak, and he sitting down by my side helped me to a correct knowledge of the number of shillings Mynheer had supposed to be contained in an English pound, and instilled into me at the same time a full knowledge of the mysteries of groschen, pfennige, and so on. Thereafter I had no fear. He was an English artist travelling with all his family, and taking sketches for a book upon Rhine scenery. I used to look over his shoulder, and marvel at the rapidity with which he pencilled scenes down as the steamer passed. He used to talk to me as though I were a man of fifty, and I attached myself to him, though it by no means suited my humour to place myself in a formal way under his protection.

We slept on board one night, during which the steamer ran aground and jerked me off a table into a corner of the cabin to my great delight, for I had always enjoyed shipwreck above all things. Unluckily, however, there was nothing visible on deck more terrible than fog, and I had seen fogs in London. We got off again after some hours' delay, to my regret, without any catastrophe. We were boarded somewhere for passports, but I was ready for all that. My passport had been many days in my possession; a fond parent had, indeed, proposed before my departure into foreign parts, that a full length black profile of me should be taken, in which I was to be represented with my passport in my hand.

At Cologne, while the porters were at work upon the heap of bones under which my portmanteau was buried, I got ashore and swang my legs in a high state of juvenile enjoyment on a wooden railing. At the same time I was enjoying thoroughly the sight of the distant mountains and the near cathedral towers, the Rhine and the bridge of boats. The artist and his family passed by upon the way into the town, and rather hurt my dignity by glancing at me and at each other with an interchange of some compassionate remarks. I dare say I was looking sentimental; I was not too young to have read Childe Harold, but I was as happy as a prince, and had got on so capitally by myself that I resented pity as injustice. The truth is, as I put it myself, the capacities of boys are generally underrated. There are some men at fifty, a great deal less fit to travel unprotected than the majority of boys at ten. The artist came to me in his polite way and said, "Perhaps, sir, as we are fellow-travellers, both going on to-morrow morning, we may do well to occupy the same hotel." I knew what he meant and thanked him, took the name of the hotel for which he was bound, and went on with my meditations.

My little nugget of leather having been extracted from the great mountain of luggage on the steamer, I went to the hotel indicated, found an English waiter there, met my friend the artist once in the corridor, who shook hands with me heartily, and made a joke or two, but did not in any way offer to invade my privacy. In the evening I went out for a ramble by the water-side, and coming home followed out the idea by which I had been pleased in Rotterdam, and supped on bread and milk. So far, all went well; but the next morning I was in sad distress, for the boat started at five A. M., and the English waiter did not get up. Soon after four in the morning I was crying out over the heavy staircase of the dark old inn to sleepy people who spoke no English, that if they pleased I should like to have some bread and milk for breakfast before I left. Nothing could be made of me, or done for me, and I went off in the raw morning to the steamer, in company with the artist and his family, the several members of which had been tumbling about the inn staircases, dressing in furious haste, and wanting hot water, a bill, a porter, and other matters, for the last ten minutes: while I, more virtuous, but not more happy for my virtue, had been up and dressed in time to devote half-an-hour to the vain search for a breakfast.

That was the last stage of my journey. On the same morning, when the boat stopped on its way alongside the quiet town of New Unkraut, there stood upon the platform a placid man with a small cloth cap on his head, and his collar turned back from his neck, who smoked a pipe with beautiful tranquillity, and who had evidently singled me out from among the passengers. I saw that he was *looking at me quietly* while the great scrambling of ropes took place. I shook hands with my friends on board and stepped ashore; the portmanteau was dropped out of the vessel after me; the umbrella I carried in my own right hand. The quiet German instantly stepped forward, took from me the umbrella (which I never touched again until my return to England), and gave me, in the English language, a mild, friendly welcome to New Unkraut. I believed in him instantly; and, taking his hand with all childish simplicity, walked by his side, chattering, to school.

So ended my first taste of the responsibilities of life. I liked it, and it did me good. In that little attempt to fly alone, I obtained more practical knowledge than is usually got out of a half-year's grind at Propria quæ Maribus; and I have no doubt went further to make a man of me than any amount of physical injury and moral contamination I could have suffered among what are sometimes called the wholesome hardships of a fag.

DOMESTIC PETS.

The power of visiting and studying a good menagerie is ever regarded as a pleasurable privilege; but the fact of having and holding a collection of living creatures all to one's self, is a precious possession for princes to boast of. With small folk, and with mighty folk, the sentiment is equally prevalent. Little Tom has a certain satisfaction in watching his friend Bob's experiment with the new red-eyed doe rabbit; he gives his advice how best to manage the perverse pair of pigeons, who seem determined to "mate" according to their own, rather than in obedience to Bob's ideas of a suitable match: but Tom's real and intense delight is to gloat over the profitable increase of his private and proper flock of guinea-pigs, and to speculate on the vocal promise of some thrushes, which he himself kidnapped from a thorn-bush in their infancy, and afterwards reared on spoon-meat and truncated worms, with his own assiduous and well-scratched hands.

The boy is father to the man occasionally; but there are frequent cases wherein the man remains undeveloped in many respects, and the boy survives to the end of his days. In those who have been early smitten with the love of dumb animals, the passion mostly lingers in maturer years. It is latent ever, though they may try hard to smother it.

They are ashamed themselves to indulge in "lop-ears," "mule canaries," and other domestic juvenile pets, so they disingenuously get out of the difficulty by buying a cage and a rabbit-hutch for their interesting youngster's exclusive use. But what a hardy piece of transparent hypocrisy! As if it were not perceptible, with half an eye, that they are as completely wrapped up in the matter of the live things as their children now are,

and will still be in after life. The poultry mania, which at present startles while it delights the world, and has solved the problem of discovering a new pleasure, is nothing but an instance of Nature returning with a vengeance, after she has been forcibly driven out with a pitchfork.

We, for our parts, will be candid; and will unblushingly, openly, and unreservedly confess to having lately set up a childish menagerie; and that under circumstances of considerable difficulty. We were travelling about, with no settled home—a month at one place and a month at another. It was, therefore, impossible to include in our suite even a selection of the beauties of the Birmingham list of feathered fowl. It was quite out of the question to hope to be preceded by a herdsman driving a Knowsley flock of antelopes and vicunas for our daily diversion. But, if one thing can't be had, to get another, and a next best, is the part of wisdom. A travelling menagerie we managed to collect, not so ponderous as Wombwell's, nor so valuable as Batty's trained steeds, but quite as amusing as either of them in its own little way.

It is instructive to observe the virtues, and sometimes the caprices and failings, of humble life. We had an excellent opportunity during the great part of last summer. One compartment of our zoological promenade, an aquarium, was a large tumbler glass filled with sea water, and mainly tenanted by a sea anemone and a mussel. Other visitors were now and then introduced; but they were fleeting mortals, here to-day and gone to-morrow. Some infant crabs, as big as your finger-nail, would look up ravenously to a gay young codling that was swimming in mid-water overhead. If the tender fry sunk down to repose, his body was instantly ripped open by the pincers of the crabs; so there was rapidly an end of him. But, of all selfish and unamiable creatures, these crabs were the very worst. While feasting on the murdered carcase, the strongest crab invariably amused himself by kicking his weaker comrades back, and driving every one but himself from table. In front, he was stuffing his funny flat jaws with tit-bits torn off by his finger and thumb; behind, he was carrying on a pugilistic contest with his feet. We determined to have no more to do with crabs, mainly because they would let the sea anemone have no rest, but perpetually annoyed him, and made him shrink into nothing, by putting their toe-nails into his mouth.

One thing which struck us as particularly droll, was that such despicable creatures—"the last links of Nature's chain," and so forth—should presume to have a will of their own. The mussel, when put into his crystal bath, of course sank down to the bottom of the glass, and lay there motionless, like a stone. He seemed to us to be just as well off there as anywhere else. He did not think so himself, however. In a day or two he was suspended, by a tackle of his own spinning, half-way up the inside of the glass, with the widest part of his shell downwards. And so satisfied was he with his new situation that he strengthened and multiplied his cordage, as fast as his resources allowed him to do so. We could never discover how he reached his elevation; but it must have been by shooting forth a self-grappling mooring-rope, and then climbing up it with his tongue or foot.

You may fancy that an oyster, of all creatures in the world, would be the one to take things coolly and contentedly, as they come; but you are yielding your mind to a vulgar delusion. An oyster is very particular about lying in a comfortable position in his bed. If accident or violence has turned him in a wrong one, he fidgets till he gets into the right one again. And his right position is exactly that which his faithful friend and obedient servant, the fishmonger, believes to be the wrong one. Both the dissentient parties are wise in their generation. The object of the one is to let the fresh tidal stream run in and out of his shell as fast as possible, at certain epochs of the day; the interest of the other is to confine a table-spoonful of sea-water as long there as may be. So the oyster-merchant deposits the mollusc with its hollow shell downwards, while the oyster himself is fretful and rebellious till he can repose upon the flat valve of his castle. For, besides the advantages of ventilation, or *water*-ation, which the *pose* upon the flat shell secures, the oyster is also well aware that his hollow valve, when uppermost, serves him as a dome capable of sustaining pressure, on the principle of the arch. An oyster, lying on his hollow shell, is exactly in the fix of a tortoise on his back, not to mention the advantage lost of being steadily settled in life instead of rocking about in the unstable equilibrium of a rolling oyster that can gather no moss. *Apropos* of the moss, our mantel-shelf museum contains several beautiful specimens illustrative of the oyster's successful resolution never to stand upon his head, if he can help it. And those are some hollow oyster-shells, from each of which a feathery tuft of delicate coralline springs up, like a petrified plume growing at the bottom of the sea. If the oyster had not been permanently placed upon his flat shell, how could that brittle calcareous ramification have sprouted so elegantly on his concave scull-cap? This native crest of the native oyster decides the question of upside down. The fish shop individual is all out of sorts. If you doubt the vivacity of oysters at large, take a walk amongst them any hot summer's afternoon when the tide is out. Their clatter and spurting, their snapping and sucking, make you think they can hardly be the same creatures which you are accustomed to behold so "mush" and downcast in the condemned cell of a Christmas

barrel, after a violent whisking through the frosty air.

Everybody has not seen a sea-anemone, although they are multitudinous on many parts of our coast. If you take a stroll at ebb-tide, below high-water mark, along a rocky shore, you will find the boulders plentifully sprinkled with seeming specks of clotted blood. Touch them, and they shrink into a thin leathery patch. In the little pools which have been left by the retiring waves, you will observe apparent flowers of various sizes, from a sixpence to a five-shilling piece, and mostly of a dull deep crimson tint. You might fancy them a knot of self-sown, submarine German asters. Try to gather one, and it withers into nothing, perhaps squirting a few drops of water in your face. It is a living creature and not a flower, and has transformed itself into a cold clot of gore as the best means of escaping from your grasp. You will have a better chance of capturing those which the tide has left entirely dry.

Here is one, plump and of a good colour. It has nothing to attach it to the limestone boulder but the pressure of the atmosphere acting on its sucker-like base; but we may rend it to pieces before we can get it off. And there are none to be found (or very rarely) on pebbles of a portable size; as if the creatures knew which was the safest anchorage. We will have it, however, to add to our menagerie. It is on the side of the block, which is more convenient for us than the top. With this lump of stone, I rap, tap, tap just above it, taking care not to touch its very crushable person. See; it dislikes the jar and is beginning to give way. It drops, and I catch it in this oyster-shell, which contains a tempting little pool of salt-water. It settles; we may now put our prisoner in our game-bag and march off with it home.

Tame sea-anemones display great wilfulness, and, if not properly managed, a sulky temper. The grand object is to have them show to advantage, and make the best possible display with their petals, or arms. To effect this you must keep them very hungry; short commons are sure to call forth their attractive endowments. Like poets, and painters, and dancers, and singers—omitting all mention of periodical prose-writers—they exercise their talents for what they can get, as well as because it is their born vocation to please. Every petal is a moveable member, whose office is to provide for the central mouth. Drop a pin's-head morsel of fish-meat just over the anemone, so as to fall, while sinking, between the arms, and it is clutched by the one that is nearest to it, and packed at once into the digestive repository. But *feast* your flower, and he doubles himself up close, to open no more until he is again half-famished.

Our sea-anemone travelled about the glass, *by sliding along, sometimes* at quite a perceptible *rate, on his sucker.* Now and then his spirits drooped, while changing his skin, which came off occasionally in a filmy cuticle. On one occasion only did he try to escape; and that was when his water had become turbid, by shrimp-flesh put in to feed his abominations, the crabs. He climbed up the glass until he was almost high and dry. It was as much as to ask us to renew his bath. But the weather was stormy, and we could not go to the beach for his usual supply. Next morning, he lay at the bottom of the tumbler, all flabby and unattached. We thought he was dead, but it was only a piece of pouting. In an hour or two he was as cheerful as ever. To reward his good conduct, we descended the cliff, and tapped the raging ocean at the risk of a good ducking.

The sea-anemone was perfectly amiable, in comparison with the tenants of an opposite tank. Spring water was the element which filled a soup-tureen that had ever been innocent of English mock-turtle. Instead of the nutritious and delicious and pernicious stuff, which, when cold, you may chop with a hatchet, this vase of abstinence had never got beyond sorrel and cabbage, with a Sunday *bouillon* in which were swimming mighty islands of well-soaked crust. Its contents were also *maigre* during its second phase. On the surface floated a green bunch of watercress; in the middle sported a leash of sticklebacks, whose only pleasure was to fight and dissect each other alive with their dorsal thorn; at the bottom pined a pair of cray-fish, hating the light, disgusted at being stared at, refusing to eat, and cursing in their heart of hearts the villanous temptation of the dead dog in a faggot, which had brought them into this pale captivity from their dear dark holes on the river's bank. Be pleasant they would not, unless at night, when we were all upstairs and fast asleep. Their hearts were more obdurate than mine; they stood out so well, and refused to be comforted so completely, that we turned them into a brook, to take their chance. And yet they might have been amusing, if they had not proved so nocturnal and shy. They are the very miniature of the esculent lobster, only of stronger build, and greater tenacity of life, with the further claim to close relationship by turning red when they are boiled.

But our quadrupeds?—Of course we had quadrupeds. Chance made me acquainted with a lovely little animal, the very thing I wanted; at once pretty, convenient and new. I wonder the idea never entered my head before. That a school-boy should put me up to getting a pair of *croquenoix!* I had not seen a Croquenoix for years. Those which I then saw were the property of a lady who, for morning dress, always wore one of those pretty silk aprons, with little frilled and fringed watch-pockets on each side, about large enough to hold a turkey's egg. But instead of eggs, in either pocket she carried a Croquenoix.

And pray what *is* a Croquenoix, sir?

I shake my head oracularly. My renewed acquaintance with the creatures was thus:—Riding in a public *carriole* one day, there sat by my side an English schoolboy in full uniform. His father and his schoolmaster were on the seat in front. Papa had escaped from his counting-room, and manifested a strong propensity to drive. I told him he had better not; because, although our horse was as quiet as a three-legged stool, and I had no doubt he piloted his own four-wheel with perfect safety all the way from the City to Stoke Newington, yet here the rule of the road differed from that at home; the French go to the right, when we turn to the left; so he would be sure to pitch into the opposition *carriole*, or get us shoved over the bank into the canal, by one of those heavy-laden things with long strong shafts, a couple of high wheels, a board or two, and a rope or two, which it is impossible for Englishmen to call "a waggon."

"You are going out a-fishing with your papa to-day?" I asked of the lad, "and you have got your worms ready in that little tin box, with holes in the lid, have you not?"

"I'm going for a visit to England," he answered in reply. "Father happened to give me the box, so I thought of carrying in it some Croquenoix for sister at home. The boys at our school have lots of Croquenoix; Groper has nine of his own catching, and Matcher breeds them. Some boys, however, keep nothing but birds; others like slow-worms the best of all dumb animals. Tom Byles talks of taking up the toad and frog fancy. Sam Green and I used to go partners, but we have dissolved; he has all the snakes and lizards, and I agreed to take the Croquenoix. Look, sir, they are fast asleep."

I peeped in cautiously; the little things were each snugged up and rolled into a ball, with a long fine silky tail wrapped over their nose like a miniature boa; they were clad in soft light fawn-coloured fur, with long whiskers, or "smellers," starting from their muzzle. They really were a very pretty, brotherly, and even an elegant present.

"Well, but what's the use of them, my dear? What do they do?" inquired Papa, with a most utilitarian air.

"They sleep," I interrupted, instantly volunteering to come forward as the champion of the Croquenoix. "They sleep to perfection; and that, I believe, is their principal accomplishment."

"Sleep! I don't see much cleverness in that!"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I see a great deal. Blessed (as Sancho Panza says) be the man who invented sleep. It is the best way of keeping troublesome people quiet. I wish some folks would sleep twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every *twenty-four; and so would* you, if you were in my place. In the house where I am lodging, sir, there lives on the same floor a widow lady, who, as the French say, is very lively. Lively! She came over the water on purpose to drink the bottled beer here, which is celebrated for going off like a fire-engine, and which has a pinch of detonating powder dropped into every flask before it is corked. According to her, beer which does not burst the bottles, is flat, and not worth drinking. Lively, sir! I don't wonder she was a widow; fifty husbands could not have stood her, with her three daughters and her female friend. They, sir, may take pattern by the Croquenoix with considerable comfort and advantage to their neighbours. The last thunder storm,—that terrific one at night—I was prevented from hearing the magnificent bass roulades of ærial music, because, while the widow was scolding with lungs of brass—that's how she killed her husband, sir—one daughter amused herself with slamming the doors; another convulsed the piano with a grand *finale* (which never was a *finale*); the child screamed with the force of injured indignation at not being allowed to run out to play in the puddles; and the friend kept running upstairs and downstairs, like a coach-horse shod with pattens of lead. So I gave up all chance of hearing the thunder, and undressed myself and went to sleep. Pray don't utter a word against the Croquenoix, sir; because, next to Rip Van Winkle, and the famous seven, they are perhaps the very best sleepers in the world. As soon as I get back again, I shall set myself up with a pair or two."

The resolution was kept, and the creatures have afforded us no little amusement from that very day to this. We were then living on the outskirts of a rather extensive forest in the North of France. Some day I must take you for a ramble and a quiet pic-nic there, when the orchises are in bloom, and the wild strawberries begin to ripen. *Croquenoix*, or "crack walnut," is the local name of a little quadruped which inhabits it. The word itself is indeclinable, retaining the same form in the plural as in the singular; its derivation is not quite clear, as there are no *noix*, or walnuts, in the forest, though *noisettes* or hazel-nuts abound. *Muscardin* is the name which Buffon gives to the species, justly describing it as "the least ugly of all the rats." He thinks that it does not exist in Great Britain; while Ray, who had seen something of the kind, says that the little sleeping rat which is found in England is not red-haired on the back, like that of Italy, and that therefore it may be a different animal. There is no difference between the French and the Italian species, and Aldrovandi has accurately determined it; but that laborious author also adds that there are two species in Italy—the one rare, having a musky odour; the other more common, without any scent; and that at Bologna both are called Muscardini, on

account of their resemblance both in shape and size. Our Croquenoix is a scentless animal.

Now the leading human Croquenoix-catchers of the place—for foxes, owls, hawks, and weasels doubtless frequently prey upon them—are French woodmen and English schoolboys. The latter, tolerably sharp observers, say that there is a difference between the creatures they find on the south side of the Channel, and those which they left behind in the woods of Kent and Devonshire. The great point of the Croquenoix, in the estimation of schoolboy fanciers, is its tail, on the length and beauty of which depends its value. Every other feature is sure to be pretty, but the tail itself is exceedingly fragile and precarious. If you lay hold of a Croquenoix by the tail while he is wide awake and in a state of alarm, he will make his escape most unexpectedly, by leaving the member (or its skin with the fur) in your hand. And a Croquenoix is not like a lizard; he cannot reproduce the loss. The disfigurement is never afterwards repaired. Therefore, the importance attached to the tail. The boys are the authority that there is a marked difference between the tails of French and English Croquenoix. Therefore, they are probably, if not two distinct species, at least two decided and permanent varieties.

The Croquenoix makes a round little nest of dried leaves, moss, and dead grass, and places it on the ground, or on the branch of a low bush. Here he sleeps all winter in solitary repose;—every individual having a nest to himself—waking now and then on mild days, to munch a morsel of his nutty store. In confinement, Croquenoix live happily enough in company, but the accustomed materials of their native habitation must be supplied to them for bedding; hair, wool, and what we might think warm and comfortable, proving injurious to their health. It is odd that, although their home is amongst the trees upon the branches, and in a chalk-bottomed forest where there is not a single permanent pond or brook, they are nevertheless very thirsty creatures, and are exceedingly fond of washing their face and hands. Except during rainy weather, the dew on the leaves must be the only available water they can find. The staple of their diet is nuts; almonds are particularly delighted in; but they now and then enjoy a green hazel-leaf; or a slice of ripe fruit. Wild cherries (*merises*) abound in the forest; and the stones of these which you find on the ground, often bear evidence of having had their kernels emptied by Croquenoix. The little beast, in spite of his name, is not so foolish as to crack his nuts; that would give him unnecessary trouble. He makes just one little hole in the shell, about as big as a pin's head, and through that he extracts, or laps out, the kernel with his tongue. By the way, he laps *his drink like a dog or cat;* and if he is very tame, or very thirsty (I would not say which), when you handle him, he will gently lick the moisture of perspiration from off your hand. Of course, he knows a good nut from a bad one, as soon as he touches it, without further ado.

Croquenoix readily breed in captivity, producing from five to eight at a birth. They come into the world blind and naked, and must not be disturbed too early in the nest, or the mother will prove infanticide. Otherwise her affection for them is extreme; to secure a nest of young ones insures the securing of their parent. She will run squeaking down the branch of a tree into your very hand, with the delicate bristles of her tail erect, her eyes flashing tiny sparks of fire; in short, the miniature of a raging lioness. And her bite, though it won't do much more than draw blood, like a pin-prick, is sharp enough to make you cry out "oh!" and laugh at the same time. When the little ones make their appearance out of doors at last, and play about with their dam at night—for their general habits are completely nocturnal—and whisk their delicate feather-like tails, and twinkle their round black bead-like eyes, they are very taking little animals. And, as in other members of their tribe, those brilliant eyes are so convex and short-sighted, that you may watch them close at hand without their being aware of it, if you will only keep yourself quiet and silent.

The Regents' Park Gardens might easily add another pleasing novelty to their established treasures, by planting a large glass case, like those in the reptile house, with turf, and a living hazel-copse, and then filling it with a colony of Croquenoix all by themselves. The whole thing could be finished and inhabited in a week, and would only cost a very few pounds. But it is certainly some objection to its value as an exhibition, that the public would gaze on a throng of merely sleeping beauties, whose waking exploits would be reserved to entertain the keeper who visited them on going his rounds in the dark.

Croquenoix must be kept in strict confinement, or they will hop off for a ramble, and forget to return. Still, they are used to a settled home, and like to have an apartment which they can call their own. We have shut our Croquenoix out of their bed-chamber, and they have opened the door with their own little hands, to force their way back again in spite of us. I say "hands," because "forepaws" would not convey the use that is made of them. One poor fellow, being tired of a truant excursion in my bed-room, crept under the carpet for a quiet day's rest, and was unfortunately crushed there. A woodman, to whom we had given a general order, brought us in a large party of Croqueniox. Next morning, three of them had escaped from their cage. One bold fellow was perched on the rod which supports the window-

curtains; the other two were cuddled together in the folds of the muslin, fast asleep, and rolled into a ball. In winter their sleep is so sound that respiration is suspended, and they are cold and death-like. Many a poor Croquenoix has been thrown out of the window by his capturer, under the impression that the vital spark had departed, while Croquey was only slumbering a little more profoundly than usual, and enjoying a complete escape from the troubles of the world.

But you do not find Croquenoix in your French dictionary? You will not be very wrong, if you render the word as "Dormouse."

HUSH!

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

LEGAL HOUSES OF CALL.

In Chancery Lane, Fetter Lane, Cursitor Street, Portugal Street, Gate Street, and Basinghall Street, London, there are certain publics of ease to the Courts of Chancery, Bankruptcy, and Insolvency; antechambers to the sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; houses of call for miserable law-writers, for bailiffs' runners and decayed process-servers, with parlour and snuggeries choking with expectant insolvents, anxious bankrupts, magnificent sheriffs' officers, lawyers, lawyers' clerks and blue bags. I would rather be excused from giving anything beyond a bare enumeration of these houses and persons, *since better hands than* mine have limned them off. So, avoiding these, I will reserve to myself three judicial houses of call:—The Nisi Prius, adjoining the Great Hall of Pleas; the police public, which may be over against any one of the metropolitan police courts; the assize public, which is in the Old Bailey—*The* Bailey, of course—not far, if you like, from that Ingoldsby-immortalised victualling-house, the price of whose first floor, previous to a fashionable entertainment, was so condescendingly demanded by my Lord Tomnoddy.

The Nisi Prius public, is by far the most aristocratic of the three set down. Indeed, at one time it disdained to be called a tavern, and rejoiced in the title of Sims' Hotel—Sims being a mythic man, a waiter of Queen Anne's time, traditionally believed to have once lent five gold pieces to Sir Richard Steele, and a cousin, I opine, of the many mythic Toms, Bobs, Sams, Joes, Nells, Dollys, and Betties, keeping hotels, taverns, and coffee-houses in and about town. Long did Sims hold out against the degradation of bar custom. Give us the landed gentry, that bring actions about mortgages, and win 'em, and order their rump and dozen, or if they lose 'em, have a magnum of claret in at once to drown their sorrow. Every witness in the palmy days of Sims was as good as a crown bowl of punch to the house. Every consultation between a lawyer and client involved a bottle of wine at least. Verdicts were dinners at a guinea a head. Litigants would think nothing of spending their two or three guineas a-piece over a trifling affair like an injunction in Chancery or a rule to show cause. But when top boots and Hessian boots had quite gone out; when the hand of the great logician—Death—had solved all Lord Eldon's doubts; when, finally, brooms had made themselves felt in the Augæan stables of the law, and the abominable arrest by mesne process was abolished, Sims sank, to rise no more as an hotel. The rumps and dozens, the crown bowls, the guinea dinners, took wing with the tops and Hessians, Lord Eldon's doubts, and the forty-shilling judgments. Sims would have come to grief and bankruptcy had not Sims (represented for the time by its landlord, Bobo, a worthy man, nephew of the Lord Chancellor's purse-bearer)—had not, as I say, Sims been wise. Sims manfully put its shoulder to the wheel, and went the whole hog in the pewter and pint pot line; and, though keeping the words "Sims' Hotel" in raised stucco letters over the first-floor windows, became thenceforth, to all intents and purposes, a public-house.

During the long vacation, when lawyers and pheasants are on the wing; when the Bar migrate to Baden, and the Bench to Brussels; when clients and debtors breathe, and walk no more in fear of that fell tap on the shoulder, far worse than rheumatism or sciatica, which presages the evil deeds of John Doe; when bailiffs slumber, turnkeys

nod, and the hinges of Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's friendly portals grow rusty for lack of visitors, Sims drives a trade which may be familiarly designated as "slack." Two or three antiquated ushers and criers, messengers and doorkeepers of the Law Courts adjacent are faithful customers, but are no great shakes. Your Nisi Prius underlings are mostly temperate men, who, when they do drink, affect mostly sherry and water, cold—shrub and water, cold—and similar mild and long-lasting potations. It is your criminal, but especially your insolvency men who drink quick, and frequently, and strongly, and always. Detectives generally take glasses of sherry in rapid succession and with an unmoved countenance; for no quantity of sherry in any number of glasses was ever known to make a detective tipsy. Simple policemen take, as a rule, neat gin, accompanying the act of bibation with a frown, and following it with a backhanded wipe of the lips and a municipal cough. But your insolvency man, your bankruptcy man, your notice-server, your process-taker, your tipstaff,—these be the men who love Bacchus. Not late topers are they; for almost invariably they hail their homeward-bound omnibuses about ten minutes after the rising of the court; but day-drinkers, perpetual runners out after "drains" and "whets,"—men who if you do not find them at their posts, are sure to be "over the way," or "have just stepped out," or are "round the corner." I knew a public-house (The File, Sheddle Street, Lincoln's-inn) whose morning custom, arising from insolvency officials, who drank hot gin-and-water between the hours of eight and ten every morning, could not have been less than three hundred pounds a year. They may be nervous men, these matutinal topers; and, living constantly in an atmosphere of ruin, and blighted hopes, and shattered fortunes, and delusive speculations, may be afraid that, constantly about the court as they are, they may come to ruin themselves one day, and go *through* the court, and so take plenty of gin-and-water to keep their "peckers" up. Or perchance (and this was suggested to me by an envious man) they may, as promotion in the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Courts is regulated by seniority, be desirous of drinking their seniors to death, and thereby stepping into their vacant shoes. At all events, these early, and potent, and constant "drains" give these old boys habitually a groggy look, a fuddly look, not to say a drunken look. Their faces are the coffins of unnumbered "sixes" of gin-and-water, and the pimples and grog-blossoms are the nails thereon.

But I have diverged from "Sims." Besides the old officials (pippin-faced, white-headed old gentlemen mostly, with spotless white neck-cloths fastened with silver buckles), there come to the bar, during the dead season, a *sprinkling of the* broken-down touters, *message-carriers, doers of* odd jobs, poor devils, whom I may call the helpers, and "odd men" in the stable of law—the scullions in the kitchen of justice—the bucks on the cab-stand of equity. One or two of the inevitable class of ruined clients, half-mad and wholly heart-broken, haunt the coffee-room, together with a pitiable object with red whiskers, a drink-embossed face, a shambling gait, who was really a Member of Parliament—an Irish Member—a very, very long time ago, who had a fine estate, and who begs a little and borrows a little, but drinks a great deal more than either—or than he eats, now. Whiskey, and late hours, and want, have cracked his voice; but he can sing "Silent, oh, Moyle" and "You remember Ellen" yet, in a style to make the tears tremble on your eyelids, and the half-crown you know he is immediately afterwards about to borrow leap out of your pocket, almost spontaneously.

But, when Term is on—when the new trial paper is full, and the old cause list not half exhausted: you should see Sims then! Its choked-up bar, its barricaded entry, its crowded parlour and coffee-room, its thronged bed-rooms. Avalanches of hats tumble up and down stairs like inky snowballs; parchment is as common as whitey-brown paper; the pot-boy ties his shoes with red tape, and as for ink, my gracious! The customers drink it by quarts, so to speak. They suck it up in goose-quills, and pour it into the bowels of reams of foolscap paper. Then, such an eager pressing; such a jostling, squeezing, button-holding, hand-shaking, fist-shaking, "dear friend" calling, "infernal scoundrel" calling; such depth and acumen of criticism displayed on the learning of judges, the eloquence of counsel, the tact of solicitors, the boldness of witnesses, the discernment (or stupidity) of jurymen. Such congratulations and free-hearted offers to stand "glasses round." On the other hand, such lamentations, and mournful looks, and sullen drinking in corners, and passionate recrimination. O Sims, Sims!

Yet another legal "public"—an hostelry of civil law—can I find. Know you the lane where the smell of parchment and red tape, the air redolent of wig-powder and pounce tell of the deeds that are done in their clime? Know you the lane that is narrow and crooked, and dirty, and ill-savouring as the laws which are twisted, and tortured, and garbled, and misconstrued, in the courts round about? Know you the lane which the barrister paces in full forensic costume—in undisguised wig and gown—a legal knight of the road—with brief clutched closely in his hand as though it were a pistol and he would say, "Your fee or your life?" Know you the lane where sharp-eyed little men hold fox-like converse at street corners, or beneath the shadow of the ancient gateway of Lincoln's Inn con, anxiously, ravenously, huge skins of parchment—the skins once of innocent, woolly-

coated, mild-eyed, meek-nosed sheep, but now the devil's letter-paper, begrimed with hideous abracadabras of engrossment: "whereases" and "furthermores," and "as aforesaids," and the devil only (and his attorneys and solicitors) know what besides. Know you this lane?

Slinking out of this ill-omened thoroughfare, in a shabby, shambling, downcast manner, and not turning boldly out of it at a respectable angle, is a little frowsy street with no thoroughfare at the end thereof, save a maze of horrible little courts and alleys. This is Anathema Street, leading to Maranatha Buildings, Bell Alley, Book Court, and Candle Row. The grass grows between the uneven paving stones in the road: no sound of wheels is ever heard save that of some dismal cab landing a captive at Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's spunging-house. Once, as legends tell, a printer's boy, going with a truck full of "forms" ready for "machining" towards Boot Lane, lost himself in the solitudes of Anathema Street. Amid the shades of evening his errant vehicle ran with dreadful concussion against one of the many posts that hamper, like as pleas or special demurrers do justice, the ingress to Maranatha Buildings. The imprisoned types burst their "chases;" the "blocks" (the publication was an illustrated one) flew hither and thither, and splat (imperfect of split) into countless fragments. The forms fell

> "——with hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition."

They went into irretrievable "pie;" and the clattering "chases" woke up hoarse, bronchital echoes in Mr. Nebuchadnezzar's backyard, and rung shriekingly the iron bars and stanchions of Mr. Haman's "lock-up," and shook the yellow rotten window blinds of Messrs. Faggot, Skewball, and Wrack's parlours, till the greasy, dusky, worsted tassels dropped from their frayed cords, and the mouldy title-deeds and law papers in the battered japanned cases with half-effaced initials trembled again. Small bands of juvenile wreckers came down that night and next morning to gaze upon the ruined newspaper, and made savage forays on its scattered fragments. There was joy in Maranatha Buildings. Young savages careered about with "chases" round their necks like quadrangular dogs' collars, and infants of tender years sucked leaden lollipops of "bourgeois" and "nonpareil."

In the maze of courts and alleys I have cursorily mentioned—somewhere in the midst of its intricacies, but where I cannot exactly tell, for I never knew—is the place of public entertainment known as The File, Dorothy Casay, landlady. D. C. is a widow. The deceased Casay was clerk to Messrs. Caveat and Emptor of Scrivener's Yard. He came to his end one day in Fleet Street, somehow between a Hansom cab, an advertising van, and a somewhat too heavily laden blue bag. That was before the abolition of the law of deodand; and Messrs. Caveat and Emptor managed to screw some pretty pickings out of the cab proprietor and the van advertiser; which, together with their own munificence to the relict of a servant who had died as it were on the field of battle—writs in his pocket, and harness (in the shape of the blue bag) on his back—and the subscription of friends and admirers, enabled Mrs. Casay to purchase the goodwill and stock of The File public-house before-mentioned.

Let us put an appearance upon The File. It is a house all corners. The surrounding houses seem to have made aggressive inroads upon it, and to have squeezed it out of shape. Its outer side is beset with snares, pitfalls, impediments, obstacles—all like Law. Barbers' poles, dyers' poles, the sign of a rival public-house hard by, the crane of a hop-warehouse, project against and about its walls, as if emblematical of the sticks and staves of Law. As I have said that I don't know the exact situation of The File, you must thread half-a-dozen little lanes and courts; take care you don't fall into the subterranean cobbler's stall opposite the eel-pie shop; then if you leave the heterogeneous shop on your right—the species of legal marine store shop, where are sold old writs, old declarations, old warrants, ink-bottles, deed-cases, blue-bags—the rusted, battered, mouldy ruins of the paraphernalia of Law—the thousand and one twopenny-halfpenny nicknacks garnered together here from the field of the Westminster Waterloo—nicknacks more interesting, more suggestive, and often more genuine than the rusted eagles, flattened bullets, and rusted cuirasses, of which so plentiful a crop grows on the road from Brussels to Waterloo;—avoid all these traps, obstacles, and stumbling-blocks, and you will come upon The File suddenly. It is all corners inside as well as out. You go up stairs to the cellar, and tumble down steps to the bars. There are windows where no windows should be, and doors everywhere but where they should properly be. Everything in the interior reminds you, in its fantastic shapelessness, of that dreadful octagonal apartment invented for the ruthless Italian, which diurnally collapsed, until its hapless inventor—confined therein by his ungrateful patron—was crushed to death. Cobwebs flourish in The File. So do ink-stains; for the profession of its frequenters renders the frequent scribbling of memoranda, appointments, notes of information, addresses of "parties," necessary; and the bulgy inkstand (like a pewter pot cut down), with the "black sea of thought" thickened to a comfortable degree of muddiness therein, and the stumpy pens, with the dirty, fractured wafers—crumbs from some rich lawyer's table—are in constant requisition, are passed and repassed across

the bar, in fact, till the taps are as inky as they are beery. Each customer of The File has his corner—a corner which he would not lightly resign. Old Bags of the Twelve Clerks' office, a high-dried old man, with a struggling shirt-frill and a very large silver chain, has *his* corner, where he reads the Law Times with dreary assiduity, and mumbles rather than smokes his cheroots. He imbibes largely; but it is his peculiarity never to have more than one glass of spirits and water daily: artfully contriving, however, to have the whisky-tap turned into it at stated intervals—just to soften it, as he calls it. It is my firm belief, so frequently are these "softenings" resorted to, that he frequently gets to a tumbler of raw whisky before the afternoon is out. Bags is supposed to have once amassed immense wealth through the exercise of the somewhat anomalous profession of "trustee." He is always being executor, or guardian, or secretary, or auditor to somebody or something; and his calumniators—what good man is free from them?—declare that he grinds the noses of widows, and skins the flints that are the patrimony of orphans. Little Stagg, Caveat and Emptor's runner, asseverates that Bags "would rob an angel of his flannel jacket."

Between Bags and the corner of the bar where little Stagg (a measly little man generally covered with bits of straw or flue, and the cuffs and sleeves of whose coat glisten with a greasy sheen brought about by much leaning on pewter counters) drops in for what he calls a "dandy," that is to say, twopennyworth of gin—there hangs in a tarnished frame stuck over with bulbous scrolls, much chipped and cracked, a picture which has been a considerable traveller in its time, has seen some vicissitudes, and if the sums at which it has occasionally been valued are to be taken into account, would be entitled to think anything but small beer of itself. The subject of this performance leaves open a wide field for conjecture either through the smoke and dirt by which the canvas is obscured, the dubious light in which it is hung, or a pervading haziness of treatment. The only figure plainly discernible is that of a patriarch in a beard, a wide-awake hat, and a scarlet gaberdine or Benjamin; and opinions are divided, and connoisseurs vary, as to whether this individual is intended to represent the father of the prodigal son, one of the chaste Susannah's senile admirers, Abraham turning Hagar out of doors, or King Lear in the storm. Bags—who is a matter-of-fact man, without an ounce of poetry in his conformation—declares the subject of the picture to be the nocturnal irruption of a fox into a farmyard, and that the patriarch is an indignant farmer, roused from his peaceful couch. Mrs. Casay is doubtful and timid of expressing an opinion; but I think she privately leans to *the creed that the figure in* the Benjamin is *Mother Redcap telling fortunes.* This ambiguous *tableau* has been what is called a "discount" picture. It is supposed that Venere, the broker of Tick Street, either picked it up at Tompkin's weekly picture sale in Princes Street, Soho, for a matter of half-a-dozen shillings, or that it was an "execution" lot, distrained for some non-forthcoming rent. From Venere (who is a crack upholsterer now, and sells stupendous articles of furniture to confiding married couples, admirably suited to the ever-occurring mutabilities of fashion, for they never last more than six months) this wondrous picture passed to Mr. Cephalus Procriss, the famous bill discounter of Talavera Place and Knaves Inn, who handsomely presented it to young Sassafrass of the Life Guards Puce, together with twelve dozen of the Duke of Albufera's admired sherry, several camels' bits, a Turkish yataghan, and seventy-five pounds in cash, all on the sole and fragile security of a slip of paper, stamped—just as a matter of form—on which was written some harmless nonsense about Sassafrass promising to pay two hundred and fifty pounds that day twelve months—harmless indeed to Sassafrass, for he never paid, and never meant to pay; although, to be sure, Procriss—(he has a magnificent series of army lists, bound in scarlet morocco and gold, in his library, and knows the standing of every man in the service as well as the adjutant-general)—did contrive to extract the two hundred and fifty out of the Dowager Lady Marjoram, the guardsman's maternal aunt. Sassafrass gave the picture to Mademoiselle Friboulette of the *corps de ballet. She* gave it to her admirer, Richard Bower, twenty-eighth violin in the orchestra of the Italian opera. *He* raffled it at the "Scrapers" in Drury Lane for two pounds, eleven and sixpence. It was won by Burley-bumbo, the violoncello-player, who bartered it to his butcher (who had a taste for the fine arts). He, coming to grief, pawned it for fifteen shillings. Hence it passed into the discount trade again: was made to represent the value of hundreds of pounds, was then sold and resold again for a few shillings—for a suit of old clothes—for spirits and tobacco. It has been called a Titian, a Guido, a Correggio, a Guercino, and a Domenichino. It has been "put in" at gentlemen's sales, and has knocked about auction rooms, and flapped in the wind outside brokers' shops. Now, it is the temporary property of Mr. Grip, sub-officer to the sheriffs. Mr. Grip would like to sell it, or to raffle it, or to let it out on hire, or to do anything with it by which money could be obtained; but the scarlet patriarch is so well known—so infamously notorious, in fact—in the society with which Mr. Grip mixes, that none of his acquaintances can be persuaded to bid for it, or take a chance in it, or hire it, or speculate in or upon it in any manner whatsoever. So Mr. Grip has hung it up here, at The File, in the vain hope that some nobleman, overtaken by a shower,

some belated *connoisseur*, or escaped lunatic may one day suddenly be taken with, and bid a gigantic sum for it.

The corner opposite the shelf, where the gouty bottles of "Shrub," "Cloves," "Loveage," and "Orange Boven" stand: is the chosen resort of Mr. Large and Mr. Broad, two very fat old men. They are both equally corpulent, they both breathe stertorously, have curly grey hair, and no whiskers. They both wear broad-brimmed hats, spectacles, and low shoes. You might easily take them for twins. But they are not. They are not even friends, in the proper sense of the term, but simply chance acquaintances. Their professions are not even similar. Large is in the law—chancery clerk in Lambert, Falstaff, and Armitage's office; but Broad is supposed to be head cook at a west-end hotel. Large has used The File for years; but Broad dropped in "promiscuous" during the cholera season to have a glass of ginger brandy. These two fat men saw, loved, admired one another momentarily. They were made for one another. They exchanged fat. They became living looking-glasses to one another. They do not talk, but sit opposite each other on low stools, staring and breathing hard, and occasionally interchanging pinches from dumpy snuff-boxes. Each holds a glass of gin-and-water warm on his knee—each "stands" alternately fresh fourpenn'orths. I am certain if either of these gross men were to absent himself, the other would not long survive.

Apart from these regular customers, The File is frequented by flying hordes of legal Bohemians, writ-servers, hangers about the courts, bailiffs' assistants, and, specially, "law writers," wretched men with red noses, hoarse voices, tattered apparel and trembling hands—so trembling, that you are amazed at their ability to execute the magnificent examples of penmanship by which they live. The File is their house of call. Of all the gifts, abilities, or varied craftsmanship they once possessed—of classical educations, splendid opportunities, honourable employments, they have left but this sole cunning of the hand. Here they wait in sodden silence, or shiftless gossip, until their services are called into request, until some piece of writing has to be executed for a neighbouring office. When their labour is over they drink the hire—then wait again, and write, and drink, and die.

One more regular customer, *the* customer of The File. This is old Mr. M'Adam of Flagstone chambers, Stoney Square. He comes punctually at five o'clock every day, and has a pint of a peculiar hard, dry, stinging, thorny port-wine, all to himself at the bar, standing. He is six feet high, with very large grey whiskers and petrified grey eyes. His teeth are horribly white—with a death-like, polishless glare such as some dentists have, and divers schoolmasters. He wears a white neckcloth, *or rather* a white scarf, decorated in the centre with a diamond brooch. He is what you call a "hard" man; the hardest, sharpest, most ruthless practitioner in the profession—or was at least, having resigned active practice lately to his second son, also six feet high and also a very hard man. He keeps a little office yet to himself in his son's chambers, in the which he does any bold bit of extraordinarily scarifying business that may be on hand, for the pure love of its hardness.

SUMMER IN ROME.

It does not fall to the lot of every stranger who visits the Eternal City to pass the whole of the summer-months in Rome. Various circumstances compelled me to remain there from November eighteen hundred and fifty-one till the end of October in the following year.

The end of March brought heavenly days, so soft and balmy that, in the full confidence of summer being at hand, every one threw off warm clothing, and appeared in light and gay habiliments; shortly afterwards the summits of the Alban hill and the Lionessa, lying at the back of the Sabine range, were again covered with snow. In April, however, fine weather must, sooner or later, come, and come at last it did; and nowhere does the Roman spring wear a lovelier aspect than from the Casa Tarpeia. As I looked down upon the mingled masses of houses, gardens and vineyards, which lie between us and the Palatine, my eye roved delighted from the tender green of vines with their graceful foliage and curling tendrils, to the darker hue of orange-trees, pines and cactuses, one of which has taken root on the very edge of the supposed Tarpeian rock, crowning the summit of a precipice no longer formidable, except from the dirt beneath. Mingling with the green are a profusion of roses, and the pink and white blossoms of almond and peach trees. As the season advances appear apricots, strawberries, figs and grapes in succession. Think of apricots, and very good ones too, at two *bajocchi*, or a penny a pound! The Romans eat strawberries—which are the small acid kind, but have an agreeable flavour—with wine and sugar; even raspberries are now to be had in Rome. Next come peaches, also very good, though not to be compared with our hot-house fruit, partly because you scarcely ever get them ripe. It is a great difficulty in Rome to obtain fruit that has been left on the tree till it is matured. I found it best to make an agreement with the owner of a garden in the immediate neighbourhood; whom I persuaded to let the fruit stay on the tree till it was fit to eat. The figs in this garden were delicious; a small green kind, from which, when they were ready to gather, a single drop of transparent golden honey issued, as an indication of the sweets within. The Romans prefer the kind called *pizzitelli*, a long pointed grape with a thick skin and

hard fleshy texture without juice. In July, in addition to quantities of other fruits and vegetables, the stalls are heaped up with a species of gourd or water-melon. They are cut in two and disposed of in slices to the numerous applicants. Anything more uninviting I have seldom seen, but the Romans devour these melons with the greatest avidity. The colour is exactly that of raw meat, and the large black seeds are dispersed throughout like raisins in a loaf.

A striking feature in the streets of Rome is the mass of flowers, made up in bouquets, which are offered for sale, more or less, throughout the whole year. After the camellias and violets of the carnival are over in February, pansies, anemones, ranunculuses and other spring flowers appear in profusion, followed by roses of every description. These last till dahlias close the productions of the summer. I do not think the flowers themselves can vie with the finest examples of English floriculture; but they are made up by the Roman gardeners into effective bouquets, which, though a little formal, are very showy. They are tied together first in small bunches round slender sticks; then all together in one compact mass, so as to make a regular pattern with the colours, and they look certainly very gay both in the street and as the ornament of a drawing-room-table. The deficiency of hyacinths is atoned for by the variety and beauty of the camellias; which, in the gardens of the Villa Doria Pamfili and elsewhere in Rome, form a splendid show, and, from the size of the trees, continue a long time in flower.

Frequently during the summer I did not quit the Casa Tarpeia (where I lived) for days together, seeking refreshment on the terrace at the top of the house rather than encountering the close oppressive atmosphere of the streets below. There the evening air is always refreshing, whatever may have been the heat during the day, and the glorious panorama presented to the eye, lighted up at sunset in colours which no pen can describe, is a delight never to be forgotten. Earth and sky are contending with each other in a rivalry of hues and tints, bidding defiance alike to painter and poet. The Sabine hills rise with their bare craggy sides and pointed summits seldom visited, save by the foot of some wandering shepherd, "flushed like the rain-bow or the ring-dove's neck," beneath the evening sky. At the foot of the range you see the picturesque heights of Monticelli and Palombara, which you long to explore, though probably it is distance alone which lends enchantment to the view. Further on, Tivoli sparkles in the setting sun, and gleams in white lines along the olive-clothed hill. The desolate Campagna with its interesting lines of aqueducts, its tombs and solitary towers, and shapeless masses of ruins with which the fancy may everlastingly busy itself, affords in its wide extent an inexhaustible variety of *exquisite tones compensating*, to the artist, for the want of a greater variety of objects. In some parts the shadow lies in deep blue ultramarine streaks like the sea itself, softening away into a thousand different hues of brown, orange, or purple. Here and there the rich cultivation of the Campagna shows itself in broad patches of brilliant green, the whole so blended together in one gay fantastic carpet of nature's weaving canopied over by the glowing sky, that one would fain believe the earth has decked herself with consciousness for some great festival. The moment before sunset is the most beautiful. The Alban hill is sometimes of a deep transparent blue, the ridge cutting clear against the sky in one dark mass, whilst Frascati, Bocca di Passa, and Marini lower down, are lighted up in sunshine, and seem almost within speaking distance. The Palatine with its high walls of supporting brickwork, flames with a ruddy glow which the richest palette of the landscape painter would compete with in vain. The whole façade of the hill opposite to the Capitoline and on the sides of the Forum and Aventine, has been fronted with brick, to prevent the rock from giving way under the enormous weight of the masses of building constituting all together the palace of the Cæsars, which six successive emperors, beginning with Augustus, heaped upon it. At this moment, while parts of the city and the landscape stand out in prominent relief, the cupolas and towers of churches shining as if illuminated, deep purple floating shadows steal between the masses, gradually and insensibly encroaching till the light fades away.

If it be true, as certain philosophers assert, that there is something even in the misfortunes of our best friends not altogether displeasing to us: and we are apt to envy, rather than sympathize in, enjoyments beyond our reach, it may be some consolation to those whose destiny forbids them to wander on a foreign shore, to know that the rosy glories of Italian sunrises and sunsets are after all, like every other good thing, to be paid for, and at a high price. The especial plagues of Rome are moths, flies, fleas and mosquitoes; these are all more or less developed by the end of March or beginning of April. As soon as the first moth appears, it is high time to stitch up in coarse linen, well powdered with pepper, every article of dress or furniture of which wool or fur forms a part. If you are absent for the summer, or take up your carpets whilst you are at home, these, likewise, must be stitched up and peppered, or they will be eaten full of holes before they are laid down again. Flies, which in northern countries are seldom very annoying, and are looked upon rather as privileged innocent household insects, are in Rome a source of torment. By the end of June they swarm in such numbers that the windows are literally black with them. The frames become so thickly covered with spots that they seem almost opaque. In the opinion of Italian women-servants, it is quite useless

to wash them off, because, before the end of the week it will be just as bad again, and you may therefore consider yourself fortunate if you succeed in enforcing the washing now and then during the summer. It is scarcely possible to sit or lie in peace, for the flies crawl over your face and hands the whole day long with an unconquerable pertinacity, which becomes at last so irritating that you end by wishing the nurseries of Rome still produced a race of Domitians. Of fleas—a subject never to be delicately discussed—a volume might be easily written. "In Germany and England," said a friend to me, "we should not think of naming fleas; but here they form a principal topic of conversation." During the day there is no hope of evading these tormentors, for no care on your own part can secure you against them. You bring them in yourself from the streets, and every one who comes into the house imports a fresh supply in their clothes. The infliction becomes at times perfectly intolerable, and you feel that philosophy avails as little in the case of fleas, as in that of toothache, to make you endure it patiently. At night you may, however, with good management, be free from them; but now a new plague appears. The windows must be closed just at the right moment before sunset, otherwise—and often, indeed, in spite of all you can do—swarms of gnats effect an entry, and you are victimized the whole night. All persons do not suffer equally from mosquito bites, but I have seen instances where every individual sting became an inflamed wound, and continued to annoy for weeks. I found that as the heat increased the bites became more irritating and poisonous. At length, after three successive nights, without having even closed my eyes, my face and hands being covered with stings, I rose in despair and stitched together ten breadths of muslin, with which, ere sunset, my bed was safely canopied over, and from that time I slept in peace. I heard the enemy buzzing outside in a tone of sharp excitement, but they were henceforward harmless.

Spiders form the next most important feature in the history of Roman entomology. A naturalist would indeed be delighted with the great variety of species. Windows are naturally the place where they most willingly establish themselves, in the immediate neighbourhood of flies. It was a subject of curiosity to me to observe how every morning new cobwebs appeared to replace those which I had caused to be swept away the day before, much to the astonishment of my Italian damsel, who found cobwebs quite too much a matter of course in a household ever to think of removing them. The labours of Arachne seem generally to be respected in Rome, and I recollect noticing with amazement, the first time I was here, how the gratings which protect the lower range of windows in every palace are choked up with spiders' webs, accumulating from one year to another, till they present at last a solid mass. Rome teaches us what different ideas are attached to the same in different countries. In the North we associate with the word Palace the notion that as such buildings are usually the dwellings of the high-born or wealthy—luxury, refinement, comfort, and cleanliness must necessarily prevail there. In Rome a popular saying expresses the belief that palaces are the natural receptacles, by every law human and divine, of all descriptions of filth.

Another constant but harmless intruder into houses where flower-pots are kept upon balconies, is a small species of ant. I first noticed them as I sat one evening reading at the open window, and observed that a regular procession of them crossed the balcony and entered the room. Ere long I remarked that a returning procession was going on at the same time; after which I discovered that the object of the expedition was a plate of sweet cakes kept in a little cabinet at the other end of the room. When this was removed the tiny creatures entirely disappeared. I brought it back, and they immediately returned to it. Their instinct proved unerring in all the experiments which I amused myself with making. I placed the cake sometimes on a table, sometimes on a high secretaire, where they always in a very short time found it out, though I could perceive no traces of them when nothing was to be had. As these little ants did not bite or annoy us otherwise, we lived in peace with them. One morning, however, my servant brought me an intruder of a less innocent character, the sight of which rather startled me. It was a small scorpion, which she had found close to the window, "beside the chair where you sit when you are reading, Signora." It was not full grown, but was a most malignant-looking creature with claws and tail. I shut it up in a box, and sent it as a present to one of the gentlemen in the house who was a collector. The next day I was told that a point of natural history had been decided to be a matter of fact which I had always looked upon as a fable; namely, that the scorpion is really guilty of suicide. The young men of the house assembled together, influenced, as they assured me, by a pure scientific desire of knowledge, to make the experiment. They placed the creature on the top of one of the iron German stoves with which the Casa Tarpeia is fitted up, and surrounded it with glowing coals. It moved about for a short time in great excitement, when, finding escape impossible, it inflicted a wound in the side with its pincers, then injected into the opening the poison from the tail with a trifling noise, and instantly fell down dead.

The long summer evenings may be spent with great enjoyment in the various villas in the suburbs of Rome; though access to them is now much more difficult than before

the revolution. The Villa Borghese is, for instance, open only for Saturday, and even then, you are compelled to make a long circuit of the walls before you are admitted at a side entrance, the principal gate, close to the Porta del Popolo, being permanently closed. The grounds have been deplorably laid waste. The noble pines which formerly constituted their chief ornament are, for the most part, cut down; from the Casino, here, as well as from the Villas Ludovici and Albani, you have enchanting views of the Campagna and neighbouring hills, lighted up by an ever-changing succession of glowing tints.

A public walk or drive is now being made along two sides of the Palatine fronting the Capitoline and Aventine hills, on the piece of ground purchased by the Emperor of Russia for the purpose of making excavations, and afterwards presented by him to the Roman Government, in return for which his Imperial Majesty has received presents of various statues from the galleries of the Vatican. I watched the workmen digging and carrying away earth as I sat in my balcony, and from time to time descended, to see how they were going on. On the side next the Aventine under the beautiful terraced walk of the Villa Mills, the lower stories of dwelling-houses have been laid open. They lie outside the ancient wall of the Palatine (the substructions of which are visible), and in many of the chambers the stucco still remains upon the walls, decorated with coarse arabesque paintings. Many fragments of marble cornices and other architectural ornaments have been dug up, which remain on the spot, walled into a light structure of brick-work erected for the purpose. Looking down upon the hollow space between the two hills once occupied by the Circus Maximus, are now to be seen the two gas tanks, each capable of holding sixty thousand cubic feet of gas, established there by Mr. Shepherd, an engineer, whose courage and energy in battling with the almost insurmountable difficulties he has had to encounter in this undertaking, do him honour. It was a subject of interest to me to visit the Circus Maximus from time to time, and observe the progress of the works, and talk with the *vignaroli* who were pursuing the quiet occupation of tending vines, tomatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, in the space remaining uninvaded by English enterprise. In digging the foundations of the tanks, fragments of precious marbles were occasionally brought to light, and Mrs. Shepherd told me she had already collected sufficient to make a handsome mosaic table. The contrast of ideas excited by this spot is perhaps as striking as any locality in Rome can present. The mind wanders back to a period connected with the early history of the Eternal City, and that event, familiar to us all, even in the nursery—a picture of the Sabine women *carried off by the Romans* during the games in the Circus Maximus. As we look upon this quiet spot, where the ground is now laid out in plots for the cultivation of vegetables, it is curious to think of the fierce and bloody scenes which have formerly taken place here. The soil of the Circus Maximus is exceedingly rich and productive; everything grows there in luxuriance. The tomatoes or "golden apples" not only hang in such masses as to weigh down the plants themselves, but drop off in heaps before they can be gathered; so that the whole side of the Circus is red with them.

It may not be uninteresting to add a word on the subject of Mr. Shepherd—who, after a fight which may be considered as the last, and certainly not the least of gladiatorial combats of the place, has succeeded in establishing himself here, in spite of an opposition that would have discouraged most men. Permission for lighting certain quarters of Rome with gas was granted in November, 1847. Mr. Shepherd formed a company in London, consisting of eight members, who were ready to commence operations when the Republic was proclaimed in Rome, and Pius the Ninth took flight. Upon the invitation of the Republican municipality, however, Mr. Shepherd returned to Rome. The French soon afterwards took possession of the city. Encouraged by Prince Odescalchi, senator of Rome, Mr. Shepherd now put in his claim for an amelioration of contract, the first terms having been very disadvantageous to him, and rendered still more so by the depreciation of property which followed the political changes. The justice of the demand was recognised, a project was drawn up, laid before the Council, and fully discussed by them; after which Mr. Shepherd was informed that he must either fulfil the original contract, or forfeit the twenty thousand crowns already deposited by him. He refused of course to acquiesce in these terms, but would have been well satisfied to withdraw altogether, had the deposit been returned to him. As there was no chance of this he must fight his way through. Then commenced a struggle—reports, counter-reports, promises, intrigues, fair words, and secret hostilities—ending with the revocation by official decree of everything which had been previously decided upon. The decree was appealed against by Mr. Shepherd, who, after battling with an opposition founded on the most frivolous and vexatious pretexts, lasting till April 1852, at length addressed a memorial to the Pope. His Holiness expressed his approbation of the new contract proposed, and sanctioned the purchase of ground in the Circus Maximus. Now came the last expiring effort of faction. The monks of San Gregorio, and of two other convents in the neighbourhood, presented a petition to the sanitary commission, stating that they already inhabited one of the most unhealthy districts in Rome, against the deleterious effects of which they were enabled to struggle

by religion and piety alone. If, however, the gas-works were established so near to them, even these aids would fail to be a sufficient protection. The memorial received no further notice than being endorsed with the words "*Sono matti*—These are madmen." At length, on the second of August in the year 1852, the works were actually commenced, and at this present time are in a state of great advancement. Mr. Shepherd concluded his account to us by observing that he had in the course of the affair, paid since January 1851—at which time the contract was considered as definitively settled—not less than two hundred and ninety-three visits to official persons connected with it. Such is the pace with which things go on in Rome!

Those who wish to form a competent idea of Roman workmen must stand for a quarter of an hour, as we often did after our evening stroll, to watch the persons employed in excavating the Basilica Julia in the Forum. The ground rises in terraces from the level of the pavement below, and the workmen throw up the earth from one to another till it reaches the top. Their activity in talking is for the most part in inverse proportion to their exertions otherwise. The instrument employed is a short, perfectly flat shovel, with a very long handle, which really seems devised for the express purpose of doing the smallest possible quantity of work in the longest given space of time. My friends laughed heartily to see a stout active man lifting up about as much earth as would fill a teacup at once, and flinging it up to the man who stood above him as if the exertion broke his back, and with a grimace that expressed the extremity of patient endurance. This herculean labour was completed by the earth being at length deposited, and conveyed away, but only to a little distance, in a wheelbarrow, of a construction which appeared, even to my total ignorance of mechanics, such as would have been despised by any intelligent English child of ten years old. Certain things in Rome seem indeed to have come down to us, unchanged, since the days of Romulus himself. To this period of primitive simplicity I am always inclined to refer the structure of the carts used to convey wine or other articles from the country. These consist literally of sticks or poles tied together, and encumbered with clumsy wheels; whilst, in front, is stuck a sort of triangular shed covered with skins, in which the driver sits, looking as if he would be jolted out at every step as the vehicle rattles along.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE was great rejoicing all over the land when the Lords of the Council went down to Hatfield, to hail the Princess Elizabeth as the new Queen of England. Weary of the *barbarities of Mary's reign*, the people looked with hope and gladness to the new Sovereign. The nation seemed to wake from a horrible dream; and Heaven, so long hidden by the smoke of the fires that roasted men and women to death, appeared to brighten once more.

Queen Elizabeth was five-and-twenty years of age when she rode through the streets of London, from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, to be crowned. Her countenance was strongly marked, but on the whole, commanding and dignified; her hair was red, and her nose something too long and sharp for a woman's. She was not the beautiful creature her courtiers made out; but she was well enough, and no doubt looked all the better for coming after the dark and gloomy Mary. She was well educated, but a roundabout writer, and rather a hard swearer and coarse talker. She was clever, but cunning and deceitful, and inherited much of her father's violent temper. I mention this now, because she has been so over-praised by one party, and so over-abused by another, that it is hardly possible to understand the greater part of her reign without first understanding what kind of woman she really was.

She began her reign with the great advantage of having a very wise and careful Minister, SIR WILLIAM CECIL, whom she afterwards made LORD BURLEIGH. Altogether, the people had greater reason for rejoicing than they usually had when there were processions in the streets; and they were happy with some reason. All kinds of shows and images were set up; GOG and MAGOG were hoisted to the top of Temple Bar; and (which was more to the purpose) the Corporation dutifully presented the young Queen with the sum of a thousand marks in gold—so heavy a present, that she was obliged to take it into her carriage with both hands. The coronation was a great success; and on the next day, one of the courtiers presented a petition to the new Queen, praying that as it was the custom to release some prisoners on such occasions, she would have the goodness to release the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and also the Apostle Saint Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a strange language so that the people could not get at them.

To this, the Queen replied that it would be better first to inquire of themselves whether they desired to be released or not; and, as a means of finding out, a great public discussion—a sort of religious tournament—was appointed to take place between certain champions of the two religions, in Westminster Abbey. You may suppose that it was soon made pretty clear to common sense, that for people to benefit by what they repeat or read, it is rather necessary that they should understand something about it. Accordingly, a Church Service in plain English was settled, and other laws and regulations were made, completely establishing the great work of the

Reformation. The Romish bishops and champions were not harshly dealt with, all things considered; and the Queen's Ministers were both prudent and merciful.

The one great trouble of this reign, and the unfortunate cause of the greater part of such turmoil and bloodshed as occurred in it, was MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS. We will try to understand, in as few words as possible, who Mary was, what she was, and how she came to be a thorn in the royal pillow of Elizabeth.

She was the daughter of the Queen Regent of Scotland, MARY OF GUISE. She had been married, when a mere child, to the Dauphin, the son and heir of the King of France. The Pope, who pretended that no one could rightfully wear the crown of England without his gracious permission, was strongly opposed to Elizabeth, who had not asked for it. And as Mary Queen of Scots would have inherited the English crown in right of her birth, supposing the English Parliament not to have altered the succession, the Pope himself, and most of the discontented who were followers of his, maintained that Mary was the rightful Queen of England, and Elizabeth the wrongful Queen. Mary being so closely connected with France, and France being jealous of England, there was far greater danger in this than there would have been if she had had no alliance with that great power. And when her young husband, on the death of his father, became FRANCIS THE SECOND, King of France, the matter grew very serious. For the young couple styled themselves King and Queen of England; and the Pope was disposed to help them by doing all the mischief he could.

Now, the reformed religion, under the guidance of a stern and powerful preacher, named JOHN KNOX, and other such men, had been making fierce progress in Scotland. It was still a half savage country, where there was a great deal of murdering and rioting continually going on; and the Reformers, instead of reforming those evils as they should have done, went to work in the ferocious old Scottish spirit: laying churches and chapels waste, pulling down pictures and altars, and knocking about the Grey Friars, and the Black Friars, and the White Friars, and the friars of all sorts of colours, in all directions. This obdurate and harsh spirit of the Scottish Reformers (the Scotch have always been rather a sullen and frowning people in religious matters) put up the blood of the Romish French court, and caused France to send troops over to Scotland, with the hope of setting the friars of all sorts of colours on their legs again; of conquering that country first, and England afterwards; and so crushing the Reformation all to pieces. The Scottish Reformers, who had formed a great league which they called The Congregation of the Lord, secretly represented to Elizabeth that, *if the reformed religion* got the worst of *it with them, it would be* likely to get the worst of it in England too; and thus, Elizabeth, although she had a high notion of the rights of Kings and Queens to do anything they liked, sent an army to Scotland to support the Reformers who were in arms against their sovereign. All these proceedings led to a treaty of peace at Edinburgh, under which the French consented to depart from the kingdom. By a separate treaty, Mary and her young husband engaged to renounce their assumed title of King and Queen of England. But this treaty they never fulfilled.

It happened, soon after matters had got to this state, that the young French King died, leaving Mary a young widow. She was then invited by her Scottish subjects to return home and reign over them; and as she was not now happy where she was, she, after a little time, complied.

Elizabeth had been Queen three years, when Mary Queen of Scots embarked at Calais for her own rough, quarrelling country. As she came out of the harbour, a vessel was lost before her eyes, and she said, "O! good God! what an omen this is for such a voyage!" She was very fond of France, and sat on the deck, looking back at it and weeping, until it was quite dark. When she went to bed, she directed to be called at daybreak, if the French coast were still visible, that she might behold it for the last time. As it proved to be a clear morning, this was done, and she again wept for the country she was leaving, and said many times, "Farewell, France! Farewell, France! I shall never see thee again!" All this was long remembered afterwards, as sorrowful and interesting in a fair young princess of nineteen; and I am afraid it gradually came, together with her other distresses, to surround her with greater sympathy than she deserved.

When she came to Scotland, and took up her abode at the palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh, she found herself among uncouth strangers, and wild uncomfortable customs, very different from her experiences in the court of France. The very people who were disposed to love her, made her head ache when she was tired out by her voyage, with a serenade of discordant music—a fearful concert of bagpipes, I suppose—and brought her and her train home to her palace on miserable little Scotch horses that appeared to be half-starved. Among the people who were not disposed to love her, she found the powerful leaders of the Reformed Church, who were bitter upon her amusements, however innocent, and denounced music and dancing as works of the devil. John Knox himself often lectured her, violently and angrily, and did much to make her life unhappy. All these reasons confirmed her old attachment to the Romish religion, and caused her, there is no doubt, most imprudently and dangerously, both for herself and for England too, to give a solemn pledge to the heads of the Romish Church that if she ever succeeded to the

English crown, she would set up that religion again. In reading her unhappy history, you must always remember this, and also that during her whole life she was constantly put forward against the Queen, in some form or other, by the Romish party.

That Elizabeth, on the other hand, was not inclined to like her, is pretty certain. Elizabeth was very vain and jealous, and had an extraordinary dislike to people being married. She treated Lady Catharine Grey, sister of the beheaded Lady Jane, with such shameful severity, for no other reason than her being secretly married, that she died, and her husband was ruined; so when a second marriage for Mary began to be talked about, probably Elizabeth disliked her more. Not that Elizabeth wanted suitors of her own, for they started up from all sorts of places: Spain, Austria, Sweden and England. Her English lover at this time, and one whom she much favoured, too, was Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—himself secretly married to Amy Robsart, the daughter of an English gentleman, whom he was strongly suspected of causing to be murdered, down at his country seat, Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, that he might be free to marry the Queen. Upon this story, the great writer, Sir Walter Scott, has founded one of his best romances. But if Elizabeth knew how to lead her handsome favourite on for her own vanity and pleasure, she knew how to stop him for her own pride; and his love and all the other proposals came to nothing. The Queen always declared in good set speeches, that she would never be married at all, but would live and die a maiden Queen. It was a very pleasant and meritorious declaration, I suppose; but it has been puffed and trumpeted so much, that I am rather tired of it myself.

Divers princes proposed to marry Mary, but the English court had reasons for being jealous of them all, and even proposed, as a matter of policy, that she should marry that very Earl of Leicester, who had aspired to be the husband of Elizabeth. At last, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, and himself descended from the Royal Family of Scotland, went over, with Elizabeth's consent, to try his fortune at Holyrood. He was a tall simpleton, and could dance and play the guitar, but I know of nothing else he could do, unless it were to get very drunk, and eat gluttonously, and make a contemptible spectacle of himself in many mean and vain ways. However, he gained Mary's heart, not disdaining in the pursuit of his object to ally himself with one of her secretaries, David Rizzio, who had great influence with her. He soon married the queen. This marriage does not say much for her, but what followed it will presently say less.

Mary's brother, the Earl of Murray, and head of the Protestant party in Scotland, had opposed this marriage, partly on religious grounds, and partly, perhaps, from personal dislike *of the very contemptible* bridegroom. When it had taken place, through Mary's gaining over to it the more powerful of the lords about her, she banished Murray for his pains; and when he and some other nobles rose in arms to support the reformed religion, she herself, within a month of her wedding day, rode against them in armour, with loaded pistols at her saddle. Driven out of Scotland, they presented themselves before Elizabeth, who called them traitors in public, and assisted them in private, according to her crafty nature.

Mary had been married but a little while, when she began to hate her husband, who in his turn, began to hate that David Rizzio, with whom he had leagued to gain her favour, and whom he now believed to be her lover. He hated Rizzio to that extent, that he made a compact with Lord Ruthven and three other lords to get rid of him by murder. This wicked agreement they made in solemn secresy, upon the first of March, fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and on the night of Saturday, the ninth, the conspirators were brought by Darnley up a private staircase, dark and steep, into a range of rooms where they knew that Mary was sitting at supper with her sister, Lady Argyle, and this doomed man. When they went into the room, and Darnley took the Queen round the waist, and Lord Ruthven, who had risen from a bed of sickness to do this murder, came in, gaunt and ghastly, leaning on two men, Rizzio ran behind the Queen for shelter and protection. "Let him come out of the room," said Ruthven. "He shall not leave the room," replied the Queen. "I read his danger in your face, and it is my will that he remain here." They then set upon him, struggled with him, overturned the table, dragged him out, and killed him with fifty-six stabs. When the Queen heard that he was dead, she said, "No more tears. I will think now of revenge!"

Within a day or two, she gained her husband over, and prevailed on the long idiot to abandon the conspirators, and fly with her to Dunbar. There he issued a proclamation, audaciously and falsely denying that he had had any knowledge of the late bloody business, and there they were joined by the Earl Bothwell, and some other nobles. With their help, they raised eight thousand men, returned to Edinburgh, and drove the assassins into England. Mary soon afterwards gave birth to a son—still thinking of revenge.

That she should have had a greater scorn for her husband after his late cowardice and treachery than she had had before, was natural enough. There is very little doubt that she now began to love Bothwell instead, and to plan with him means of getting rid of Darnley. Bothwell had such power over her that he induced her even to pardon the assassins of Rizzio. The arrangements for the christening of the young Prince were intrusted to him, and he was one of the most important people at the ceremony, where the child was

named JAMES; Elizabeth being his godmother, though not present on the occasion. A week afterwards, Darnley, who had left Mary and gone to his father's house at Glasgow, being taken ill with the small-pox, she sent her own physician to attend him. But there is great reason to apprehend that this was merely a show and a pretence, and that she knew what was doing, when Bothwell, within another month, proposed to one of the late conspirators against Rizzio, to murder Darnley, "for that it was the Queen's mind that he should be taken away." It is certain that on that very day she wrote to her ambassador in France complaining of him, and yet went immediately to Glasgow, feigning to be very anxious about him, and to love him very much. If she wanted to get him within her power, she succeeded to her heart's content; for she induced him to go back with her to Edinburgh, and to occupy, instead of the palace, a lone house outside the city, called the Kirk of Field. Here, he lived for about a week. One Sunday night, she remained with him until ten o'clock, and then left him to go to Holyrood, to be present at an entertainment given in celebration of the marriage of one of her favourite servants. At two o'clock in the morning, the city was shaken by a great explosion, and the Kirk of Field was blown to atoms.

Darnley's body was found next day lying under a tree at some distance. How it came there, undisfigured and unscorched by gunpowder, and how this crime came to be so clumsily and strangely committed, it is impossible to discover. The deceitful character of Mary, and the deceitful character of Elizabeth, have rendered almost every part of their joint history uncertain and obscure. But, I fear that Mary was unquestionably a party to her husband's murder, and that this was the revenge she had threatened. The Scotch people universally believed it. Voices cried out in the streets of Edinburgh in the dead of the night, for justice on the murderess. Placards were posted by unknown hands in the public places, denouncing Bothwell as the murderer, and the Queen as his accomplice; and when he afterwards married her (though himself already married), previously making a show of taking her prisoner by force, the indignation of the people knew no bounds. The women particularly are described as having been quite frantic with their guilty Queen, and to have hooted and cried after her in the streets with terrific vehemence.

Such guilty unions seldom prosper. This husband and wife had lived together but a month, when they were separated forever by the successes of a band of Scotch nobles, who associated against them for the protection of the young Prince, whom Bothwell had vainly endeavoured to lay hold of, and whom he would certainly have murdered, if the EARL OF MAR, in whose hands the boy was, had not been firmly and honourably faithful to his trust. Before this angry power, Bothwell fled abroad, where he died, a prisoner and mad, nine miserable years afterwards. Mary being found by the associated lords to deceive them at every turn, was sent a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, which, as it stood in the midst of a lake, could only be approached by boat. Here, one LORD LINDSAY, who was so much of a brute that the nobles would have done better if they had chosen a mere gentleman for their messenger, made her sign her abdication, and appoint Murray Regent of Scotland. Here, too, Murray saw her in a sorrowing and humbled state.

She had better have remained in the castle of Lochleven, dull prison as it was, with the rippling of the lake against it, and the moving shadows of the water on the room walls; but she could not rest there, and more than once tried to escape. The first time she had nearly succeeded, dressed in the clothes of her own washerwoman; when, putting up her hand to prevent one of the boatmen from lifting her veil, the men suspected her, seeing how white it was, and rowed her back again. A short time afterwards, her fascinating manners enlisted in her cause a boy in the Castle, called the little DOUGLAS, who, while the family were at supper, stole the keys of the great gate, went softly out with the Queen, locked the gate on the outside, and rowed her away across the lake, sinking the keys as they went along. On the opposite shore she was met by another Douglas, and some few lords, and so accompanied, rode away on horseback to Hamilton, where they raised three thousand men. Here, she issued a proclamation, declaring that the abdication she had signed in her prison was illegal, and requiring the Regent to yield to his lawful Queen. Being a steady soldier, and in no way discomposed, although he was without an army, Murray pretended to treat with her, until he had collected a force about half equal to her own, and then he gave her battle. In one-quarter of an hour he cut down all her hopes. She had another weary ride on horseback of sixty long Scotch miles, and took shelter at Dundrennan Abbey, whence she fled for safety to Elizabeth's dominions.

Mary, Queen of Scots, came to England—to her own ruin, the trouble of the kingdom, and the misery and death of many—in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-eight. How she left it and the world, nineteen years afterwards, we have now to see.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR LAST PAROCHIAL WAR.

THE old town of Cess-cum-Poolton is built on the top of a hill, in the most elevated part of a large tract of surrounding country. It is called the Old Town because, lower down, at the distance of about a mile, and separated by an intervening canal, there is a New Town which has been recently created in the neighbourhood of an important railway station. The two towns are portions of a single parish. In districts reasonably healthy, one infant dies out of every ten or twelve that come into the world. In the parish of Cess-cum-Poolton one infant dies out of every seven or eight that are born, and they are born in unusual numbers, as, by some compensating law of nature, commonly is the case wherever parents live under conditions that produce a gradual rotting away of their own lives, and an unusual mortality among their children. The rotting away o life in the Old Town of Cess-cum-Poolton, is best expressed by the assurance that, on an average, each person there born, decays and dies eight years and a half sooner than he should. In the New Town, the loss appears to be much greater; but, as it contains only an exceptional population, consisting chiefly of young workingmen, with their wives and children, the statement that their average duration of life is only seventeen years, is, by no means, so horrible as it appears. So I will steer clear of fallacy, and take only the fact that their infants perish in undue proportion.

The delicate organs of life in infants under one year old, cause them to be peculiarly liable to suffer from unhealthy conditions. They do not drink, smoke, or go astray; they live or die strictly according to the health or sickness of their parents, and the wholesome or unwholesome nature of the circumstances in which they are placed. Calculations founded on the births and deaths of young children, and especially of infants, supply therefore the best figures for a thermometer of public health. Tried by this test (as well as by every other), the health of Cess-cum-Poolton is considerably below zero. Out of every hundred deaths in the New Town, more than thirteen are of persons under the age of twenty who should not have died; and the deaths of infants are more than one third more than they ought to be.

It is, however, the opinion of a large number of the inhabitants of this parish that we do not want our public health looked after. I say we (though I am no parishioner myself) because I have entered into the spirit of the place. I recognise in it my own native district of Beadleville, and I look upon the whole thing as eminently British. I am a Cess-cum-Pooltonian, only in so far as I am a Briton. As for the people, I consider myself one of them, and shall discuss my neighbours as I please. If any men dwelling in any town of England say, when they read this narrative, "this town of ours" is the true Cess-cum-Poolton, be it so. The inhabitants of Cess-cum-Poolton are, as individuals, so many unknown quantities represented by these characters, as they might be represented scientifically by the letters x and y. And as the letters x and y, when representing unknown figures, may stand in the place of real values very great or very small, as the case may be, and as remains to be discovered, so let it be understood that abstract characters herein set down are in the strictest sense provisional, and by no means express any real knowledge of the values that they represent.

Mr. Zinzib, a man of some property, a retired druggist, and a radical, was the first promoter of the public health movement among us. Mr. Zinzib—Zinzib Rad, the Tories call him, after one of his own labels—having much leisure, spends it all, to the great distress of many quiet neighbours, in agitating for the righting of every thing that he thinks wrong in the parish of Cess-cum-Poolton. We have been unable to touch him with the Nuisances Removal Act; though evidently an intolerable nuisance, he is not to be removed or moved. Now, it is all very well for a parishioner to say that the state of our workhouse is disgraceful, and to keep saying it; or that our want of drainage is disgraceful, and to keep saying it; or to count up our cases of typhus fever, and keep mentioning them; but, for a ratepayer to keep doing such things in a way that compels us to advance beyond mere listening, creates commotion and ill blood in the parish, which is at all times shocking. It is

of no use for us to say to a man like that, let us alone,

"Let us alone, what pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

We are all put, mentally, upon that sort of treadmill. Mr. Zinzib is a very hot man, and he is hot in our mouths, too: we abuse him thoroughly. It is of no use to go to church and pray for peace when there is an agitator in the parish; a man who spends his mornings in discovering abuses, and his afternoons in worrying about them, and his evenings in writing to everybody, and fetching down about our ears Home Secretaries, boards, inspectors, newspapers of all sorts; a man who writes with equal readiness long letters to the Edinburgh Review, the London Times, the Bengal Hurkaru, or the Land's End Weekly Telegraph and Standard; all designed to call attention from every corner of the Empire, to the abuses that exist at Cess-cum-Poolton. Why will he not let us alone? We nearly had him on the hip, the other day, when a tenant of his in the town carried his shop-front forward to the railing. Squire Fitz-Canute, who is very wroth with Zinzib for having brought the Public Health Act down upon us, ordered his solicitor to write and tell the agitator's tenant that he must not proceed with his shop, but must pull it down at once as an illegal projection. The radical thereupon, in his usual unneighbourly way, took advantage of the fact that other tradesmen who were not his tenants had been allowed to carry their shops forward, and that a new market-house had been built which projected ten feet over the Queen's highway. He told his tenant to go on. If they made him pull his shop down (he said), he would have down all the other shops in like position, and would demolish the new market-house into the bargain. What can be done with a man who goes to work upon this revolutionary principle, and calls it paying twenty shillings in the pound?

The agitator Zinzib having made a stir and obtained even the co-operation of the vicar, who considers him to be a Rad of hot but wholesome qualities, got up a petition signed by more than the required tenth of the inhabitants, praying for the visit of an inspector, with a view to the establishment of the provisions of the Public Health Act in the parish of Cess-cum-Poolton. The inspector came among us, and in a report dated the 15th of November, 1851, recommended that the Public Health Act should be applied to all parts of Cess-cum-Poolton included within a certain line of boundary. The boundaries recommended not being those of the whole parish, a second inquiry was made necessary by the requisition of the Act of Parliament. It was also made advisable by the fact that we Cess-cum-Pooltonians bestirred ourselves, and petitioned against the introduction of the Act, two hundred an fifty strong, with the Squire at the head of us. Cottagers who had been told that the Act would cost them each from eighteen to forty shillings a year; and tradesmen well informed—as for example one who "was informed and believed" that the act would cost him for his own house fifteen pounds a year for thirty years—signed a petition stating that the signatures in favour of sanitary interference were the result of misapprehension and misrepresentation; and that the introduction of the Health Act was, in the case of Cess-cum-Poolton, not at all necessary. A new inspector being sent down, first inquired into the accusation made very bitterly against our arch agitator, that he had induced people by untruths to sign the first petition. Our case failed, and the original application was substantiated, very much to our disgust. We had, however, pounded our Zinzib well in a meeting at the great room in the Fitz-Canute Arms, and we had all the respectability on our side.

The Squire and his solicitor, and ex-solicitor, were the leaders of the let-alone party. Sanitary reform was not required in Cess-cum-Poolton. We fought as every cock should fight on his own dunghill, fiercely. Our skeleton friend Death was among us, and I dare say might have been seen sometimes by any one with the right sort of eyes, abroad of nights with a bag of babies thrown over his shoulder, and sticking up with his own bony fingers, such a placard as this, on a dead wall—"Rate-payers of Cess-cum-Poolton, rally round your Vested Interests. Health is enormously expensive. Introduce the Public Health Act and you will be pauperised. Be filthy and be fat. Cesspools and constitutional government. Gases and glory. No insipid water." And Death's foremost friends suffered from his embraces. It is a melancholy fact which I should not omit to place among the records of our contest, that whereas the second inquiry into our sanitary condition took place early in 1852, its principal antagonist, the Squire, lost his sister by fever before the year had closed; that relative had previously lost a governess, who died of typhus fever soon after the General Board had been petitioned. The Squire's solicitor lost his wife, and the ex-solicitor his laundress, both dying of typhus fever in the same year, 1852. It is also to be noted, that the first man who was brought forward to invalidate the petition for the introduction of a Health Act, was himself added, three months afterwards, to the list of dead by typhus.

My own feeling upon such matters does not lead me to deny any of the accusations made against the sanitary state of Cess-cum-Poolton. There is no denying that our life is shortened; but let us not have that short life bothered and vexed. When our old habits are threatened with unsettlement, our old

order of things is to be disturbed, what can we say, or do?

> "'Tis hard to settle order once again.
> There's a confusion worse than death,
> Trouble on trouble, pain on pain."

And I propose, therefore, to my fellow-parishioners of Cess-cum-Poolton, that we shall sit upon our hill like gods together, and oppose movements of all kinds, whether sanitary, social, or revolutionary.

It is of course for the sake of this principle of quiet that I applaud the magnanimity of many of the gentlemen who sent off a counter-petition against the perplexing of our parish with the provisions of a sanitary board. When the inspector did come down and look over our houses, of course we each of us told him of such little private annoyances as we were personally willing to endure rather than put ourselves or our brother ratepayers to trouble and expense. Mr. Brown, for example, who is a grocer in Brick street, said, very candidly, "We are rather middlingly drained." What did he mean by middlingly? "It is better than it was, because we have had a new drain made." A drain? Really a drain in Cess-cum-Poolton? "Yes. It is a small drain immediately under the shop-floor into the surface channel of the street." Exactly. That is the utmost done by any drain in the Old Town. And your night soil? That "has to be carried out about once a year." By what door? "Through the shop." Among your sugars, figs and groceries? "We have not had it done since I have been here, but it is as great a nuisance as a person possibly can have." Have you good water, Mr. Brown? "Our pump water was very bad in quality, but we have none at all now. We beg water from the other side of the road; we never could drink it when we had any, but used to fetch from the church well or any where." What does your house cost you? "My rent is twenty-two pounds and all rates. If I could get good water and drainage I should not care." And as it is, he does not care, for he is one of the "gods together," on the hill of Cess-cum-Poolton, "careless of mankind." He leans upon the counter with his nose over his little drain, and signs against the bother of a sanitary movement.

Mr. Galloon, draper, of High street, is another of our let-ill-alone men. He signed against the application of the Health Act, and the inspector having visited him, found that all the drainage of his side of High street, not poured out upon the road before the houses, sinks into vaults under and near them; the vaults are untrapped. The pump-water tastes as though it had come fresh out of a drain. "There is no other on the premises. It is drunk because there is no other." William Goose, poulterer in High street, also signed against the health nuisance. He has a back yard only five feet square, a cesspool on his premises, and no drainage. His wife said also, "We have no water at all, we have to beg it. Our rent is eighteen pounds a year, and taxes." Mr. Lever, watchmaker, never used the water on his premises for anything but washing the floor; has never tasted it; says it looks "like swill." All the waste of his house, liquid and solid, goes into an open pit in the yard. "I signed," he says, "both for and against the Public Health Act." If he, therefore, be one of the hill-gods, he shall be our Janus.

It does not matter at what point you examine the state of Cess-cum-Poolton; nobody denies that we are filthy; we, who are opposed to agitation, deny only that we wish to be made clean. Our poison, like the sunlight and the rain, is poured alike among the rich and poor, the high and the low. Squire Fitz-Canute's property in the market-place consists of two thatched houses. The inspector found that the pump was out of order, and the water drawn by it "like liquid manure." One of the tenants, WidowRachel, has lived there twenty years, and had a large family of children. The last of them died not many weeks ago; she now weeps for them all. Two of the largest houses in our town are the banks. At one bank, rented at fifty pounds a year, no drains could be found, the water was unfit for use, and the resident clerk said, "We beg from the Fitz-Canute Arms." At the other and larger bank, there is a resident manager—not a petitioner against health—who knew of no under-ground drainage; there was a cesspool, he said, under the kitchen, and there were two others in the yard, close to wells. The effluvium from the kitchen cesspool escaped through a grate close to the kitchen door. The effect of this position upon the bodies of the manager and his family, was, of course, if not to produce disease, at least to make them highly predisposed to take any epidemic that might come in their way. While the inspector's report was being printed, it so happened that the manager's family visited a house in which there was a boy ill with scarlet fever, and the consequence was, that the manager, his wife, and his three children—he had no more—were then laid up in bed by serious attacks of that complaint.

Mr. Sere is a very old gentleman, who lives in a house immediately over two foul pools. He is against all innovation, and with his own trembling hand signed what he hoped might be the death warrant of sanitary agitation. He lives over against the garden wall of the arch agitator, and is very much incensed against him; is indignant also at a little nuisance of his neighbour's, though he is on good terms with a great one of his own. "Mr. Zinzib's nuisance," exclaimed Mrs. Sere to the inspector, with a righteous indignation, "is very dreadful; it smells most horrid in the summer." "My nuisance," said Mr. Zinzib, "surely ought to be removed. Fetch in the

Act, good people, and compel me to remove it. I shall be charmed."

This being the state of things in Cess-cum-Poolton, and the contest against the sanitary innovators being very violent, now it may perhaps be comprehended how it was that at a great meeting of our ratepayers holden after the first inquiry at the Fitz-Canute Arms, a petition to the General Board of Health was agreed upon and eventually signed by our squire, Nimrod Fitz-Canute, and two hundred and thirty-five other persons, expressing their unaltered opinion, "that the provisions of the Public Health Act are not wanted in this place," and earnestly praying "that the said Act may not be put in force in this town against the wish of the great mass of its inhabitants."

For what reason our Squire put on his boots to go down to this meeting, and employed his influence as lord of the manor against the sanitary reformers, may be best stated in the words of his own companion memorial, sent after the petition to the Board of Health. Of the area submitted to the operation of the Act, more than two-thirds, he observed, "are not only wholly unbuilt upon, but there is not the remotest probability of any part of the same ever being used for building purposes, such lands consisting of the lawns, pleasure and other ornamental grounds and gardens, and other premises belonging and appertaining to your memorialist's mansion house, and of farm lands, arable and pasture, also the property of your memorialist. That your memorialist, in addition to such lands and premises aforesaid, is also the owner of house property to a very considerable amount in the town of Cess-cum-Poolton, and that, therefore, should the district as recommended by your inspector be adopted, the taxation for the purpose of draining and ameliorating the sanitary condition of the town of Cess-cum-Poolton would fall most unjustly and oppressively on your memorialist, whose said mansion house, lawns and pleasure grounds, arable lands and pasture grounds, could, neither directly nor indirectly, derive any benefit whatever from the purposes to which such hereditaments and tenements would be rated in pursuance of the powers contained in the said Public Health Act, 1848."

That is the actual literal complaint of Squire Fitz-Canute, who therein shows himself quite one of our hill gods, "careless of mankind." The lawns, pineries, pleasure grounds, pastures, &c., not being at all chargeable under the Public Health Act for the water supply and drainage of town houses and buildings, the plaint of Fitz-Canute amounts simply to this, that as a large number of the unwholesome houses in our town of Cess-cum-Poolton are his property, a good deal of the rating for health purposes would fall upon himself; and, however much the cleansing of the town might benefit his tenantry, it would not improve his roses or his melons, his lawns, pleasure grounds, arable lands, or cattle. As a lord of the manor and a landed proprietor, he declines, therefore, having any thing to pay. So the Squire settled it.

Nevertheless, the second inquiry was duly instituted, and it began with the scrutiny of signatures demanded by us, who accused Mr. Zinzib of having used improper persuasion. Henry Jones accordingly came forward and proved that he had signed both petitions. Mr. Zinzib presented the first to him, and he signed it. He "had since signed the counter-petition, his opinions having changed in consequence of what he had been told respecting other towns where the act had been applied. He could not exactly say what towns they were, nor what was said of them." Zinzib Rad was still more strongly put to the blush by Mr. Cavendish Pole, our fashionable hairdresser. He is a very gentlemanly man, and he deposed as follows: "I have been a rated inhabitant of the parish of Cess-cum-Poolton twenty years. I am a hairdresser. I signed a petition brought to me by Mr. Zinzib. I did not thoroughly know what it was. He laid the petition before me. I do not think I read it; perhaps I might scan part of it over, but I did not, to the best of my belief, read it, as I was busy at the time. As Mr. Zinzib represented it to me, I took it to be a petition to form a board to drain the town better. I signed it, and have since signed a petition the other way." We had more such evidence, but it was unavailing; nevertheless, I think enough has been said to show the enlightened nature of our contest against the sanitarians, and to make clear how quiet we should all have been had we been let alone. We could have been eating the lotos day by day, just as conveniently lodged over our deadening cesspools, as if "propped on beds of amaranth and moly;" it would have suited us quite well to lie beside their nectar, and to hear agitators buzzing among distant parishes their doleful song, telling "a tale of little meaning, though their words are strong."

We also, spurred to energy, found strong words to oppose to our antagonists. Old Doctor Doughpill has practised for forty years in Cess-cum-Poolton; he and his son attend the Parish and have all the leading people in the place for patients. Doctor Doughpill is a gentleman of the old school, who still wears corduroy trousers and top boots, and who is as prompt as his son to follow the Fitz-Canute hounds. Young Doctor Quina, who is a physician by right and a medallist fresh from the hospital trying to make a practice, has thoughtlessly committed himself to the sanitary cause. Doughpill, who knows better, follows the Squire as readily after the health-mongers as after the hare. Doctor Quina said, among other things about our town, "Typhus is by no means an

uncommon disease here. Now, looking at the elevation and general appearance of the town, one would naturally wonder how such a disease as typhus could exist here. The poison, doubtless, must emanate from those abominable dead wells and open sewage holes which send out such a noxious and pestilential smell over the yards and houses in which they are situate." Doctor Doughpill—a most influential man—whose nose is turned more in the right direction of the wind, said on the other hand: "I have been a surgeon here for forty years, and am well acquainted with the locality and most of the people. Cess-cum-Poolton has always been a remarkably healthy place. There is nothing to make it unhealthy. The water is very good." He was our great witness, and a bold knight, too, who would charge any number of windmill crotchets. If it had not been for the awkwardness of birth and death returns, and for the existence of two eyes and a nose on the inspector's face, the evidence of our respected Doctor would have quashed the whole investigation. "With reference," he observed, "to what is said in Mr. Zinzib's letter to the General Board, about polluted water and foul air, I know of no cases of fever in Cess-cum-Poolton, produced by polluted water and foul air."

The inspector having taken evidence of this kind, and heard much of our general recrimination, and of that flat contradiction of each other into which gentlemen are led who make astounding slips of memory and confusion as to fact, under the influence of party feeling—having got through this part of his business, quietly betook himself to the investigation of our registration tables. He made out that the average age at which we all of us die is twenty-nine years and one month, omitting the exceptional district of the New Town of Cess-cum-Poolton. If that district be included in the calculation, it is made to appear that we die, taking us all together, before the age of twenty-four is reached. In either case, not less than half of us die under the age of twenty. As for the massacre of our innocents, how that is continually taking place, I have already recorded. The inspector then employed his eyes and nose, and went about the parish seeing and smelling things for himself and asking questions. The result was a mass of notes concerning us, a part of which the chiel has printed. Of their nature some notion may be gathered from the accounts I have given of the abodes of Mr. Brown, Mr. Galloon, Mr. Goose, and others, who may stand for almost all. Some of the worst I have not quoted, because, though they describe dwellings in which we are on the whole disposed to live, the mere account of them would be disagreeable to reasonably wholesome people.

The Old Town of Cess-cum-Poolton is built, as I said, on a hill, with an outfall on all sides—the very place for an efficient and cheap system of drainage; there is a brook at hand, from which an abundant supply of good water, constantly on tap, could be furnished at a price of a penny three farthings per week per cottage house, including the cost of lifting.

The complete drainage of the Old Town would cost, it was calculated, for a cottage house, only one penny a week, on the principle of distributed payments for thirty years. That is what we have been opposing.

The New Town of Cess-cum-Poolton is unhappily not less unhealthy than the Old, although money has been spent ungrudgingly by the railway company, which is chief owner, on the moral and physical welfare of the inhabitants. When the New Town first rose, five thousand pounds were sunk in drains. Most unfortunately, the drainage established was laid down upon an utterly wrong principle. It was a complicated system of egg-shaped cesspools and long drains. In each pool, poisonous gas is generated, as in the bulb of a retort, and the drains acting as the necks of retorts, serve to convey the deadly product into all the houses. Connected with this system, also, there is an open foul ditch, and an inadequate provision has been made for flushing. The railway company petitioned as we did against the interference of the Public Health Act; surely, however, not on selfish grounds, for it was prepared to sink five thousand pounds more in drainage. Less than that sum would uproot the existing drains, put an end to the two hundred cesspools which form part of the old rotten system, and purify the New Town thoroughly upon a safe plan. The adoption of such a plan would at the same time save considerable yearly outlay. If it be well to be active, the railway company has done well. It has established even a park for its men, and there can be no doubt that it is prepared to amend the underground ways of the New Town of Cess-cum-Poolton, whenever it is fairly led to see the error of them.

As for our Old Town on the hill, the inspector, I see in his report just issued, has recommended that the Public Health Act be applied to us, and that we should have a local board of health, consisting of six members. But, if we get the Squire for one, and Dr. Doughpill for another, we may even yet hope that, for a time at least, the inhabitants of Cess-cum-Poolton will be allowed to die in peace, and at the rate that pleases them. So long as men can pay their debts, it is not our business to settle for them at what rate they ought to live. The debt of nature they are sure to pay, and why need we dictate the rate at which they ought to die? The only rates we ought to look at, are parochial rates. When people say that a small payment for health and strength brings in even a large money profit, and invite us to reason with them on the subject, we say, Reason with you? No, we don't do that. We are not talking about reason, but about rates.

We see no reason in them, and we object to them. We shall not spend our brains to save our pockets. You shall get from us, if we can have our own way, neither wit nor wealth. Let us alone.

ENGLISH MILORDS.

The writer of this piece lately, and in a foreign land, suffering from an attack of the meagrims, or *diaboli cærulei*, sought solace and delectation in a place of public entertainment, situated on the Boulevard Montmartre, in Paris, called the Salle Bonne-Nouvelle. Here, for the consideration of one franc, he was gratified by the view of a series of *poses plastiques;* of a remarkably stupid ballet, in which a floury-faced Pierrot went through the ordinary tribulations incidental to Pierrots when brought into collision with comic fathers, jealous millers, and village maidens in short petticoats; but all of which did not in the least remind him of the only supportable Pierrot in the tumbling world: the inimitable Debureau. He was furthermore entertained by a mysterious round or catch, sung by three persons in three white waistcoats and one pair and a half of white kid gloves, which, together with the remaining pair and a half of hands, would have been none the worse for a little washing, and in which a large tuning fork supported a considerable part; by a "Juggler of the Alps," than whom the author has seen many better; and, finally, by a gentleman attired in a short green coat, labelled, conspicuously, "*Patente*" (*sic*), a pair of widely checked trousers, also labelled "*Patente*," with the addition of the royal arms of Great Britain beneath the label; highlows and gaiters, a white hat with a narrow brim and a black hat-band, a huge shirt-collar, a gigantic umbrella, red hair, green spectacles, a very diminutive carpet bag, and a long pig-tail, each and all branded with the omnipresent "*Patente;*" who, as an obliging neighbour of the writer informed him, was made up to represent a *Milord Anglais*, and looked the character—as that neighbour further volunteered to tell him—remarkably well.

This British nobleman sang a song to the old tune of Malbrook, accompanied by some feeble gesticulations, imitative, but not suggestive, of the noble art of self-defence. The writer, on his affirmation, declares that, as nearly as he can recollect, the first verse of the English peer's song ran thus:—

Malbrook s'en va-ti li Boxe
L'ami de Pitt et Fox,
Aow yes! Aow yes!

Each couplet being interpolated with an Aow yes! and each stanza being concluded by a facetious and profoundly ironical allusion to one "Matinkosh," probably synonymous or connected with that water-proof garment so useful in travelling, or to the gentleman whose place of residence was so strongly and inflexibly negatived on his personal application some years since. The Milord's song was encored amidst the most enthusiastic demonstrations of approval and delight; but the writer, being momentarily diverted from the stage and orchestra by a supplementary entertainment, or *pièce de circonstance*, not in the bill of the evening, consisting in the scampering of three mice through the pit, and the heroic efforts of the *sapeur-pompier* on duty to capture and immolate them with his sabre—did not enjoy the repetition of a ditty so flattering to his national pride, and soon afterwards left the Salle Bonne-Nouvelle, and walked home.

Now I, who am the writer, as I walked through the snow, thought of a certain Emperor, who, like the man who won an elephant in a raffle, won four hundred thousand armed men in a *coup*, and didn't know what to do with them; of the Peace Congress; of the militia, our naval defences, the Minié rifle, the conical bullet, screw steamers, and the Digue at Cherbourg; also, of the stupendous amount of international ignorance existing in the two greatest countries in the world—of how little the English know about the character and customs of the French, of how much less the French know about those of the English.

The origin of the English Milord, as brought under French consideration, is either lost in the mists of obscurity, or is beyond my ken. But the English Milord was looked upon in France as a species of drunken savage, frequently cutting other people's throats, and not unfrequently going raving mad, tyrannising over his dependants, and mercilessly beating his wife and children, until about the middle of the reign of Louis Quatorze, the *grand monarque*. In those days the restoration of Charles the Second taking place, and the exemplary Count Anthony Hamilton, and others of his class being a good deal backwards and forwards from Paris to London, the French nobility condescended to discover and admit that their brother peers in England could be every whit as heartless, as politely depraved, as fashionably blasphemous, as genteelly corrupted, as urbanely insulting, as wittily insolent, as "honourably" dishonest, as they were themselves. Thenceforth, and for a time, the Milord looked up. The offensive nickname was temporarily withdrawn, and he became the "*Seigneur*—the *grand Seigneur Anglais.*" Molière condescended to nod to him. La Fontaine patronised him. Boileau would dedicate his next ode to him. But one Milord Cavendish, who threw an insolent *petit-maître* on to the spikes of the orchestra of the Opera House, brought the Milord into ill odour again. After the revolution, after the numerous Jacobite conspiracies of King William's time, after the first Scotch rebellion, when the continent teemed with

disaffected Scotch and Irish noblemen and officers—the Milord became once more a Gryphon, a bogey, a hideous fable.

Voltaire, who ought to have known England and the English well, is rather shy on the subject of the English Milord. He shirks him. He treats of him a little in his Siècle de Louis XV., concerning the battle of Fontenoy; he tells you elsewhere, that the Milord is one of that bizarre country where they "cut off the tails of horses and the heads of kings;" but, on the whole, he is reserved and taciturn on the subject of the English Milord. *He knew him* and the ridiculously false impression entertained of him by the French; but he did not, doubtless, consider it worth his while to undeceive them just then.

Rousseau hated English Milords as he hated most people who strove to do him good (which many English noblemen and gentlemen essayed to do). There is a spleen against the English nation and aristocracy scattered through his writings; but the philosophic citizen and "philanthropist" of Geneva, knew too well what England and the English were, systematically to abuse or vilify them. Yet he upset no fallacy, exposed no error. In the *Nouvelle Heloise* he has even gone out of the way to misrepresent the Milord: who assumes the guise of a morosely pensive misanthrope, skulking about cataracts and mentally browsing in deserted grottoes.

So continued the English Milord to the time of that old novelist of Louis Seize's time, Pigault le Brun, the only palliation of whose indelicacy lies in his always making virtue to prevail and vice to be chastised at the end of volume III. Pigault le Brun's Milord was an austere yet ruffianly, proud yet jocose, avaricious yet munificent, accomplished yet coarse-spoken aristocrat—a sort of *mélange* of Squire Western, Sir Charles Grandison, Pigault's own Monsieur Botte, Voltaire's Doctor Pangloss, and our English Commodore Trunnion. He travelled about in a postchaise, fitted up half as a tavern, half as a doctor's shop, always with a beautiful daughter, always with a negro page whom he beat and kicked and gave unnumbered guineas to. He swore tremendous oaths at postillions. He was the terror of postmasters, cooks, scullions, innkeepers, and chambermaids. Lastly, he had an irresistible *penchant* for adopting orphan children (boys) and ultimately marrying them to the charming Miss, his daughter and sole heiress.

Pigault le Brun lived far into the Empire; but the time and scene of his novels are mostly laid at a period anterior to the great revolution. In the days of the Republic, the Directory, and the Consulate, the Milord Anglais assumed quite a new phase of character. He became, all at once, an emissary of "*Pitt et Coburg*," always hovering about the frontiers of France, or mingling in disguise among its population; went about laden with sacks of English gold wherewith to bribe the enemies of freedom. The English Milord kept head against the *bleus* in the impenetrable *bocages* of the Vendée; his gold it was that kept the army of Condé organised, who nerved the conspirators of the infernal machine to their desperate attempt, who brought Georges Cadoudal and his murderous Chouans to Paris. The contagious breath of English Milords (headed by that arch Milord, Nelson,) blew the flat-bottomed boats of Boulogne to the winds and caused that *regrettable sinistre*, Trafalgar.

When the fatal obtuseness of the Milord Wellington, who never could discover when he was beaten, had brought (treason aiding) the allied armies to Paris, the English Milord, cameleon-like, once more changed his hue. Then was he first heard of as a boxer, as an eater of raw beefsteaks, as a maker of tremendous *paris* or bets, and as a monomaniacal amateur in horseflesh. The English being just then the strongest, and being through their upholding of the house of Bourbon on good terms with the French aristocracy, there was in Paris, from 1815 to 1818, a species of Anglomania or Milordophobia in which the Milord Anglais was the *arbiter elegantiarum*, the "cynosure of all eyes," "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Novelists, dramatists, essayists, artists immediately seized on the new English Milord and made a lion of him. He was represented in the salons of Frascati and the gambling rooms of the Palais Royal, wrenching handfuls of sovereigns from the pockets of his great-coat with many capes, and throwing them wildly on the *rouge* and the *noir*. He had horses in his drawing-room and bouledogues in his bed. He boxed continually. He drove vehicles like cockle shells (or like those rendered so famous by Mr. Romeo Coates and Mr. Pea Green Haynes), he dined sumptuously at Véry's and Vefour's, and he drank (which is perhaps the only thing of the series that the English Milord did really and truly do, during the occupation of Paris by the allies) enormous quantities of execrable champagne, which he thought delicious. That champagne plot was the greatest, sweetest, most ample revenge the French ever took upon us for Waterloo; and the disgrace of that day has been, to my mind, completely washed out by the floods of bad champagne which were foraged out from the cellars of Rheims in 1815, bought by speculators at about seventy-five centimes a bottle, and sold to the English and the Cossacks at about from six to ten francs. Was not *that* vengeance on the Islanders and the Barbarians?

The English Milord once more changed during the latter part of the reign of Louis XVIII., and the whole of that of Charles X. There was a famous piece called *Les Anglaises pour rire*, performed at the Palais Royal, in which not only Milords but Miladis were ridiculed, and which had an astonishing run. After this the Censure, the gloom-inspiring

domination of the Jesuits, and the novels of the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, with, perhaps, some ugly shreds of news from England about Luddites, and spies, and Thistlewood with his head off, made the English Milord quite a different character. He became a stiff-necked, morose, gloomy *Grand Seigneur* terribly affected with a mysterious malady called *le spleen* (there is a three volume novel about one Sir Williams, afflicted with that ailment), travelling austerely about Europe with a sulky suite, and two fourgons full of sauces and French cooks. According to M. de Balzac (when he was M. de Viellerglé)—who was so fond of depicting English Milords, that he occasionally wrote himself under the pseudonym of one Lord R'hoone (!)—the Milord Anglais lived hermetically sealed up in a frowning hotel with high walls, a mulatto porter, fierce wolfdogs, and one little garden door of egress, from whence he was supposed to issue to accomplish all sorts of dark and dreadful deeds. According to M. Casimir Delavigne, and M. Alexandre Dumas in the early days of their dramaturgical career, the Milord had no longer beautiful daughters, but always one son, Sir Arthur, a villain, continuously breaking promises of marriage to confiding French females, and throwing his helpless offspring on the hands of his papa, who at first would have nothing to say to them, and cursed them, his son and daughter-in-law, with all the forms; but, ultimately relenting, endowed them with his enormous estates, and the insignia of the order of the Bath. The Milord Anglais of that day had strange fancies for ascending Mount Vesuvius during eruptions, holding grim champagne and "Porto" orgies in the catacombs of Rome, poisoning his servants, shooting brigands, and writing letters in his own blood. Horrible nobleman!

The tragic Milord disappeared after the revolution of July '30, to give place to an eccentric one. There was a semi-serious one about 1843, who was supposed to have made an enormous bet that Mr. Van Amburg would one day be devoured alive by his wild animals, and always followed him about from country to country, and from theatre to theatre, always occupying the stage box, and fixing on him the foci of an enormous opera glass. This Milord had green eyes! In Louis Philippe's time, however, eccentricity became, as I have said, the distinguishing character of the English Milord. He dressed—in the press, on the stage, and on canvas—in a bell-crowned white hat, a long loose white great-coat, red striped small-clothes, top boots, a mighty shawl swathed round his flaming countenance, a plaid waistcoat, an umbrella, and a pigtail of course. One or more savage "bouledogues" always lurked at his heels. His course of life might be summed up with considerable facility, so regular was it. He rose at ten, breakfasted off raw beefsteaks and *vin de porto*, playing with his bouledogues and smoking a pipe meanwhile. At eleven he had the spleen. From half-past eleven to twelve he betted with his coachman; from twelve to one he boxed with his groom. From one to two he drank gin or "grogs." At half-past two he sold his wife, Miss Kitty, in Smithfield, with a halter round her neck. From three to four he drove tandem in Cheapside—four horses at length. From four to five he had another refresher of beefsteaks with "Porter beer." From five till midnight he bet, drank, smoked, and boxed with other lords, and after an indefinite number of pipes, bets, and grogs fell *ivre mort* against an *honourable barronet, membre de la chambre des lords*, and was carried up to bed by his groom, or tiger—Joby, Toby, or Paddy. If I have exaggerated one trait in the character of the English Milord, tell, oh ye authors of *Les Mystères de Londres*, *Le Marché de Londres*, *Les Voleurs de Londres*, and *Clarisse Harlowe*. Towards the end of the reign of Louis Philippe, the Milord Anglais varied the course of his diary by occasionally oppressing Ireland, and sucking the life-blood from the slaves of Hindostan. It also occurred to him to turn perfidious; "French commerce to destroy and reserve to himself the empire of the seas." The Milord was then and for some time known as a "Pritchard," but the salient parts of his character remained the same.

After the revolution of February and the exchange of visits between English excursionists and French National Guards, once more, and, as far as it has gone, ultimate change took place in the counterfeit presentment of the Milord Anglais. He became purely but extravagantly ridiculous, wearing the egregious costume, and speaking the barbarous balderdash, of the Salle Bonne-Nouvelle. As such he flourishes at all the theatres, and in all the *feuilletons* of Paris; at Valentino, in caricatures, and in the *Journal pour rire*, and as such is taken for granted, though there are hundreds of well-dressed Englishmen walking daily about the Boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli, offering a fair field for caricature, and not in the least like him.

Now what ever, I ask, can have propagated, nourished, perpetuated for nearly a hundred years this monstrous ignorance of what Englishmen are like, of what they do, of how they act, of what are their manners and customs. Heaven knows we have prejudices enough to get rid of, and mistakes enough to correct in our own country concerning foreigners; yet, ignorant as we are, I think were an actor, representing the part of a Frenchman, to appear in an English theatre wearing a pigtail and a cocked hat, eating frogs, and accompanying the operation with a solo on a dancing-master's kit, the calumniator would be hooted or pelted from the stage. With an eleven hours route from London to Paris, with railways and a submarine telegraph, with myriads of

Frenchmen in our streets, the French seem really to know less of us every day. Balzac said that there were only three Frenchmen in France who could speak French: Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and himself. It might almost be said without exaggeration that there are only three people in France who know England and the English: to wit, M. Léon Faucher, M. Guizot, and that certain Personage before alluded to, in connexion with the elephant in the raffle.

There may perchance be found some little excuse for the ridiculously false notion the French have formed of our habits, institutions, and literature, our good and bad points, in the eccentricities of a certain class of travellers who infest foreign seaports, railways, and hotels, who are the bane and nuisance and standing scoff thereof. Why don't they stay at home? They go back to their own country more ignorant (if possible) than when they started. They grumble at dinner, insult landlords and waiters, pertinaciously cling together to avoid learning the language of the country they are in, and then abuse and vilify each other, and moan and fret because they can't speak it. They carry with them their grievances and prejudices, and sectarian hatreds and prejudices, their ladies' maids (confound them!) and their physic bottles. They are good friends and honest people, but the worst travelling companions in the world. It is not through any private or personal griefs that I pass these strictures on the conduct of some of my countrymen travelling abroad; but it is, because I think that if a certain section of them were to stay at home, or, when they travel, were to think of what the great ends of travelling should be—improvement, observation, and sensible recreation, with a reasonable deference to peculiarities, a little subservience to custom, a little less ill-temper, and a little more docility and willingness to learn—the Milord Anglais would be somewhat more fairly drawn.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO THE ISLE OF DOGS.

We have a theory that, if among the metropolitans resident westward of Temple Bar, all those who have travelled to the Rhine were collected into one group, and all those who have explored the Isle of Dogs were to form another,—we have a theory, we say, that the former group would constitute the larger of the two. For this mythical Isle has very much the character of a *terra incognita*. There is a vague supposition that it lies somewhere opposite Greenwich; but, even whether it be an island, is not by any means well known. If from the top of Observatory Hill we have a penny peep through a pensioner's telescope, and direct it towards a greenish-looking spot on the Middlesex shore, we may learn that this is the Isle of Dogs; but neither dogs nor men are to be seen there, and we wonder how on earth such an uninhabited island came to be pitched down between busy Blackwell and busy Limehouse. On further examination we find it to be a low, level, marshy field, fringed with factories and taverns, and inhabited by a few cows. There may possibly be half a dozen trees on this island of "the blessed," but we will not positively assert it as a fact. Nevertheless, as Robinson Crusoe's island was found on examination to contain objects of some interest to that admirable explorer, so, we hope, will the Isle of Dogs be found not altogether a desolate and profitless island.

The reader has, of course, been in Waterman number twelve, and has probably heard orders given to ease her (the Waterman), and stop her (the Waterman), and put her (the Waterman) a-starn, at Limehouse pier. He is then on the western confines of the Isle of Dogs. Or, he may be returning from a review at Woolwich, in the Dryad, and may be listening to the same mysterious instruction concerning easing her, and stopping her, and putting her a-starn, at Blackwall. He is then on the eastern confines of the Isle of Dogs. Or, he may be travelling over the chimney-pots from Fenchurch Street to Blackwall, and may have a magnificent view of the sugar-warehouses belonging to the West India Docks. He is then a little beyond the northern or land-ward margin of the Isle of Dogs. Or, lastly, he may cross the river by the ferry for Greenwich, to take that smallest of all metropolitan omnibuses from Millwall to Limehouse. He is then (at the Millwall Ferry House) on the southern confines of the Isle of Dogs. Thus have we, on the true principles of a geographical Primer, marked out the limits and boundary of the Isle of Dogs, as determined by the four cardinal points.

But, now a grave difficulty stops our way. Why is the Isle of Dogs called the Isle of Dogs? What have the dogs to do with it? Was it formed originally by or for dogs, or is it going to the dogs? There appear to be two different theories among antiquaries learned in these matters. One of them, in Strype's Stow, is to the effect that the Isle of Dogs is "a low marshy ground near Blackwall, so called, as is reported, for that a waterman carried a man into this marsh, and there murthered him. The man having a dog with him, he would not leave his master; but hunger forced him many times to swim over the Thames to Greenwich; which the waterman who plied at the bridge (probably a sort of pier or jetty) observing, followed the dog over, and by that means the murthered man was discovered. Soon after the dog swimming over to Greenwich, where there was a waterman seated, at him the dog snarled and would not be beat off; which the other waterman perceiving (and knowing of

the murther) apprehended this strange waterman; who confessed the fact, and was condemned and executed." A doleful theory this, and not so pleasant to think upon as that propounded by Dr. Woodward, who tells us that "the fertile soil of the marsh, usually known as the Isle of Dogs, was so called because when our former princes made Greenwich their country seat, and used it for hunting, the kennels for their dogs were kept on this marsh; which usually making a great noise, the seamen and others thereupon called the place the Isle of Dogs." The hunting theory being more pleasant than the murder theory, and both resting (for aught we see) on equally trustworthy evidence, we will adopt the former.

Dr. Woodward superadds to this theory, a statement of fact, to the effect that the so-called Isle of Dogs "is not an isle, indeed, scarce a peninsula—the neck being about a mile in length." This is true, or at least it was true when the Doctor wrote; but as commercial people have since cut a canal or two across the neck of the peninsula, it has since become an island, though not one of nature's making. It used in old times to be called Poplar Marsh. Maitland, writing on these matters about a century ago, tells us something, not only concerning the hunting theory above alluded to, but concerning the marshy nature of the peninsula itself." The Chapel House in the Isle of Dogs, or Poplar Marsh, is the ruins of a stone chapel; but when or by whom built is unknown. However, I am of opinion that it either belonged to the Manor of Pountfret (or to His Majesty's servants who attended the royal kennels whilst the King's hounds were kept here), which anciently lay in this marsh; the capital mansion whereof, by the discovery of large foundations and gatehooks, may not only be presumed to have stood here, but likewise divers other houses, which probably were inhabited till the great inundation toward the close of the fifteenth century, occasioned by a breach in the bank of the river Thames, near the great ship-yard at Limehouse Hole."

Poplar has been cruelly cut off from its own proper Isle of Dogs, its own original marsh, by the West India Dock Company. Poplar cannot now get to its marsh without wriggling past the sugar hogsheads and rum puncheons; and, as if to add to the insult, the Blackwall Railway has raised an additional barrier, which can only be set at nought either by leaping over, or climbing under, its arches. Poplar had once a goodly range of poplar trees, from which it obtained its name; although the trees have been much lessened in number, Poplar will not admit of any diminution of importance thereby; like many other districts in the margin of the metropolis, Poplar has exchanged trees for houses. Its High Street is traversed by the Dock Junction Railway from Camden Town; and it feels sure of being a busy place by and bye. Working our way southward from this High Street, and traversing the railway as best we may, we come fairly upon the neck of our peninsula, and an hour's exploration will show how the Dock Company have converted this peninsula into an island. Not only is it an island, but an island within an island. The great Import Dock is connected by a basin and lock-gates with the Thames at Blackwall on the east, and by another basin and lock-gates with the Thames at Limehouse on the west: this gives an insular character to the peninsula. Southward of this is another channel, a straight cut from east to west; this was planned and made simply as a canal, but it now constitutes the Company's South Dock, and it helps to form ar island within an island. A large affair are these docks. Only think of an Import Dock that will contain at one time two hundred vessels of three hundred tons each; and an Export Dock not very much smaller; and a still longer but narrower South Dock; and a Timber Dock of notable dimensions; and warehouses which have contained at one time a hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads of sugar, half a million bags of coffee, thirty or forty thousand pipes of rum and Madeira, fifteen thousand logs of mahogany, and twenty thousand tons of logwood! Truly the barrier which is placed between Poplar and its island is a rich one—it is in more senses than one a spicy affair. From these various docks the Isle of Dogs hangs down like—we hardly know what,—like a balloon that is getting flabby, and half-spent; or like a cap of liberty turned upside down; or like a kidney potato with a little bit cut off one end; or like the toe of a stocking. It is barely three-quarters of a mile broad across the neck of the peninsula; but to follow the river curve, the distance is little less than three miles.

We have called the Isle of Dogs a low, green, swampy field, fringed with industry, and inhabited by a few cows. The industry, as in most other parts of the vicinity of London, is becoming more developed every year. We can see it landward as we walk from Limehouse to the Millwall Ferry House; but we can see it still better by following the river-line in a Woolwich steamer. Big, burly, dirty factories are these, which show their good sense by departing as far as may be from the centre of London. Here, at Limehouse Hole, where the western boundary of our Isle may be said to begin, we find a chemical manufacturer, making all sorts of acids and alkalies out of all sorts of substances; and a tarpaulin-maker, who daubs Russia hemp with Russia tar; and a seed-crusher, with his mills and presses; and a rope-maker, with his shed nearly as long as the Crystal Palace; and a sail-maker. Then there is the ship-yard to which the well-known name of G. F. Young is attached, and

in which (if we mistake not) the British Queen and the President were built; and then there is a busy group of anchorsmiths, copper merchants, mast and block makers, shipping butchers, and ship-chandlers. Then, advancing further south down the western margin, we come to establishments of large size. There are the huge anchors of Messrs. Brown and Lenox, the timber preserving works of Sir William Burnett, the white lead and chemical works of Messrs. Pontifex and Wood, the cement works of Messrs. Blashfield, the engineering works of Swayne and Bovill, of the Napiers, of John Scott Russell, and of others, the mast and oar works of Messrs. Ferguson, the works of the Bastenne bitumen company, the metallic lava works of Orsi and Armani; and such an array of pitch and tar men, timber men, ship men, lightermen, block and pump men, wire-rope men, galvanized-iron men, ship-tank men, and lime-burning men, as gives a very peculiar character to this district. Advancing beyond the Ferry House, and beginning to mark the eastern contour of the island, we encounter a church—a bran-new, pretty, early English church. What saint is to patronise it, we do not know; but at present it is "Mr. Cubitt's church." Wherever this name of six letters is found busy, we may be pretty sure that a new town is about to spring up; and without diving into the secrets of private speculation, we may pretty securely guess that the great builder has purchased a tract of ground here, which he is bounding on one side by a river wall, and which will, by and bye, present factories and dwelling-houses in considerable number. The Isle of Dogs is in good hands, when such firms purchase an interest in it. Further on, along the eastern line, there are at present navvies and brick-makers who have the region all their own—they are forming a ship-building yard of some six or seven acres, where, if we mistake not, iron ship-building will be carried on on a large scale. High price of coals and high price of labour render ship-building in the Thames somewhat more costly than in the northern ports; but still there are abundant reasons why London should supply a liberal quota of floating castles; and it is a distinguished honour to our Isle of Dogs that so much of the Thames' ship-work should be conducted in its immediate vicinity. Upward and upward we bend our steps until Blackwall begins to take the place of Millwall. Strype says that Blackwall was so named "because it is a wall of the Thames, and distinguished by the additional term 'black,' from the black shrubs which grew on it"—a theory which strikes us as being rather a sorry one. However, to Blackwall we do at length come; and here we find that the Plough, and the Artichoke, and the Brunswick taverns present a degree of smartness which eclipses the other Isle of Dogs' taverns—they tell of whitebait dinners.

An embarrassing thought now presents itself. Why do Cabinet Ministers eat whitebait? And why do they eat them at the close of the parliamentary session in a tavern at Blackwall or Greenwich? Whitebait, being fish, are cold-blooded animals; but is there on this ground any analogy between them and Cabinet Ministers? It is a phenomenon both ichthyological and topographical, this whitebait eating in the Isle of Dogs. Let us see whether Mr. Yarrell's description of a whitebait will furnish any clue to this subject:—The whitebait, then, is a little fish, something like the young of the shad, varying from two to six inches in length. From the beginning of April to the end of September it is caught in the Thames, seldom higher than Woolwich or Blackwall, at flood-tide. The fishery is of rather a peculiar nature. The mouth of the net has about three square feet of area, with a very small mesh or bag-end. The boat is moored in the tide-way, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, and the net with its wooden frame-work is fixed to the side of the boat. The tail of the hose, swimming loose, is from time to time handed into the boat, the end untied, and its contents shaken out. The wooden frame forming the mouth of the net does not dip more than four feet below the surface of the water. The further the fishermen go down towards the mouth of the river, the sooner they begin to catch whitebait after the flood-tide has commenced. When fishing as high as Woolwich, the tide must have flowed from three to four hours, and the water become sensibly brackish to the taste, before the whitebait make their appearance. They return down the river with the first of the ebb-tide; and all attempts to preserve them in well-boats, in pure fresh water, have failed. A few whitebait are caught near the Isle of Wight, and in the Firth of Forth; but they are very little known except in the Thames.

So far, there is very little analogy or apparent connexion between a Cabinet Minister and a whitebait. We will therefore see whether M. Soyer's account of the method of cooking this fish will elucidate the matter. "This very delicate little fish," says the great Gastronomic Regenerator, "is cooked in the most simple manner. Dry them in a couple of cloths, shake the cloths at the corner, but do not touch the fish with your hands; then have ready an equal quantity of bread-crumbs and flour in a dish, throw the fish into it, toss them lightly over with the hands, take them out immediately, put them in a wire basket, and fry them in very hot lard. One minute will cook them; turn them out on a cloth, sprinkle a little salt over them, dish them on a napkin, and serve them very hot." The same authority tells us, that "these lilliputian fishes never can be had at home in the perfection you get them at Greenwich or Blackwall, where they are obtained as soon as

caught, and dressed by persons in constant practice." All very nice; but what about the Cabinet Ministers? They (the whitebait, not the Ministers) are served up with cayenne and lemon-juice, and eaten with brown bread and butter; the savoury morsel being washed down with iced punch. Still we do not see the connexion. And if we take the view topographical instead of the view ichthyological, we are not certain of enlightenment; for we do not see how the vicinity of ship-yards, chemical-works, and iron-works, with a wafting of pungent odours when the wind doth blow, can improve the flavour of whitebait to a legislative stomach. There seems evidently to have been a rise of fashion in this matter; for Pennant, after speaking of the whitebait fishery, says, that it "occasions during the season a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places where they are taken." Lower order of epicures, indeed!

Hemmed in by the whitebait taverns, is Green's ship-yard. A notable old place this; more so, than any other private ship-yard, perhaps, in this country. It is no small thing that, for a period of two hundred years, there has been little if any cessation in the making of foothooks and keelsons, bowsprits and sternposts, ribs and beams, decks and masts, in this identical spot; and all for and by private owners. First, there was a Sir Henry Johnson, who, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, was owner of this yard, and who seems to have been a great benefactor to the neighbouring village of Poplar. Then, throughout the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William and Mary, the ship-yard maintained its importance, under the ownership, first of one Sir William Johnson, and then of another. Strype tells us about a horse which was owned by the elder Sir William, and which was evidently a knowing old blade. The horse, we are told, was "wrought there thirty-four years, driven by one man; and he grew to that experience, that at the first sound of the bell for the men in the yard to leave off work, he also would cease labouring, and could not by any means be brought to give one pull after it; and when the bell rang to work, he would as readily come forth again to his labour, which was to draw planks and pieces of timber from one part of the yard to another." Honour to the tough old horse, who insisted on the proposition, that "property has its duties as well as its rights." Old Hob was his name; and there was formerly a public-house in the neighbourhood which derived its sign from this name —nay, not merely *was*, but *is*, in Brunswick Street, near the entrance to the yard. Old Hob's master, and the next Sir William, are said to have built no less than fifteen men-of-war for the Government before the time of Queen Anne. The second Sir William's daughter married the Earl of Strafford; and then occurs a blank in the annals of the yard and its industry until a period about a century ago, when Mr. Perry became the owner. In the family of the Perrys the property remained for half a century, during which many vessels of war were built there for the Government. Mr. Perry built within his estate the Brunswick Dock, the first dock (we believe) which London could boast. Here he had water-space for thirty large ships and double that number of smaller ones, cranes for landing guns and heavy stores, conveniences for the shipment of cavalry, warehouses for whalebone and blubber from whale-ships, coppers for boiling down the blubber, a mast-house to aid in masting ships—the same venerable black old ugly building which is still a wonderment to those who view Blackwall from a distance. But at the beginning of the present century the merchants became dock mad; they built docks as thickly as we now build railways; and Mr. Perry's Brunswick Dock was bought up for, and enclosed by, and incorporated with, the East India Docks. The ship-yard, however, remained private property; and during the long war the stocks and slips were constantly occupied by war-ships being built for the Government, as well as by East India ships and other merchant ships of large size; for this yard never, until late years, had an equal in importance in any other part of the kingdom. It is among the records of the yard that no less than ten ships of war were launched here during the single year 1813. In the years of comparative peace which have since followed, the names of Wigram and of Green have been associated with the construction of a vast number of fine vessels. It is only by a little stretch of geography that the Isle of Dogs can be said to contain this Brunswick ship-yard; but, even if it were for the sake of old Hob — that true-born British horse—we will entice the yard into our island.

At and around the point which may be deemed the eastern "vanishing-point" of the Isle of Dogs, is that strange congeries of buildings, in which the Blackwall railway, the Brunswick pier, the East India Dock, and Green's ship-yard, all meet in brotherhood. How the railway ferrets out a path for itself is a marvel. You are conscious that it is near at hand, for the locomotive-whistle betrays it; but if you look at this point, there is the lofty wall of the Docks; if at that, there is a road leading to one of the whitebait taverns; if at the other, there is one of Mr. Green's ships poking its nose over the wall. There is, in fact, a struggle for place, but a struggle in which the railway wins, as it generally does now-a-days. The metropolis here comes to its last legs; here is the end of all things—the "ultima Thule" is reached. Here, is the tavern which forms the final stopping-place of the Blackwall omnibuses, after having worked their long and weary way from Knightsbridge. Here, or hereabouts, are the last ship-yards on the north bank of the Thames. Here, is

the last of our docks—until the new Victoria Docks in the Essex marshes are formed. Here, is the last station of the Blackwall Railway. Here, is the last struggle of Middlesex for existence: Bow Creek being the only barrier between it and Essex. Here, is the last bend and quirk of the river Lea, before it adds its humble driblet of water to the Thames. And here, is the last and final limit to the metropolis, beyond which, for some miles, we have little else than low-lying swampy ground. Taken altogether, a curious little nook this, lying just outside the Isle of Dogs proper, but connected with it by many ties of relationship.

THE SETTLERS.

Two stranger youths in the Far West,
Beneath the ancient forest trees,
Pausing, amid their toil to rest,
Spake of their home beyond the seas;
Spake of the hearts that beat so warmly,
Of the hearts they loved so well,
In their chilly northern country.
"Would," they cried, "some voice could tell
Where they are, our own beloved ones!"
They looked up to the evening sky
Half hidden by the giant branches;
But heard no angel-voice reply.
All silent was the quiet evening;
Silent were the ancient trees;
They only heard the murmuring song
Of the summer breeze,
That gently played among
The acacia trees.

And did no warning spirit answer,
Amid the silence all around;
"Before the lowly village altar
She thou lovest may be found,
Thou, who trustest still so blindly,
Know she stands a smiling bride!
Forgetting thee, she turneth kindly
To the stranger at her side.
Yes, this day thou art forgotten,
Forgotten, too, thy last farewell,
All the vows that she has spoken,
And thy heart has kept so well.
Dream no more of a starry future,
In thy home beyond the seas!"
But he only heard the gentle sigh
Of the summer breeze,
So softly passing by
The acacia trees.

And vainly, too, the other, looking
Smiling up through hopeful tears,
Asked in his heart of hearts, "Where is she,
She I love these many years?"
He heard no echo calling faintly:
"Lo, she lieth cold and pale,
And her smile so calm and saintly
Heeds not grieving sob or wail—
Heeds not the lilies strewn upon her,
Pure as she is, and as white,
Or the solemn chanting voices,
Or the taper's ghastly light."
But silent still was the ancient forest,
Silent were the gloomy trees,
He only heard the wailing sound
Of the summer breeze,
That sadly played around
The acacia trees!

A HAPPY RETURN TO CRANFORD.

Before I left Miss Matey at Cranford everything had been comfortably arranged for her. Even Mrs. Jamieson's approval of her selling tea had been gained. That oracle had taken a few days to consider whether by so doing Miss Matey would forfeit her right to the privileges of society in Cranford. I think she had some little idea of mortifying Lady Glenmire by the decision she gave at last: which was to this effect: that whereas a married woman takes her husband's rank by the strict laws of precedence, an unmarried woman retains the station her father occupied. So Cranford was allowed to visit Miss Matey; and, whether allowed or not, it intended to visit Lady Glenmire. But what was our surprise—our dismay—when we learnt that Mr. and *Mrs. Hoggins* were returning on the following Tuesday. Mrs. Hoggins! Had she absolutely dropped her title, and so, in a spirit of bravado, cut the aristocracy to become a Hoggins! She, who might have been called Lady Glenmire to her dying day! Mrs. Jamieson was pleased. She said it only convinced her of what she had known from the first, that the creature had a low taste. But "the creature" looked very happy on Sunday at church; nor did we see it necessary to keep our veils down on that side of our bonnets on which Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins sat, as Mrs. Jamieson did; thereby missing all the smiling glory of his face, and all the becoming blushes of hers. I am not sure if Martha and Jem looked more radiant in the afternoon, when they too made their first appearance. Mrs. Jamieson soothed the turbulence of her soul, by having the blinds of her windows drawn down, as if for a funeral, on the day when Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins received callers; and it was with some difficulty that she was prevailed upon to continue the St. James' Chronicle, so indignant was she with its having inserted the announcement of the marriage.

Miss Matey's sale went off famously. She retained the furniture of her sitting-room, and bed-room; the former of which she was to occupy till Martha could meet with a lodger who might wish to take it; and into this sitting-room and bed-room she had to cram all sorts of things, which were (the auctioneer assured her) bought in for her at the sale by an unknown friend. (I always suspected Mrs. Fitz-Adam of this; but she must have had an accessory, who knew what articles were particularly regarded by Miss Matey on account of their associations with her early days.) The rest of the house looked rather bare to be sure; all except one tiny bed-room, of which my father allowed me to purchase the furniture for my occasional use, in case of Miss Matey's illness. I had expended my own small store in buying all manner of comfits and lozenges in order to tempt the little

people whom Miss Matey loved so much, to come about her. Tea in bright green canisters —and comfits in tumblers—Miss Matey and I felt quite proud as we looked round us on the evening before the shop was to be opened. Martha had scoured the boarded floor to a white cleanness, and it was adorned with a brilliant piece of oil-cloth on which customers were to stand before the table counter. The wholesome smell of plaster and white-wash pervaded the apartment. A very small "Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea" was hidden under the lintel of the new door, and two boxes of tea with cabalistic inscriptions all over them stood ready to disgorge their contents into the canisters. Miss Matey, as I ought to have mentioned before, had had some scruples of conscience at selling tea when there was already Mr. Wright in the town, who included it among his numerous commodities; and, before she could quite reconcile herself to the adoption of her new business, she had trotted down to his shop, unknown to me, to tell him of the project that was entertained and to enquire if it was likely to injure his business. My father called this idea of hers "great nonsense," and "wondered how tradespeople were to get on if there was to be a continual consulting of each others' interests, which would put a stop to all competition directly;" and perhaps it would not have done in Drumble, but in Cranford it answered very well; for not only did Mr. Wright kindly put at rest all Miss Matey's scruples, and fear of injuring his business, but I have reason to know he repeatedly sent customers to her, saying that the teas he kept were of a common kind, but that Miss Jenkyns had all the choice sorts. And expensive tea is a very favourite luxury with well-to-do tradespeople, and rich farmers' wives, who turn up their noses at the Congou and Souchong prevalent at many tables of gentility, and will have nothing less than Gunpowder and Pekoe for themselves.

But to return to Miss Matey. It was really very pleasant to see how her unselfishness, and simple sense of justice, called out the same good qualities in others. She never seemed to think any one would impose upon her, because she should be so grieved to do it to them. I have heard her put a stop to the asseverations of the man who brought her coals, by quietly saying, "I am sure you would be sorry to bring me wrong weight;" and if the coals were short measure that time, I don't believe they ever were again. People would have felt as much ashamed of presuming on her good faith as they would have done on that of a child. But my father says, "such simplicity might be very well in Cranford, but would never do in the world;" and I fancy the world must be very bad, for with all my father's suspicion of every one with whom he has dealings, and in spite of all his many precautions, he lost upwards of a thousand pounds by roguery only last year.

I just stayed long enough to establish Miss Matey in her new mode of life, and to pack up the library, which the rector had purchased. He had written a very kind letter to Miss Matey, saying, "how glad he should be to take a library so well selected as he knew that the late Mr. Jenkyns' must have been at any valuation put upon them." And when she agreed to this, with a touch of sorrowful gladness that they would go back to the rectory, and be arranged on the accustomed walls once more, he sent word that he feared that he had not room for them all, and perhaps Miss Matey would kindly allow him to leave some volumes on her shelves. But Miss Matey said that she had her Bible, and Johnson's Dictionary, and should not have much time for reading she was afraid. Still I retained a few books out of consideration for the rector's kindness. The money which he had paid, and that produced by the sale, was partly expended in the stock of tea, and part of it was invested against a rainy day; *i. e.* old age or illness. It was but a small sum, it is true; and it occasioned a few evasions of truth and white lies (all of which I think very wrong indeed—in theory—and would rather not put them in practice) for we knew Miss Matey would be perplexed as to her duty if she were aware of any little reserve-fund being made for her while the debts of the Bank remained unpaid. Moreover, she had never been told of the way in which her friends were contributing to pay the rent. I should have liked to tell her this; but the mystery of the affair gave a piquancy to their deed of kindness which the ladies were unwilling to give up; and at first Martha had to shirk many a perplexed question as to her ways and means of living in such a house; but by and bye Miss Matey's prudent uneasiness sank down into acquiescence with the existing arrangement.

I left Miss Matey with a good heart. Her sales of tea during the first two days had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. The whole country round seemed to be all out of tea at once. The only alteration I could have desired in Miss Matey's way of doing business was, that she should not have so plaintively entreated some of her customers not to buy green tea—running it down as slow poison, sure to destroy the nerves, and produce all manner of evil. Their pertinacity in taking it, in spite of all her warnings, distressed her so much that I really thought she would relinquish the sale of it, and so lose half her custom; and I was driven to my wits' end for instances of longevity entirely attributable to a persevering use of green tea. But the final argument, which settled the question, was a happy reference of mine to the train oil and tallow candles which the Esquimaux not only enjoy but digest. After that she

acknowledged that "one man's meat might be another man's poison," and contented herself thenceforward with an occasional remonstrance, when she thought the purchaser was too young and innocent to be acquainted with the evil effects green tea produced on some constitutions; and an habitual sigh when people old enough to choose more wisely would prefer it.

I went over from Drumble once a quarter at least, to settle the accounts, and see after the necessary business letters. And, speaking of letters, I began to be very much ashamed of remembering my letter to the Aga Jenkyns, and very glad I had never named my writing to any one. I only hoped the letter was lost. No answer came. No sign was made.

About a year after Miss Matey set up shop, I received one of Martha's hieroglyphics, begging me to come to Cranford very soon. I was afraid that Miss Matey was ill, and went off that very afternoon, and took Martha by surprise when she saw me on opening the door. We went into the kitchen, as usual, to have our confidential conference; and then Martha told me she was expecting her confinement very soon—in a week or two; and she did not think Miss Matey was aware of it; and she wanted me to break the news to her, "for indeed, Miss!" continued Martha, crying hysterically, "I'm afraid she won't approve of it; and I'm sure I don't know who is to take care of her as she should be taken care of, when I am laid up." I comforted Martha by telling her I would remain till she was about again; and only wished she had told me her reason for this sudden summons, as then I would have brought the requisite stock of clothes. But Martha was so tearful and tender-spirited, and unlike her usual self, that I said as little as possible about myself, and endeavoured rather to comfort Martha under all the probable and possible misfortunes which came crowding upon her imagination. I then stole out of the house-door, and made my appearance, as if I were a customer, in the shop, just to take Miss Matey by surprise, and gain an idea of how she looked in her new situation. It was warm May weather, so only the little half-door was closed; and Miss Matey sat behind her counter, knitting an elaborate pair of garters: elaborate they seemed to me, but the difficult stitch was no weight upon her mind, for she was singing in a low voice to herself as her needles went rapidly in and out. I call it singing, but I dare say a musician would not use that word to the tuneless yet sweet humming of the low worn voice. I found out from the words, far more than from the attempt at the tune, that it was the Old Hundredth she was crooning to herself: but the quiet continuous sound told of content, and gave me a pleasant feeling, as I stood in the street just outside the door, quite in harmony with that soft May morning. I went in. At first she did not catch who it was, and stood up as if to serve me; but in another minute watchful pussy had clutched her knitting, which was dropped in her eager joy at seeing me. I found, after we had had a little conversation, that it was as Martha said, and that Miss Matey had no idea of the approaching household event. So I thought I would let things take their course, secure that when I went to her with the baby in my arms I should obtain that forgiveness for Martha which she was needlessly frightening herself into believing that Miss Matey would withhold, under some notion that the new claimant would require attentions from its mother that it would be faithless treason to Miss Matey to render.

But I was right. I think that must be an hereditary quality, for my father says he is scarcely ever wrong. One morning, within a week after I arrived, I went to call Miss Matey, with a little bundle of flannel in my arms. She was very much awe-struck when I showed her what it was, and asked for her spectacles, off the dressing-table, and looked at it curiously, with a sort of tender wonder at its small perfection of parts. She could not banish the thought of the surprise all day, but went about on tip-toe, and was very silent. But she stole up to see Martha, and they both cried with joy; and she got into a complimentary speech to Jem, and did not know how to get out of it again, and was only extricated from her dilemma by the sound of the shop-bell, which was an equal relief to the shy, proud, honest Jem, who shook my hand so vigorously when I congratulated him that I think I feel the pain of it yet.

I had a busy life while Martha was laid up. I attended on Miss Matey, and prepared her meals; I cast up her accounts, and examined into the state of her canisters and tumblers. I helped her too occasionally in the shop; and it gave me no small amusement, and sometimes a little uneasiness, to watch her ways there. If a little child came in to ask for an ounce of almond-comfits (and four of the large kind which Miss Matey soldweighed that much), she always added one more by "way of make-weight" as she called it, although the scale was handsomely turned before; and when I remonstrated against this, her reply was "The little things like it so much!" There was no use in telling her, that the fifth comfit weighed a quarter of an ounce, and made every sale into a loss to her pocket. So I remembered the green tea and winged my shaft with a feather out of her own plumage. I told her how unwholesome almond comfits were; and how ill excess in them might make the little children. This argument produced some effect; for, henceforward, instead of the fifth comfit, she always told them to hold out their tiny palms, into which she shook either peppermint or ginger lozenges, as a preventive to the dangers that might arise from the previous

sale. Altogether, the lozenge trade, conducted on these principles, did not promise to be remunerative; but I was happy to find she had made more than twenty pounds during the last year by her sales of tea; and, moreover, that now she was accustomed to it, she did not dislike the employment, which brought her into kindly intercourse with many of the people round about. If she gave them good weight they, in their turn, brought many a little country present to the "old rector's daughter;"—a cream cheese, a few new-laid eggs, a little fresh ripe fruit, a bunch of flowers; the counter was quite loaded with these offerings sometimes, as she told me.

As for Cranford in general, it was going on much as usual. The Jamieson and Hoggins feud still raged, if a feud it could be called, when only one side cared much about it. Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins were very happy together; and, like most very happy people, quite ready to be friendly: indeed, Mrs. Hoggins was really desirous to be restored to Mrs. Jamieson's good graces, because of the former intimacy. But Mrs. Jamieson considered their very happiness an insult to the Glenmire family, to which she had still the honour to belong; and she doggedly refused and rejected every advance. Mr. Mulliner, like a faithful clansman, espoused his mistress's side with ardour. If he saw either Mr. or Mrs. Hoggins, he would cross the street, and appear absorbed in the contemplation of life in general, and his own path in particular, until he had passed them by. Miss Pole used to amuse herself with wondering what in the world Mrs. Jamieson would do if either she or Mr. Mulliner, or any other member of her household, was taken ill; she could hardly have the face to call in Mr. Hoggins after the way she had behaved to them. Miss Pole grew quite impatient for some indisposition or accident to befall Mrs. Jamieson or her dependants, in order that Cranford might see how she would act under the perplexing circumstances.

Martha was beginning to go about again, and I had already fixed a limit, not very far distant, to my visit, when one afternoon, as I was sitting in the shop-parlour with Miss Matey—I remember the weather was colder now than it had been in May, three weeks before, and we had a fire, and kept the door fully closed—we saw a gentleman go slowly past the window, and then stand opposite to the door, as if looking out for the name which we had so carefully hidden; he took out a double eye-glass and peered about for some time before he could discover it. Then he came in. And, all on a sudden, it flashed across me that it was the Aga himself! For his clothes had an out-of-the way foreign cut about them; and his face was deep brown as if tanned and re-tanned by the sun. His complexion contrasted oddly with his plentiful snow-white hair; his eyes were dark and piercing, and he had an odd way of contra ing them, and puckering up his cheeks into numerable wrinkles when he looked earnest at objects. He did so to Miss Matey wh he first came in. His glance had fi caught and lingered a little upon me; b then turned, with the peculiar searchi look I have described, to Miss Matey. S was a little fluttered and nervous, but more so than she always was when any m came into her shop. She thought that would probably have a note or a soverei at least, for which she should have to gi change, which was an operation she ve much disliked to perform. But the prese customer stood opposite to her, witho asking for anything, only looking fixedly her as he drummed upon the table with fingers, just for all the world as Miss Jenky used to do. Miss Matey was on the point asking him what he wanted (as she told m afterwards), when he turned sharp to m "Is your name Mary Smith?"

"Yes!" said I.

All my doubts as to his identity we set at rest; and, I only wondered what would say or do next, and how Miss Mat would stand the joyful shock of what he h to reveal. Apparently he was at a loss ho to announce himself; for he looked round last in search of something to buy, so as gain time; and, as it happened, his e caught on the almond comfits, and he bold asked for a pound of "those things." I dou if Miss Matey had a whole pound in t shop; and besides the unusual magnitude the order, she was distressed with the id of the indigestion they would produce, take in such unlimited quantities. She looked to remonstrate. Something of tender relax tion in his face struck home to her hea She said, "Is it—oh, sir! can you be Peter and trembled from head to foot. In a mome he was round the table, and had her in h arms, sobbing the tearless cries of old ag I brought her a glass of wine; for indeed h colour had changed so as to alarm me, a Mr. Peter, too. He kept saying, "I ha been too sudden for you, Matey, I have, m little girl."

I proposed that she should go at once into the drawing-room and lie down on t sofa there; she looked wistfully at h brother, whose hand she had held tight, ev when nearly fainting; but on his assurin her that he would not leave her, she allowe him to carry her upstairs. I thought th the best I could do, was to run and put t kettle on the fire for early tea, and then attend to the shop, leaving the brother a sister to exchange some of the many thousa things they must have to say. I had also break the news to Martha, who received with a burst of tears, which nearly infect me. She kept recovering herself to ask if was sure it was indeed Miss Matey's brothe for I had mentioned that he had gray hai

and she had always heard that he was a very handsome young man. Something of the same kind perplexed Miss Matey at tea-time, when she was installed in the great easy chair opposite to Mr. Jenkyns's, in order to gaze her fill. She could hardly drink for looking at him; and as for eating, that was out of the question.

"I suppose hot climates age people very quickly," said she, almost to herself. "When you left Cranford you had not a gray hair in your head."

"But how many years ago is that?" said Mr. Peter, smiling.

"Ah! true! yes! I suppose you and I are getting old. But still I did not think we were so very old! But white hair is very becoming to you, Peter," she continued, a little afraid lest she had hurt him by revealing how his appearance had impressed her.

"I suppose I forgot dates too, Matey, for what do you think I have brought for you from India? I have an Indian muslin gown and a pearl necklace for you somewhere or other in my chest at Portsmouth." He smiled as if amused at the idea of the incongruity of his presents with the appearance of his sister; but this did not strike her all at once, while the elegance of the articles did. I could see that for a moment her imagination dwelt complacently on the idea of herself thus attired; and instinctively she put her hand up to her throat—that little delicate throat which (as Miss Pole had told me) had been one of her youthful charms; but the hand met the touch of folds of soft muslin, in which she was always swathed up to her chin; and the sensation recalled a sense of the unsuitableness of a pearl necklace to her age. She said, "I'm afraid I'm too old; but it was very kind of you to think of it. They are just what I should have liked years ago—when I was young!"

"So I thought, my little Matey. I remembered your tastes; they were so like my dear mother's." At the mention of that name, the brother and sister clasped each other's hands yet more fondly; and although they were perfectly silent I fancied they might have something to say if they were unchecked by my presence, and I got up to arrange my room for Mr. Peter's occupation that night, intending myself to share Miss Matey's bed. But at my movements he started up. "I must go and settle about a room at the George. My carpet-bag is there too."

"No!" said Miss Matey in great distress—"you must not go; please, dear Peter—pray, Mary—oh! you must not go!" She was so much agitated that we both promised everything she wished. Peter sat down again, and gave her his hand, which for better security she held in both of hers, and I left the room to accomplish my arrangements.

Long, long into the night, far, far into the morning, did Miss Matey and I talk. She had much to tell me of her brother's life and adventures which he had communicated to her, as they had sat alone. She said that all was thoroughly clear to her; but I never quite understood the whole story, and when in after days I lost my awe of Mr. Peter enough to question him myself, he laughed at my curiosity and told me stories that sounded so very much like Baron Munchausen's that I was sure he was making fun of me. What I heard from Miss Matey was that he had been a volunteer at the siege of Rangoon, had been taken prisoner by the Burmese; had somehow obtained favour and eventual freedom from knowing how to bleed the chief of the small tribe in some case of dangerous illness; that on his release from years of captivity he had had his letters returned from England with the ominous word "Dead" marked upon them; and, believing himself to be the last of his race, he had settled down as an indigo planter; and had proposed to spend the remainder of his life in the country to whose inhabitants and modes of life he had become habituated; when my letter had reached him; and with the odd vehemence which characterised him in age as it had done in youth, he had sold his land and all his possessions to the first purchaser, and come home to the poor old sister, who was more glad and rich than any princess when she looked at him. She talked me to sleep at last, and then I was awakened by a slight sound at the door, for which she begged my pardon as she crept penitently into bed; but it seems that when I could no longer confirm her belief that the long-lost was really here—under the same roof—she had begun to fear lest it was only a waking dream of hers; that there never had been a Peter sitting by her all that blessed evening—but that the real Peter lay dead far away beneath some wild sea-wave, or under some strange Eastern tree. And so strong had this nervous feeling of hers become that she was fain to get up and go and convince herself that he was really there by listening through the door to his even regular breathing—I don't like to call it snoring, but I heard it myself through two closed doors—and by and bye it soothed Miss Matey to sleep.

I don't believe Mr. Peter came home from India as rich as a Nabob; he even considered himself poor, but neither he nor Miss Matey cared much about that. At any rate he had enough to live upon "very genteelly" at Cranford; he and Miss Matey together. And a day or two after his arrival the shop was closed, while troops of little urchins gleefully awaited the showers of comfits and lozenges that came from time to time down upon their faces as they stood up-gazing at Miss Matey's drawing-room windows. Occasionally Miss Matey would say to them (half hidden behind the curtains), "My dear children, don't make yourselves ill;" but a strong arm pulled her back, and a more rattling shower than ever

succeeded. A part of the tea was sent as presents to the Cranford ladies; and some of it was distributed among the old people who remembered Mr. Peter in the days of his frolicsome youth. The India muslin gown was reserved for darling Flora Gordon (Miss Jessie Brown's daughter). The Gordons had been on the Continent for the last few years, but were now expected to return very soon; and Miss Matey, in her sisterly pride, anticipated great delight in the joy of showing them Mr. Peter. The pearl necklace disappeared; and about that time many handsome and useful presents made their appearance in the households of Miss Pole and Mrs. Forrester; and some rare and delicate Indian ornaments graced the drawing rooms of Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Fitz-Adam. I myself was not forgotten. Among other things, I had the handsomest bound and best edition of Doctor Johnson's works that could be procured; and dear Miss Matey, with tears in her eyes, begged me to consider it as a present from her sister as well as herself. In short no one was forgotten; and what was more, every one, however insignificant, who had shown kindness to Miss Matey at any time, was sure of Mr. Peter's cordial regard.

It was no wonder that he became such a favourite at Cranford. The ladies vied with each other who should admire him most; and no wonder; for their quiet lives were astonishingly stirred up by the arrival from India—especially as the person arrived told more wonderful stories than Sindbad the sailor; and, as Miss Pole said, was quite as good as an Arabian night any evening. For my own part, I had vibrated all my life between Drumble and Cranford, and I thought it was quite possible that all Mr. Peter's stories might be true although wonderful; but when I found, that if we swallowed an anecdote of tolerable magnitude one week, we had the dose considerably increased the next, I began to have my doubts; especially as I noticed that when his sister was present the accounts of Indian life were comparatively tame; not that she knew more than we did, perhaps less. I noticed also that when the rector came to call, Mr. Peter talked in a different way about the countries he had been in. But I don't think the ladies in Cranford would have considered him such a wonderful traveller if they had only heard him talk in the quiet way he did to him. They liked him the better, indeed, for being what they called "so very Oriental." One day at a select party in his honour, which Miss Pole gave, and from which, as Mrs. Jamieson honoured it with her presence, and had even offered to send Mr. Mulliner to wait, Mr. and Mrs. Hoggins and Mrs. Fitz-Adam were necessarily excluded—one day at Miss Pole's Mr. Peter said he was tired of sitting upright against the hard-backed uneasy chairs, and asked if he might not indulge himself in sitting cross-legged. Miss Pole's consent was eagerly given, and down he went with the utmost gravity. But when Miss Pole asked me, in an audible whisper, "if he did not remind me of the Father of the Faithful?" I could not help thinking of poor Simon Jones the lame tailor; and while Mrs. Jamieson slowly commented on the elegance and convenience of the attitude, I remembered how we had all followed that lady's lead in condemning Mr. Hoggins for vulgarity because he simply crossed his legs as he sat still on his chair. Many of Mr. Peter's ways of eating were a little strange amongst such ladies as Miss Pole, and Miss Matey, and Mrs. Jamieson, especially when I recollected the untasted green peas and two-pronged forks at poor Mr. Holbrook's dinner.

The mention of that gentleman's name recalls to my mind a conversation between Mr. Peter and Miss Matey, one evening in the summer after he returned to Cranford. The day had been very hot, and Miss Matey had been much oppressed by the weather; in the heat of which her brother revelled. I remember that she had been unable to nurse Martha's baby; which had become her favourite employment of late, and which was as much at home in her arms as in its mother's, as long as it remained a light weight—portable by one so fragile as Miss Matey. This day to which I refer, Miss Matey had seemed more than usually feeble and languid, and only revived when the sun went down, and her sofa was wheeled to the open window, through which, although it looked into the principal street of Cranford, the fragrant smell of the neighbouring hayfields came in every now and then, borne by the soft breezes that stirred the dusk air of the summer twilight, and then died away. The silence of the sultry atmosphere was lost in the murmuring noises which came in from many an open window and door; even the children were abroad in the street, late as it was (between ten and eleven), enjoying the game of play for which they had not had spirits during the heat of the day. It was a source of satisfaction to Miss Matey to see how few candles were lighted even in the apartments of those houses from which issued the greatest signs of life. Mr. Peter, Miss Matey and I, had all been quiet, each with a separate reverie, for some little time, when Mr. Peter broke in—

"Do you know, little Matey, I could have sworn you were on the high road to matrimony when I left England that last time! If anybody had told me you would have lived and died an old maid then, I should have laughed in their faces."

Miss Matey made no reply; and I tried in vain to think of some subject which should effectually turn the conversation; but I was very stupid; and before I spoke, he went on:

"It was Holbrook; that fine manly fellow who lived at ——, that I used to think would carry off my little Matey. You would not

think it now, I dare say, Mary! but this sister of mine was once a very pretty girl—at least I thought so; and so I've a notion did poor Holbrook. What business had he to die before I came home to thank him for all his kindness to a good-for-nothing cub as I was? It was that that made me first think he cared for you; for in all our fishing expeditions it was Matey, Matey, we talked about. Poor Deborah! What a lecture she read me on having asked him home to lunch one day when she had seen the Arley carriage in the town, and thought that my lady might call. Well, that's long years ago; more than half a lifetime! and yet it seems like yesterday! I don't know a fellow I should have liked better as a brother-in-law. You must have played your cards badly, my little Matey, somehow or another--wanted your brother to be a good go-between, eh! little one?" said he, putting out his hand to take hold of hers as she lay on the sofa—"Why, what's this? you're shivering and shaking, Matey, with that confounded open window. Shut it, Mary, this minute!"

I did so, and then stooped down to kiss Miss Matey, and see if she really were chilled. She caught at my hand, and gave it a hard squeeze—but unconsciously I think—for in a minute or two she spoke to us quite in her usual voice, and smiled our uneasiness away; although she patiently submitted to the prescriptions we enforced of a warmed bed, and a glass of weak negus. I was to leave Cranford the next day, and before I went I saw that all the effects of the open window had quite vanished. I had superintended most of the alterations necessary in the house and household during the latter weeks of my stay. The shop was once more a parlour; the empty resounding rooms again furnished up to the very garrets.

There had been some talk of establishing Martha and Jem in another house; but Miss Matey would not hear of this. Indeed I never saw her so much roused as when Miss Pole had assumed it to be the most desirable arrangement. As long as Martha would remain with Miss Matey, Miss Matey was only too thankful to have her about her; yes, and Jem too, who was a very pleasant man to have in the house, for she never saw him from week's end to week's end. And as for the probable children, if they would all turn out such little darlings as her goddaughter Matilda, she should not mind the number, if Martha didn't. Besides, the next was to be called Deborah; a point which Miss Matey had reluctantly yielded to Martha's stubborn determination that her first-born was to be Matilda. So Miss Pole had to lower her colours, and even her voice, as she said to me that as Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were still to go on living in the same house with Miss Matey, we had certainly done a wise thing in hiring Martha's niece as an auxiliary. I left Miss Matey and Mr. Peter most comfortable and contented; the only subject for regret to the tender heart of the one and the social friendly nature of the other being the unfortunate quarrel between Mrs. Jamieson and the plebeian Hogginses and their following. In joke I prophesied one day that this would only last until Mrs. Jamieson or Mr. Mulliner were ill, in which case they would only be too glad to be friends with Mr. Hoggins; but Miss Matey did not like my looking forward to anything like illness in so light a manner; and, before the year was out, all had come round in a far more satisfactory way. I received two Cranford letters on one auspicious October morning. Both Miss Pole and Miss Matey wrote to ask me to come over and meet the Gordons, who had returned to England, alive and well, with their two children, now almost grown up. Dear Jessie Brown had kept her old kind nature, although she had changed her name and station; and she wrote to say that she and Major Gordon expected to be in Cranford on the fourteenth, and she hoped and begged to be remembered to Mrs. Jamieson (named first, as became her honourable station), Miss Pole, and Miss Matey—could she ever forget their kindness to her poor father and sister?—Mrs. Forrester, Mr. Hoggins (and here again came in an allusion to kindness shown to the dead long ago), his new wife, who as such must allow Mrs. Gordon to desire to make her acquaintance, and who was moreover an old Scotch friend of her husband's. In short, every one was named, from the rector—who had been appointed to Cranford in the interim between Captain Brown's death and Miss Jessie's marriage, and was now associated with the latter event—down to Miss Betty Barker—all were asked to the luncheon; all except Mrs. Fitz-Adam, who had come to live in Cranford since Miss Jessie Brown's days, and whom I found rather moping on account of the omission. People wondered at Miss Betty Barker's being included in the honourable list; but then, as Miss Pole said, we must remember the disregard of the genteel proprieties of life in which the poor captain had educated his girls; and for his sake we swallowed our pride; indeed Mrs. Jamieson rather took it as a compliment, as putting Miss Betty (formerly *her* maid) on a level with "those Hogginses."

But, when I arrived in Cranford, nothing was as yet ascertained of Mrs. Jamieson's own intentions; would the honourable lady go, or would she not? Mr. Peter declared that she should and she would; Miss Pole shook her head and desponded. But Mr. Peter was a man of resources. In the first place, he persuaded Miss Matey to write to Mrs. Gordon, and to tell her of Mrs. Fitz-Adam's existence, and to beg that one so kind, and cordial, and generous, might be included in the pleasant invitation. An answer came back by return of post, with a

pretty little note for Mrs. Fitz-Adam, and a request that Miss Matey would deliver it herself and explain the previous omission. Mrs. Fitz-Adam was as pleased as could be, and thanked Miss Matey over and over again. Mr. Peter had said, "Leave Mrs. Jamieson to me;" so we did; especially as we knew nothing that we could do to alter her determination if once formed. I did not know, nor did Miss Matey, how things were going on, until Miss Pole asked me, just the day before Mrs. Gordon came, if I thought there was anything between Mr. Peter and Mrs. Jamieson in the matrimonial line, for that Mrs. Jamieson was really going to the lunch at the George. She had sent Mr. Mulliner down to desire that there might be a foot-stool put to the warmest seat in the room, as she meant to come, and knew that their chairs were very high. Miss Pole had picked this piece of news up, and from it she conjectured all sorts of things, and bemoaned yet more. "If Peter should marry, what would become of poor dear Miss Matey! And Mrs. Jamieson, of all people!" Miss Pole seemed to think there were other ladies in Cranford who would have done more credit to his choice, and I think she must have had some one who was unmarried in her head, for she kept saying, "It was so wanting in delicacy in a widow to think of such a thing."

When I got back to Miss Matey's, I really did begin to think that Mr. Peter might be thinking of Mrs. Jamieson for a wife; and I was as unhappy as Miss Pole about it. He had the proof-sheet of a great placard in his hand. "Signor Brunoni, Magician to the King of Delhi, the Rajah of Oude, and the Great Lama of Thibet, &c. &c., was going to perform in Cranford for one night only," the very next night; and Miss Matey, exultant, showed me a letter from the Gordons, promising to remain over this gaiety, which Miss Matey said was entirely Peter's doing. He had written to ask the Signor to come, and was to be at all the expenses of the affair. Tickets were to be sent gratis to as many as the room would hold. In short, Miss Matey was charmed with the plan, and said that to-morrow Cranford would remind her of the Preston Guild to which she had been in her youth—a luncheon at the George, with the dear Gordons, and the Signor in the Assembly-room in the evening. But I—I looked only at the fatal words—

"*Under the Patronage of the* HONOURABLE MRS. JAMIESON."

She, then, was chosen to preside over this entertainment of Mr. Peter's; she was perhaps going to displace my dear Miss Matey in his heart, and make her life lonely once more! I could not look forward to the morrow with any pleasure; and every innocent anticipation of Miss Matey's only served to add to my annoyance. So, angry and irritated, and exaggerating every little incident which could add to my irritation, I went on till we were all assembled in the great parlour at the George. Major and Mrs. Gordon and pretty Flora and Mr. Ludovic were all as bright and handsome and friendly as could be; but I could hardly attend to them for watching Mr. Peter, and I saw that Miss Pole was equally busy. I had never seen Mrs. Jamieson so roused and animated before; her face looked full of interest in what Mr. Peter was saying. I drew near to listen. My relief was great when I caught that his words were not words of love, but that, for all his grave face, he was at his old tricks. He was telling her of his travels in India, and describing the wonderful height of the Himalaya mountains: one touch after another added to their size; and each exceeded the former in absurdity; but Mrs. Jamieson really enjoyed all in perfect good faith. I suppose she required strong stimulants to excite her to come out of her apathy. Mr. Peter wound up his account by saying that, of course, at that altitude there were none of the animals to be found that existed in the lower regions; the game—everything was different. Firing one day at some flying creature, he was very much dismayed, when it fell, to find that he had shot a cherubim! Mr. Peter caught my eye at this moment, and gave me such a funny twinkle, that I felt sure he had no thoughts of Mrs. Jamieson as a wife, from that time. She looked uncomfortably amazed:

"But, Mr. Peter—shooting a cherubim—don't you think—I am afraid that was sacrilege!"

Mr. Peter composed his countenance in a moment, and appeared shocked at the idea; which, as he said truly enough, was now presented to him for the first time; but then Mrs. Jamieson must remember that he had been living for a long time among savages—all of whom were heathens—some of them, he was afraid, were downright Dissenters. Then, seeing Miss Matey draw near, he hastily changed the conversation, and after a little while, turning to me he said, "Don't be shocked, prim little Mary, at all my wonderful stories; I consider Mrs. Jamieson fair game, and besides, I am bent on propitiating her, and the first step towards it is keeping her well awake. I bribed her here by asking her to let me know her name as patroness for my poor conjurer this evening; and I don't want to give her time enough to get up her rancour against the Hogginses, who are just coming in. I want everybody to be friends, for it harasses Matey so much to hear of these quarrels. I shall go at it again, by and bye, so you need not looked shocked. I intend to enter the Assembly-room to-night with Mrs. Jamieson on one side, and my lady Mrs. Hoggins on the other. You see if I don't."

Somehow or another he did; and fairly

got them into conversation together. Major and Mrs. Gordon helped at the good work with their perfect ignorance of any existing coolness between any of the inhabitants of Cranford.

Ever since that day there has been the old friendly sociability in Cranford society; which I am thankful for, because of my dear Miss Matey's love of peace and kindliness. We all love Miss Matey, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us.

CHIPS.

TWENTY GUINEA DIPLOMAS.

In No. 151 of this Miscellany we pointed out the danger of taking the designation of "Doctor of Philosophy" for granted; and of placing faith in a schoolmaster, a dentist, or a country chemist (who may also be a licentiate of the Excise Office for the sale of tea coffee tobacco and snuff), because he has been rich and unscrupulous enough to buy a title to which he has no right. We mentioned that certain individuals—who, if capable of honest employment, are perhaps in want of it—have the assurance to advertise their services to procure diplomas from the Universities of Giessen and Jena for persons, who, be they ever so ignorant, are ambitious of writing themselves down "Doctor."

Since the appearance of that "Chip," another mode of soliciting orders adopted by these diplomatic touters has been revealed to us; which for quaint business-like effrontery deserves to be exposed. It consists of a letter—we presume a circular—addressed to the proprietors of private schools. One of the gentlemen so addressed, regardless of the confidence impudently thrust upon him, has broken it by forwarding to us the epistle, which is specially marked "private." We conceal the writer's name, and will only state that his communication is dated from a back street near University College, London. Should, therefore, any budding schoolmaster burst forth too suddenly into a full-blown doctor, it may be shrewdly guessed that the honour has not been conferred in reward of his literary attainments, but in consequence of his having received a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"Sir,—It having been suggested that the higher class members of the Scholastic Profession should be distinguished from the unqualified by the assumption of a Doctor's degree from some distinguished foreign University, should your views coincide, I shall be happy to give you the information relative to the necessary certificates, &c., which I have obtained at a considerable expenditure of time and labour.

"The object being to restrain from graduating any others than those to whom direct communication is made, you are requested to consider this as confidential as your reply shall be.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"———.

"The fees will be under twenty guineas, and personal attendance or examination not essential."

Some months ago there appeared in the London Gazette a notice of the dissolution of a scholastic partnership in the neighbourhood of London, which was signed by one of the teachers of youth with "his mark." We wonder whether that gentleman was one of "the higher class members of the Scholastic Profession" who is, in virtue of twenty guineas, or "under," a Doctor of Philosophy.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG CATTLE.

Elbing, March, 1858.

I can add a fact to notes already collected in your journal on the subject of intercommunication of ideas among the lower animals.

There is a large shallow inlet on the Prussian shore known as the Frische Haff, crossed for the first time by steamers ten or twelve years ago. Upon their way the vessels paddle by a common near the Elbing river upon which the townspeople turn cattle out to graze. When the first steamers passed this common they caused every flank of beef to quake; such fiends in dragon shape had never appeared before to try the nerves of any cow, or to excite wrath in the bully bosom of the most experienced among the warriors of the herd. With tails erect, therefore, and heads bent down, the whole colony upon the common charged over dykes and ditches inland, roaring horribly. Every appearance of the steamer, to the great joy of the crew, caused a panic and a scattering of oxen, until, after a few days, the animals had become hardened to the sight and took it as a thing of course which meant no harm to them.

Now all the horned beasts on the common during that first year, were, in the usual way, placed there to be fatted. In the following spring they had gone the way of beef, and their place was filled by a new generation altogether. So soon, therefore, as the Haff was clear of ice, and the steamers again began to ply daily upon the route between Elbing and Königsberg, the sailors were on the alert again to witness the old scene of uproar by the water side.

But they were disappointed. Though there was the pasture-ground well stocked with new recruits for the market who had come from distant inland farms or out of stalls within the town, though scarcely one of them—if any one—had ever seen the apparition of a steamboat, not a cow flinched. The members of the whole herd went on grazing or stared imperturbably at the phenomenon. It was a new thing no doubt for them to see—but they had already been told of it.

Every spring the first passing of the

steamers is in this way regarded by a fresh generation on the common with complete indifference. The experience acquired by its forefathers ten or twelve years ago, seems to be now added to the knowledge of every calf born in any corner of our province. And yet, in what way have these calves been educated, or, if this fact has been taught to them all, what else may they not know?

THE LIFE OF POOR JACK.

With respect to the remarks made by a tar in your honoured journal, I am appointed secretary to a committee of old salts, respectable friends who smoke their pipes together at times in my crib, of which I give you the address in confidence, where we shall be glad to see you any Tuesday after six in this month, which are open evenings, and no charge for your beer. Having a little property by right of my wife which was an upper servant in the Savings Bank, I left the sea myself a many years ago, not liking to eat mahogany and do the work of an elephant upon the keep and lodging of a pig. My position in society as landlord of The Tar Ashore, requires that I should be o current in the salt-water talk of landsmen, and overhaul the log of parliament both as regards debates and blue books, which my wife, to whom I read the interesting parts aloud, says are blue bores, and she hopes will some day choke me. That, however, properdebots as the French say.

When the remarks made by a tar in your honoured journal being read from the chair in our committee, were approved as correct, it was considered that there were some more facts that might be submitted to your readers. Consequently I was authorised to draw up this communication, of which you are at liberty to make what use you please.

Concerning what was said about crews being compelled to sail in unseaworthy vessels, I am directed to send you without comment this paragraph, which Tom Winkle cut yesterday out of the Bristol Mercury, for April 23, 1853:—

> The Jane.—From a report in the Commercial Rooms we perceive that the Jane, which left this port on Wednesday se'nnight for Quebec, has put back to King Road. It will be remembered that on Tuesday, the 12th instant, the crew, consisting of fourteen men, were brought before the magistrates for refusing to go to sea in this vessel. The men gave as a reason that she was not sea-worthy, but the magistrate did not consider the case made out on the part of the men, and *committed them to prison for fourteen days*. The Jane is leaky, and we learn that she will have to discharge her cargo, and go into Messrs. Hill's dock for repair.—*Bristol Mercury*, April 23, 1853.

Something was said of undermanning vessels, and the entering of fishmongers, tailors, and others, who desired to work their passage out to the gold diggings, at a reduced pay, to the hurt of good seamen by lowering their rate of wages, and screwing up to the worst possible pinch their rate of work. It might have been said—for it is true—that vessels, undermanned already, carry out among their crews men taking a passage in the forecastle (where their mothers may pity them, but sailors don't) entered and bound to work, who receive not a farthing for their labour. Matthew Crab, one of our set, who has just come home from Australia, says, and is ready to testify, that there were two men in the forecastle of his vessel who came on board with hands like satin. One of them was a gentleman; the other was a Scotch tobacconist; they had both been cleaned out at the diggings and could see no other way of getting home. If the forecastle was not quite so terrible a den, and a three months' voyage, with common sailor's board and lodging, was not so very much worse than three months in the filthiest old jail in England, there would be no need of professed sailors at all. There are lots of men wanting to go somewhere who wouldn't mind taking the command of a ship, to say nothing of working in her. The two men who sailed with Crab were to get no wages at all, though they were took on board and put into the berths of seamen. Hard berths they were. The gentleman, says Crab, showed he was well bred, for he made himself agreeable, ran up the rigging, and pulled at the ropes his best. He was worth some of the salt he didn't get, and the men treated him civilly. The tobacconist did nothing but growl about his kennel like an ugly dog, and a dog's life he had to lead for it. He always was the horse that never pulled; he only shammed work, and every bit of strength he should have used had to be put out extra by the other men, who would have been short-handed enough, even if both the land lubbers had been A. B.'s. As it is obvious to the meanest understanding you, I am sure, will see that by acting in this way owners or masters place themselves upon the horns of a dilemma. If it be said that men who work their passage in that way are fit for the work, I ask, why are they not paid? If it be said that they are not fit for the work, I ask, sir, why are they taken? As the Ghost says in the comedy, I pause for a reply. If any, speak!

I fear it is of no use speaking, but I will reply myself. Vessels are manned anyhow, becauce there is money made by cutting down the cost of hands, and the risk run by so doing is not run by the owner. An insurance covers it. Vessels that go out well insured, may often make a quicker and a better voyage to the bottom than to any distant port. Though nobody would be so wicked as to turn them adrift wilfully, with a design that they should run astray or founder, very few owners let their sleep be broken much with dreading of the chance of a wrecked vessel. If babies in short clothes wanted to go out as mariners with short

wages, and their mothers would let 'em, there would be no want of owners careless enough to entrust vessels to their keeping. The consequence of all this carelessness is, as I find in my blue books, that of every seventeen sailors who die, twelve are drowned or lost by shipwreck. Two thousand of us go to the bottom yearly; and I should like somebody to count how many women have the thought of a dead sailor curled up in their hearts, and how many sailors' orphans there are in the workhouses and gutters.

I am advised to speak by book, for the Committee says to me, "We are ignorant men, and the public may suppose it to be ignorance that makes us grumble. Give them out some of your learning, Cockle." Now, I've been thumbing an official report, in which I find the evidence of a gentleman who spoke exactly what we know—an honourable captain who had served both in the navy and the merchant seaman's service—he was a man to be well informed, and so he was. Well, what did he say? "No one," he said, "can go into the City, or have transactions with the fitting out of merchant ships, without witnessing, in daily transactions, the fatal extent of the carelessness which prevails in the selection of the master, officers and men, and in the equipment of merchant vessels. Any man who can procure a loading for the vessel from any foreign port will seldom be refused the appointment of master, or have any inquiry made into his character. I have even known a Portsmouth publican who commanded a vessel trading from Lisbon to London." Now, what do you think of that? Not but what a publican's business is exceedingly respectable; but, because he had sold wine in a sea-port town, was that brother victualler to be considered qualified to take a ship to Lisbon? He had not, it is farther said, the most distant conception of his duty as a captain, but he trusted in such knowledge as had been picked up at sight by one of the common seamen who sailed with him. The same witness and honourable captain, who had often crossed the seas as a passenger, able to observe with a professional eye the doings of the sailors, gave an edifying list of his experiences, such as might be given by any man equally qualified to criticise, who travels much on the high seas. He sailed once from London with ninety persons in a steam-vessel (of course, highly insured) commanded by an ignorant sot, whose character could never have endured an hour's inquiry. At the request of officers and crew the naval passenger took the command out of his hands; and the commander appointed by the owners, when he got ashore, cut his throat in a fit of drunken delirium. The honourable captain came home from Cape Finisterre to London once in a brig of two hundred tons, and found the second mate the only man on board who knew a morsel about navigation. The vessel made Cape Clear instead of the Land's End. The honourable captain once came to England in a brig so disgracefully undermanned, that it could afford only two hands to each watch. In a squall at night the helmsman often was obliged to leave the ship unsteered, while he went forward to let go ropes. In a moderate gale off Cape St. Vincent a fore-topsail had to be cut away from the yard, because, with three men and two boys in a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons, it was not possible to furl it. These are bits of the experience of a single gentleman. If an able mariner took notes in that way of the manning and seamanship on board every merchant vessel, and the tales of all the vessels were to be told once a twelvemonth, we should only wonder that the yearly loss of property by shipwreck should be so little as three million; that the loss of British trading vessels should not be much greater than one in twenty-four; that, out of every seventeen sailors, there should be as many as five who are not lost on the broad sea, but die like other people. Twenty thousand sailors, every ten years, is a mere trifle of men to have cut off in the prime of life—tumbled from mast-heads, cast among savages, or drowned among the smash of ships, ill-mastered and ill-manned.

I think, therefore, and our committee thinks, that the wish expressed by the tar in your honoured journal, for the establishment of a system of compensation for every preventible mishap on board ship, for every life lost in a ship proved to be badly navigated, or defective in its make or manning, would compel owners to look alive, as nothing else will. Sympathy is too cheap; people don't mind having to sympathise, where they would not at all like having to pay. I would make every man responsible in his pocket for the loss he inflicts on others by neglecting proper precautions against damage to his fellow-creatures in the carrying on of his business, or in doing of anything whatever that he may do. Whether they be railway directors, builders, manufacturers, farmers, or ship-owners, let them be compelled to make good to widows or children of men killed or damaged in their service, the money value of the support thus taken from them. I see by my books that there is a rule of this kind in the French Civil Code, which has three articles, as follows:

"Art. 1382. Every act whatsoever of the man who occasions a damage to another, obliges him by whose fault it happens to repair it.

"Art. 1383. Every one is responsible for the damage he has caused, not only by his act, but by his negligence or by his imprudence.

"Art. 1384. A man is responsible not only for the damage occasioned by his own act, but also for that which is occasioned by the act of persons for whom he should answer, or of things which he has in his charge."

The above responsibility holds good unless the persons answerable for each case of damage, prove that they were unable to hinder the act that gave rise to it. Now, almost every act of bad seamanship could be hindered by ship-owners, if they subjected their officers to strict examination, and took proper care to entrust their vessels to fit men, and to a sufficient number of them. The money responsibility, in the case of ships, might be arranged equitably to fall, according to the nature of the accident, on officer or owner, but men should be made careful of the lives of their neighbours or dependants upon peril of their pockets, or they never will be half particular enough. When inquiry was made into the causes of accident in mines, a little fact was elicited that proves this cleverly. In certain mines of a moderate depth, though a life was lost, or a limb shattered whenever a rope broke, the ropes were found to be pieced with iron clamps, and patched and pieced again, to save the cost of new ones. In deeper mines, where the breakage of the long rope caused a more serious loss and stoppage of important works, patched ropes were seldom found; they were renewed regularly at short intervals. Or, take another illustration. In making a railway bank, the man who tips earth over the embankment runs with the waggon and gets before the horse to detach it near the edge. The rapid twisting movements necessary, and the unsafe footing, often cause the man who has this duty to do to fall across the rail, and to be crushed or maimed under the truck laden with some three or four tons of earth. Thirteen years ago an assistant-engineer on the Great Western Railway, Mr. Butler Williams, invented a very simple contrivance, which at the cost of ten shillings saves the labour of this man altogether, and enables the driver to detach the horse himself. Very few railways have concerned themselves to think about adopting the contrivance, for the occasional deaths under the old system are casualties of which the weight falls only upon the orphans and widows of the killed. If they were themselves charged with the cash value of every life or limb lost on the works, as they would be in France, they would be glad enough to keep their eye upon all methods of reducing such an item of expenditure. Death comes to be noticed seriously by a man of business when the old skeleton mounts one of his office stools, now and then, to put down debtor entries in the ledger. He becomes a nuisance who must be himself put down as thoroughly as possible.

If loss of life at sea were money loss to the person hiring and exposing it to risk, there would be some care taken in the selection not only of officers, but of men. Owners would be careful always to send out crews not likely to bring their vessels into danger. Now, the worst men get the most employment, because they are cheap. Educated seamen are no wanted and they are not made. As long ag as the year 1819 there was an effort made t get up an institution for the instruction o sea-boys and apprentices who had been taugh by the experience of one voyage the use o knowledge. Nobody encouraged it. Owner as a class don't care for education, because, a matters now stand, they gain nothing by it If they had to pay compensation to the widow and orphans of the sailors drowned every year through incompetence and carelessness they would not run the risk of shipping eve a single blockhead. An ignorant man place to look out for land, requires the keeping of sharp look out upon himself, or he will go t sleep and put the ship in peril through th mere weight of his stupidity. The educated man will generally do his duty, and require but little overlooking. It is the ignorant man who will save trouble to himself, and will be glad when he can cheat the mate, and so escape a little duty. In setting up a shroud or a stay, he will make all so that it looks secure, but, if not closely watched, he will most likely—to get his work over—shirk the proper fastening of the end of the lanyard. The safety of the mast and therefor of the vessel is imperilled; he may know that, but he knows it dimly; at any rate, he is too stupid to reflect upon it or to act upon his knowledge.

Says the captain before quoted, "When a general casualty happens at sea, if the ship is in danger, the first danger the captain has t arrest is from the ignorance of the men. His first anxiety will perhaps be to have the spirit casks stove in, to prevent the men getting at them; and, if defeated in the attempt, the ignorant men will be the first to rush to get into the boats and cut them away, by which their own danger is increased. You are never free, in cases of emergency, from the dangers of the panics of ignorance."

Having received myself a liberal education which enables me to keep up the statis I d among the frequenters of The Tar Ashore, I do feel very much shocked at the ignorance of sailor boys and sailor men. Enlarge among their employers the sense of responsibility for life and limb, by putting them to a small corresponding risk of pounds and shillings, and the sweet little cherub will come down from aloft that keeps watch for the life of poor Jack, and set about a little active business with a view to taking care that Jack's alive as long as possible. Some little care will then be taken to train and protect seamen, who shall by all means continue to wear hearts of oak, but cease to carry wooden heads to match them.

These are the opinions which I am requested to transmit to you and sign, on behalf of our committee, AHOLIJAH COCKLE.

Mrs. Cockle begs her kind regards.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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BOOKSTALLS.

I KNOW there are men who boast that they have cured themselves of the habit of loitering at bookstalls. I hope they have exchanged it for no worse habit. I would no more give them credit for their self-conquest than I would join in their foolish boast. I am not a snuff-taker, a slave to opium, a sipper of bang, a chewer of hashish, a gambler, or a drinker of strong drinks. I am not addicted to sumptuous dinners. Nevertheless, I do acknowledge myself to be guilty of all such moral weakness, as may be implied in a love of lingering at bookstalls. Surely, if there be an innocent and unobtrusive pleasure, I may cry "*Eureka*" here. I am not aware of any one ever getting a disease of the brain by indulging in it; or waxing glassy-eyed, or sallow-cheeked, or getting slothful, or cruel. I never heard of any man ruining his family, or blowing out his brains, who had previously written a note, in which he laid the blame of his untimely end upon bookstalls, and charged the young and thoughtless to take warning by his fate in time. I do not remember a case of gout or dyspepsia being attributed to the same cause. Therefore, thou Bacchanalian or Tobacconalian, pick the mote out of thine own eye, and let me loiter when I will.

Here is the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin: he knew the worth of time, if ever any man did; yet he never begrudged ten minutes at a bookstall. The books he speaks of as his earliest favourites are all the very sort you find at bookstalls. That odd volume of the Spectator, for instance, which he says he bought. You do not buy odd volumes of the Spectator at regular booksellers. Across a hundred and odd years of wars and revolutions I see him plainly now—a stout and healthy-looking boy in homely dress—eagerly scanning the slender stock of some dealer in odd, tattered volumes, in that clean-kept and shady Quaker city, where he landed penniless. He runs over the authors; thinks, perhaps, that one day the New World will have her great names too, when she has time to blend the beautiful and useful, like the trees and houses in Penn's new capital. He notes The Art of Thinking, by Messieurs du Port Royal, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Cotton's Montaigne, Plutarch's Lives, and sighs, feeling some few loose coppers in his pocket. Suddenly his eye catches a little dirty book denuded of one cover and weather-beaten in a voyage across the sea; a solitary volume, parted from its kin and sold into exile, like a slave by a bad master, never to join company again with its lost brethren, in any book-case in the world. Taking it up, he is straightway introduced to Sir Roger de Coverly, Knight; in whose pleasant company he forgets the passers by, and the bookdealer inside, who begins to suspect him of a shabby design to read that book through in twelve visits, and is about to point out to him the trifling price, by way of hint, when the youth draws forth his hand, and depositing the coppers, takes the little book away. Stay, loyal and obedient subject of His Majesty King George of England, who shall be great hereafter! Stay! I would look upon your honest face again. Walk not away so fast. I have wondrous things to tell—secrets of which you or your fellow countrymen, who number yet not quite a million, do not dream. I could tell you all about the tea that shall be wasted in the waters of Boston Harbour, and what will come of it. Startling news I have of things that shall be seen in France one day; whereof even now the seeds are sown. But he does not look back, nor to right or left, till he is at home, where for many a day he will pore over that little book, learning whole Essays by heart, and versifying Visions of Mirza, with a delight which only bookstall books can give.

I have no sympathy with grubbers after old books. Black-letter has no charm for me, and superfluous final e's are an eyesore. It rejoices not me to see that my book was printed "at the sign of the Black Boy, over against St. Bede's." I have no pleasure in that mass of prefaces, addresses to the reader, prologues, exordia, marginal notes, epilogues, and envoys in which our forefathers delighted to bury an author. If I am to have my choice between white paper and dingy yellow, I choose white; and I have a decided preference for octavo over folio, as being more portable. I do not care to have a portrait of my author, made by ruling a straight line for a nose, and striking semicircles for forehead

and eyebrows; like that libellous effigy of Shakspere which I have never forgiven Ben Jonson for certifying to. In vain for me does the cunning bookseller mark dirty, broken-backed, title-pageless, little books—trash with which the priest and barber in Don Quixote would have made short work—as quaint, curious, or very scarce. Verbiage, and pedantry, and silly conceits do not, to my thinking, improve by age; nor are they, unhappily, so very scarce, that I should pay more for them than for wiser books. Bridget Elia might have trusted me with our last halfcrown, secure that no fine old copy of anything should ever tempt me to return with an inedible substitute for the expected supper; nor would I have refused forgiveness to that meek and faithful maiden, though she had seized upon old Mateo Aleman's Spanish Rogue, and cast him, fluttering like one of those belligerent tomes in the frontispiece to Boileau's Lahin, into the street below. Such books are properly sold with fine old paintings and rudely carven and worm-eaten old violins, in Soho. Their sellers are harpies, vampires, fosterers of human frailty for their own profit; they sit like spiders ready to dart out of their secret ambush, and pounce upon a victim before he has time to put on his spectacles; not like mild, unobtrusive philanthropists, who spread their feast of knowledge for all to taste, and taste again, before they buy.

But though I steer clear of this Scylla, the curiosity shop, yet do I hold in equal horror that Charybdis, the popular bookstall, whose books are all bound in gaudy cloth, and are vaguely stated on the title-page to be "printed for the booksellers." There is no excitement here; no search for bargains; no curiosity to see what their authors are. I know them all before-hand, and their prices. That clumsy little row of novels, from the Farmer of Inglewood Forest down to the Red Rover, look cheap at ninepence each; better print or paper never came perhaps to Leipsic book-fair; but I know too well by what simple method all novels, long or short, in that series, are brought into one compass to have any interest in them. Clarissa Harlowe was wont to be a little bulkier than Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, if I am not mistaken. My Arabian Night's Entertainments were a continuous feast, and not a wretched mouthful, as I find them here. Three days I wept, in my youth, over the sorrows and perplexities of Amanda and Oscar Fitzalan, while here I may find those virtuous Children of the Abbey made free and happy in as many hours. That inexhaustible stereotyped edition of Shakspere in one volume, I do believe is honest. The text, perhaps, is mangled by the players, yet I think all the plays are there. But I abhor that edition. I hate its creaking back, its press-worn portrait of the author, its faint and smudged diamond type. I would not read it out of an Austrian dungeon. No exception do I make in favour of that waistcoat-pocket edition of Burns, prose and poetry, with its skeleton engravings, its memoir, notes, and laudatory verses, all complete; nor do I love Young's Night Thoughts enough to run the risk of getting nearsighted in reading them. There was a time when I looked enviously at those very blue and crimson books, with their backs and edges glittering with gold which the popular bookshop calls suitable for birth-day presents, &c. They used to be arranged upon a table in our schoolroom when we broke up for the holidays, that all might see them before we drew lots. How I coveted once that Paul and Virginia and the Indian Cottage (those inseparable companions), with a copper-plate engraving of Paul, naked-footed, carrying Virginia over the brook, done upon thick whitey-brown paper, on which the ink would run so, if you tried to write your name on the back of it, that the letters all came together, and a blot would spread like a fire in the prairies. Mr. Goss, my schoolmaster (who was on the whole such a good schoolmaster, as far as his limited powers, and still more limited knowledge went, that I would not for the world call him *old* Goss), held up that very Evenings at Home, by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld, once when we were alone, and asked me how I should like to have it? I fondly regarding the question as an earnest that the book would fall to me; but it didn't. Master Barlow got it and prized it not—offering it to me, soon after the holidays, for a complete string of livery buttons, which he had set his heart upon and wouldn't hear of any substitute. There was a little book—I do not see it here, and indeed I do not think it properly belonged to the popular bookstall—which was my prize, and which I should like to meet again. It was called the Dangers of Dutchland. How euphoniously did that alliterative title strike my ear, as the prize list was read over. I had a presentiment that I should win it, and I did win it. It was a little drab volume in boards, neat enough; but not so delicate as my Cowper, which I had never been able to read with comfort for fear of soiling it, and which I had at last come to regard, not as a book to be read, but as a something to be kept clean.

I have read some circulating libraries through since then, and a few hundreds of other books, of which, I fancy, I might now read a good many and never suspect that I had seen them before; but I am quite ready to go through an examination on the Dangers of Dutchland now, though I lost it somehow years and years ago. Ask me about the diligence that overturned, and what the travellers said about the roads generally, and how the Dutch boatmen measure distances by the number of pipes they smoke. Request me to relate that affecting little episode of the young woman who went mad about tulips; or beg me, in the style of Mrs. Mangnall's questions, state generally my recollections of that work. If

I had but found that little book here, I could not have been so hard on the popular bookseller.

And here, proceeding like a cautious philosopher, further to define and circumscribe my cardinal term, I entirely exclude from my idea of a bookstall, those dusty repositories of sallow calf-bound volumes, to be found about Chancery Lane and the Inns of Court. I never stopped at one of them save once, to buy a Delolme on the Constitution of England because Junius praised it, and once again to get an old Blackstone with Mr. Christian's notes, which followed as a matter of course. Threadbare lawyers' clerks hang about them, and buy second-hand Introductions to Law Studies and Advice to Young Students, with which they work themselves into temporary fits of enthusiasm, and think seriously of living on oatmeal porridge, in order to afford money for law-books, which they intend to study all night—having previously given a farewell supper to all racketty friends and associates, who might drop in and interfere with their design. But Fearne on Contingent Remainders does not stir the spirit like allusions to the extraordinary rise of Chancellor Yorke: the first gust of determination dies away, and the sails soon begin to flap against the mast. There are some shops—generally near the hospitals—that sell nothing but second-hand medical works, where the whole of the last season's crop of books upon the German Spas, all addressed "To the Editor of something (torn out), with the Author's compliments," are sure to be found. In like manner there are shops whose *spécialité* is books upon divinity, most of which are not of the sort I care to take into the country with me, and read under a spreading beach tree, but, nevertheless worth looking at when you are in the humour. These shops generally have a black bust of somebody over the door. Their volumes are almost all folios or quartos, and are always in a good state of preservation, their thick-ribbed backs being newly oiled and varnished, and their lettering fresh as if just from the binder. Stalls exclusively of school-books are not exactly in my way, but they, too, remind me pleasantly of school days, and so deserve five minutes. All of the good old school of school-books are here, and bound in sheepskin. None of your new-fangled numbers one, two, three, four, published by the Commissioners for that, or the Society for this. This Bonnycastle was *my* tutor; this Pinnock was *my* historian; this Carpenter was *my* spelling assistant. From this Goldsmith's Geography it was that I learned that the Spaniard is "arrogant to his inferiors, proud to his equals, and submissive to his superiors," and that the Frenchman is "light, inconstant, and exvely vain." From this Speaker of eld, of Warrington Academy, I was prefer cheerfulness to mirth, and ose patricians who would have endeavoured, by indirect means, to depreciate the noble Marius in the esteem of the people. Here, in this sixpenny box—where the proprietor hast cast in an odd volume of Homer, in the absurd hope of inducing some one to buy it, not exactly because he understands Greek, but because it is so cheap—I find an old, coverless, dog-eared, pen-and-ink illustrated Virgil, precisely like mine was, and open it just at that tiresome passage in the Georgics about a peasant who, for some secret purpose connected with agriculture, delighted to drive home his sluggish ass with a mill-stone or a load of black pitch, which, however, was no trouble in my estimation compared with that description of a plough a few pages earlier. Oh, that plough! Could any but a misanthrope with a particular spite against boys—foreseeing that his language would soon be defunct, and handed over for eternal dissection in all grammar schools and gymnasia throughout the world—have ever dreamed of giving directions in a dozen hexameter lines for the construction of a plough? How I strove to reset its dislocated parts, which would not be brought together by any rules of syntax that I knew of; and finally gave it up, convinced that it never could be a description of any plough, unless it were the rude ignorant contrivance of some soldier of the tenth legion, to whom that pattern of all the dedicatory virtues, Augustus Cæsar, had given the house and land of some unlucky Mantuan farmer, for his share of the plunder. Ah, well! school-books are a subject by themselves; and I did not set out to talk about them.

A man who confesses to being fond of a bookstall might be supposed, *à fortiori*, to be quite happy in Holywell Street, London, where the old, worn-out, pauper class of books have gained a permanent settlement. He might be pictured as ready at any time to brave the dangers of the narrow pass between the churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement's Danes, so stoutly defended at its mouth by dealers in old clothes, (who sally out and compel the passer-by to listen, though he may be as anxious as the wedding guest to be at the feast,) in order to spend a whole sunny afternoon in that wild garden of seedy literature. But such places are only a bewilderment to him. It is as if you should set an active sportsman to shoot in an aviary. He does not, to be sure, care to stay at saleshops, where he is jostled by carpenters bidding for slop-made tools, for the sake of a few books which are always to be found there, imbedded among planes, and saws, and fishing-tackle, and rusty old pistols. There is nothing to speak of there, but Guthrie's Geography, Walker's Gazetteer, 1793, and some old, odd volumes of the Edinburgh Review. Nor at rag-shops to overhaul that small salvage from the waste-paper stock, consisting of old hymn books, Annual Registers, Dodsley's selections

of fugitive pieces, by several hands, dirty, fly-blown, imperfect volumes of Smollet or Fielding which no cheesemonger could use, without offending his customers. Their proprietors have an exaggerated notion of the worth of old rubbish, founded, I believe, upon traditions of little dirty volumes having been picked up at such places, and after much scrubbing being found to have valuable autographs on their covers, about which the seller subsequently went to law, and was sternly adjudged to abide by his bargain: or perhaps they have heard that there are bibliolaters addicted to the worship of fetishes, appearing to the vulgar eye to be equally unworthy of adoration; and so, in despair of ever getting at the secret of what constitutes their value, have resolved to protect themselves in a general suspicion of bookbuyers, and a determination to ask that maximum price, which, as a buyer itself, it is the rag-shop's proudest boast to give.

All these ninth parts of a bookstall my bibliophile passes by: for he is no literary glutton. Any bookstall whose outside stock a man, with moderate haste, might glance at in ten minutes, will content him. One such I know, which is my oldest favourite, and which comes up, exactly, to my ideal of what such a loitering place should be. Not wholly in the City's stir and noise, nor quite beyond it, is this my beloved bookstall. It is in a narrow passage, considerably frequented during the day; but it lies snugly in a little nook, so that any person approaching it must do so deliberately, and because he has determined it beforehand. This is good; for there are some who will linger just because the place lies in their way, and who, as they would have preferred a picture-shop themselves, never dream that they are keeping away more serious devotees.

It was a smaller place when I first knew it—just such a stall as Lackington or Hutton might have begun with; but I was less fastidious then. An old shoemaker had it first—a thin, lame old man, with grey whiskers. He had renounced his legitimate business, in defiance of the solemn warning of the Roman satirist, and betaken himself to the cobbling and patching of old books, in the hope of getting his livelihood that way; and if living on bread and water, washing his own shirt, and mending his own boots, would have enabled him to hold out, I believe he would have maintained the siege to this day. I used to see him in the little shop, reading, with a pair of spectacles with broad black rims, which he wore very low down his nose. I bought of him Defoe's Account of the Plague, which I read and liked very much; till I found out that the author's part in it was all a fiction—a discovery which made the whole seem to me so much like a string of falsehoods, that I could hardly reconcile it with my ideas of ethics. The old shoemaker, to my astonishment, asked me about it next time I stopped there; and answered my objections, defending the author with very subtle casuistry; but though I could not answer him, I was not convinced. I always felt myself free to loiter there after that—whether I bought anything or not—for I had doubt in approaching a new place, whether I looked sufficiently like a buyer of books, to test a bookstall keeper's patience: and not without reason, for I had not forgotten an insulting bookseller, who once snatched out of my hand a copy of Mungo Park's Travels, and bade me "go on about my arrant," adding in the vain hope of soothing my wounded pride, the words "there's a good lad." I told him, to annoy him, that I was just thinking of buying it; but that I wouldn't have it now at any price, at the same time holding up half-a-crown in proof of my power to do so, if I had pleased. But he did not believe me, and only repeated his offensive admonition, which stung me to the quick, insomuch that I never went down that street again, till a trustworthy spy informed me that the bookseller had gone away, and that his shop was now devoted to cutlery and hardware; a circumstance that induced me to hope that he had failed or that his goods had been seized for rent. My old cobbler was very patient; but the enemy was patient too and pressed him closely. Want of capital was his trouble. He had a board outside with the words "Old Books Bought and Exchanged," but when people came to offer him bargains, he was frequently obliged to decline them. Some of them told him saucily, that they didn't believe he bought books at all, and one (to my knowledge) to whom he had offered a ridiculously low price, in the certainty that it would be rejected, took him at his word, and compelled him to admit that he had been trifling with him. I bought of him, all in one week, Falconer's Shipwreck—from a picture in which I learnt the names of parts of a ship in order to astonish an old sailor that I knew—Quarle's Emblems and the Lives of Washington and Lafayette in one volume, and a portable Cyclopædia. These purchases, I believe, enabled him to stave off his bankruptcy for another fortnight. But he gave in at last, and went back into Huntingdonshire; being, as he told me the first time I talked with him, "a Huntingdonshire man, and" (as he invariably added, for he was not ashamed of his craft) "a shoemaker by trade."

I was sorry when he was gone, and hoped that the shop might be let for the same business again. We had no cheap and good magazines then. There was a number of twopenny publications called the Olio, the Scorpion, the Casket, the Gleaner, the Spy, and so forth; but they were very dull reading, being only extracts from Biographies and Histories, meagre descriptions of places, and odds and ends from moral writers to fill up the space at the end. Then there were penny

Lives of Notorious Pirates and Highwaymen, Tales of the Wars (each number containing two great battles and a skirmish at least), Calendars of Horrors, Accounts of Eccentric and Wonderful Characters, none of which I cared for. Of the circulating libraries, I had read all the best works; and my taste was getting too fastidious for Miss Hannah Maria Jones, though her Rosaline Woodbridge had seemed to me once an enchanting production. But there is no compassion for literary favourites when we get too proud to know them any longer. We never hesitate to speak contemptuously of them, no matter how much they formerly laboured to the best of their ability to amuse us. So I used to say, proudly, that "I could not reach such trash as that," and to feel that the bookstalls must furnish me with something more befitting my improved state of taste. The shop did open as a bookseller's again: and with a much better stock than before. The new proprietor was a German, and he had always a number of foreign books for sale, which made me feel very much ashamed of having studied French for four years at Mr. Goss's, without having learned a word of it: but I made amends for that at last. I carried off one day a little London edition of Voltaire's Henriade, which Herr Müller (the new proprietor), having but an imperfect notion of the value of English words, had labelled "Poetry very nice;" but I thought it a dull book, even after I had found out the secret of reading French verses. Rousseau's Nouvelle Héloise, of which I bought for a trifle a neatly printed Paris edition, in bright green covers with red labels at the back, wearied me out before I got through the first volume. So did some plays of Racine, which I had been tempted to buy in consequence of reading a glowing eulogium upon them by an English author, though I tried hard to like them. I began to suspect that there was some secret compact among writers to pretend to like French literature, though they didn't. I gave it up: and, for a while, took to Italian, and bought a cheap copy of Guldoni's best comedies, which were a real treasury of humour, when I had got the key to them.

Herr Müller stopped there some years, smoking all the time, and doing nothing else, as far as I could see. He sold his business at last, and went back, like his predecessor, to his native place. His principal grievance against England was the high impost on tobacco; by reason of which I believe he had been contributing to the revenues of the British Government considerably more than his fair proportion.

Bookseller number three, is there still, and is a real man of business. He is always binding books, to augment their value, in a back-room; and he writes such ornamental labels as would rejoice the heart of a Chinese. He classifies books; always knows what he has; prints now and then a little "catalogue *raisonnée*" of his stock. His shelves and boxes of books have gradually extended themselves around the walls of the little nook in which his shop stands—an encroachment that is winked at by the Commissioners of Pavements. In that peaceful haven a few bookworms may always be found; some turning over the leaves of the several illustrated folios on architecture or topography, and others laboriously diving into shilling and sixpenny boxes.

Are they simply bargain hunting? Is theirs the old passion for buying in the cheapest market? Perhaps so. For myself, although I am not fond of haggling, nor of driving any man to pay his workmen ill; yet I never wish to become so rich as to be indifferent to a decided bargain, when I meet with one at a bookstall.

THE FIRST OF STREAMS.

In the North of France there runs a river, which takes precedence of every stream that flows. It is, literally, the A. 1. of watercourses. The Danube, the Ganges, the Humber, the Indus, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Oronooko, the Po, the Severn, the Tiber, the Volga, the Xanthus, and—last and least—the Yare, all give place to this forwardest of fluvial nominees. Whatever gazetteer or geographical dictionary you open, his is the first name to meet your eye; for, he is no other than the river Aa. But the Aa might be transformed to the Zz, or be served any other whimsical mythological trick, without my troubling my head about him, if he had no other claim to notice than his bivocalic name. His history, however, is a little unusual, especially in the latter part of his career, and warrants me in making it the subject of a rapid peripatetic sketch.

The Aa, or Abbun funtana of old, is born near the village of Bourthes, in the Bolonnais—the western part of the department of the Pas-de-Calais—amongst those healthy humpbacked hills which stretch their chain of chalk, stone, marl, and marble, from one end of that "County" of France to the other. In his infancy, the Aa is playful and timid, mischievous and unruly, useful and obedient, alternately, as it may be, like any other spoiled child without rivals and playfellows to keep him in check. Now, he nestles close to the hill-side, hiding behind the willows, or screened by cottages and orchards and their well-kept hedges, and undermining the hill, perhaps, in return for the shelter afforded him. Soon, he darts out boldly into the open valley, doubling and winding, like a well-practised hare. Further on, he steals a slice of land from its ill-pleased proprietor, and deposits it, in the shape of a mudbank, to enlarge or enrich the estate of some neighbour resident further down-stream. After a while, he condescends to render trifling services, by

turning a wheel, supplying a flax-pond, or by bearing on his breast a not too heavy burden. But in order to watch the youthful Aa playing these pranks of early life, you must turn your back on the dusty high road, with its endless perspectives and monotonous elms, and must wander on, in a gossiping, idling, angler-ing mood, without caring a *liard* about the rank of the *auberge* where you are to eat soup, smoke a pipe, and rest yourself along the way, but where, if you happen to be in luck, you may light upon an Isaac-Waltonian feast of trout and cray-fish, with beer, and wine, and civil treatment.

The adolescent Aa becomes ambitious, and soon feels himself capable of undertaking labours of importance. From Faugembergue downwards he grinds our wheat and crushes our oil, besides performing many other little handy jobs. He makes paper which serves a hundred useful purposes, the first being to furnish manuscript materials for admirable articles in Household Words, though another, which may perhaps be more highly appreciated on the spot, is to provide the gay-coloured tissues which speak eloquently from the walls of many a market-town, announcing that a grand "Assault of Dance" will take place next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, price of admission six sous each;—that a Professor of Scrimmages (*escrimages*) is on his way to Tristeville, and will conclude an unrivalled display of fencing, sabreing, and single-stick, with a specimen of the English *Boxe*;—that if you are asthmatical, or even *poitrinaire*, you have only to look for Doctor Tuetout, who will ease you from your pains for four or five sous. All this budget of cheering news you owe to the aid of the athletic Aa. He is continually bestridden by mills and *usines*, and is made to work away like a good one. He spins the flaxen fibre for your shirts and your sheets; he saws the planks for your house and for your coffin; he prepares the rye and the four-rowed barley which is to comfort you with a dram when your spirits are low; or, if you are foolish and wicked enough to prefer it, he helps to make the gunpowder with which you may blow your brains out. He pounds, he grinds, he washes, he tans, he squeezes, he turns, he fetches, and he carries. He acts, in short, as the nominative to the third person singular of half the verbs in the dictionary, one feat by the way being to do what few rivers can boast of—namely, to branch off at a certain point of his progress, and continue his course *up* the side of a hill.

The *Sept Ecluses*, or the Seven Locks, just a little to the south of the village of Arques, on a pleasant slope called les Fontinettes, are a puzzle to those accurate tourists who delight to count the stairs of every lighthouse and the steeples of every town. Reckon them on your fingers as often as you will, and of the *Sept Ecluses* you can only muster six. A seventh does exist at a considerable distance, but has nothing whatever to do with these. It was merely brought in to swell the importance of the popular title. The seven locks, however, obstinately retain their undeserved appellation. They have perhaps quite as much right to it as the Seven Wise Men, or the Seven Wonders of the World.

The height up which they form a watery staircase, is about forty feet English; and the ascent, or descent takes from two to three hours, according to the size, that is the cumbersomeness, of the vessels. Although a tedious, it is a pretty sight, to watch the barges passing from lock to lock. Each lock is a long stone box, partially filled with water, and provided at each end with a strong pair of folding doors. The doors of the lower lock open upon the canal of the Aa, and as many vessels enter as can be conveniently stowed in it. The gates are then closed. In lock the second, the water stands at a level six or seven feet higher, and is soon admitted into lock the first by opening, with a crank and wheel, some little trap-holes at the bottom of the folding-door between them. A tolerable display of water-works takes place on the occasion. Jets, and spurts, and *douches* burst forth, that would bear comparison with sundry public fountains. As soon as the water of lock the second has thus come to an understanding with lock the first, the intervening gates are opened, and the pilgrim vessels are permanently raised to a higher position in the world. The same manœuvre to hoist the boats goes on from lock to lock, till the sixth is entered and filled from above. When the last gates open upon the upper canal of Neuf Fossé, you have been floated up forty feet into the air, and are free to roam wherever you will in a southerly and a westerly direction. For you have only to get once launched upon the Aa, and you may then punt your bark half over the continent. Below the *Sept Ecluses*, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine, are open to you; and above them, on the Neuf Fossé Canal and its continuations, you may go from the Scarpe to the Escaut, from the Escaut to the Somme, from the Somme to the Oise, and from the Oise to the Seine. On the Seine you may go to Paris; and from Paris you may go to the—to Jericho.

It is worth while lingering by the side of these locks, to get a little insight into fresh-water life. Every boat is a family establishment, where hundreds and thousands of Christian people are born, grow up, play, work, make merry, make love, fall ill, and die. Their long, mis-shapen, slipper-like vessel—which, like many a gay old dowager, diverts your attention from her ungainly figure by paint, and polish, and everlasting cleansings—their clumsy barge is to them their tent, their promenade, their castle, their world. It has every look of home about it. Those women hanging out their linen to dry on a line stretched from the stubby mast to

the end of the rudder handle; those others washing their chubby babies, tapping their green and white painted water-casks, turning out their children to play on the grass bank, watering their flower-pots, feeding their dog, preparing the leeks and carrots and sorrel to put into their meagre-day broth—every one of those amphibious women has just as much the air of being "settled" in life, as if she dwelt in that mud-built cottage yonder, which never stirs from place to place. It does not matter to them one pint of canal water whether the *barque* is laden with coke from Mons, iron-ore from Marquise, stone from the quarries of Haut Barreau, wine from Bordeaux, or wood from the Calais saw-mills; they still are mistresses of the square little cabin in the stern. Their own *ménage* has just the same look, their husbands smoke the same quantity of tobacco, and utter exactly the same daily number of *sacré noms*, they take upon themselves exactly the same share of towing-work, and handle their *eprier*, or quant,* with equal vigour whether they are up north or down south, in France or Belgium, under the wooded hill, or on the level naked marsh. Probably the last thought that troubles them on waking is, "Where are we got to now, my husband?" It is a hardy life, and a happy life; rollicking, great-boy-like, with a sharp appetite and a warm temper. "This is sad cold work!" I hypocritically remarked to a rosy-faced fellow, who had just received a snowball down the scruff of his neck, by way of pastime while the lock was filling. "Wouldn't you like better to go and work in the warm glass-house down there?"—"*Bah, merci!* I am very much obliged to you," he answered with a grimace that was well worth a five-franc piece. "We are warm enough here, at times, Monsieur, I assure you. When I begin my penitence, I will go and work in the glass-house." There are plenty of public boats which, for a few sous, will carry you considerable distances about the lower basin of the Aa; but a week's regular canal-ing over the country, with a pleasant party on board, would be an agreeable novelty in the way of travelling trips.

At St. Omer, or thereabouts, the fate of the Aa in olden time was to find the sea ready to receive it; and then of course its memoirs came at once to an abrupt conclusion. But, in 1853, its term of existence has only arrived at its most important period. From St. Omer till it reaches the ocean, Heaven and the *Wateringues* alone know how, it is changed into a quiet, canal-ised, hard-working river, slaving steadily for the good of thousands, and yet making the least possible stir in the world.

Ancient geography is extremely uncertain and difficult, especially along the coast-line of a country; but it is pretty certain that, in the days of that universal genius Julius Cæsar, the irregular triangle lying between Calais, Gravelines, Dunkerque, Cassel, and St. Omer, was not then dry land as now, but was occupied by an estuary known to French antiquaries as the *Golfe* Itius, or Iccius. In 1815 an anchor was found in the earth, at the foot of the hill of Cassel, which must have belonged to some vessel riding there when the mount was still a promontory, or possibly an island. It was dug up from a depth of twelve feet beneath the soil (no extraordinary accumulation during several hundred years), and still retained fastened to its ring a cable which extended northwards for more than two hundred and fifty feet. It was evident that the vessel had been driven into the offing by a sudden squall, after having broken her cable. You cannot dig a ditch within the area of this filled-up estuary, without casting up sea-shells exactly like those now found upon the beach. A layer of turf, too, very generally spread, also tells its own suggestive story. Fragments of boats, and other human sea-faring vestiges, are by no means rare to disinter. So that with what the Aa brought down from the hills, with what the tide fetched from the cliffs of Blanez and Dover, with what the force of vegetation accumulated, and what the draining-tools of men have done, the Itian Gulf is now dry land, and the realm ruled over by the full-grown monarch Aa.

His Majesty must have been a great nuisance at first as he passed through the quagmiry and fresh-curdled marshes; breaking out of bounds, and running backwards and forwards continually, without either rhyme or reason. But the regal authority being once restrained within the constitutional limits of an embankment, the first step was laid for progressive improvement on a sure foundation. In the fourteenth century people began to feel that their rights were secure; and that so far from having any further reason to alarm themselves, they could make their sovereign serve them, in case of need, as a more powerful defender than an army of ten thousand men. "If," say the people dwelling under the protection of the Aa, "If you dare to make a hostile invasion, and encamp malevolently beneath our walls, we will let loose the Aa upon you, and will either rot you little by little, like so many sheep, or drown you at once, like the dogs that you are!"

The Aa travels by many roads on his way from the gates of St. Omer to the sandy boundary which is making the sea retreat before him. He divides and sub-divides, and re-unites, and then branches quite away, filling this canal and refreshing that stagnant *watergand*. It looks like an intentional preparation of a subject of dispute, that this portion of the river Aa should ever (as in 1192) have been made to form the boundary between France and Flanders. Part of his

* "Quant" is the Norfolk word for the long pole with which barges are pushed forwards. I have no doubt it is good old English.

life-blood traverses the Canal de la Colme, and is finally poured out at Dunkerque; a smaller portion is transfused close by to supply the necessities of Ardruick and Calais. But the main arterial stream proceeds straight forwards, finding, with some difficulty, an outlet at Gravelines. If it were not for strong and solid flood-gates, that are opened and shut at every tide, the usual course of things would be reversed. Instead of the river running into the sea, the sea would be for ever running into the river, till it had got possession of the Itian Gulf again.

Gravelines! Dear, dull, delightful old town! "If you want to go to the sink of the earth," an unpoetical friend said to me one day, "you have only to travel as far as Gravelines. If a man has committed any crime, short of murder, he will be sufficiently punished by being transported for three months to Gravelines. The soldiers who are sent to Gravelines suicide themselves on their way thither. Of all dull holes in the world, Gravelines is the double-dullest." Who, with an ordinary amount of perverseness, could resist visiting such a tempting spot as that? Not I, for one, at least. To Gravelines I went. There I made a purchase of the principal "Boot and *choe meker*" of the town, whose display of learning may be accounted for by the fact that a place with more than five thousand inhabitants, cannot boast of a single bookseller's shop. The nearest approach to any Temple of the Muses is a circulating library, where groceries are also vended. At one counter you may hire a heart-stirring novel, and at the other buy the tallow dip which is to enable you to peruse it at night. The country about Gravelines is excessively flat. If it be not the flattest in the world, I do not know where you will find a flatter. Most plains have a gentle and perceptible undulation; but the neighbourhood of the lower Aa is as level as a lake of quicksilver. Water runs there not because it feels in itself any tendency to move, but because other water is pushing it behind. You have visible proof that the earth is a globe, by seeing a church spire, which you left ever so long ago, peeping half above the edge of the horizon, like a distant ship far out at sea. After I had been walking for leagues over this interminable billiard table, a friendly native undertook to do me the honours of his paradise. Oh no! he said, this was not marsh. Stagnant ditches and pollard willows were, nevertheless, conspicuously abundant. And then again it was rich, rich, rich! The flax, and hemp, and wheat, and *escourgeon*, (four-rowed barley, in *patois* "*sucreon*"), and colza, and beans! His country was very, very rich; rich like everything.

"Yes," said I a little out of temper, "it is rich like everything, and flat like everything. Of all the flat places I have ever seen"—

"You are right!" he answered proudly; "it is really flat. It is the most beautiful country that can possibly exist. *Tiens! tiens!* Look at our roads look at our pastures, look at our soil, look at our crops. Oh no, this is not marsh!"

Those are the sort of observations you will get, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, if you talk to a Frenchman about the beauty of any country. The scenes which delight an English tourist, have but feeble charm in the eyes of the French in general. They look and yawn, and then turn their heads aside, with "*Bah oui!*" It is an *accidented* country, not a beautiful one. By a *beau pays*, a Frenchman understands a dull fertile, monotonous district. This Beautiful is irrevocably divorced from the Sublime. Norway and Switzerland are, with him, in general, the reverse of *beau*; while portions of the Cotentin (a nook in the west of Normandy) fill his enthusiastic mouth with notes of admiration. His most admired landscapes might be taken for bits cut out of Holland, or Norfolk marshes out on a continental tour. Beautiful, certainly, in their way. Abundance is unquestionably *beau*, even if it involves an abundance of eels and frogs. The principal scarcity in such beautiful sites, is a sufficient supply of good and drinkable water. Rain-water preserved in cisterns is the best they have to offer you; and even that uninviting beverage occasionally runs short.

It sounds like a paradox to state that an extensive district, lying in great measure below high-water mark, should be safer from occasional inundations than many spots of higher ground. But there is such a network of canals, *egouts*, *watergands*, and ditches, crossing and running parallel to each other at various levels, with so serviceable an apparatus of locks and floodgates distributed over so vast a surface, that one portion of the aquatic labyrinth is made to ease another which happens to be too hardly pressed, and serious or long-continued inconvenience but seldom occurs. Curious problems in hydrology (or the watery art) are here often to be seen ingeniously solved. Two streams run across each other at slightly different elevations; yet both contrive to flow on their course, without intermingling with, or flooding each other. A syphon conducts the more depressed brook under the bed of the upper *rivière;* and a lock placed at the point of crossing provides the means of boat communication. Another marvel is the *Pont sans pareil*, or Unparalleled Bridge, built in 1752, and still an admirable work of utility. It is a hemispherical dome of stone, in which four opposite openings are pierced, to allow four canals to form a junction beneath it. Four cross roads meet in the centre above, leading to diverse localities of the lower basin of the Aa. The *Chemin de Fer du Nord* grazes the foot of this remarkable construction; but the way to see as little as possible of a foreign country, is, to travel through it by railway.

The other morning, the frogs of the Aa performed their part in a scene not to be easily forgotten. I had overheard a good-looking, smart young farmeress, chattering away in the middle of an inn-yard about something or other which she had brought in her petticoat. As that was not any concern of mine, I passed on, and paid no further attention. But while finishing my breakfast in the *salle à manger*, the hostess, knowing the inquisitive instincts of the English, stepped in and told me that a large party of country-folks had just arrived to spend the (*Fête*) day, and that one of the females was then preparing a mess of frogs for dinner. Would I like to see the process? Following her guidance, I entered a sort of scullery where madame was hard at work with her sleeves turned back, a knife in one hand, and a frog in the other. She was standing before a small kitchen table, usually devoted to scraping carrots and peeling potatoes, but now loaded with a sack of considerable size, made, sure enough, by stitching up the bottom of a common every day petticoat, and full of living frogs. She gave them no time to cry for quarter, as she whipped them one by one out of their woollen limbo. How she cut each frog in two, flayed him alive, and chopped his feet off, is too dreadful to be told. "But," said I, in disgust and astonishment, "these are not the right sort of frogs to eat! These are only the common brown ditch-frog. They ought to have a bright green *raie* all down the middle of their back."—"*Bah! bah!*" she answered, with a horrid laugh; "they are *bon, bon, bon!* We'll look out for the others by and bye."—She was so pretty, and so fierce, that she put me in mind of the female Ghoule in the Arabian Nights; and I dared not offer any further remonstrance, lest she should turn her slaughtering propensities upon myself. Meanwhile, the work proceeded briskly.

I retreated with a shudder, and went my way wishing the frog-eaters of the Aa a better appetite than mine.

MUSIC MEASURE.

TWENTY-SIX gallons of wine, or thirty-four gallons of ale, or forty-two gallons of salmon, or two hundred and fifty-six pounds of soap: make one barrel. So we learn from the table of weights and measures in the very respectable old Tutor's Assistant. But it does not divulge how much music makes one barrel. Dry Measure, Corn Measure, Long Measure, and other measures, are duly tabulated. But there is not a single numeral indicative of Music Measure; yet Bellini, the original "Bones," the Polka-makers, Will you, or May you, or Can you love me now as then—all are witnesses to the union of music measure and barrels. A thousand black-eyed Italians impress the fact on our unwilling ears every day. In fact music is the only beverage which we can quaff by the barrel without paying for it, or without feeling the worse for the draught.

One does not generally give a penny to Giacomo Alessandro for permission to analyse his grinding-organ or his organ-piano; yet there may be a penny worse laid out. Unless one be too unmusical to know *Qui s'degno* from Pop goes the Weasel, there is something attractive in all that concerns the production of musical sounds; and although there may possibly be no music in the soul of the man or boy, who grinds music out of a box by turning a handle, there must be much musical knowledge in him who conceived and put into shape the mechanism itself.

A musical snuff-box, possessing a transparent cover, is a good subject on which to commence an examination. Musical box, let us rather call it; for he deserves to sneeze until further notice, who would choke music with snuff. Each of these tiny boxes contains a horizontal brass barrel; and into the surface of this barrel are stuck some hundreds of small pins. Within reach of these pins are numerous delicate little springs, all ranged side by side in one plane, and all susceptible of slight vibration or oscillation when touched. In this arrangement, the springs set the music going, the pins set the springs going, the barrel sets the pins going, the watch-spring sets the barrel going, and the key sets the watch-spring going for our purpose. As "the end justifies the means," we must begin at the end, and describe the music springs first. Any little slip of metal if firmly fixed at one end and left free everywhere else, will emit a musical sound if struck or bent and then suddenly relaxed. The more rapidly it vibrates, the higher is the pitch of the note which it yields; and, as a thick slip or a short slip vibrates more rapidly than one which is thinner or longer, the springs to produce the upper notes of the musical scale must be either thicker or shorter (or both) than those for the lower notes. Let no one attempt to count the number of these vibrations by the aid of his sharp eyes: he will be baffled; for that medium note which musicians call middle C or tenor C, is the result of two hundred and fifty-six double vibrations in a second, and the highest musical note is due to some thousands of these vibrations in a second. The springs in a musical box are numerous enough to give all the notes and half notes for several octaves; and by judicious filing in one spot and loading in another, they are attuned to great nicety.

To make these springs discourse sweet music, they must be touched in the proper order and after proper intervals; and to do this, is the work of the pins stuck in the barrel. If they are arranged in a ring, directly round the barrel at one particular part of its length, they will strike the same spring repeatedly during the rotation of the barrels; but if arranged in a row from end to end of the barrel, parallel to the axis, they will strike

many or all of the springs at one time. In the first we have the simplest element of melody, one note often repeated; in the other we have the simplest element of harmony, two or more notes sounded together; and it is for the artist to work up these two elements so as to produce a rich piece of music. The pins appear to be strewed over the surface of the barrel in utter confusion; but it is not so; according as few or many notes are sounded at once, according as the tune has many crotchets or many semiquavers, so are the pins sparsely or closely congregated. Every touch of every pin causes some one of the springs to vibrate, and in vibrating to emit its sound. Lucy Neal being a more sober personage than Jack Robinson, and telling her story more slowly, requires fewer pins, placed more widely apart, to work out her music.

There is a great deal of philosophy in the turning or revolving of the barrel; much ingenuity, much care, and a most potent influence on the harmonic effect thence resulting. We insert a tiny key into a tiny keyhole, wind up our musical box, and thereby coil up a spring. The spring in its impatient eagerness to unwind itself again, drags round a little ratchet-wheel, and this ratchet-wheel drags round another little wheel affixed to the end of the barrel, and this second little wheel drags round the barrel itself.—Until the spring has fully recovered its former position of independence, it continues to pull away heartily; and as long as it pulls, so long will the barrel turn round, and so long will the pins on the barrel draw forth sweet music. Generally speaking matters are so arranged that a tune is played once through during one revolution of the barrel; insomuch that a continuance of the revolution produces a repetition of the tune. Were it not so, the pins for the end of the tune would be mingled up with those for the beginning, and all would be confusion. But most musical boxes play two tunes—some more; and yet they have but one barrel each. This result is brought about in an exceedingly ingenious way; and we pray that the goddess of Lucidity (whoever she may be) will assist us making clear that which is somewhat difficult to describe. If the box played but one tune, the pins would be arranged in equidistant rings round the barrel, all the pins in any one ring acting upon one particular spring; and there would be as many rings of pins as there are springs, each opposite to each. But when the box plays two tunes, there are intermediate rings of pins, forming another series alternating with the former. One set belong to one tune, and one to the other; one set act upon the springs, and at the same moment the other set, being opposite to the vacancies or spaces between the springs, do not touch them, and therefore elicit no sound. After having played (let us suppose) "Where the bee sucks," and being desirous then of a visit from Judy Callaghan, we must somehow or other put the one series out of gear, and bring the other series of pegs into action. This is effected by shifting the barrel a very minute distance longitudinally, so as to bring the hitherto idle rings of pins exactly opposite the springs; there is a small stud or button on the outside of the box, by means of which this shifting of the barrel is effected. Some musical boxes rise to the dignity of three, four, five, or even six tunes, by a much more complex arrangement of pins.

We are not in a position to understand Giacomo's smart little French-polished crimson-silked organ-piano which he rests upon a stick, and out of which he grinds his bread and butter. Why the musical box grinds its own music, and leaves the organ-piano to be ground by another, is simply because the former has a coiled spring, and the latter has none. The handle or winch which Giacomo turns so many hundred times in a day, is connected by cog-wheels to the barrel; and the barrel is thus made to revolve by manual power instead of by the tension of a watch-spring. The barrel of the organ-piano, like that of the musical box, is studded with pins all over the surface; these pins acting mediately or immediately, on a series of strings, to bring out their twanging music.

But the legitimate old-fashioned barrel-organ, of greater weight, bulk, and solidity of sound, is better worth a little analysis than the organ-piano. It has a large and interesting family of pipes; and every pipe pipes to its own tune. When the leader of the orchestra belonging to the Fantoccini, or the Acrobatic Brothers, plays his mouth-organ, he simply blows air into a number of little tubes, each of which yields a particular musical note, more or less acute in pitch as the tube is shorter or longer. So with the barrel-organ; the tubes want to be blown upon or into, and they are so blown accordingly.—But who is the blower? Our black-eyed, swarthy-faced friend is a grinder, and a blower; for he carries a pair of bellows cunningly boxed up in his organ, and the same grinding which sets the barrel to work, works the bellows also. The manufacturer, bearing in mind that a church-organ has reed-pipes as well as open pipes, to give difference in *timbre* or quality of tone, has both kinds also in his grinding organ.—It may not be that both kinds are in the same organ; but the flute-like tones of some, and the clarionet-like tones of others, will illustrate the fact. The barrel is studded, not merely with brass pins, but with brass staples; these, as the barrel rotates, act upon levers which open the pipes, and enable them to speak. If a mere pin act upon a lever, the pipe is open only for an instant, and we have a short staccato note; but if the longer staple act upon a lever, the pipe is kept open until the staple has wholly passed, and a continuous note is produced. All this mechanism —the pipes, the reeds, the barrel, the pins,

the staples, the bellows, the cog-wheels, are packed together very snugly, each doing its own work at the proper time without interfering with its neighbours.

At our elbow, at this present moment, is an olive-coloured acquaintance, with a hat of indescribable colour and impossible shape; he comes at a particular hour, on a particular day of every week, and plays the same tunes in the same order; he alternates from the Hundredth Psalm to Gettin' up Stairs; and then goes to one of Balfe's Ballads, followed by a Waltz of König's, the Marseillaise Hymn, a Polka, and so back to the Hundredth Psalm. We know another organ, in which the Swiss Boy plays at bo-peep with the Lass o' Gowrie, and a number of other companions. In all such cases we shall see the grinding organist, at the termination of each tune, busy himself with a little bit of mechanism at the side or end of the instrument; he is touching a stud or lever, which brings about a slight movement of the barrel, shifting it to such a distance that a different set of pins and staples may act upon the pipes.

Make room here for a cavalcade! Onward comes a little horse; behind the horse is a little carriage; upon the carriage is a big organ; and in immediate command over these are three Italians. The horse stops; a man mounts upon a stage, and turns a winch, not much smaller than that of a mangle; and there comes forth a volume of sound that can be heard half-a-mile off. Another man holds out a little saucer for a little money; and the third man looks about with his hands in his pockets. How they all live—the three men and the horse—out of the pence which they pick up, is a perfect marvel. The instrument has been brought from Pavia or Milan or Mantua, and has cost fully a hundred guineas. It is quite orchestral in its effects, imitating with tolerable success the tones of many musical instruments. The truth is, these are pipes of many different shapes, analogous to the various stops of a church organ: each shape (independent of size) giving the tones peculiar to some particular instrument. The barrel arrangements, for bringing into action so many pipes, are very intricate, and require careful workmanship to guard against frequent mishaps. These are the instruments which an honourable member of a certain august body has visited with crushing severity. Yet we cannot conceal a kindness for them. We have pleasant reminiscences of Nume Benefico, La Mia Delizia, the last movement in the Overture to William (we beg pardon—Guglielmo) Tell, and the March in Le Prophète—as played in some of these ponderous organs. The harmonies are bold and rich; although in mere mechanical music there is, of course, no scope for feeling or passion.

If ever music by the barrel were really graced, it was in the days when the Apollonicon rolled forth its vast body of sound. This enormous instrument employed Messrs. Flight and Robson five years in its construction; and cost ten thousand pounds. It was an organ with a whole orchestra in its inside; played either by keys or by a revolving barrel. But there was provision for a grander display than this; there were five distinct keyboards, at which five performers could be seated, each having command over certain particular stops or powers in the instrument. It is, however, on the ground of its automatic or self-acting power, that the Apollonicon takes up a position as the big brother of the street organ. So vast was the number of pipes, that one barrel could not contain all the pins necessary for working them; there were three, somewhat under a yard in length each, studded in a very complex manner. Mechanism worked the bellows and rotated the barrels, and the barrels drew out the stops and opened the pipes. There were forty-five stops and nineteen hundred pipes; one pipe was twenty-four feet in length by two feet in diameter. So long and elaborate were the pieces of music which this instrument played automatically, that the barrels could only accommodate (so to speak) two at one time; but at intervals of a few years new barrels with new tunes were introduced, until the collection comprised Mozart's overtures to Figaro, to the Zauberflöte, and to La Clemenza di Tito, Cherubini's overture to Anacreon, Weber's overture to Der Freischütz, Handel's introduction to the Dettingen Te Deum, and Haydn's military movement from his Twelfth Symphony. Not a note of the scores was omitted; and all the fortes and pianos, the crescendos and diminuendos, were given with precision and delicacy.

The Apollonicon is still in existence; but has arrived at the position of a superannuated veteran, no longer fitted for the deeds which won for it its former glory. The maladies of age have come upon it. It suffers from rheumatism in its keys and levers, and from asthma in its pipes and bellows; it is shaky and nervous; it is not its former self; and its guardians wisely deem it better that its voice shall not be heard at all, than that its decadence from former splendour should be made manifest. *Requiescat in pace!*

Music by the barrel, then, has been sold or given in many different forms, by many different persons, in many different places, and under many different circumstances. But who sells music by the yard?

In the Great Exhibition the reader may perchance remember a dusky-looking instrument, something in shape between a cabinet-pianoforte and a small church-organ. The exhibitor was wont to take a sheet of perforated card-board, insert one end of it between two rollers, and then turn a handle; a tune resulted, somewhat lugubrious, it is true, but still a tune, and evidently produced with the aid of this perforated card-board. The instrument is called the Autophon—not

yet, that we are aware of, brought much into use, but certainly displaying considerable ingenuity, and founded on a principle which admits of very extensive application. The cardboard is perforated by some kind of punch or punching machine; the holes (a quarter of an inch or so in diameter) appear irregular, but they are systematic in respect to the purpose for which they are intended. Each sheet is the symbolic representative of one tune, usually a psalm tune; and all the holes are cut with especial reference to that tune; they are in rank and file—ranks for the notes heard together in harmony, and files for the notes heard consecutively in the progress of the tune. When one end of such a sheet of cardboard is placed between two rollers, and a handle turned, the cardboard is drawn into the instrument; the perforations, as they arrive at particular spots, allow wind to pass into pipes in the instrument; whereas the unperforated part acts as a barrier across which the wind cannot penetrate—or at least the intermediate mechanism is such, that this difference results from the manner in which the perforations are arranged.

This is a principle entirely different from that of the barrel-organ. In the latter, you can only play such tunes as are set or pinned upon the barrel; and either to substitute a new barrel, or to re-arrange the pins upon the old one, is a costly affair. But in the Autophon the power of change is illimitable. A few pence will pay for a sheet of the perforated cardboard; and indifferent good music is to be got at sixpence or eightpence a yard. We do not say that if you were to apply for a couple of feet of Adeste Fideles, or a yard and a quarter of the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, that they would be sold to you precisely in those lengths; but it is quite true that an oblong strip of cardboard, say about a yard in length, contains the perforations necessary for one tune; and there is not the slightest reason, mechanically, why ten thousand tunes should not be played on this identical grinding-organ; the only question being, whether the demand would be sufficient to pay the manufacturer for setting up the type, as it were, for each tune: this being once done, the charge for each single copy need not exceed a few pence. The musician will of course regard this as a very poor affair, and so it is when tested by the standard which he could employ; but it enables many to enjoy a humble kind of music at times and under circumstances when the services of a skilful player are unattainable. No skill is here required. The player has only to place the right sheet of cardboard in its right place, and then grind away. In small chapels, a constant supply of tunes might be thus obtained, without necessitating the employment of a skilled organist. We are offering no opinion on the quality of the tones thus produced; we only speak of the mechanism which does really seem to be capable of supplying unlimited music at a very low figure. It bears some such relation to real music that photography bears to portrait-painting: not high art, but a cheap and convenient substitute.

The pianoforte can also produce music by the yard. The *piano-mécanique* by M. Debain of Paris, is a sort of cottage-piano richly-toned. It can be played on with keys, and no one need know that there is any peculiar *mécanique* about it at all. But the player may bring forward certain odd-looking yards of music, and transform himself at once from an intellectual player to a mere music-grinder. These yards of music are—not pieces of cardboard, as in the case of the Autophon—but thin planks or boards, studded on the under surface with pins. Such board may be as little as six inches or as much as two feet long, according to the length of the piece of music to be played; or there must be several of them, if the music be an overture or any other elaborate composition. The player (we trust he will not deem us disrespectful if we designate him the grinder) places one of the studded boards on the top of the instrument, and proceeds to turn a handle. The board is drawn slowly onward; and the pins, projecting downwards from its under surface, press as they pass upon the tops of certain metallic points; these points are the extremities of small levers, and these levers act upon hammers which strike the strings. The pins in the studded board are arranged in definite order according to the tune to be played, pressing one, two, or more of the metallic points at once, and eliciting an equal number of tones at once. The player becomes a commander of Rossini or any other musical luminary at once. He puts *Una voce poco fa* into a box, and grinds it out again, bran new and uncurtailed. So nearly does this approach to our designation of music by the yard, that we find eight inches of the studded board is about equal to the contents of one ordinary page of music. Where the piece of music is of very great length, the grinder puts one board after another on the top of the instrument, and pieces them together as girls and boys do the slivers of wool in a worsted mill. If he do not place them exactly end to end there will be a hole in the ballad.

The inventor of this ingenious mechanism, reminds us, in his advertisement, that "Although music at the present day forms a portion of regular education, it is certain that the absorption of time in more serious pursuits, and the want of disposition for study is such, that in a hundred families we can scarcely find ten individuals who can play music. Among this number, some play only the pianoforte or the organ, but without being able to master the finer compositions.' For such families, then, M. Debain tells us his *piano-mécanique* is intended; and he tells us also at how much per yard, he will supply us

with music when we have been supplied with the instrument itself. Thus, a plank of polka costs about four shillings: consequently, the overture to Semiramide or to La Gazza Ladra would cost very much more; but the grand overture would be just as easy for the grinder to play as the simple polka. There have not been many of these instruments brought to England; but one of them has gratified many thousand hearers. It has plenty of "power;" a pianoforte player can not increase his fingers and thumbs beyond the recognised number of ten; but this mechanism could play many more than ten notes at a time, and so far beats Thalberg or Moscheles.

We must observe, also, that it is not merely the pianoforte which is thus treated. The apparatus itself is called the *Antiphonel*, or at least one variety of it, so designated, is capable of being attached to organs, and thus become available for sacred music. And we must not forget that the mechanism may be so attached that, by a slight adjustment, it can be freed altogether from the pianoforte strings, and allow the instrument to be played by means of finger-keys in the ordinary way. The mechanism is sold alone; it is sold with the pianoforte which is to be played only by its means; it is sold with a pianoforte which has the double or alternative action; it is sold, in the antiphonel form, for attachment to organs; and lastly, the music boards alone are sold at nine shillings a yard.

When, therefore, the next compiler of a table of weights and measures sets about his labours, let him remember that among the commodities which are sold by the barrel or by the yard, he must include music.

GRIPER GREG.

A CAPRICCIO.

Griper Greg, of the village of Willoughby Waterless,
A miserly hunks who was sonless and daughterless,
Nieceless and nephewless, why did he haste to lay
Gold in queer corners, for strangers to waste away?

Were there no claimants upon his cold charity:
Poor fellow-creatures, heart-void of hilarity;
Fatherless, motherless,
Sisterless, brotherless,
Husbandless, wifeless,
Forkless, and knifeless,
Dinnerless, supperless wretches, to pray or beg—
None in his neighbourhood, loudly to say to Greg:
"Stone-hearted miser, behold you, we perish;
Give us some victual our faint frames to cherish?"

Yes, there were orphans, Tom, Jack, Dick, and Ned,
Lean, tiny creatures, ill-clothed and worse fed;
Widows there were, Dinah, Ruth, Prue, and Kate,
Bearers alike of the hard blows of Fate;
Old pauper Will, too, who hirpled on crutches,
With mouth pulled aside by neuralgical clutches,
And limbs drawn awry by rheumatical twitches,
Bewrapped in old blankets, without coat or breeches—
No sister, no daughter, no wife, to take care of him—
The very dogs barked "Bow-wow! Beggar! beware of him!"

And many more hunger-bit, tatter-clad sorrowers,
Fain would have been relieved beggars or borrowers
At Griper Greg's door, where they often cried woefully,
But Greg—he grinned fiercely, and frowned on them foefully!

One day, the snow fell thick and fast
One drear mid-winter's day;
And Greg was out upon the waste
That round his cottage lay.

No sight was there, except the snow,
Upon the wild wide moor;
And in Greg's heart began to grow
Stern, deadly, self-accusings how
He'd used the houseless poor.

"If I die here," Greg wildly cried,
"My soul is ever lost!
Had I my gold here by my side,
It would not pay the cost
To ransom it from endless pain!
Oh! could I reach my home again,
I'd give to every suffering fellow
Creature enough to make him mellow."

"They are good words yev said, dear!" cried beggarman Pat,
Who wandered, all weathers, without coat or hat,
Upon the wide waste, and now chanced to be near
Enough to the miser his heart-grief to hear:
"They are good words yev said; and no better by preacher,
Were ever delivered about the dear creature:
Make me mellow with him, and no ill shall betide ye,
For to Willoughby Waterless safely I'll guide ye!"

"Oh, joy!" shouted Greg, "guide me home from the waste,
And the sweetest of mutton this night ye shall taste!"
"Bad luck to your mutton! be't sweeter than candy,
'Tis wormwood compared with strong whiskey or brandy!"
"Then I'll fill ye with brandy," swore Greg in grim fear
That if he refused he would perish, left here.
So home sped the miser by beggar Pat guided,
And home safely reached—but, there, ill Greg betided.

Griper Greg, all a-cold, shared the brandy with Pat,
Till discretion, with fuddling, he wholly forgat,
And joked of his gold huddled up in sly corners,
To hide it from burglars by night, and day sorners.
Sleep seized him so heavily he stopped in his story,
And Pat, wide awake then, was, sure, in his glory,
And rummaged the corners, and bore off the plunder.

Greg woke the next day, with sore head-ache and wonder
To find the noon passed while he had been sleeping;
Then looked for his gold, and forthwith fell to weeping,
While the beggarman, miles off, was merrily turning
Greg's gold into whiskey, and fearlessly burning
The throats of himself and companions in revel,
Ever giving this toast, "Griper Greg at the devil!"

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

BEAUTIFUL NAPLES.

With the curious felicity which distinguished throughout the proceedings at Marseilles of the owners and Captain of the Great Do, we arrived at Civita Vecchia in the middle of one night, and started thence at an hour which enabled us to arrive at Naples in the middle of the next: thus wasting twenty hours in a passage of forty-eight. It was nearly ten o'clock on the following morning before we got on shore. Every book was seized belonging to one traveller except a volume of Byron's "Don Juan" (vehemently forbidden), which the inspecting officer passed by, to show his learning, with the word "Dictionary."

Hi, ho, ha! Ayah! Hi, ha, ha! Hoo! Are the people mad? Else why do they shout, and cry, and beg, and go a hunting over each other's heads in this wonderful January sunshine? No less than fourteen beggars crowd round the ricketty high-wheeled machine, on which I and my baggage are hoisted, with a caution from the lacquais de place who has already pounced upon me, to keep my carpet-bag between my legs, lest it should be stolen.

Hi; ha! Hoorooh! Ayah! Clack! clack! clack! Smack! Hoorooh! Ayah, a—yah! The gay harness glitters, and the little horse canters, and the people shout, and buy and sell, and talk, and fling about their limbs in the market-place.

When we are shown into the Victoria Hotel, I exclaim to the waiter: "But, my friend, you are not going to lodge me, one of the plain nobodies of the world, in these fine rooms."

"They are the only rooms vacant," he replies.

"And their price?"

"Seven francs a day."

"Dinner?"

"Four francs."

"Breakfast?"

"Three francs, *à la fourchette*."

"Fire?"

"Five francs each basket of wood—enough for three days."

"Servants?"

"A franc a day."

So that my expenses will be between sixteen and seventeen francs a day. Lodged like a prince, with a sitting-room as large as a duchess's drawing-room.

Except in Scotland, where you may see a stout cob pull a railway train, I had no idea what one little skinny miserable horse could do until I perambulated the streets of Naples. There is a popular car in the shape of a species of coach-box placed on a long flat board between two high wheels. It is drawn by one horse, and the shafts come up higher than *his* shoulder. If the intelligent Londoner will think of the principle of a Hansom's cab he will have some idea of what I mean. These things do not carry one person, or two persons, or three, or four, or five, but as many as can get into the box, stand on the board, hang on behind, or on each other, stand up, or sit down, in any possible manner about it. Yet the little horse, about as large as a child's pony, pricks his ears at the crack of the whip, and canters away with this mass of shouting, laughing, singing, orange-eating life behind him, as if he had but a go-cart. The fact is, from the construction of the carriage and the admirable manner in which it is balanced, it pushes itself.

A word, however, about the Neapolitan "*tadines*" (a corruption probably of the word Citadine); they are little open hooded carriages on four wheels, drawn by one horse, and are quite a characteristic of Naples. They go very fast, and when you call one, they start off like a pea out of a pop-gun, and never wait for a moment to learn where you are going. Their drivers are among the most honest and best conducted men in Naples, and you never have a dispute about a fare. Though as far as I can see also, everything in Naples is to the full as dear as in London (people who live here say dearer), the demand for whisking you from one end of the town to the other is not quite fivepence. They might be a little cleaner and better to be sure; but they are not so dirty as our cabs, go much faster, and cost a very great deal less. The consequence is, nobody walks in Naples, and you have only to show yourself at a doorway for three or four of them to come galloping up, laughing and quarrelling, before perhaps you have an idea of getting into any one of them. It was odd to me, at first, that nobody got hurt in them, as they tear at a racing pace over the flat pavement; but a very short trial enabled me to feel quite at my ease and as safe in one of them as in an arm-chair. The pavement of flat rough stones is, I confess, the chief secret. I do not recommend it for London because I have no information to guide me as to its cost; and correct answers from official sources are not, I am told, to be thought of here. But this I know, that it is easy, safe, and noiseless, which no London pavement ever was or is; and if the proper stone is to be got at a fair price, the sooner we lay it down from Piccadilly to Wapping the better.

The coachman in his short brown jacket and flower-pot hat, has on a pair of check trousers given him last year by a traveller, and has worn them ever since. He is a cheerful sort of fellow—the very *beau ideal* of a good-for-nothing lazy genius who will take to nothing but to driving somebody else's horse. He knows almost everybody we pass (sure sign of an unsteady gentleman). There are plainly some one or two he would rather not see; and once or twice I fancied he was

flogging his active little horse in apprehension of pursuit; but he had generally an impudent nod for one, a smile for another, and now and then a wink, which I would rather not have seen responded to so readily; insomuch as I noticed on one occasion, that it was accompanied by a thrust of the tongue into the cheek, to indicate me; and that the passers-by seemed to have a lively appreciation of some pleasantry at my expense. The rag-a-muffin is the same all over the world, from Naples to Notting Hill; he only changes his name. Let him have his jest and welcome, for all I care. An Englishman is, in his eyes, as odd an apparition as an Italian is in ours. Our merry little horses patter bravely along over the stones; and I confess I am not prepared to find a stout man hanging on to the tail of mine as we scrambled up the steep places. I object to it mildly at first, and afterwards come to a resolute halt till he loses his hold; but he assures me—with a shake of the head, as if humouring a child—that the horses rather like having their tails pulled than otherwise; and though he will let go if I insist upon it, yet it will be depriving them of a pleasure.

Here comes an immense train of artillery, all drawn by mules. Suppose they were to turn obstinate at the wrong time and go over to the enemy? They seem fine docile animals, however; some must be sixteen hands high, and they are much hardier and easier fed than horses; do more work and last longer. I wonder how a better breed of mules would pay in England, and why mules have such a bad reputation with us, when we have never given them a fair trial and know nothing about them? Our little runts of things are no more like the magnificent animals of Spain and Italy than a wrong-headed Welch pony is like a hunter.

What passes next? A gang of prisoners in chains, joking and laughing with half-a-dozen straggling soldiers who accompany them. I am told, however, that careless and indifferent as these poor wretches seem, Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet gave but an inadequate idea of the horrors of a Neapolitan prison.

There goes a priest with a broad-brimmed hat and stealthy step—a bad face, I am sorry to say, if we dared believe in faces as, let me confess it, we all do. They tell me (and I beg to qualify all my remarks about Italy with this phrase, for I had no time to judge for myself,) that the ignorance of the Neapolitan priesthood is something positively incredible; that many of them cannot even read, and that they lead lives of vice and licence in places far away from the capital, it makes one sad to think about.

Dinner over, I try to find "Il Teatro Nuovo" which is situated in, what seemed to me, going to it by night, rather an out-of-the-way place. I am late; the money-taker has to be summoned from a place where he was enjoying the performance, to receive our seven Carolins (about three shillings) for two persons in the stalls.

I have already learned that the Neapolitans love a noise, so that I am not surprised at the deafening clamour which is going on. Squeezing through a tumultuous tide of people, therefore, as well as I can, I find myself soon wedged tightly into one of those hard, many-cornered, uncomfortable places which managers of theatres have agreed to call the stalls. Why not the stocks?

Fortunately I have been smoking a Neapolitan cigar, so that my nose is armed and protected for hours against any other odours, however stinging; but, I declare, this immense crowd is absolutely steaming. Well it may. The evening is slightly damp, though as warm as ever, and the theatre is as full as it can hold. There appear no means of ventilation in it, and the heated close atmosphere is telling visibly on every one in the house.

A hissing noise among the audience is followed by a dead silence, and a vivacious elderly gentleman begins to sing one of those long-winded songs which Charles Matthews has contrived to imitate, even in English. The language is the Neapolitan dialect, and, therefore, hard to understand for a foreigner; but, what I can make out does not quite please me, and I notice especially one or two masked hits at the priesthood. I am afraid also the tendency of the performance is to exalt trick and fraud of all kinds; for, let us talk about the stage how we will, it is a National School in which the scholars really learn. Nothing is more plain to the commonest observer than the effect which the Italian stage has had on the Italian manners; gesticulation and buffoonery have produced their natural result. We cannot altogether do away with the sense of the real at the theatre; we begin, after a while, to look at what it shows us as a true picture of life, and carry the manners we have laughed at or cried over, back into our homes, or into a deeper place in our hearts than we think for. The audience here are lively and excitable beyond anything we cold folks can imagine. They are never still five minutes during the evening; now hissing for silence, now joining in the choruses, and now wildly applauding. The theatre is a confirmed habit with the Neapolitans; they cannot do without it. It suits also their manners and ideas. There are hundreds of Italians who live a life of the utmost penury and privation at home that they may shine in a gay carriage on the Corso, and have a box at the theatre. To them the theatre is what the club is to us—the general point of re-union and gossip, and they receive visits in their boxes; probably, for the best of all reasons, that it entails no expense.

It is carnival time, when balls are plenty, so the theatre ends early. At eleven o'clock I am again investing fourpence-halfpenny in a fare from the theatre to our hotel, where I shall have to hunt for my white cravats

in a state of excitement, till, at length, I find them utterly crushed and spoiled by being laid between a pair of rusty-nailed Alpine shoes by the ingenious individual who packed our luggage. However, it may be taken as a general axiom that wherever there is a waiter there is a white cravat; I shall have no difficulty on this score.

The carnival at Naples is not half so gay as it used to be, and great entertainments are going out of fashion. There are twenty little coteries who do all sorts of nice, pleasant things amongst themselves every evening, but they do not muster readily together except at the balls of the Academy. In bye-gone days it is said the King and the late Queen used to amuse themselves right royally in carnival time. They dressed themselves as a Chinese prince and princess; and, mounting on a car, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, scattered bon-bons among the people. The fashion is gone out now; the carnival is as dull as in a Protestant Electoral town in Germany. The present Queen dislikes society and keeps as much away from Naples as possible. The King is no longer so young as he was. The society of the place has become unscrewed, and wants tightening together again. It is a body without a head to guide it, and the legs go one way, the arms another. Last week there were only twelve persons at the masked ball at the opera. I raise my eyebrows at this, and am told that eighteen hundred and forty-eight (the year ought to have a broad back, for I have heard more sins laid upon it than would fill a library to chronicle,) put an end to everything like gaiety. But I don't believe it.

Perhaps, however, eighteen hundred and forty-eight may really have alarmed one or two people here and there, even in easy-going Naples. When a man, in possession of a snug property, finds the rightful heir turn up unexpectedly, he may as well put by for rainy days, although he has only to fear an action in the Court of Chancery. The conviction of the immutability of human affairs also is not much stronger either among the thinkers of Naples than among those of Paris and Vienna.

Even the theatre seems to have fallen off, and the San Carlo no longer stands comparison with Covent Garden as it used to do. It is a fine, gay, handsome, well-lighted, well-attended place, but not a star deigns to shine in it. All the recognised singing celebrities of Europe are elsewhere; some with Mr. Gye, at Covent Garden, some in Paris, more at St. Petersburgh, and a few in Vienna. If you carry the remembrance of the singing, scenery, and decorations, the general *mise en scène* of Covent Garden, with you to Naples, you will find a woeful falling off.

A masked ball at Naples in high carnival is worth a visit, in spite of all I hear. Paying about three shillings to a grave money-taker, and a little surprised at the silence which reigns, I take my way up the fine staircases and see, with pain and repugnance, that they are bristling with soldiers. The theatre is magnificent; hundreds and hundreds of lights glittering everywhere as in a fairy palace, and two military bands. It looks like a very Temple of Revelry. But it is quite empty! I count one hundred and ten soldiers and policemen about the building, besides cavalry outside. There they are, moustachioed up to the eyes, and armed with swords and guns, and bayonets and cocked hats; filling every vista and guarding every door-way. Of guests there are just seven. Seven in the whole of that immense building! Three persons, dressed something like the clowns at Astley's Amphitheatre, Stangate, Southwark, are walking about, two arm-in-arm. One is alone; there is another man in a black domino, not unlike a funeral cloak (probably a traveller); and two young Englishmen talking about Vesuvius and standing in the doorway; which, with me, make up the seven. The bands pipe away feebly one after the other; and, every now and then, an excitable person belonging to the police establishment comes in to see if any of us have got on a great-coat which he could take away and imprison. The check-taker, also, having nothing to do, comes in with his wide-awake and comforter on, and we begin to talk to him.

"Is the ball over?"

"No; it has not begun."

"When will it begin?"

The check-taker smiles, and with an almost imperceptible movement indicates a placard wafered up over his head and dated "Prefecture of Police," which lets us into the secret at once. From it I at once perceive that the Neapolitans have altered their national savory pie into plain boiled veal, and now nobody will eat it. They have taken the salt from their banquet and people sup elsewhere. The placard forbade every possible thing which could give zest or animation to an amusement, of which the Italians were the originators and to which they are proverbially addicted almost to phrenzy. There was a long list of characters it was unlawful to assume, a longer one of things it was unlawful to say. No wonder the scene is so dead; not a jest, not a laugh, from any one of those seven dreary individuals the whole hour I stay. I remain an hour because I wish to see it out, and it is not till the two clowns disappear and the Englishmen redeem their great-coats, that I turn to leave the two solitary remaining guests to their own reflections. I am, of course, stopped at the staircase by a bayonet. It is not the way out—I must take the right staircase, not the left—I must go round; and I do so, listening to the solitary echo of my own boots across the deserted boards.

Now I can understand a Government being so bad as not to like its deeds being talked about, even by a band of mummers in carnival time. I can understand a people so excitable

under their wrongs as to make it prudent to keep them down with a strong hand, if they are to be kept down at all. But this is keeping them down with a ploughshare; and it must have required immense ingenuity to bring the lively Neapolitans into the state in which the traveller will find them now. The fact is, there is no joking with the authorities, and the people know it and keep at home, quiet as mice, lest they should be whipped by policemen and sent to keep company with Poerio, or never more be heard of. The Italians, indeed, have been so snubbed and bullied that, in a few years, we shall see them desert public places altogether.

Going out, we fall in again with the two Englishmen, and go, all three together, to eat cauliflower-salad at the Café de l'Europe over the way, being, by this time, hungry. They happen to be acquaintances, though we did not recognise each other at first; your true-bred Britons never do.

ROGER THE MONK.

Every one that has read (and who, claiming benefit of clergy, has not read?) the Ingoldsby legends, must have a distinct remembrance of Roger the Monk. Every reader of that collection of wit, playful fancy and jocose learning must have simpered, or smiled, or "loffed heartylie" at the famous lines

> "And Roger the Monk
> Got excessively drunk:
> So they put him to bed, and they tucked him in!"

We have grown so accustomed to consider Roger the Monk merely in the light of an ecclesiastic, who, in the dubious period of chronology known as "once upon a time" got "excessively drunk," that any other claims he may have had either to notice or celebrity have been overlooked or forgotten. You may—says the saw—as well hang a dog as give him a bad name: Roger the Monk has been branded as a toper by the facetious bard of Tappington Everard; and though it is very probable that he was a pious, learned, and virtuous ecclesiastic prior to his indulgence in fermented beverages, and although we are assured by Master Ingoldsby himself, that repenting, Roger subsequently joined the Teetotal Society, and assume that he walked in many processions with many banners, yet the brand of the wine-pot will stick to Roger the Monk as indelibly as the D to a deserter, or the fatal letters F. O. R. C. A. T. to the shoulder of a French convict; and the convivial ecclesiastic will be known as an incorrigible drunkard till Jack Cade come again, and it be death to have a knowledge of reading and writing.

Roger the Monk did something more indeed than get excessively drunk. I have a Roger to deal with, an you will listen to me. Not Roger Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder, chemistry, and the brazen head; but another Roger, another monk, a historian and not a sarvant. My Roger is Roger de Wendover, a monk of the Abbey of St. Alban's, afterwards prior of Belvoir, from which preferment he was deposed by Walter de Trumpington, twenty-second Abbot of St. Alban's, on the ground of his excessive extravagance (dissolute Roger!), and ultimately a monk again in his own Abbey of St. Alban's, where he died in the year 1237, on the sixth of May thereof.

Very little indeed is known of Roger the Monk. He was promoted in the reign of John and his degradation took place soon after the accession of Henry the Third. He might have droned his life away in the obscure ease, and amidst the unfructifying erudition of a provincial monastery—have been duly tolled for at his death by a bandy-legged sacristan, chanted and prayed over by his brethren, and as completely forgotten immediately afterwards as the Walderes, Sugwalds, Egulfs, Wigeres, Kinewales, Suiwulfs, Wulsis, Estans, and many more, his name might have been writ in water had it not occurred to him (astute Roger!) to write a chronicle called The Flowers of History, containing an abridged narrative of the history of the world from its creation till the year 1235, the nineteenth year of King Henry the Third. The first part of The Flowers* extends from Adam and Eve to A.D. 447, when Hengist and Horsa, and those stout Saxons came over to England to amuse the Britons with a speceis of acting charade embodying the popular fable of the farmer who called in the huntsman and hounds to destroy the hares in his garden. All this Roger has copied from the most mendacious Greek and Latin authors, and from that audacious writer—that dark-age Dumas—Geoffrey of Monmouth. The second part comprises from A.D. 447 *circa* A.D. 1200. In this Roger has consulted Sigebert of Gembloux, Hermanus Contractus, William of Malmesbury, the Byzantine historians, Bede, Cedrenus, &c. With respect to this second part being an authentic history I may content myself with remarking that the members of the Jewish persuasion may attach credibility to it, but that I won't. The third part extends from 1200 to 1235, and in it, says Roger's editor, "he rises into the character of an original writer." I am truly glad to hear of that elevation, but I am concerned to say that he does not rise in my estimation as a teller of truth.

I have been reading Roger lately very attentively and patiently. I have marked his assertions, digested his anecdotes, weighed his periods, plodded through his crabbed paragraphs. I have risen from the perusal

* Roger de Wendover's Flowers of History; the Latin Edition, by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, of the Bodleian Library, published by the English Historical Society. Translated by J. A. Giles, D. C. L., late fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. H. G. Bohn, London. 1849.

of Roger, (and I grieve to say so) with one settled and fixed conviction—that I don't believe Roger the Monk. More than this; I am not an unbeliever, generally, I hope. I have read Paley, and the French author who wrote The Words of a Believer, but I can't believe in any ante-Norman History of England, because the chronicle of Mathew Paris, on which almost all our early histories are founded, hath been lately discovered (by Roger's learned editor) to contain embodied therein, *verbatim et literatim*, the "Flowers of History" of Roger de Wendover; secondly, because the work of Roger de Wendover, who was copied by the first-named author, is as full of impossibilities as an egg is full of meat, as a stack is full of straw, as an Act of Parliament is full of flaws.

Any good that Roger de Wendover has done is certainly interred with his bones. The evil that he has done lives after him. He has poisoned the well of history undefiled; he has crammed more falsehoods into two octavo volumes than herrings could be crammed into a barrel. He has lied not for an age, but for all time; and the most distressing circumstances connected with his mendacity is, that so many are the lies—so often do we catch him Munchausenising—that we don't know when to believe him. It is the boy and the wolf over again. When we find wedged sandwich fashion between two palpable falsehoods, the story of King Alfred and the meat-herd, of Canute and his courtiers, of William the Norman's invasion, how are we to know that Roger is not lying yet? I am sorry I have read Roger; sorry that Herr Niebuhr should have demolished Livy, and that Mr. Macaulay should have agreed with Niebuhr; sorry that Horace Walpole should have explained away Richard the Third's murders. I am always sorry to be disillusioned. After love there's nothing half so sweet as History's young dream. After Roger's lies, how am I to place credence in King Alfred? I shake my head at him. The forty Royal Academicians may find the body of Harold now, as often as they like, and bury him, but I shall not go to the funeral. Was there ever a Fair Rosamond? Did Richard the First ever fight at Ascalon? A man don't know what to believe. Let me briefly and rapidly run through Roger.

Beginning in 447, Roger describes the inviting over of Hengist and Horsa, and tells us the stories of Vortigern and Rowena, and of the wars of King Vortimer, of the Picts and Scots, Merovius, King of the Franks, of the Emperor Valentinian, and of the Council of Chalcedon, in a very sensible, business-like, historical manner. He even mentions the cathedral of St. Stephen, but with no fewer than three cock and bull stories. One concerning Severus, "a man remarkable for miraculous powers," and the "blessed Germanus." The former built the Vienna cathedral, and the latter had promised to attend at its dedication; but —happening to die at Ravenna was there buried, "not without many miracles"—it might be reasonably supposed that he did not keep his appointment. No: hear Roger. "It fell out, that on the very day of the dedication, and before the service had commenced, the most blessed body of Germanus was taken into that new church while they rested; and thus the promise of that man of God was fulfilled." A highly credible miracle, provided always that no collusion existed between Saint Severus, "the man remarkable for miraculous powers," and the undertaker's men. Again, this romancing Roger tells us (on the authority of the arch-deceiver, Geoffrey of Monmouth) that Vortigern gave Hengist as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide, which the artful Saxon cut into long narrow thongs and so surrounded a great expanse of earth with his leathern *cordon*. Ingenious and picturesque, but unhappily not original. Have we not an exactly similar story concerning Queen Dido of Carthage? And is it likely that the Wodin-worshipping Hengist was familiar with the writings of the ancients? Shortly afterwards we are favoured by a genteel anecdote applying to Saint Mamertus, Bishop of Vienna; who, keeping a vigil, and in the midst of a terrible conflagration which was devastating the city, with a flood of tears restrained the violence of the fire. Oh, how are we to believe in Hengist and Horsa, Vortigern and Rowena, after these bouncers!

In the paragraph immediately following, Roger gravely writes under the capitular title of "Discovery of the head of Saint John" —just as a penny-a-liner might record on his flimsy, "Discovery of the head of the murdered woman"—that "in the year of grace 458, two Eastern monks having gone up to Jerusalem to worship, revealed to them the place of his head, near the house where Herod formerly lived. It was straightway brought to Edessa, a city of Phœnicia, and there buried with due honour."

"In the year of grace" (says Roger) "461, Hengist, hearing of the death of Vortimer, returned into Britain with three hundred thousand warriors." I don't believe that Hengist ever mustered a tithe of that number of warriors; yet every respectable historian has copied the assertion; and if I, being at school, had ever dared to question the veracity of the standard historian of my school, I should have been flogged. I place as little credence in Roger's minute description of the May-day banquet offered by Hengist to the Britons at the village of Ambrius, where every Saxon had a carving-knife stuck in his stocking, with which, in the interval between dinner and dessert they treacherously slew their guests. I believe that banquet to have taken place just as much as I believe to have been present thereat the famous ancestor

of Mr. Jonathan Wild the great, nicknamed "Langfanger," who was rather hard of hearing, and mistook the order to cut the visitors' throats for one to cut their purses, which he did instanter.

Gravely again, Roger tells us that, in the year 464, the Britons, disconsolate at the grievous tyranny of the Saxons, sent messengers into Britain to Aurelius Ambrosius and his brother Uterpendragon, beseeching them to come and extirpate Hengist. Likely enough; but why does the imprudent Roger, reversing his own trustworthiness, like a cow kicking over a bucket of her own milk, tell us that King Vortigern, hearing of the proposed expedition of Uterpendragon, called together his magicians to take counsel as to what was to be done under the circumstances. That the magicians advised him to build a strong tower of defence for himself and friends, and that he commenced one near a certain Mount Erir; but that, as soon as the masons began to build, the earth swallowed up every night what they had done in the day. That, on his inquiry as to the causes of this architectural failure, the magicians advised him to seek out a youth without a father, and to sprinkle the mortar and stones with his blood, which would give solidity to the work. That, the fatherless youth being found at Carmarthen, he turned out to be the son of the King of Demicia's daughter, his papa having basely deserted and left him chargeable to his parish. That, astonished at this recital, the King called to the youth and asked for his card. That he was no other than the Döbler or Robert Houdin of his epoch, the Marvel-working Merlin Ambrosius; that utterly (and wisely I think) repudiating the notion that the irrigation of the tower with his blood was in any way necessary to its stability, he up and said: "Command thy magicians to come before me, and I will convict them of inventing lies; for, not knowing what is under the foundation of thy work, they thought to satisfy thee by falsehood. But call thy workmen, my lord and king, and command them to dig into the earth, and thou shalt discover a pool underneath, which is the cause that thy work doth not stand." That this being done, all was found exactly as Merlin had said, whereupon he up again, and said to the magicians, "Tell me now, ye base sycophants, what there is lying at the bottom of the pool?" That the incapable magicians were, at this query, familiarly so to speak, dumbfoundered. That, for the third time, Merlin up again and said: "Give orders that the pool may be drained, and thou wilt find at the bottom two dragons asleep in them." That the pool was emptied, the dragons found, and the magicians brought to great shame and confusion. I sincerely hope they were, and that Merlin, through the success which had attended his ingenious clairvoyance, obtained an extended connection as a professor of prestidigitation, and exhibited his skill to numerous and distinguished audiences.

In the year of grace 561, Roger would fain have us believe Saint Brandon flourished in Scotland, for which, in the manner of the country, we are told to read Ireland; the Irish being anciently known as Scots. What "flourishing" was literally, I never could well understand; unless, indeed, the Saints really flourished and convoluted their limbs and heads from side to side, as their effigies do in monumental brasses, painted windows, and in certain performances of the pre-Raffaelite school. However, Saint Brandon flourished, and for about seven years went flourishing about the world in quest of the Fortunate Islands, which it is almost superfluous to say he did not find. Machutus, who accompanied him, was famous for his miracles and sanctity; though how far these eminent qualities could have been available in what appears to have been a sort of fili bustiering expedition in quest of gold diggings, I am unable to determine. Being exasperated by the Britons, it occurred to Saint Brandon to show *his* miracles and sanctity by cursing them; through which the miserable Britons suffered many plagues and grievous afflictions. But Saint Brandon was not only a man of miracles and sanctity, but a saint possessing no ordinary degree of prudence; for, after cursing the Britons, he wisely "passed over to Gaul, where, under Leontius, Bishop of Saintonge, he was eminent for his many virtues." Subsequently, Saint Brandon appears to have relinquished the character of an ecclesiastical Sam Hall, and to have uncursed the Britons, who thereupon throve and prospered exceedingly.

In 563, Priscian the grammarian and orator (whose head has been so frequently in need of vinegar and brown paper, these last thirteen hundred years), flourished at Rome. He turned the Acts of the Apostles into hexameter verse. Very good; very credible, Roger: there is a respectable amount of verisimilitude in this statement; but why do you destroy your own credit by telling that in 562 a mountain on the river Rhone bellowed for many days, and then jumped into the river with "many churches, houses, men and beasts?"—that in the year 573, the Spaniards and the Gauls disagreed concerning the observance of Easter, the Spaniards keeping it on the twenty-first of March, and the Gauls on the eighteenth of April, that it was "miraculously" proved that the Gauls were in the right, inasmuch as all the fonts in Spain which were wont to be "miraculously" filled on Easter Sunday, did so "miraculously" and spontaneously fill themselves on the day answering to the computation of the Gauls?

How are we to believe after these thy "sornettes," that in 585 began the kingdom of the Mercians, whose first king was Credda—

albeit it is very likely that the Mercian kingdom did in that year so begin, and that its first king *was* Credda? How are we to believe the charming story of Saint Augustine and the little angels in the Roman slave-market—and of the conversion of King Athelbert and his people to the true faith:—a story all of us, I think, would be sorry to disbelieve, were it not for a terribly long story—showing how Pope Gregory delivered the soul of the Emperor Trajan from the pains of hell, five hundred years and more after his decease; Saint Peter himself condescending to inform Gregory that in consequence of Trajan's handsome conduct to a certain widow during his lifetime, his soul though placed in flames did not feel the torments thereof.

But Roger is incorrigible. In 606, "Sabinian sat in the Roman chair one year, five months and five days." Very plain, very credible, very matter-of-fact this, but mark what follows. At this time a certain poor man asking alms of some sailors, and they refusing, the master of vessel alleging "We having nothing here but stones," the poor man then replied, "Let, then, all you have be turned into stones." This was no sooner said than whatever there was in the ship that was eatable was turned into stones, retaining yet its former colour and shape; but as uncookable and innutritious as granite pavement.

I will skip two hundred and more annals, filled with accounts of transactions we have been taught to acknowledge and recognise as authentic English history. I come to that Saxon King, of whom every man with English blood in his veins is so proud—the King who has been glorified in poetry and history and painting, by thousands of voices and pens and pencils for a thousand years. I come to Alfred the Great. Roger tells us, without bombast or exaggeration, of Alfred's wisdom, learning, bravery, and benevolence; of how he heard from his teacher, that an illiterate king is no better than a crowned ass; and incited, moreover, by the desire of giving pleasure to his mother (ambition sweeter than any longing for double first class or stony, thorny Senior Wranglership), learnt, while at a tender age, a book of Saxon poetry, quite by heart. Of how he "set in order the affairs of his kingdom, exercised every sportsman-like art, instructed his goldsmiths and artificers, his falconers and hawkers; by his wisdom constructed buildings, venerable and noble beyond anything that had been attempted by his predecessors; was careful to hear mass daily at stated hours, and loved psalms, and prayers, and almsgiving." Of how he waged fierce and laborious wars with the Pagans; of how he was brought very low indeed by Hinguar and Halden, took refuge in a swineherd's cottage, lived in disguise and poverty, burnt the cakes, and *was rated by* the swineherd's wife; of how he overcame his enemies, became a mighty sovereign, invented the wax-candle horologes, hung up golden bracelets in the highway, founded monasteries, died on the 23rd day of October in the fifth indiction, A. D. 900, and was buried at Winchester;—"clad," says Roger, piously, "in a robe of blessed immortality, and waiting to be crowned anew at the general resurrection." These are flowers, indeed: if Roger always wrote like this, we should revere him as the most conscientious of historians; but why will he tell us an abominable fable, in the very midst of King Alfred's life, of the Emperor Charlemagne's having a clue tied to his thumb, by which he was led into purgatory by a shiny personage supposed to be an angel; "into deep and fiery valleys full of pits burning with pitch and sulphur, lead, wax and tallow;" of Charlemagne there seeing the ghosts of his fathers and his uncles; and of his convoking the bishops and nobles of his kingdom in solemn conclave, and relating this preposterous vision to them? We begin to entertain doubts about King Alfred, burnt cakes, vanquished Danes, and golden bracelets immediately. Two spirits would seem to have sat beside Roger while he penned his chronicles. One was the angel of truth, the other the father of lies, and their amalgamation is confusion.

From King Alfred to Cnute, King of England and Denmark, whom we more familiarly know in our English histories as Canute the Great, we have the story of the wars between King Cnute and the Saxon King Eadmund, of their doughty conflict, hand to hand, and of their ultimate compact and division of the kingdom. We are told King Cnute made a pilgrimage to Rome, and promised the Pope that the tribute of Saint Peter's penny, called in England "Romescot," together with the "chiriesat," or first-fruits of sheaves should, in future, be faithfully paid. Roger relates further, how Cnute overcame Malcolm King of Scots, and rebuked his (Cnute's) courtiers, on the occasion of the high tide, and how he would never, through humility, wear the crown afterwards. All this is very pretty and very historical; nor do I see any reason to doubt Earl Godwin's treason, or Harold's coronation, or young Alfred's death and burial, of which Roger tells us subsequently.

Next we have Hardicanute crowned, and Gunilda, his sister, married to Henry, the Roman Emperor. "The same emperor, in the lifetime of his father, Conrad, had received from a certain clerk a silver pipe" on condition that, when he became emperor, he would confer on him a bishopric; which Henry, on succeeding to the crown, duly did. That falling in, afterwards, he was beset by demons, who assailed him and shot into his face flames of fire through this notable pipe, burning his whole body inwardly and outwardly. "But, in the midst of these in-

tolerable flames, the said emperor had with him a young man, holding in his hands a golden cup of extraordinary size filled with water, by whose assiduity in sprinkling the water, the violence of the heat was extinguished; and, while the emperor was wondering who the youth could be, a voice from Heaven said to him, 'Recall to memory the monastery of the blessed martyr Lawrence, on whose shrine thou conferredst a golden cup; wherefore know, for a certainty, that that youth is the blessed Saint Lawrence, who, in requital, gave thee space for repentance, and refreshed thee in thy torments.'"

The Norman Conquest, the life and death of William Rufus, the Crusades, are all narrated by Roger de Wendover; but he does not grow veracious as the transactions he relates grow more modern. He lies fast and furiously, consistently, unblushingly, till miracles, ghosts, falling stars, bloody comets, headless men, talking beasts, singing birds, and dancing fishes are so mixed up with battles, sieges, charters, and chronology, that the brain becomes giddy, the eye weary.

Verily Roger the Monk hath made my heart heavy. Is the earth square or round, or three-cornered? Is there an authentic History of England? What am I to believe? Where is truth?

Truth, purest and most refulgent of the feathers in angels' wings; jewel beyond price and value—that thou art at the bottom of the well who can doubt? Yet often and often, does the bucket sent fifty fathoms deep after thee come, after much tangling and straining of cordage, up to the surface, and lo! we have some lying pebble blinking in our faces, while thou, Truth, yet lie deep in the pellucid water. Old Roger may have sought for truth. I hope he did. I trust he did, but I am afraid he lost his way ever so many times during his search for it.

Yet, what should we all be without Faith? which, comforting, makes all things clear in one greater mystery, when history contends with marvel. And perhaps Roger the Monk, simple-minded old friar, in his strong belief, and faith, and trust, grew credulous, and in things temporal forgot to discriminate, and was afraid to rob one saint or martyr of one miracle or marvel with which ignorance and superstition had invested him—thinking that disrespect to a saint was disrespect to the master of them all.

A SHEPHERD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My name is Edmund Spencer. I was born in the parish of Rookdale in Lincolnshire. My father was a shepherd in the service of Mr. Wyham, one of those large farmers who rent and cultivate above a thousand acres. There were two cottages close together halfway up the hill which rose at the back of the farm-house; we lived in one, and the foreman in the other. I had several brothers and sisters, some older, some younger than myself, but somehow we did not get on well together, not that we quarrelled exactly, but they were strong and active, while I was a weak and thoughtful, though not exactly a sickly child; and when I wanted to be quiet, and stole away from the boisterous games in which I always got worsted, they used to taunt and call me sulky. And so it happened that I grew to love little Mary, the foreman's daughter, better than my own relations.

The foreman was a very kind man and so fond of books that he was esteemed in the village as great a scholar as Mr. Wyham himself, which did not perhaps require a very great deal of learning. Mary was his first and only child, her mother having left this world of sorrow in the act of bringing her into it, and her father doated on her as if the love he had felt for the mother had been bequeathed by her (if the poor may be said to bequeath anything) to the child. So it happened that when he saw how fond Mary and I were of each other that he took me also to his heart, and I used to go into his cottage every evening after the labours of the day were over and share in Mary's lessons. It made me very happy to learn reading and writing, and when the foreman saw how eagerly I took to my book he grew still fonder of me.

Those were happy days when Mary and I used to wander about the fields; or sit, sheltered from the sun by the leaves of some old tree, spelling over the few books we could obtain; or stroll down to the water-mill whose distant rumbling could be heard at the cottage, now fishing for minnows in the troubled waters, now lying still, side by side, talking, or rather thinking aloud to each other with all the dreaminess of romantic childhood.

We always talked about the wildest things we had heard or read of while idling about that old mill. The wanderings of Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress—that book which is quite natural to the vague ideas of children, the life-like adventures of Robinson Crusoe; the deeds of the Old Testament kings and warriors furnished an exhaustless store of provision for our dreams.

There was something about that mill, perhaps the effect of the sunny stream rippling so gently up to the point where it dashed itself so madly into the dark deep gulf below; perhaps the story of a young man who had come to the neighbourhood on a fishing excursion a few years before, and who had been sucked in while bathing and crushed by that fearful wheel; which gave a gloomy tinge to all our thoughts about it. It was the more melancholy passages of the books we read which most charmed and fascinated us as we gazed on the troubled waters, and we had got it into our heads, how or why I cannot tell, that the gulf immediately below the wheel was fathomless.

These are my summer reminiscences of childhood; how the winter days passed I do

not remember. That period of my life seems to have been all summer.

Had it not been for Mary's father I should never have learned to read or write, for there was no school in our neighbourhood. I do not wish to speak evil of my betters, but I cannot think that our clergyman quite did his duty to us. They said that he was very rich, that he received a thousand pounds a year for teaching us the way to Heaven, which he certainly did so once a week in church, for it was a very good sermon he preached—and always the same.

But he never visited the poor unless they sent for him when on their death-beds, for his time was much occupied in country sports, of which he seemed very fond. I suppose he felt such amusements necessary to drive away the monotony of his life, for there being no gentlemen educated like himself within many miles, he was without any companions but the neighbouring farmers, and was perhaps almost driven, for company's sake, to interest himself in their pursuits. But I still think he would have done his duty better had he attended a little more to the poor, for religion, which is a good deal to the rich, is *everything* to them.

But the clergyman did not approve of schools. One day Mary and I were sitting in our favourite spot near the mill, both reading out of the same book, when we were startled by the voice of a lady who had come close behind us without our hearing her. It was the clergyman's sister then staying on a visit at his house, who had come down with him to the river to see him fish; and, on rising, we saw him whipping the water at a short distance from us.

"What are you reading, my dears?" said she, taking the book from Mary's hand. "Oh, the Pilgrim's Progress. Do you go to school?"

"No, ma'am."

"Not go to school! then how did you learn to read?"

"Father taught us, ma'am," answered Mary, who was the chief speaker.

"But why do you not go to school?"

Here her brother came up.

"School," said he, "school! I would not have a school in my parish on any account. If you educate the poor, you will make them all infidels and Chartists, or Dissenters, which is just as bad." And he took his sister off.

Doubtless, the clergyman was much better informed on most points than I can pretend to be, but I cannot help thinking that he was wrong in this instance. If he had had more experience among the poor I think he would have altered his opinion, and I remember two cases which seem to confirm this idea of mine. One was Joe Smith, who used to declaim against the wickedness of fox-hunting, and when asked why he considered that amusement incompatible with future salvation, replied, that it was written in the Bible that *if any man would* glory, he should glory in the Lord, whereas foxhunters gloried in an animal's tail! I do not think Joe Smith would have talked such nonsense if he had been able to read and write. The other case was that of Tom Johnson, who left the Church and joined the Jumpers, because on passing the parsonage one Sunday morning he saw the clergyman at his window desecrating the Lord's Day by—shaving. It is almost needless to say that Tom Johnson was "no scollard." Our parson was one of the old school. Since his day, I know that the clergy know their duty and do their duty very much better.

These days of dreamy happiness did not last long, though the weakness of my frame saved me several years of toil, and it was not till I was twelve years old that I began to help my father in his duties as a shepherd, holding his salves when he "doctored" the sheep, or helping the dog to keep them in a corner.

I remember how proud I felt when I received my first wages; and I was glad to feel that I was of some use to my father and mother. So for some time I was still very happy, for my work was light, and I found many opportunities of studying the books I managed one way and another to pick up. Mary, too, often kept me company while I was watching the sheep.

But it was in the spring that I began to work, and when summer and autumn had passed, and winter set in, I began to feel the real pain of labour. My work was in the turnip-field, topping and tailing the turnips for the sheep, and dragging the roots out of the ground when they were eaten close. This work was very severe in frosty weather when the ground was dry and hard. I still took every opportunity of improving my mind, but the freshness, the romance, the spring of life was gone for ever.

Years followed years; I hardly counted them, every day was like the former one, all was toil, toil, toil! Yet I was better off than my fellow-labourers, for had I not the Sunday? They too had that day to sleep and yawn over, but to me every seventh day brought a far greater pleasure than the mere respite from labour; I had my books, and Mary to talk to about them.

When I had reached the age of twenty-four, my father was persuaded by a gentleman from Louth to emigrate to America, taking the rest of his family with him. They wanted me to go too, and then it was that I discovered how dear Mary was to me. Brought up as we had been together, it seemed quite natural to me that we should marry, and so, when I mentioned the matter, it seemed to her. Then came the question, whether she should go out too, but I had read a book which set forth the hardships of emigrants in so strong a light, that I could not bear the thought of exposing Mary to them. Would to God I had never read that book!

When my father was gone I succeeded him as Mr. Wyham's shepherd, and shortly afterwards Mary and I were married. We lived in the same cottage with her father, and the memory of the four succeeding years seems flooded in a light from Heaven. My wages were not such as to enable us to do much, but with care I was generally able to put by something every Saturday, to be laid up in store against our old age in the Louth Savings Bank.

In four years we had a boy and two girls, the latter stout, rosy little cherubs enough, but the boy, the eldest, was sickly from his birth, and at the end of his third year, just as we began to think we should rear him, he was taken from us. It was a sad blow, the first we had sustained, and the beginning of our troubles.

Soon after that Mr. Wyham died, and his son took the management of the farm. The old man had been a good master to me and my father before me, though rather harsh and proud in his manner. His son was capricious, tyrannical, and a spendthrift. His extravagance often put him to shifts for money, which he tried to raise by grinding his labourers. He raised the rent of our cottage, and tried to lower my wages; but I threatened to leave him, and he knew what I was worth too well to allow it to come to that. For I *was* worth a great deal to him; he was not so good a farmer as his father, and I might have neglected my business, or even cheated him downright when I sold his sheep at the markets for him, without his being any the wiser. But though he did not lower my wages, there are a thousand little suspicious ways of making a man's work unpleasant to him, and of these he was a master. I should certainly have left his service had it not been for the memory of his father, and the yearning I felt towards the cottage, the fields, the old mill, everything belonging to the place where I had lived all my life. Every tree, every hedge was fraught with some association. No, I could not have torn myself away!

One day in harvest-time, while I was with my sheep, Mr. Wyham came and asked me to go and help to get in the wheat. It was not my business, but he was short of labourers, and the glass was falling, he said, and he feared there would be rain in a day or two. I agreed with him, and went willingly to the harvest-field, where I exerted myself to the utmost, being really anxious lest the fine weather should not hold out till the wheat was fairly housed; for if the rich cared as much for the interests of the poor as the poor often do for theirs, England would be a far happier country. I worked all day at "picking" the sheaves up to the wagon, until, from the great heat, and the being unaccustomed to that kind of work, I was almost exhausted.

One of the men suggested that I should take his place on the waggon to receive and arrange the sheaves—which is a lighter task; so giving him my fork I got up. The change of employment was a relief, and the waggon was soon piled up with sheaves to a great height, when I felt a sudden faintness, my foot slipped, and I fell to the ground, my side striking one of the shafts of the waggon in the fall; I was carried home and laid senseless on a bed, from which I could not rise for four months. I had sustained a severe internal injury which made it doubtful whether I should ever be able to work again; and, oh, the agony of body and mind I suffered as I lay helpless on that bed! for what was to become of Mary and the children! It was true, Mr. Wyham spoke as I had never heard him before, saying that I had received the injury in his service, and he would not forget it. I believed him sincere at the time, but knew the fickleness of his temper too well to place much reliance on his promises.

I got over that long illness better than the doctor expected, and was able to go about my work again six months after the accident. But I was not the same man that I had been before; whenever I exerted my strength to any great degree, such as in lifting heavy weights, or walking to any very distant market, I felt a sort of sinking in my side, and a faintness would come over me. Still I managed to do my work; and had that been all, might still have been as happy as a poor man can expect to be; but sickness seemed to have seized on the family. First, Mary's father died. Then, poor Mary herself fell into a very bad state of health. She never complained, and bore up wonderfully, but any one could see how she altered from month to month; indeed, we both grew old so rapidly, that when I was forty-five and she forty-three, people used to think us past sixty. Our girls grew up and went out to service, and parting with them was another sad trial to Mary, for they were her only companions during the long days while I was in the fields.

We went on, working and laying by, till I had reached my fiftieth year. Every day I felt more and more unfitted for work, and I began to think seriously of drawing our savings, now amounting to fifty pounds, from the bank, and settling in some small shop in the village about four miles off. There was a capital opportunity for doing this just then, for Dame Harland, who had kept the general shop there for the last ten years, was just dead, and her son wished to sell the goods and custom for forty pounds. Mary and I talked the matter over, until at last we agreed upon it; so I closed with Harland, and gave Mr. Wyham notice to look out for another shepherd. He tried all he could to dissuade me from my purpose, for there were no signs of my failing powers in the way my work was done. But I had made up my mind, and the only thing remaining to be done was to draw the money from the Savings Bank, hand it over to Harland, and take possession of the cottage.

It was on a bright autumn morning that I started off to Louth on my last visit to the Savings Bank. I had given notice a fortnight before that I was about to draw out the whole sum, for I thought we should require the other ten pounds for the expenses of moving and settling down in the shop. I well remember how glad, and I fear proud, I felt to think how large a sum I had saved out of my small earnings. How often the thought of that hoard had prevented my yielding to the temptation of turning into the public-house as I passed it with my flock on a scorching dusty day. And now I was to reap the reward of my thrift, my self-denial, my forty years' toil! The long road seemed as nothing; my mind was so occupied with vain-glorious thoughts of the past, and pleasing hopes for the remainder of my days, that I was in Louth before I was aware of it. The Savings Bank was only open on Saturday mornings, so that there were a great many people paying in or receiving money, and I had to wait some time.

While standing outside the door, I was accosted by Giles Davies, a shepherd in the county whom I had often met at cattle fairs. I did not like him much, he was an ignorant abusive fellow, and too fond by half of the public-house; but on that morning I was too happy to be otherwise than cordial with anybody. I was surprised to see him there, for he was not of a saving turn of mind, but it turned out that his wife had laid by some money unknown to him, and he, having discovered it, had come to draw it out. After a while the room got more empty, and Davies and I went up to the gentleman who gave out the money together. I was proud to see Davies's astonishment at my possession of so large a sum, and was not sorry to have some one to show off my wealth to. So I readily came into his proposition that we should get our bit of dinner, and walk home afterwards together, as he had to go my way.

We did not get our dinner till three o'clock, so we started off directly afterwards, for I had a twelve miles' walk before me, and wished to get home before dark.

It grew dusk when we had got within about three miles of home, and Davies proposed that we should take a cut through the fields, which we could do by climbing over a gate, though there was no regular footpath. I hesitated at first, but as I was very tired, and we could certainly save a mile and more by going across country, I gave in. When we had crossed two fields we were stopped by a hedge, through a gap in which we had to creep. It was now quite dusk. Davies got through first, and I was following him, when suddenly, as my hands were engaged in putting by the twigs, he turned, and struck me a blow on the side of the head with a stick he carried, which brought me half stunned to the ground. He struck me on the head again, again, again! and I lost all consciousness.

It was pitch dark when I recovered my senses, and then my first impulse was to feel for my money. It was gone! The hard-earned savings of nearly forty years, every penny won by its drop of sweat, stolen, lost, gone!

I do not remember how I got home: I managed to crawl to the cottage door somehow. Mary shrieked with terror when she opened it, and saw me on the threshold looking so wild, so despair-stricken, so covered with blood. "Never mind me, Mary," I groaned; "the sooner I die the better. I have been robbed, Mary, robbed of all!" But Mary thought more of my hurts than of the money, and yet how we had both counted on it!

It was several weeks before I recovered the effect of the blows on my head, aggravated as the fever was by despair. I got over it, however, and went about my work again, Mr. Wyham not having been able to supply my place as yet. We lived in hopes that Davies would be caught; but no, he contrived to make clear off with his booty, and it was supposed he had escaped out of the country.

I worked on for five years longer, growing more and more infirm every year.

I have not got much more to tell. When I have transcribed word for word what passed one morning two years ago between myself and Mr. Wyham in his study, I have done.

"Take a seat, Ned," began Mr. Wyham; "I fear your asthma is very troublesome."

"It is, sir."

"You seem to suffer from that lameness."

"It is very painful, sir."

"It hinders you in your work."

"It was got by hard work for you, sir."

"It is a very bad job. You are old, too."

"Fifty-five last January."

"You must see yourself that I cannot afford to keep servants on my farm who cannot do their work."

"Very true, sir."

"I have been looking about for another shepherd, and have met with a man whom I think likely to suit me, but you need not turn out of your cottage—"

"God bless you, sir, I knew—"

"—till Saturday week. You must see, Spencer, I am sure, that with so few cottages on my farm I cannot afford to have any but able-bodied men in them."

"What am I to do, sir? Where am I to go?"

"I am afraid, to the workhouse."

* * * * *

They let Mary and me see each other in the workhouse sometimes.

Billin and Brothers, Printers and Stereotypers, 20 North William Street, New York.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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IDIOTS.

THE popular notion of an idiot would probably be found to vary very little, essentially, in different places, however modified by local circumstances. To the traveller in France or Italy, the name recalls a vacant creature all in rags gibbering and blinking in the sun with a distorted face, and led about as a possession and as stock-in-trade by some phenomenon of filth and ugliness in the form of an old woman. In association with Switzerland, it suggests a horrible being, seated at a châlet door (perhaps possessing sense enough to lead the way to a neighbouring waterfall), of stunted and misshapen form, with a pendulous excrescence dangling from his throat, like a great skin bag with a weight in it. In the highlands of Scotland, or on the roads of Ireland, he becomes a red-haired Celt, rather more unreasonable than usual, plunging ferociously out of a mud cabin, and casting stones at the stranger's head. As a remembrance of our own childhood in an English country town, he is a shambling knock-kneed man who was never a child, with an eager utterance of discordant sounds which he seemed to keep in his protruding forehead, a tongue too large for his mouth, and a dreadful pair of hands that wanted to ramble over everything—our own face included. But in all these cases the main idea of an idiot would be of a hopeless, irreclaimable, unimprovable being. And if he be further recalled as under restraint in a workhouse or lunatic asylum, he will still come upon the imagination as wallowing in the lowest depths of degradation and neglect: a miserable monster, whom nobody may put to death, but whom every one must wish dead, and be distressed to see alive.

Until within a few years, it was generally assumed, even by those who were not given to hasty assumptions, that because an idiot was, either wholly or in part, deficient in certain senses and instincts necessary, in combination with others, to the due performance of the ordinary functions of life—and because those senses and instincts could not be supplied—therefore nothing could be done for him, and he must always remain an object of pitiable isolation. But, a closer study of the *subject has now* demonstrated that the cultivation of such senses and instincts as the idiot is seen to possess, will, besides frequently developing others that are latent within him but obscured, so brighten those glimmering lights, as immensely to improve his condition, both with reference to himself and to society. Consequently there is no greater justification for abandoning him, in his degree, than for abandoning any other human creature.

This important truth, a conviction of which led to the establishment of institutions for the care and education of idiots, receives daily and hourly confirmation from the experience of those Institutions. We will lay some of their results before our readers, but will first beg to present the great leading distinction between Idiocy and Insanity as being:—that in the Insane certain faculties which once existed have become obliterated or impaired; and that, in Idiots, they either never existed or exist imperfectly. DR. VOISIN, in his learned French treatise, defines Idiocy to be "that particular state in which the instincts of reproduction and preservation, the moral sentiments, and the intellectual and perceptive powers are never manifested, or that particular state in which the different essentials of our being are only imperfectly developed."

DR. ABERCROMBIE, in his interesting book on the Intellectual Powers, has this passage on Idiocy: "It is a simple torpor of the faculties, in the higher degrees amounting to total insensibility to every impression; and some remarkable facts are connected with the manner in which it arises without bodily disease. A man mentioned by Dr. Pinel, was so violently affected by some losses in trade, that he was deprived almost instantly of all his mental faculties. He did not take notice of anything, not even expressing a desire for food, but merely taking it when it was put into his mouth. A servant dressed him in the morning, and conducted him to a seat in his parlour, where he remained the whole day, with his body bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the floor. In this state he continued nearly five years, and then recovered completely and rather suddenly. The account which he afterwards gave of his condition during this period was, that his mind was entirely lost, and that it was only about two months before his final recovery, that he began to have sensations and thoughts of any

kind. These at first served only to convey fears and apprehensions, especially in the night-time. Of perfect idiocy produced in the same manner by a moral cause, an affecting example is given by Pinel. Two young men, brothers, were carried off by the conscription, and, in the first action in which they were engaged, one of them was shot dead by the side of the other. The survivor was instantly struck with perfect idiocy. He was taken home to his father's house, where another brother was so affected by the sight of him, that he was seized in the same manner; and, in this state of perfect idiocy, they were both received into the Bicêtre. For the production of such an extraordinary result, it is not necessary that the mental impression should be of a painful description. Pinel mentions an engineer, who, on receiving a flattering letter from Robespierre respecting an improvement he had proposed in the construction of cannon, was struck motionless on the spot, and soon after conveyed to the Bicêtre in a state of complete idiocy." It may be questioned, we think, whether in all these cases there was not a strong predisposition to the melancholy state thus superinduced by circumstances, and it is to be observed that the general question of idiocy has received some light since Dr. Abercrombie's time.

It was not supposed until recently that a child who wanted the sense to feed itself, could ever be taught to write; or that one incapable of dressing or undressing, could ever learn arithmetic; yet, the faculties required for each of these two sets of operations are distinct, and this is known to be a mistake. Patients with natural instincts too weak to eat with decency, or to perform other daily functions properly, have been found to possess intellectual perceptions sufficiently strong to enable them to acquire one or more of the imitative and mechanical branches of art or science, with perfect success; and the cultivation of the best faculty has in nearly all cases improved the other faculties. Dr. Fodére (*Traité du goiture et du crétinisme*) had met, he says, with idiots gifted with especial talents for copying designs, for finding rhymes and for performing music. "I have known others," he adds, "put watches together and other pieces of mechanism; yet these individuals not only were unable to read books which treated of their arts, but were utterly incoherent when spoken to about them." At the Essex Hall Asylum for Idiots, near Colchester, there is a youth whose case, when first admitted, was looked upon as quite hopeless. He was deaf, incapable of articulating although not dumb, and appeared to have no sense of change of place or change of the circumstances surrounding him. Yet his tutors gradually found out that, like Dr. Fodère's mechanists, he had a latent power of construction. This being assiduously encouraged, he presently made a neat model of a ship, with nothing to copy it from, but the figure of a vessel printed on a cotton pocket-handkerchief. He is now the glazier and carpenter of the establishment, and does his work admirably. It is predicted of this once deaf and speechless creature, who now speaks and hears perfectly, that if he be placed under the roof of some carpenter and his wife, or on an estate, he will make a valuable journeyman, and be an amiable, gentle, and attached dependant. Another boy in the same asylum could do nothing at first but tailor's work. He has now acquired a passion for sewing on buttons. He always carries a bag, containing needles and thread, a thimble, and a large supply of buttons. Whenever a male visitor appears, this boy scrutinizes the state of his buttons with the deepest interest. If he can only find a visitor with a loose button or with a button wanting, he is happy, and instantly sets to work to sew it on again with the greatest dexterity. The Reverend Mr. Sidney reports of this lad: "He was so anxious to exhibit his skill to me, that he wanted to cut off one of my buttons to show how well he could restore it; but, luckily, I happened to observe one nearly off a boy's jacket, and he sewed it on as neatly and firmly as you could conceive."

The devoted and distinguished founder of the asylum on the Abendberg, in Switzerland, Dr. Guggenbühl—whose name has a peculiar attraction for us as being what an uneducated idiot might hit upon, in trying to say Jones—is inclined to think that no special aptitude is so frequently developed among idiots as one for mental arithmetic. It is remarkable that among these disordered intellects, order and numbers should often be, of all other accomplishments, the most readily acquired. A patient admitted into the Park House Asylum for Idiots, at Highgate—at first useless and generally incapable—was gradually trained to set out all the Sunday clothes for the rest of the inmates; and this duty (in which he is assisted by one or two of his school-fellows) he directs and performs with curious exactness. There is a boy at Essex Hall who cleans and takes care of all the knives and forks; he counts them carefully at stated times, and, if he misses one, never rests until he finds it. Several calculating boys are mentioned in the reports of the various asylums. They work out in their minds arithmetical problems of a by no means easy nature, that are put to them; but they are wholly unable to calculate on paper or slate, or to describe how they get at their results. Distinctive specialities belong to some idiots, so fine and curious as to be scarcely credible. A youth at the Highgate Asylum has the extraordinary gift of invariably knowing the time, within a minute or two, at any period of the day. On our asking him what o'clock it was, he instantly informed us; and he "went" better than our watch, though it is a watch of reputation. At Dr.

Guggenbühl's establishment, there is a pupil who has never been able to acquire the correct pronunciation of his own native German language, but who has learned to speak and to read French correctly, and who writes it very well, as we have seen with our own eyes. Another youth was brought into the same Asylum, to whom for a long time it was impossible to teach the difference between various objects, however opposite; it is doubtful whether he knew any distinction between a flower and a table. At last, he identified a cat; and from that moment cats became the special business and pleasure of his life. After continually playing with the cat belonging to the asylum, and with her kittens, he improved sufficiently to be taught to draw. He could draw nothing but cats, and can draw nothing but cats. He produces drawings of cats and kittens in every conceivable variety of attitude and frolic, with astonishing expression. And although he cannot get beyond cats, still, as he has advanced in cats, so he has advanced in his habits and in his general intelligence.

Changes of a remarkable nature have been effected in the external appearance of idiots by training and culture. Dr. Guggenbühl tells us of a little child brought to his establishment in a state "truly dreadful; the bodily organisation was that of a stunted, withered skeleton, covered with a livid, wrinkled, cold skin. Where there were some traces of muscles, elasticity was wanting; the extremities were very small, the countenance deadly pale, the cheeks and forehead wrinkled, the eyes small and dark, and the whole expression of the face that of an old woman. In the spring, when fine weather adds to the favourable effect of the pure mountain air in the cure of these miserable children, she was brought to the Abendberg. The natural advantages of the situation were aided by the most careful medical treatment and diet. Although this poor creature had been gradually becoming more dwarf-like and deformed ever since her birth, she now advanced rapidly towards a perfect development. Three months worked a visible improvement; the muscles strengthened with her growth, the skin became elastic, and attained the usual degree of warmth, the wrinkles of the face vanished, the old-woman expression disappeared, and the pleasing traces of youth became apparent."

We presume the bodily sensitiveness of this afflicted class to be increased, as their deprivations are diminished. However this be, idiots often suffer less from physical pain than beings of a finer organisation. A boy, now at Highgate, was once found by his mother with a species of buckle thrust through his tongue. He had made this experiment merely to amuse himself, and testified no inconvenience whatever—was vain of the ornament, but not otherwise moved by it. Idiots are found below the average *sensitiveness* to the electric *battery; and yet*, so remarkable are the contradictions in their nature, they are invariably affected by thunder and lightning. The mere approach of a thunderstorm is observed to disorder the stomachs of a whole idiot asylum. They generally like music—bright colours almost always—and are remarkably susceptible to the influence of sunlight. Such things as they do, they do, as an established rule, best on a bright day, and worst on a dark one. In respect of mental pain, as of physical, they have their compensation. Separation from friends does not affect them much, grief and sorrow hold but slight dominion over them, and the contemplation of death does not distress them. They are very fond of attending prayers in a body. What dim religious impressions they connect with public worship, it is impossible to say, but the struggling soul would seem to have some instinctive aspirations towards its Maker.

The Institutions from which these facts are derived, are, as we have mentioned, of recent establishment. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight M. Ferrus, Chief physician of the hospital for the Insane at Bicêtre, near Paris, selected from the eight hundred cases under his care, such as were idiots, and organised a school where, each morning, they were taught habits of order and industry, reading, writing, cyphering, and gymnastics. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one M. Valret followed the example in the Salpetrière lunatic asylum for females of which he had charge. In eighteen hunderd and thirty-nine Dr. Guggenbühl, then a young physician at Zurich, observed a poor Crétin muttering a prayer before a crucifix, not comprehending what he was doing. He was so deeply affected by this sight, that he entered a cottage near, for the purpose of ascertaining some particulars; and learned, from the mother of the Crétin, that she had taught him the prayer when he was a little child. Dr. Guggenbühl became convinced, from that time, that there was a dormant mind in the Crétins; and resolved to make them his peculiar study. He succeeded, by dint of great perseverance, in establishing the asylum already several times referred to, on the Abendberg above Interlaken, and three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and above the level at which Crétinism, so prevalent in Switzerland, is known to exist. The establishment has flourished under Dr. Guggenbühl's care; and he has travelled successfully into other countries to urge the foundation of other asylums. They were set on foot in various parts of Germany, in Sardinia, and in the United States, before they were thought of in England. But in eighteen hundred and forty-six some ladies in Bath, having read an account of Dr. Guggenbühl's efforts, established a school for Idiots in that city; which was, in eigtheen hundred and fifty-one, removed to Belvedere, a more elevated and airy situation. At the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty seven, Dr.

Andrew Reed and Dr. Conolly excited public attention to the want of such an asylum in London, and so successfully, that they were soon enabled, by voluntary subscriptions, to take Park House, Highgate. The same society, accredited to the public by the same two eminent and respected names, now holds Essex Hall near Colchester, likewise. The first report thus graphically describes the opening of Park House.

"The first gathering of the idiotic family was a spectacle unique in itself, and sufficiently discouraging to the most resolved, and not to be forgotten in after time by any. It was a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had defective or no utterance; most were lame in limb or muscle; and all were of weak or perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, and some unconscious and inert. Some were screaming at the top of the voice; some making constant and involuntary noises from nervous irritation; and some, terrified at scorn and ill-treatment, hid themselves in a corner, from the face of man, as from the face of an enemy."

To this establishment we paid a visit within a few weeks of the present date. It is a fine detached house, beautifully situated at a considerable elevation above the metropolis—high ground is indispensable for the purpose—and looking down upon the spot where Richard Whittington heard the bells summon him to his glorious destiny of being thrice Lord Mayor of London. We found the school-room for male pupils—and full of pupils too—as quiet and orderly as any school-room we have ever seen. Writing was in progress, and the copies were clean, plain, and good. Drawing appeared to be the favourite pursuit. Barns, gables, gates, houses, walls, hay-stacks, churches, fences, and the usual compositions, were in many cases exceedingly well executed. One pupil was very proud of a pump—a portrait, as we conceived—with the legend "Stick no Bills," on it. Two young men—one, a curiously slow deep-voiced dark youth, and the other a round-shouldered healthy-looking fellow, rather overgrown and heavy—stood before a map of England, pointed out towns with a wand as they were named, and told what they were famous for—frequently correcting each other as the occasion arose; they also achieved some simple arithmetic. In a second room, likewise perfectly quiet and placid, were some little fellows busily plaiting straw of various colours. In a third, the whole male body turned out on parade, and were drilled by an old soldier; going through their exercise with such precision, that we were disposed to suggest the addition of an Idiot Corps to the Militia. We found a work-room full of girls, sewing, and making little *fancy ornaments* with beads and parti-*coloured strips*; some of the faces among them were extremely pretty and gave little or no indication of the blank within. We found rooms full of children of all ages, in the keeping of female attendants whose pleasant and patient countenances were a strong assurance of their being well selected, except in only one instance where we certainly derived a less agreeable impression. We found a capital gymnasium, which is of the first importance, as the mental faculties of these poor creatures can only be approached by strengthening their bodies and enlivening their spirits. There was but one child in bed. Every room was airy, orderly, and cheerful; and everybody seemed devoted heart and soul to the good work in hand.

That class of persons, unhappily always too large a one for this world, who are so desperately careful to receive no uncomfortable emotions from sad realities or pictures of sad realities, that they become the incarnation of the demon selfishness, and are, by their sickly letting-alone, the most intolerably mischievous people in the community, will probably exclaim, "O, but all this must be excessively painful!" To which we reply, that such an affliction considered by itself is very painful; but that, considered with a rational reference to the alleviations and improvements of which it is plainly susceptible under such treatment, it ought to become the reverse of painful, and ought to do the visitor good. Madam, you are a lady of very fine feelings, you are very easily shocked, you "can't bear" a great deal that a higher wisdom than yours would seem to have contemplated your bearing when your little place was allotted to you on this ball. This idiot child of thirteen, sitting in its little chair before the fire—as to its bodily growth, a child of six; as to its mental development, nothing—is an odious sight to you. This idiot old man of eight, with the extraordinarily small head, the paralytic gestures, and the half-palsied forefinger, eternally shaking before his hatchet face as he chatters and chatters, disturbs you very much. But, madam, it were worth while to enquire while the brazen head is yet saying unto you "Time is!" how much of the putting away of these unfortunates in past years, and how much of the putting away of many kinds of unfortunates at any time, may be attributable to that same refinement which cannot endure to be told about them. And, madam, if I may make so bold, I will venture to submit whether such delicate persons as your ladyship may not be laying up a rather considerable stock of responsibility; and you will excuse my saying that I would not have so sensitive a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole corporation.

When we had made the tour of the establishment and had looked at the whole prospect without and within, not forgetting the pet birds, or the idiot woman who was so busy in carrying the dinners about and so delighted to be useful, we came back to the school-room,

and had, with the assistance of the master's fiddle, The sea, the sea, in chorus, and likewise All's well! In the course of which latter piece our friend the deep-voiced boy got a chance well known to, and appreciated by, the ameteurs of the last generation. Finally, several smoking-hot legs of mutton were served, and grace was said, and all sat down to dinner with a self-restraint and decorum perfectly wonderful.

There cannot be a doubt that these Institutions are deserving of all encouragement and support. They are truly humane, and they also afford opportunities for a most interesting study which may prove exceedingly beneficial to mankind. The causes of idiocy are as yet imperfectly understood. Little is known of the origin of the disorder, beyond the facts that idiocy is sometimes developed during the progress of dentition, and that it would seem to be generally associated with mental suffering, fright, or anxiety, or with a latent want of power, in the mother. These causes, however, are complex, and difficult to trace. A woman with two idiot children happened to mention that her husband was a drunkard and ill-used her. It was then supposed that their condition might be referable to his degraded habits and his treatment of his wife; but, on pursuing the inquiry, it appeared that these two children had been born in his sober and kind days, and that the subsequent children of his later life were healthy and sensible.

The funds of the society who maintain Park House and Essex Hall, are devoted in aid of the maintenance and education of idiots, for whom the parents pay a certain annual sum. This is an admirable means of helping those who help themselves, and who, as the subjects of a peculiar misfortune, have a pressing claim on such aid. But we hope, through the instrumentality of these establishments, to see the day, before long, when the pauper idiot will be similarly provided for, at the public expense. Then may some future Mr. Collier—if our friend in his zeal and diligence be destined to have any successor—find in some future annotated copy of Shakspeare, the following happy emendation:

"A tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound instruction,
Signifying something."

THE BORROWED BOOK.

In that delightful breathing time between the school and the world, while yet the choice of a profession hangs trembling in the balance, I went down to spend a long holiday with an uncle who was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and the chief officer of a little coast guard station, at a spot called Borley Gap, on the coast of Suffolk. I was in no hurry to settle the question of a profession. Lord Eldon *himself could not* have been more inclined to "take time to consider" than I was.

Several months passed; and our people at home, who had been deliberating on this question ever since I was born, were still deliberating. I spent my time in horse-riding on the sands; in deep sea fishing with our chief boatmen; in spearing for eels in salt ditches in the low parts; or in shooting plover, or "pluvver," as we pronounced it, on the heaths. Our station was a low range of wooden buildings, black with pitch and blistered by the sun, consisting of my uncle's house and garden and accommodation for six men and their families. There were no other houses near; except a kind of general store, kept by a man named Bater, where the farmers and some fishermen came sometimes to buy whatever they might want. Round about us for some miles were little hills and dales of gorse and whin, in which adders were said to be plentiful; and just beneath us, stretched the bay where there was a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in Charles the Second's time. The cliff, at this part, was a kind of sandstone, upon which you could cut letters with a penknife; and the sea was incessantly wearing away its base, bringing down sometimes great masses of the upper cliff, and threatening to bring us down too, at last, if we did not step back a little. The boatmen used to point out a mound in the water, at which they said our signal post had stood not many years before, and some old people could tell you of churches and monasteries, and even towns that now lay under the sea. There were plenty of places in which smugglers might have a chance of a good run if they were bold enough to try it. I had some hopes of an encounter; the men could tell traditions of desperate fights equal to anything ever seen in a play. But the age of bold sumggling, as well as the age of chivalry, is fled. Mr. M'Culloch reduces it to a science, and shows the laws that govern it to be the same as affect all other professions, in which risk and profit are nicely balanced. Old Martin, one of our men, who knew my anxiety to see a living specimen of a smuggler, did wake me up early one morning with the exciting intelligence that one had been caught and was actually in the kitchen. I dressed, like a cabin passenger who hears that the vessel has struck upon a rock, and rushed down the stairs. I found our servant Hester—who was a sickly girl, subject to fits—in the kitchen, and asked her, breathlessly, Where the smuggler was? "That's him, sir," said Hester, turning and pointing to a man sitting quietly on the edge of a chair, in the corner of the room. He was as thorough a country lout as you would meet in a show at a fair—a thin, stooping, knock-kneed, freckle-faced, grinning, squinting, red-haired young fellow, in a smock frock, with a Napoleonian tuft of hair in the middle of his forehead, which he

seemed very anxious to be pulling, but his hands were handcuffed. His legs were free, however, and he was quite able to run away; which he would have done, no doubt, but for the fear of our Hester, in whose charge the watchman had left him. I did not feel enough curiosity to follow him to the watch-house, and I do not remember now what daring act had brought him to that degrading position. I do remember, however, meeting old Martin again that day, and asking him, "How it was that all the smugglers in his stories were such murderous villains, while everywhere else they were as mild as lambs?"

Old Martin did not like any joking upon the subject of his smuggling stories. He shook his head, and merely said, "Wait till next time." Then, to put an end to the conversation, he drew out his spy-glass and began to observe what the men were doing in the Jenny;—a kind of barge, in which lived two look-out men, and which always stood, high and dry, on a part of the beach.

"But," said I (for I would not let him off so cheaply), "they tell me the last man was just such a bumpkin as that fellow you caught this morning."

"I didn't catch him," said the old man, evasively.

"But you caught the last," said I, "and they tell me more by running after him, than by fighting with him."

"Well;" said Martin, peevishly. "Smuggling ain't what it was."

"Ay! ay! Martin," said I, "it is the old story. The wonderful times are always past. To-day is never like yesterday."

The old man did not answer my remark; out merely took off his hat, and bending his head downwards bade me "just look at that." I noticed, for the first time, a long line across the back of his head, where the hair was wanting, and the scalp looked quite white, as it will where a wound has healed. He put on his hat again, and said, "It ain't such fellows as that pitiful sneak this morning that 'll mark a man like it."

"I never heard of this before," said I. "Where, in the name of all that's fierce! did you get such a wound as that?"

"Never mind," he replied, with an affected obstinacy which I knew would melt away in a moment, "I suppose you'll say I fell asleep on my watch, and dreamed it."

"No," said I, "this is a certificate that you will not lose very easily; tell me something about it."

"It was a son of those Baters, who keep the huckster's," said Martin; "a nest of rascals they are. I have told our commander many a time, that smuggling will always flourish till they are rooted out: and he says he knows it: which being the case, any sensible man would naturally ask, why they *don't* root them out?"

"*You can't do* anything till you catch *them smuggling*, Martin," I interrupted.

"Why, everybody knows they are continually smuggling. The whole family of them has got their living chiefly by it for I don't know how many generations. Ask that child there: ask anybody. But, never mind about that now. I was out on my watch one night—it is full seven years ago—a very dark night it was, and my beat lay along by old Borsted church that stands out, all in ruins, on a point half rubbed away by the sea. It is about the dreariest spot along the coast; but I did not care about that, as far as what harm men could do me; though I don't like the way of those old tumble-down churches at night."

"Pooh," said I, "you don't believe in ghosts."

"Mr. John," said the old man, solemnly, "I could tell you a story would make you think a little different about ghosts: but never mind now. My walk was on the cliff, at that part. I passed the church once; and when I had got to the end of my beat, and had met the next man, and bid him good night, I turned back to go over the ground again. I had left him about twenty minutes when I came to the church again. Dark night as it was, I could see the shape of its rent and ragged walls, and the sky through its windows. My way lay right under the old low wall, and I always walked pretty fast by there; but this time I thought I saw something moving, just this side of the wall. I stopped a moment, and watched it, and then I saw what seemed to me the shape of a man standing upright. I challenged him directly, and ran towards him. I thought I saw him leap over the wall; but when I came up there, and looked about, I could see no one. However, I drew out my pistols, and got over into the church-yard and walked about there for some time; but I could see nothing like a man there, and I began to think I had only fancied it, and was getting over the wall again, just where I got over before, when I stumbled over something on the ground. I stooped down and found it was a large parcel, strapped across and across, like a hawker's pack, and very heavy. I was curious to know what was in it. Luckily I carried a dark lantern in my pocket besides some German tinder, and matches to light my port-fire, if I wanted. Well, I struck a light and lighted my lantern, which I set beside me on the ground, while I began to undo the pack. It seemed to me all fine tobacco, pressed hard—I dare say some thirty pound of it. Perhaps there's something else under this, thought I; but just as I began to turn it over, I heard a footstep close to me, and before I could get off my knees I felt a blow on the back of the head, which staggered me for a moment. Another blow followed—on the shoulder this time; but my coat was thick just there, and my leather brace protected me, so that it didn't cut through. I got upon my feet, and closed with the

fellow. I was hurt a good deal, and could feel the blood trickling down my neck, inside my cravat; but I never found the man that I was afraid to grapple, and I did not care for losing a little blood. I knew I should master him: but I took time in order to tire him out first. When I felt him getting weaker, I grasped both his wrists, and pressed my chin into his chest, till I brought him down upon his back. He swore at me awfully, like a great bully as he was: I knew him by his voice.

"'You don't escape me this time, Jem Bater,' said I.

"I kept my knees firm upon him, and when I felt him beginning to struggle, I pressed heavily, and grasped his throat, till he hallooed for mercy. We had kicked over my lantern in the struggle, and it was hardly within reach; but I leaned forward, and snatched it up, before he could throw me. He strove hard to prevent my lighting my port-fire; but I managed it, at last; and up went its bright balls of fire into the air, making everything look blue around us, and as distinct as by day, for a moment. It was a full quarter-of-an-hour before the men who had seen my signal arrived there; and all that time I was kneeling still in the dark on that scoundrel, and struggling with him every now and then. I heard the man approaching, and I hallooed to him; and soon after another man came up, from the other side. Jem Bater never spoke a word after that. We handcuffed him, and took him to the nearest station. I felt very weak, and the next day I had a fever, and was laid up for six weeks."

"And the man?" said I.

"Oh, he was tried at Bury, and sent on a trip to Botany Bay for seven years. That's my story, as concerns this mark upon my head. Now I hope you won't go to laugh at my smuggling stories again."

We had some bad weather soon after that, which put a stop to all open-air amusements. My uncle had no books that I cared to read; but there were a few at the watchhouse for the use of the men, which were more to my liking. Old Martin began to pitch what he called his summer-house, which was the remains of an old boat, set upright, and half buried in the ground. Beside this, he always planted in the spring some scarlet beans, which ran up and covered it, and gradually extending over two projecting poles in front, formed a kind of arbour to which the rotten old boat served for a back. Here he would sit, and smoke, and contemplate his cabbages and onions, when he had time. I offered to put on a pair of tarpauling overhauls and help him with his work, one day; but, although covering everything with pitch or tar was his mania, he did not care for any help. Nothing seemed to my landlubberly understanding more easy than to keep smearing and daubing a piece of wood; but the old man persisted that "there was a knack in it;" and that I "couldn't do it as it ought to be done." We had strong gales blowing on shore, about this time; and some vessels got aground. Our people saved the whole crew of a Dutch "billy-boy" one night, by means of Captain Manby's line and rocket: and another time Martin and some others (I don't choose to mention names) went off in the life-boat, and rescued several of the crew of a coal-brig, that went to pieces in the bay; but several were drowned and their bodies washed ashore on various points of the beach.

One day I told old Martin that I had read through all the books at the watchhouse; and desired him, after the fashion of my Lord Tom Noddy (who wasn't known then,) to tell me true, what an indolent man could find to do. Martin, with the oracular brevity of an "answer to correspondents," replied immediately, "Send and ask the Inspecting Commander to lend you a book." This was the very thing. Captain Bland had always been very friendly with me; and now I recollected his offering once to lend me Gardner's History of Dunwich, which I did not send for at the time, being entirely devoted to out-door sports at that period; and so I had forgotten all about it.

"But how am I to get a book sent here from a place seven miles away?" said I.

"How? Easy enough. You send a letter to him by the first man whose beat lies that way. He'll meet the next man, and give it to him; and so on: and the book 'll come back the same way."

"So I will, Martin," said I. "If ever I am in a dilemma, and don't come to ask your advice, may I never get out of it!"

"You do many a more foolish thing than that, Mister John," said the old man, slyly.

Old Martin's plan was, as he said, "Easy enough." Each boatman had a beat of about a mile-and-a-half (I think) along the shore—generally on the sands, but sometimes—where the beach was bad walking, or when the water was high—upon the cliff, just above. The men whose beats joined were bound by the regulations to meet each other at certain hours during the night—the first who arrived at the boundary mark having to wait for the other. By this means, therefore, it was possible to send a parcel round the whole kingdom if necessary. I wrote a note to Captain Bland that night, reminding him of his promise, and begging him to forward the book by the means I have mentioned. Captain Bland complied at once with my request; offering me at the same time the loan of any books in his library; an offer of which I at once began to avail myself. Thus a regular book post was established between our house and the principal station for that part.

One wintry afternoon, meeting old Martin about an hour before dark going to his duty—which was, this time, at a spot about half way between us and the inspecting commander's

house—I hailed him, and begged him to look out for a book which I expected that night. It was Smollett's Peregrine Pickle, of which I had once read a part, and was very anxious to read the rest.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old man. "If the next man brings it the first time we meet, I'll send it on at once."

"Thank you, Martin," said I. "Your watch is Borsted way to-night, isn't it? I'll walk a little way with you."

"I can't lag, Mister John," said the old man: "but if you don't mind walking, I'll thank you for your company. It's nigh three miles from here to the beginning of my beat, and I must get there before dark."

"How many men are there between here and you, Martin?"

"Two, sir."

"And between you and the captain's?"

"One, sir."

"Have you got your port-fire all right?" He pulled it out of his coat pocket, showed it to me, and put it back again. "I shall look out for blue stars your way, to-night, Martin," said I, "now I know your walk lies along by the old church wall again."

"I saw something very curious there last night," said he, dropping his voice.

"Nothing that left another scar like that on your head, I hope."

"No, sir. It was no man nor woman either this time. It was a strong light, moving among the old tombs; so bright, that I could see every blade of grass and sprig of nettle where it rested a moment. I stood and looked over the wall, and watched it creeping about from mound to mound, and resting in corners, and running about the broken wall; till, all of a moment, I missed it, and it never came back again."

"But didn't you get over the wall to see what it was?"

"I should as soon think of raking in a pond after the moon."

"Why? What do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know: but I know what my poor old mother would have said, if she had been alive."

"What would she have said?"

"That no man that sees that ever lives long. She would have called it a corpse candle."

"Pooh! I'll tell you what it was. Some fellows who know there's no chance with you in a tussle, have heard of your weak side, and determined to try what a trick will do. Depend upon it, it was only the light from some dark lantern, with which they tried to mystify you, while they were getting clear off with some brandy keg near by. It's a common trick that."

"If I thought so," said the old man, waxing indignant at the bare supposition of his *having been taken in*, "they should pay for it *next time.*"

"*I dare say* they won't try it again yet awhile," said I; "but when they do, just spring over the wall, and give 'em a shot where you think they're likely to be. I leave you here. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the old man; and I shook hands with him.

I looked after him as he walked along the beach, till I could not see him any longer; for it was beginning to get dusk. I was alone that night, my uncle being gone to Framlingham to spend the evening with a friend there. I took tea by firelight in my uncle's room, and sat for some time afterwards musing and listening to the roar of the tide coming in on the beach, which I could smell in the room. There was hardly any wind abroad; but the night was dark, for there was no moon up, and the sky was rather cloudy. I began to get impatient for the book; and when I heard the house clock strike seven (which was about the time I expected it) I put on my hat, and walked down the beach, to meet the boatman coming in. I walked on for half a mile before I met him, when to my disappointment, I found that he had not got the book. "His comrade had not spoke to him about it," he said; but he could not tell me whether he had seen old Martin or not. I did not care to go back then without the book. I resolved to go on until I met the next man, in the hope of hearing some tidings of it: and so I bade him "good night," and kept on along the beach. There is always some light near the water on the darkest night, and I could see very well to pick my way over the shingle till I came to a part where the walking became difficult, and I was glad to find a place to mount on to the sand cliff. As I ascended, the large full moon seemed to rise slowly out of the sea, just under the line of the clouds. I stood awhile, leaning on the wooden rail near the edge of the cliff, and watching the broad, undulating line of yellow light upon the surface of the waters. I was near a little fishing village, and I was not surprised to hear the voices of some people who were walking on the road, not far behind me. I did not listen to what they said; but as they came nearer, I suddenly caught the words,

"Peerigryne Pickle."

"What?" said a voice that sounded like a woman's.

"Peerigryne Pickle," repeated her companion louder than before. "It's the name of somebody, can't you understand?"

The woman laughed loudly, and I could not catch what followed, for they were too far now for me to hear their words distinctly. I looked back, and saw that the man was a tinker, for he carried a coal fire in an old saucepan which was blazing and smoking out of holes in the side, as he swang it to and fro beside him. I stood looking after them, and wondering at the strangeness of the coincidence, till I lost their voices altogether, and they disappeared down a descent in the road. It struck me at first that one of the men might

have dropped the book by the way, and that it was possible that the tinker had found it. I deliberated a moment whether to walk after him, and question him about it; but I could not expect him to tell me the truth if he had. Besides, what could I have said to the man? That I had overheard him mention the name of a book that I expected to be sent to me from a distance, and that I, therefore, suspected that he had that very book? A favourite novel of Smollett's was not so rare a book that a tinker might not have an old copy of it. The circumstance was extraordinary, and had startled me at first; but I became convinced as I walked on that this was one of those improbable coincidences, of which every man may perhaps remember one or two having happened to himself at some time.

I had now walked some distance upon the beat of the second look-out man, and I began to be surprised at not meeting him; but I would not give it up now. I looked down over the sands at times, but I could see nothing of him there, and the tide was coming in fast. The path at this spot was along a raised causeway, flanked with heaps of shingle, and overgrown with bramble and sloe bushes, and rank sea reeds. There was scarcely any danger from the tide at any of those parts. I looked out for a stile which was the boundary between the beat of the second man and that of old Martin; and I began to be alarmed at not having met the man before. I hallooed once or twice and got no answer, but a little further on I mounted a hillock, and saw the stile at about a hundred yards distance. I thought I noticed a man beside it, and I shouted to him.

"All right, sir," replied the man; and it was a relief to me to recognise the boatman's voice.

"I have been looking for you all along the beach, Mr. Cole," said I. "I began to think you were lost."

"Martin was to meet me here at eight. I have been waiting for him."

"What's the time?"

"A quarter after the hour."

"Is he generally punctual?"

"I have known him as much behind. He's gone watching or wandering after some Jack-o'Lantern you may depend. You'll hear him in a minute or two."

We waited some time and listened; but we could hear nothing but the noise of the water rushing in and filling up the spaces between the crags as each wave came in. I pulled my watch out, and looking closely at it, saw that it was half past eight. I began to get anxious.

"Have you seen Martin to-night?" said I.

"I parted with him here at five o'clock."

"Did he say anything about a book he was to bring me?"

"No, not a word."

"Cole," said I, "I hope to God nothing has happened to *poor old Martin*!" and I told *him the incident of the tinker*. We decided to walk on for some distance, and look about for him. The light was getting stronger as the moon rose. The boatman kept a look-out over the heath, while I walked along the crag-path, shouting "Martin!" as I went, and hallooing now and then. There was a little cottage on the heath, where we hoped to get assistance; but we found no one at home there, except an old woman. She lent us a horn lantern, which was of use for our search. We were now drawing near Borsted church, and I remembered, with a shudder, my conversation with the old man that very afternoon, and told the boatman of it. We looked all about the old wall, and among the gorse bushes, holding the lantern low; but we did not find any thing there. The boatman would have gone on, but I called to him to stop. "We must look in the church-yard," said I. "I advised him to look about there, if he saw the light again."

We both climbed over the wall, and began to look about among the graves. A moment after, my companion called to me from a little distance. "This way, sir, quick. Look here!" I held down my lantern where he pointed. Poor old Martin! I had been unintentionally the cause of his death. He was lying sideways on the ground, his head bleeding from a large wound, and looking as if he had been beaten with a stick or a stone—the moss beneath soaked with blood. His hands were quite cold; he must have been dead some time. Cole drew his cutlass and gave me one of his pistols, and we walked all about the ruins, but the murderers had left no trace behind. They had robbed him of everything, even to his arms. His pockets were turned inside-out; his watch, and even an old Spanish gold coin with a hole in it, which I knew he always carried about him, were gone. The man lighted his port-fire, and in ten minutes another boatman arrived.

"It's some of that infernal gang's doings," said Cole, "I always knew they run goods at this point. It was close here that that scoundrel Jem Bater set upon the old man before."

"When did you see Martin last?" I asked the new comer.

"At six o'clock. I gave him a book from Captain Bland. It was in a parcel, and addressed to you, sir."

"Cole," said I, "we must not lose a moment. That tinker had some hand in it."

There was only one beat between this point and the captain's house; and several other men arrived shortly after. The body was removed to the chief station, and one of the new comers volunteered to watch on Cole's beat, while we went together in search of the supposed murderer. I quieted Cole's scruples by promising to explain all to my uncle, and we started, walking at a quick pace. We passed again the spot where I had heard the conversation, and followed the road, leaving my uncle's house some distance to the left,

till we emerged on the high road to Saxmundham. We could hardly hope to overtake the man and woman before they got into the town, but we kept on. A toll gatekeeper told us that a tinker had passed through there nearly an hour before; "he had not noticed any woman with him," he said. But we came to a public-house a little higher up the road; and there we found the tinker's portable fire-place, standing beside the door.

"We've got him now," said Cole. "Hush!" He crept into the passage, and looked through the crack of the door of the tap-room, where there was a noise of men's voices. "That's him sitting apart in the corner," said Cole. "I could have picked the villain out among a thousand. Follow me!"

"Do you belong to that fire outside, Mister?" said my companion.

"Ye-e-s," replied the tinker, yawning and stretching himself.

"That trick won't do," said Cole. "Men don't feel sleepy after such a day's work as you've been doing. Come, you've got a book somewhere about you."

"Me!" exclaimed the tinker. "What do you mean by comin' and bullyin' a man like that? I've got no book."

"What do you call that?" said my companion, thrusting his hand into his side-pocket and drawing out a thick volume. "Isn't that a book?"

"And s'pose it is?" said the tinker, apparently quite unabashed at the exposure.

"You're a cool rascal," said Cole, as he opened it, and we both read the name of Captain Bland on the title page. "Where did you get this?"

"I found it," said the tinker. ffi

"You'll come along with us, and tell that story to the police," said Cole.

"I won't, though," replied the man. "Where's your authority? Show me your staff. I'm sure these gen'l'men won't sit quiet, and see a poor man dealt with like that." But the gentlemen referred to did sit quiet; and seemed to be well acquainted with the proverb about interfering in strangers' quarrels.

"Come; it's no use," continued my companion. "Where's the woman that was with you?"

"With me!" exclaimed the man. "Nobody can say they saw any woman with me, to-day."

"But I can, though," said I, coming forward. "I heard what you were talking about, too."

"Where might that have been, now?" asked the tinker, with the same coolness.

"On the road, along the cliff near Parley."

"I ain't been near Parley," said the tinker. "Say Blyborough or Yoxford, and I grant it you!"

"Come," said Cole, who had been over the house, and ascertained that the woman was not there. "You must go with us to Saxmundham;" upon which the tinker coolly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went with us without speaking a word. At the watchhouse, he persisted in saying that he had found the book that morning, and that I was mistaken in saying I had met him with a woman. Captain Bland, however, came the next day before the magistrate, and stated the book had only left his library the evening before; and I was able to swear to the tinker's voice being the same as that of the man who had passed me at Parley. Nothing more was found upon the man. The magistrate remarked that the woman might perhaps have been sent to dispose of the remainder of the property, and directed a search to be made for her; his hypothesis was rendered more probable when we learned that the woman had inquired for the man at the public-house soon after we left, and had not been heard of since. A surgeon, who had examined the body, stated that the wound on the head might have been inflicted by some blunt instrument, similar to the soldering iron which the tinker carried with him. No spots of blood, however, nor any marks of a struggle were found upon him. On the following day, the tinker begged to see the magistrate, to whom he confessed that the stories he had told were false; but he still persisted that he knew nothing of the murder. He accounted for the possession of the book, by saying that as he was walking along the road near Borsted, some time after dark on the night of the murder, he saw by the light of his fire a man standing at the corner of a lane, with several packs and bundles on the ground beside him, as if he had been carrying them and were resting awhile; that the man begged him hurriedly to give him a lift with them, promising to pay him for his trouble; and that he then left the woman in charge of his fire and went up the lane with the stranger, carrying two of the packs; that the stranger told him he had expected a friend to come and help him on with his load, but that he was in a hurry and couldn't wait for him; and that in this way they carried the packs about two miles, the man urging him continually to hasten, to a spot where he put them in a chaise cart, which was waiting there, paying the tinker two shillings for his trouble. He stated further that when he returned to the woman she showed him a book, which she admitted having taken out of one of the bundles while the stranger was talking to him; and that it was of this book that they were talking when they passed me at Parley; for the woman not being able to read was asking him about the nature of the book. The woman, he said, had been travelling with him; and being tired with walking and carrying the pack, he had sent her with one of the shillings to a village at some distance to buy some meat; bidding her join him at the little public-house. He could not say what had become of her; but he supposed she had heard of his being "in

trouble," and absconded. This was his latest account of the matter; but no one believed it; although he brought a friend of his to swear "that he had known Jerry Cutts, the tinker, from a boy; and that he (Jerry Cutts) was always a great liar"—a fact which did not seem to have at all lessened his esteem for him.

Poor old Martin was buried in the parish churchyard, about a week after; we set up a stone there to his memory. No one grieved for his sad fate, or missed him more than I did. The place seemed altogether changed without him, and I should have been glad to return home at once, but for the interest of seeking for evidence of the murderer. Public opinion was strong against the tinker; but the woman had never been found, though we had advertised her in the Hue and Cry. I had always some doubts of his guilt, notwithstanding his shuffling, and the suspicious circumstance of the woman absconding; and I mentioned them to my uncle. The tinker persisted in the truth of his last story. He said that his only reason for prevaricating, was his fear of getting into trouble by the woman's theft; but that if he had known that he should be charged with a murder, he would have told the whole truth at once. He declared that the woman could corroborate what he said if she were found: but that she was apparently determined to desert him in his trouble. He even gave us some clue to her probable hiding place; though the officers afterwards lost all trace of her. Enquiries were made into the tinker's history, and it was found that he, as well as the woman, had been long known about the country, and that both had been in jail for theft; a circumstance that told much against them in the minds of the public. Poor Jerry not being yet cured, in spite of his protestations, of his unfortunate propensity, declared that he had "never been inside a prison in his life;" but a jailor from Bury being brought forward, and addressing him with "How do you do, Mr. Cutts?" he was compelled to admit that he knew that gentleman slightly.

A circumstance soon afterwards occurred tending, more than anything before known, to exculpate the tinker. The ground between Borsted church and the spot where he pretended to have met the man with the packs—and along which, if his story was true, the murderer must have passed just before—was thoroughly searched; and the result was the discovery of a heavy "life-preserver" in a dry ditch. Some traces of blood were distinctly noticeable in the crevices of the plaited steel wire. The handle was worn bright, and had other distinguishing marks, by which a dealer in old iron identified it as being one that he had sold to a man, only a few days before the murder; and his description of this man exactly tallied with the account given by the tinker. The surgeon declared the wound to be more likely to have been made with this weapon than with the soldering iron.

The general conviction that the tinker was the murderer had somewhat relaxed the efforts of the officers in other quarters. But a reaction had now set in, and conferences were held at my uncle's on the probabilities of whatever suppositions might occur to us. The murder appeared not to have been committed for the mere sake of robbery: rifling the old man's pocket was probably an afterthought. This was shown by the fact of the scuffle having evidently taken place in the churchyard, whither he must have pursued the murderer; a fact that at once set aside the hypothesis that the latter had planned and begun the attack. There could be little doubt that Martin had noticed again the light in the churchyard of which he had spoken to me, and that he had sprung over the wall, and found himself at once engaged in a struggle with smugglers—whether one or more—who had concealed some goods there: and that either by force or cunning he had been overcome. This would entirely agree with the tinker's story; and the circumstance of the life-preserver finally convinced us that the man with the packs was the murderer.

It was immediately resolved to search the house of the Baters, who were generally suspected to have a hand in any smuggling done in those parts—a suspicion which old Martin himself, more than any others, had always encouraged. It will be remembered that it was a son of these people who had attacked the old man once before, and had been transported in consequence for seven years. This was nearly eight years before, and it was probable that he had returned to England; although he had not yet been seen in the neighbourhood. Suspicion had not rested upon him—the extraordinary facts of the tinker's capture having diverted people's attention; and the circumstances of the murder preventing the supposition that it had been instigated by feelings of revenge. The description of the man who bought the life-preserver was found to bear little resemblance, except in the matter of height, with my uncle's recollection of Jem Bater: no stranger had been seen lately in the neighbourhood, nor at the Baters' house: indeed, we learned from a man who had lately been there to buy some articles, that Mrs. Bater stated that she had just received a letter from her son, and that she expected him home shortly.

It was, however, determined that a party of us, including an officer, should make an entry there suddenly at night. A search-warrant was procured privately; and a little after dark one night we contrived, by means of a plank, to cross a ditch into a garden at the back of the house; but the doors and windows being bolted we could not obtain an entry that way without alarming the inmates. There were some salt water trenches in the garden,

in which they kept live lobsters and other fish for sale; and it was resolved that one of us who was least known should go round to the front, and feign a desire to purchase some of these. Meanwhile the remainder of our party drew aside. Soon afterwards we heard the bolts of the door withdrawn, and presently saw our companion come out, accompanied by old Bater holding a candle, which he was shading from the wind with his hand. They went down the long garden together, leaving the door open, and we immediately entered the house. Before the old man had perceived our trick, we had discovered a man in one of the upper rooms, whom my uncle at once recognised as Jem Bater. The officer bound him after some resistance, and proceeded to search the place. The room in which we found him had a bed, and had evidently been fitted up for him as a place of close concealment, in which it was probable that he intended to remain till the affair had blown over. The house was searched; and in a cellar were found the pistols and cutlass, with other things that were known to have belonged to the murdered man, besides several packs of smuggled goods.

Mr. Cutts was soon afterwards set at liberty: the woman had been found shortly before, working under an alias in some brick-fields in an adjoining county. Jem Bater was found guilty on the evidence, and sentenced to death. He subsequently confessed his guilt, and the truth of the tinker's last story. It appeared that he had only returned from transportation a few days before the murder, and that he had returned at once to his old occupation of smuggling, or rather of purchasing smuggled goods; which were deposited for him by the smugglers in the ruins of the old church. He denied that he had any thought of murdering Martin; but stated that, being attacked by him in the churchyard, and finding that he was his old enemy, he had used his utmost endeavours to overcome him: that he accordingly grappled with the old man, who stumbled in the struggle over one of the graves: and that as he was falling he had struck him on the head with the life-preserver. The murderer was hung soon afterwards at Bury. The circumstance afforded me great satisfaction, and appeared to my youthful and uninstructed mind to be a subject for congratulation to society generally.

CHOOSING A FIELD-FLOWER.

Let me choose a wilding blossom,
Ere we quit the sunny fields;
Fittest for my Lucy's bosom,
Hill, or brake, or meadow yields.

Flag or Poppy we'll not gather,
Briony or Pimpernel,
Scented Thyme or sprouting Heather,
Though we like them both so well.

Purpling Vetches, crimson Clover,
Pea-bloom winglets, pied and faint,
Bluebell, Windflower, pass them over;
Sober Mallow, Orchis quaint;

Striped Convolvulus in hedges,
Columbine, and Mountain Pink;
Lily-nymphs among the sedges,
Violets nestling by the brink;

Creamy Elder, blue Germander,
Betony that seeks the shade;
Nor where Honeysuckles wander,
May that luscious balm persuade.

Sad Forget-me-not's a token
Full of partings and mishaps;
Leave the Foxglove spire unbroken,
Lest the fairies want for caps.

Crimson Loose-strife, Crowfoot, Pansy,
Golden Gowan, golden Broom,
Eyebright cannot fix my fancy,
Nor the Meadow-sweet's perfume.

Azure, scarlet, pink, or pearly,
Rustic friends in field or grove,
Each of you I prize full dearly,
None of you is for my Love.

Wild Rose! delicately flushing
All the border of the dale,
Art thou like a pale cheek blushing,
Or a red cheek turning pale?

Do not shed a leaflet slender,
Keep awhile thy fragrant zest;
Fair and sweet, bring thoughts as tender
To a balmier, fairer breast!

HOUSE-TOPS.

Pisistratus Caxton, in one of the philosophical moods which he had inherited from his glorious father, thus apostrophises the house-tops of London:—"The house-tops! What a soberising effect that prospect produces on the mind! But a great many requisites go towards the detection of the right point of view. It is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; you must not be fobbed off with a front attic that faces the street. First, your attic must unequivocally be a back attic. Secondly, the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbours. Thirdly, the window must not be slant on the roof, as is common with attics—in which case you only catch a peep of that leaden canopy which infatuated Londoners call the sky—but must be a window perpendicular, and not half blocked up by the parapet of that fosse called the gutter. And lastly, the sight must be so humoured that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of the world above is destroyed. Taking it for granted that you have secured these requisites, open the window, lean your chin on both hands, the elbows propped commodiously on the sill, and

contemplate the extraordinary scene that spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high, while it is so noisy and turbulent below." One feature in the prospect especially strikes Pisistratus:—"What fantastic variety in the heights and shapes of the chimney-pots! Some all level in a row, uniform and respectable, but quite uninteresting; others again, rising out of all proportion, and imperatively tasking the reason to conjecture why they are so aspiring. Imagination steps in, and represents to you all the fretting and fuming, and worry and care which the owners of that chimney, now the tallest of all, endured before, by building it higher, they got rid of the vapours. You see the distress of the cook, when the sooty invader rushed down like a wolf on the fold, full spring on the Sunday joint. You hear the exclamations of the mistress (perhaps a bride-house newly furnished), when, with white apron and cap, she ventured into the drawing-room, and was straightway saluted by a joyous dance of those monads called, vulgarly, *smuts*. . . . All this might well have been, till the chimney-pot was raised a few feet nearer heaven; and now, perhaps, that long-suffering family own the happiest house in the Row."

Pisistratus is right. There is much to be learned in the house-tops; much that reveals the habits and customs of the people; much that depends on the temperature and moisture of the climate. Shall our house-top be flat or ridged; shall it have chimney-pots or not? The answers to these questions depend not so much on ourselves as on the position of the country which we inhabit; and the house-top thus becomes an indicator of natural characteristics.

Let us call up the old Romans, or, at least, their house-tops. These house-tops, according to the evidence yet left to us at Pompeii, were very odd house-tops indeed, judged by English habits and English wants. In the best mansions was a central hall called the *atrium*, usually the most splendid apartment in the house, in which the host received his morning visitors. This *atrium* was open to the sky overhead—not entirely, but so far as regarded one square compartment called the *compluvium*, in the middle of a richly decorated ceiling. There were no windows to this *atrium*; and the light was there admitted through this aperture. But, even in Italy, rain falls sometimes; and when rain *did* fall, it rattled through this aperture into the *atrium*; it was not allowed, however, to splash about the marble pavement of the hall, but was caught in a kind of tank called the *impluvium*, sunk below the level of the floor just underneath the aperture. The roof of such a house was not flat, but inclined from all sides towards the edges of the *compluvium*.

The house-tops in Asia, and in many parts of Turkey and northern Africa, are living-rooms, which we can only envy and do without as well as we may. The climate being fine, the weather warm, the sky clear, the terraced roofs become the most acceptable part of an eastern house in the evening; and our travellers have given us abundant descriptions of these very pleasant house-tops. These flat roofs are generally covered with plaster, and are surrounded either by low walls, or by balustrades. Beauteous ladies and lazy smokers lounge on these roofs; linen is there hung up to dry; figs and raisins are there sun-dried; and the roof is also a frequent oratory or place of devotion. In Asia Minor, and many other parts of Asiatic Turkey, the inmates of houses are very much accustomed to sleep on the terraced house-tops, so genial are the sky and climate of those regions; and thus two open-air bed-rooms are only separated by a wall between two adjoining roofs. The European dwellers in those cities do not often thus go to bed *al fresco*, and they, therefore, have no such urgent need of screening walls between the roofs of adjacent houses. There are often doors of communication in these walls, and thus an inhabitant might roam over a wide area of the city on the flat roof of his neighbours' houses. These Orientals take great care of their flat-terraced roofs; they employ tar, ashes, sand, lime, and straw—some or all of these—and endeavour sedulously to make of these a mortar or cement, which shall bear the weight of walkers, and shield the rooms beneath.

Doctor Kitto has brought his Oriental knowledge to bear upon a curious inquiry concerning the house-tops of that part of the East to which the Bible narrative chiefly refers. A palsied man was "let down through the tiling" from the house-top. How was this effected, and over what kind of area was the tiling placed? After noticing the suggested explanations of many commentators, Dr. Kitto gives his own, which throws much light upon the domestic architecture of the East. Supposing, he says, the house to have a central court, the buildings around it have, on the ground floor, cellars, offices, store-rooms, and servants'-rooms; all the better apartments being above them. All these better apartments open into a gallery, from five to eight feet wide, and fronting the court, having a roof, a floor of squared stones, and a strong wooden balustrade in front. The roof of the gallery is on a level with that of the house itself; but the two are very different in character. The roof of the house has no tiling, no thatch, no lath and plaster; it is usually composed of reeds, branches, and twigs laid over the rafters, the whole trodden into a somewhat compact mass, and covered externally with earth or plaster, more or less tempered. The roof of the gallery, however, is far less firm and substantial; it is built of slight materials, and in a slight manner, being intended merely to cover the gallery beneath, whereas the flat terraced roof of the house is

made strong enough to walk upon. It was through this gallery-roof Doctor Kitto supposes the descent to have been made.

Do not suppose, good reader, that the house-top is below (or above) the notice of the architect. Some palace-builders attach very much importance to this feature in the general façade. Allan Cunningham, in speaking of Vanbrugh, who combined architecture with dramatising in a very unusual degree, and who rendered himself famous by building Blenheim palace, says that, in working out the details of that structure, he "grouped his cupolas, pediments, pavilions, clustered chimneys and statues, in a way at once original and harmonious, and which gratifies all admirers of picturesque magnificence. It has been justly remarked by Dallaway, that he had the art of grouping his chimneys until they resembled pinnacles, or of connecting them into an arcade, by which the massiveness of the building was much relieved. He was, indeed, a great master of perspective, and nothing can be finer than the summits of his houses; he always raises a central point of attraction, and groups pinnacles, peaks, pillars, towers, and domes around it, uniting them into a splendid whole, regarding little the rules of classic art, but obeying those of poetic composition." The house-top thus brought in a little stock of praise to one whose heavy masses had given birth to a satirical epitaph:

> "Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Certainly, it is difficult to look at Blenheim itself, or at a picture of it, without being struck with the extraordinary house-top diversity. Not much terrace roof, here, at any rate.

Our London house-tops tell us very little concerning the lofty roofs which have dormer windows, and which were so prevalent in French and Scotch houses two or three centuries ago. Very singular summits there were, to the old mansions. In the real old French château there were turrets and towers almost without number, strangely connected, and sometimes as strangely disconnected, leaving the beholder a little bewildered to determine whether they belonged to a defensive castle or to a domestic house. And then the roomy old house was covered by an immense roof, which told plainly that *it* was not disposed to be thrown out of sight, or levelled to a few feet, or be poked behind a parapet; not only was it a roof, but a roof so formidable as to occupy in many cases one-third of the whole height of the house. And then what windows! It was no mere garret, for there were several distinct floors or stories or flats or *étages* in the roof. Some of the windows were *greniers*—they lighted granaries; some were *dormers* or *dormiers*—these *lighted bed-rooms*; and hence we have come to appropriate the name of dormer, not to a bed-room window *par excellence*, but to garret windows which struggle into sight in front of our roofs. But our English roofs are pigmies; the great French and Flemish roofs which so often meet the eye of a traveller, they *are* roofs—something to look at there—something like a house-top. The Hôtel de Ville, at Brussels, is an instance in which four tiers of dormer windows appear in the roof.

The house-tops of Bethnal-Green: what a picture, what a page in social history are they! No common house-tops these, nor do the houses shelter men and women and children exactly like those met with in other crowded parts of London. The inhabitants of these house-tops are silk-weavers and pigeons, and pigeons and silk-weavers, according as we reckon from below upwards or from above downwards. Spitalfields weavers the men are called, and Spitalfields weavers their forefathers were; for Spitalfields, in years gone by, was the home both of the men who executed the work, and of the masters who gave out the work to be executed. But the workers have emigrated further east, to that wide prairie of small streets of small houses which goes by the name of Bethnal Green. Bethnal has a Green, still; and there may be a Blind Beggar and a beautiful daughter on or near that Green, for aught we can tell; but the Bethnal Green of the house-tops and the chimney-pots, of the dove-cotes and the weavers' rooms, has very little green about it. If you want to see nature's Bethnal Green, trudge it on foot; but if man's Bethnal Green be the object of your search, take a run on the Eastern Counties' Railway, and look right and left at the wondrous dingy medley that presents itself. Who shall number the little streets which the first mile points out to us, and who shall remember their names? No "genteel" houses; no large schools; no plate-glass windows (except to the gin-palaces); no squares with grass and trees, and "genteel" little children with hoops and skipping ropes; no picture-galleries or museums; no omnibuses, and very few cabs; few umbrellas in wet weather, and few parasols in fine; few carts for retail trade, and few waggons for wholesale; no smart people, and no high-born whether smart or not—but hard-working, very very hard-working, are the sights which meet the eye during the first mile and a half of this railway ride. That is, the street-sights would be such, if we could see down to the pavements; but, bating that, we study the house-tops. Here we see that most of the houses in most of the streets have very wide windows; silk-weavers live in those rooms, and, as a means of obtaining as much light as they can, prefer windows which stretch sometimes the whole width of the house. And not only is this so among the old streets; there have lately been formed whole streets of new houses, with windows in this form, built by speculators who—knowing that the Spitalfields weavers

will rather live and starve near the old spot than emigrate elsewhere—calculate on the rooms being let to the poor silken fraternity; and in this calculation they are not disappointed. The house-tops exhibit these windows as near the roof-ridge as is practicable. The weaver loves flowers (praise be to him for it), and often places them at his window; he loves pigeons, and builds a cote for them on the roof; he loves linnets and other song-birds, and builds cages for them, and thus the men, their rooms, their windows, their flowers, their pigeons, and their birds, form the elements of the house-top prospect in Bethnal Green.

But there are far humbler house-tops than these, as all who look about them a little in the world may easily see. There is the house-top of poverty and misery. The house-top in Ireland and in the Hebrides is too often a sorry substitute for a real rain-repelling, cold-excluding covering. Eaves to the roof we may find if we can. There is a scanty sort of wooden roof, covered with a thatch made of stubble or potato-stalks, bound by leather or rope straws, which bands are fastened by heavy stones to the top of the broad wall. The woodwork is too slight to bear more than a thin layer of thatch; and the rain tumbles in a free-and-easy sort of way, until finally excluded by the coating of soot which rises from the turf fire beneath. Poor Paddy often finds the rain peppering down upon him in the middle of the night, and has to shift his straw to a part of the cabin where the thatch may possibly be in a little more kindly humour. Sometimes he has not even the dignity of a bit of thatch over his head; he has to content himself with a layer of sods, pretty nearly in the same state in which he dug them up from the ground. By many degrees better than this is the snowy covering of the snow hut of the Laplander and the Esquimaux; for, despite our usual prejudice in this matter, snow is really a warm material; the external cold finds some difficulty in insinuating itself through a snow wall or roof; and the fur-clad Esquimaux, with his four-feet high gentle partner, coddle themselves up in their bee-hive sort of a hut, defy the external cold, and feast upon train-oil to their hearts' content.

Our English house-tops put on almost as great a variety of attire as the men and women who are roofed in thereby. Slates reign paramount in modern London, although their dominion is less decided in the country. And let not the uninitiated turn up the nose of scorn at slates; they are, in their own peculiar technical career, princesses, duchesses, and countesses, according to the sizes and prices; and a slater thus mixes with the aristocracy on terms more familiar than falls to the lot of most artisans. Some house-tops dress themselves in brick-coloured garments, yclep'd tiles; and these tiles, convex at one part of their width, and concave at another, afford means *for lapping one* over another, and for leaving channels down which rain can descend. In some instances, the house-top apes the terrace form of the East; and then it requires flat quadrangular tiles, which are cemented together very artistically. The age of iron demands that iron should be tried for or by the house-tops—and tried it is. Sometimes plates of iron are lapped slightly one over another, and made into a roof which may be very nearly flat; sometimes corrugated sheet-iron is made to do duty—and wonderfully well does a small weight of iron in this form support itself, and furnish a shelter for all beneath it. Our iron-roofs are bagatelles, however, to those of Russia: most of the new buildings at Petersburg and Moscow are now, as a precaution against fire, roofed with sheet-iron; and this iron being painted bright red, or bright green, displays the vanity of the house-tops very conspicuously. Sometimes iron gives way to a younger brother, zinc—as being not so heavy as lead, and not so soon corroded as iron. Sometimes (but not much in England) wooden roofs are adopted—and very ingeniously they are arranged—the trunks of trees are split down the middle, and hollowed out; one layer of these trunks is laid down side by side, with the concave side uppermost, and then another layer upon these with the convex side uppermost, covering the vacant spaces between the trunks of the undermost layer. Sometimes asphaltum is taken into favour by the house-tops; it is applied either as a liquid cement to form a terrace-roof, or is combined with hat-manufacturers' refuse felt to form a "flexible asphaltic roofing," to which a very learned Greek name is applied. And if this list of substances be not enough, we will mention another—paper; house-tops have, occasionally, not refused to be covered with a paper cap. The late Mr. Loudon, always searching for the useful, showed how roofs might be formed of very slight rafters, with laths or very light pine boards upon them, and sheets of brown paper on the laths; the sheets have previously been twice saturated with boiling tar and pitch, and after being nailed on like slates, they are fed from a hot delicate dish of tar, pitch, whiting, and charcoal, with a crowning sprinkling of sand or ashes.

Thus do the house-tops clothe themselves, some sternly, some daintily. But there is one kind of garment more characteristic of a real old English country house-top than any other; this is the thatched roof, the garment of reeds and straws. A thatched cottage has afforded stanzas to scores of pretty songs, pretty poems, and pretty stories—the very humility of the thoughts associated with it, being the source of value to the poetasters. But its merits are not to be so summarily despatched. A thatched roof is a clever production; Ralph the Thatcher has to show more judgment than Teddy the Tiler, who gives a red covering to some of our houses

tops. Ralph selects hollow straw if he is about to thatch a rick or a stack; but rye-straw, with a solid and more lasting stem, is preferred for thatching buildings. Ralph moistens the straw that it may more easily bend without breaking, and he forks it up in a loose heap, which is afterwards separated into small convenient bundles of parallel straws. These bundles, or rather handfuls, are laid on a lathed roof, and are kept down by means of long rods, which are tied to the laths by means of strong tarred twine; and he thus lays several handfuls side by side. He begins with the lower edge of the roof, and at once covers, and allows the thatch to hang over sufficiently to form eaves to the roof. He then lays another row, allowing the lower ends of these straws to hang over the upper ends of those in the first layer. Thus he proceeds upwards till he arrives at the ridge of the roof, securing each handful to that which preceded it, pressing it down to render it rain-resisting, and further fixing it by the long rods. Arrived at the top, the highest layer of straw is made to extend beyond the ridge on both sides, and the ends are brought together and made to stand up like the bristles on a hog. A split willow or a straw rope is wound round a series of short rods stuck in just below the ridge; and the upper layers of straw become thus so fixed, that Ralph can trim the extreme ends, and make the ridge appear straight and symmetrical. Ralph carries on his trade in a diversified way; he uses the straw of wheat, rye, or any other grain, or reed, or stubble, or heather—according to the kind of roof which he is expected to produce; stubble and heather are the poorest, barley and oat straw the next in rank, wheat and rye straw the next; but if Ralph be a Norfolk thatcher, he is a first-class man in his trade, and he thatches with reed. In this kind of house-top there are no laths, a few of the largest and stoutest reeds being employed to form a light frame-work to support the thatch. The thatch doctors say that a reed roof will be fifty years without requiring repair; and that, with very slight attention, it will last a whole century.

But what would a house-top be without the chimney-pots? They form the salient points in the picture. And what a medley are they! Sometimes we see them ranged in a row, like soldiers at drill; sometimes they are scattered about the roof as if in search of each other; sometimes one big fellow is overlooking a number of little fellows, as if in marvel at their impertinence in smoking by his side; this one has a night-cap very much like a coal-scuttle, while another's cap bears a nearer resemblance to a monk's cowl, and a third seems to show a preference for the form of the letter T. What to do with the chimney-pots is a question that troubles many an architect. Whether to try to hide them, or to make them a marked feature in the construction, is a knotty problem. In many parts of Italy, as at Florence, the mansions have flat roofs, with deep cornices and bold projecting soffits; the chimneys are usually grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; and the slates with which these chimneys are built are ranged so as to act as ventilators. If we wish to know how the Italian or Palladian style of Architecture appears when chimney-pots are stuck upon it without taste or judgment, let us jump into a penny boat at Hungerford, and glance at the river front of Somerset House as we pass along; anything more provoking, in its way, we need not seek for—little ricketty, crooked, rheumatic, ungainly, discordant, unsymmetrical smoke-pipes, frittering away whatever there is of dignified character in the façade beneath. How different is all this from the Tudor and Elizabethan styles! Here the chimney-stacks and chimney-pots are real features in the architecture of the building; and we almost love the chimney-pots for the associations which they suggest with the delightful old halls and kitchens beneath—kitchens which have fire-places large enough to swallow up a modern kitchen itself. Long may it be before reforms and improvements go so far as to deprive us of our old county mansions, with their delightful old house-tops and chimneys.

A curious item in the history of the house-tops is that connected with the poor little chimney-sweepers. The black-tattered, black-skinned, barefooted, white-teethed climbers, who groped their way through life in a mode not much more pleasant than that of the rat-catchers who permeate the London sewers, were the victims of a system which involved much commercial waste as well as moral wrong. If we had close stoves, like our continental neighbours, there would not be much smoke to ascend the chimney, and if not much smoke, then would sweeping be less frequently necessary; and if less sweeping, then fewer sweepers. Philosophers tell us that, in an ordinary English open fire, seven-eighths of all the fuel are wasted, inasmuch as some of the heat goes whither it is not wanted, and some of the coal goes off in smoke without giving out any heat at all. Hence have arisen the numerous and varied family of close stove: the Dutch stove and the American stove, the Russian stove and the Swedish stove, the Franklin stove and the Beaumont stove, the cockle stove, and the Sylvester stove, and the Arnott stove—all profess to be antagonistic to chimney-pots and climbing boys. Good men, clever men, clever and good men, laboured hard and frequently to diminish the house-top cruelty. Jonas Hanbury tried a great deal, and effected a little to befriend the climbing boys seventy years ago. Twenty years afterwards the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor sought to ameliorate the system by raising the sympathies of the masters. Soon

afterwards a distinct society was formed with express reference to this subject; and those statistical and personal examinations were instituted which have since formed such a striking feature in connection with the condition of the humbler classes. Some of the poor little sweepers were found to be less than five years old, some apprenticed by parishes, some actually sold by their parents for four or five guineas, and some kidnapped. The Society tried to carry a reformatory bill through Parliament, but failed. They next offered premiums for the invention of chimney-sweeping machines, and rendered a large amount of service thereby. In 1817 a Committee of the House of Commons strongly recommended the prohibition of chimney sweeping by other than mechanical aid; but a long series of years elapsed before the realisation of this plan. In 1834 a step was made in this direction, by passing an Act which greatly lessened the power of the masters to ill-use the boys, and in 1840 another Act, coming into operation in 1842, settled the matter by prohibiting, under heavy penalties, the employment of human beings in this exploratory journey up a sooty chimney. Then came the days of *ramoneurs* and sweeping machines. We may remark, *en passant*, that the chimney-sweepers of Paris are said to be almost entirely Savoyards or Piedmontese, chiefly from Domo d'Ossola. Since 1842 our house-tops have reformed themselves; little black boys do not rattle the chimney-pots and cry "Sweep—sweep!"

HOLIDAY TIMES.

We have hardly a real holiday in England; executions and races make the nearest approach to one, but they are both too much in the way of business. A Sunday's holiday is looked upon as a heinous sin by so many worthy and respectable people, that it cannot be indulged in with impunity. Good Friday, leaving its religious aspect unconsidered, is to thousands upon thousands, a welcome day of rest; and moreover as, unlike Christmas Day, it never falls upon a Sunday—not even in an Irish calendar—the worn-out trafficker may calculate upon stealing one twelve hours' bodily and mental repose in the midst of the hard-working unpausing twelvemonth. But a mere day of rest is not what is understood by a genuine holiday. A real good holiday is anything but rest; on the contrary, it is a pretty sharp exercise of the faculties and feelings in an utterly unwonted and out-of-the-common-way mode. Christmas Day is a private solemnity, rather than a holiday. It is consecrated as strictly, though in a different way, to family affection and to the household gods, as if we made it a duty on that anniversary to visit the graves of our dead relations. And who does not know that the successive vacant seats around the dinner-table on Christmas Day, are perhaps the most impressive *memento mori* of all that we meet with? Fairs, as holidays, are nothing now to the inhabitants of cities. In the country, their amusements mostly commence with horse-chaunting and pig-jobbing, to terminate in much that is still less to be boasted of. There is little to cheer, and nothing to elevate, but quite as much cause for melancholy as for mirth. Assize Balls, Musical Festivals, and Horticultural Shows, are well enough for the rich; but some rich people stand in greater need of a workday than a holiday. After all, I think, it may be safely asserted that we have no real holidays in England. This deficiency, indeed, is not our fault, because it is the consequence of our inborn national disposition. We are what we are—worthy folks at bottom—a little too careful about committing ourselves by gaiety. We are rather too fond of the dark side of things; and you can't get flour out of a coalsack. But I must, nevertheless, take the liberty of believing the absence of holidays to be a national misfortune. For it acts as a sort of mental bath—a pleasant refreshment to the spirits—to see an entire people indulging in a general smiling carelessness, and throwing off everyday anxieties, if it only be for a few short hours. To-morrow will come afterwards, quite fast and sure enough, to hold each weary toiler's nose to the wear and tear of his own private grindstone.

Sunday, in France, is more or less observed as a holiday, even when hard work is done in the morning. Shops, it is true, are kept open all day long, but not so much (except in Paris, perhaps,) for the sake of sale, as to avoid the dull and death-like look of a house-front mourning behind closed shutters. But Ascension Day, throughout the Empire, is regarded as a real holiday. It is more of a fête-day, more determinedly seized upon as an opportunity of enjoyment than even Sunday itself in general. During the forenoon, both in town and country, less work is going on; and in the afternoon people are universally *endimanchés*, smartly dressed, and taking their pleasure. In everybody's face, and on everybody's back, you read plainly written, "To-day is fête-day." Amongst the latter symptoms of the time, you are compelled to admire the taste and fancifulness with which the children are bedecked in their Sunday's best. Girls and boys flutter with delight, as they display for the first time some whimsical costume, which is as becoming to them as it would be absurd on an older wearer; while here and there more demurely walks, under the protection of her mamma or her aunt, a staid and white-robed little lady, whose ample lace or muslin veil, as well as all the rest of her attire, denotes that she has lately attended her first communion.

Religious duties are first performed, and then the day is devoted to pleasure, music entering largely into the programme. I was present at Calais one Holy Thursday at a

Matinée Musicale given by the Philharmonic Society after they had assisted at Mass, and had attracted a congregation who gave to the poor. Something which I had heard of its reputation, curiosity, and a brilliant morning, had tempted me to emerge from my quiet home in the interior. Church over, the company assembled for the *matinée*, and I found myself in the midst of the crêam of the Calaisiens. The concert room is an elegant apartment, built on a not very common plan. It is circular, and lighted from above in the centre by a lantern sky-light during the day, and by a handsome chandelier at night performances. Its decoration, though a little faded—for the society is now in its twenty-fifth year—is still of a lively and cheerful character. The colouring is mixed, on the same principles as prevailed in the interior of the Crystal Palace. An oblong ante-room communicating with it, breaks the uniformity of a circular plan. Opposite to the ante-room is the orchestra; around, next the walls, is an amphitheatre of raised seats, which admirably display the fair occupants thereof. In the middle are benches, as in the pit of a theatre, only upon a level floor. To this simple and comfortable arrangement, is added the great merit that the room is not too large for its usual orchestra and audience. Better a little crowding now and then, than a thin-sounding *tutti*, a feeble *fortissimo*, and long ranges of empty benches upon all ordinary occasions. The beginning was fixed for half-past twelve; but a little delay allowed me to look around, and admire the ladies, as well as their adornments, the flower of which were the delicious head-dresses.

It is difficult for the French and English to discuss the important subject of head-gear, without falling into mutual misunderstandings. Bonnet is the French word for a woman's cap, and for a gentleman's night-cap also. What our ladies call "a bonnet," in France is always styled a hat (*chapeau*);—and the difference of rank implied by the wearing a *bonnet* or a *chapeau*, respectively, is a distinction quite unknown in England. At this *Matinée*, there were no *bonnets*. Our word "cap" is equally applicable to those worn by females, and to the ugly thing of cloth with a leathern peak (in French a *casquette*), which serves as a thatch for the brain boxes of men. Many other such occasions of quarrel exist. Conjurors and players of leger-demain tricks, here call themselves *Physiciens*. What would a fashionable London physician think, if one of these amusing persons were introduced, by mistake, to the part in a consultation? The French verb *remercier* means both "to thank," and "to dismiss, or take leave of." I once heard a Frenchman say in English to an acquaintance who had obliged him, "I do not thank you," when he intended to say, "I do not bid you farewell now; I shall see you again before you go." His words bore a sense the very reverse of what he really intended them to bear. He did mean to express thanks; but a civil phrase incorrectly rendered, had all the appearance of an affront. There is no doubt that between French and English individuals, coolness and dislike often arise from such foolish and obvious errors as these. Captious people take offence at what the opposite party considers a politeness. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?* Can two great and high-minded nations entertain a serious quarrel without being first assured that their antagonist truly and *bonâ-fide*-ly has malice prepense in his heart? These very words, *malice* and "malice," are instances in the two languages where the same combinations of letters bear quite a different meaning and spirit.

Three young ladies amongst the audience appeared without *chapeau* or other head-dress. They had come to delight us with the contribution of their skill and talent. The concert began; and having begun, proceeded. My first emotion was pleasure; my second, surprise. Thankfulness was the last sentiment excited; for good music is such a real enjoyment. Then arose the doubt whether many towns in England, with the same population of twelve thousand souls, could produce the same variety of amateur ability.

A leading performance this Ascension morning was a piano-forte duett, by sisters—two of the ladies who appeared without *coiffure*, the third grace being contralto of the day. It is exactly in such pleasant little concerts as this, that the piano best asserts its right to be heard as an instrument. There is no crowding about the performer, to watch the finger-work, as in too many London drawing-rooms, where the sounds are unfairly walled in, and muffled, by a thick curtain of human bodies. The area, too, is not so large that the richness of the chords and the sweetness of the tone are diluted by traversing an absorbent extent of space. Our pianistes gave their duett exceedingly well—with neither the power of Thalberg nor the magic brilliancy of Liszt—but neatly, accurately, and with that perfect lady-like manner which, in public as well as in private, has the most certain charm of all. They were warmly applauded; and, I am proud to add, they were English girls. They also, as well as the rest of their coadjutors, followed the fashion of the French stage, in abstaining from any acknowledgment of the applause bestowed upon them. I may likewise mention that, on appearing in the orchestra, they were equally free from any bashful awkwardness or fear, but prepared to utter their inspiration with all the quiet composure of artists. The same true artistic spirit was manifested by the lady who sang; she entered at once into the feeling of her scena, and thence derived the main beauty of her performance. She

neither tore the passion to rags, nor fell into a dead and spiritless calm. But complete presence of mind in the midst of the excitement of art, and the attentive gaze of an audience, is one characteristic of a great artist. He flies upon the wings of inspiration without ever losing the control of his flight. And the exercise of this command of his powers gives vivid pleasure to the artist himself, independent of either the plaudits, or the payment, which are the after-consequences of his efforts.

A one-act concert of two hours' duration is a pleasant thing in holiday time: this was the last performance of the season. In the evening the church of Nôtre Dame was again made vocal by the Philharmonics, who had played and sung for the poor in the morning. As a local journal justly observes, "Our Society could not finish in better style; it will ensure them good fortune for coming years."

Another French holiday, although occurring at a cooler season than Ascension-tide, is attended with a much greater amount of feverishness. On and before the sixth of December, the whole child population of the country do nothing but tease and worry poor Saint Nicholas, who, in an unguarded hour, undertook the responsibility of being considered as the Friend of Babes. In return for which complaisance, he has the pleasure of hearing thousands of little voices, melodious with autumnal colds and coughs, repeating over and over again,

"Saint Nicholas, my good patron,
Send me something very *bon*!"

The incantation is generally effective in the end. But besides sending something *bon*, he now and then forwards something utterly the reverse of *bon*. It is rare indeed that he risks his popularity so far as to present his petitioners with nothing at all. It might lead to scepticism in the infant mind. On the eve of his day, expectant children hang up their stockings in the chimney corner, and then retire to rest, if rest is possible. If children have been good and sage, more or less, during the previous year, toys and bonbons are found to have been miraculously concealed within the stocking; but if naughtiness has been the ruling star, nothing is to be discovered therein but a rod and a cane. In general, however, the pleasant things are accompanied by an emblematic rod — half-a-dozen little birch twigs tied together with an end of pink ribbon—to be kept and looked at from time to time, as a hint that St. Nicholas has his eyes open upon what is going on in nurseries and schools. It would not be at all a bad thing, if he could administer the rod to some of the masters and mistresses.

This Saint is always represented in episcopal robes, with mitre and crosier and a long black beard. At his feet there stands a tub, in which *three naked children* are sitting upright;—though sometimes one child is made to do duty for three. In country churches you will often find a grotesquely painted wooden statue of this canonised worthy, with the three attendant tub-imprisoned babies beside him. If memory does not deceive me, one of his numerous miracles was this: Some cruel Jews in Italy had slain three Christian children, and salted their divided members in a tub. Application being made to St. N., he kindly restored them to life again; upon which agreeable improvement in their prospects, they sat up in their pickle, without getting out of their tub, and returned him thanks, as they were bound to do. If any one ventures to doubt the story, all I can say is that I have seen it beautifully painted in the Vatican itself. In consequence, St. Nicholas's day is the grand fête-day of children in general; and as he is also the patron of fishermen and sailors, he must have a considerable amount of business upon his hands. On the eve of St. Nicholas, every toy-shop bursts out suddenly into full bloom. A toy-shop, which I avoid passing more frequently than I am compelled to, used to have, and may have still, a wooden St. Nicholas the size of life, exactly like a tobacconist's Highlander. He figures in the shop for a few days in the year, to listen to the sincere devotions of his votaries, and then retires, or is laid up in lavender, till another December comes round again.

Of course there is great anxiety in the morning to inspect the stockings, and ascertain whether St. Nicholas has brought any thing or not. Before it is light, you may hear scores of little boys in the streets shouting out "St. Nicholas!" One young lady, come to search the chimney corner, beheld a box slowly descending. She stopped in astonishment; the box stopped too, and then began to mount up the chimney again. She remembered that she had been rude and disobedient on various occasions, and resolved, that if the box would but come down, she never would do so any more again. The casket of treasure did reach the ground by a string held by invisible hands; and it is to be presumed that she kept her word, and never was naughty afterwards. As a proof how liberal St. Nicholas is, he last year filled a young friend's stockings with oranges, liquorice, and preserved fruits; a donkey and a cow were next discovered, besides a shepherdess and her flock, consisting of a couple of sheep; not the least esteemed token of regard being a striking likeness of himself, in gingerbread.

Our third holiday is a Dunkerquian freak, full of Flemish whim and childish absurdity. A curious old local legend is practically translated into a piece of utter and bare-faced folly. Saint Martin, afterwards Bishop of Tours, was born in 316, in Pannonia. His early career was a military one, which did not prove in accordance with his taste. One of the best known anecdotes of his life is his

dividing his army-cassock in two, and that in winter time, to share it with a naked and shivering wretch. But that is not the story which concerns us now. Somewhere about the year of grace three hundred and eighty-six, Saint Martin on his travels through Gaul, happened to arrive one evening at Dunkerque, or rather, at the spot on which Dunkerque stands. He proceeded leisurely on donkey-back, in consequence of the wounds he had formerly received; but, without that very reasonable excuse, he assuredly had a right to make use of a donkey, while out on his missionary enterprise. Saint Martin, it is said, stopped at a little chapel near the Dunes, and left his ass waiting at the gate. There are doubts whether such a chapel existed then, but we will not stop to discuss the anachronism. Saint Martin entered some chapel or house. While he was saying his prayers within-doors, the animal strayed away to search for the prickly eringo, or sea-holly, which had caused his mouth to water along the road. But his master, missing him, and not approving his taking French leave, begged the neighbouring fishermen to lend their aid to recover him. The worthy fellows started at once, regardless of its being night; some, with resin torches in their hands; some, with the lanterns belonging to their fishing-boats; while others blew the horn which still announces the arrival of a boat at the beach, and which may be made to give a not bad imitation of a donkey's bray, when it tries to sing small. At last the gluttonous ass was found and brought back to the village under the escort of a troop of children, who, as they travelled along the road, were treated by Saint Martin's intervention and the donkey's keep, with an unexpected supply of exquisite spice bread.

In modern times, on the evening of Saint Martin's day at Dunkerque—and at Dunkerque only—the whole population claims the privilege of going mad from five o'clock till seven, in commemoration of the finding of Saint Martin's ass. The next day, at the same hour, a second paroxysm returns; and then the town remains sane for a twelvemonth. The professed actors in the farce are all the children of the place, little and big, boys and girls, from babies at the breast to overgrown boarding-school masters and misses. But as the youngsters do not turn out alone, and the old folks enjoy the fun as thoroughly as their juniors, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole city makes a good-natured fool of itself. As the schoolmaster boasted that he governed the parish because he governed the children, who governed the mothers, who governed the fathers, who governed the servants; so St. Martin may assert that he converts the great body of Dunkerque folk into temporary lunatics. Fancy the streets crowded with *children from three to* a hundred-and-eighty *months old, and every* one of them carrying in his hand a paper lamp of some fashion. Flowers of all colours and shapes, churches, houses, and fantastical figures, are illuminated by a candle's-end that is stuck on a save-all at the extremity of a stick. The usual gas-lights are perfectly unnecessary; for the rays sent forth by the thousands of lanterns produce a brilliant substitute; and by way of musical accompaniment to the scene, there are hundreds of penny trumpets, which are expressly prepared for this occasion only.

As soon as the juvenile orgy begins, no carriage is permitted to pass through the streets; nor *could* it, without committing a Juggernautian slaughter of innocents. The crowd, which eddies and flows in all directions, treads so closely and compactly on one another's heels, that a pin could not fall to the ground between them. It is one of the many things of which it may be truly observed, that to be believed, it must be seen and heard.

But as all the principal performers are children, and as children go to bed at an early hour, at seven o'clock the throng begins to thin; at half-past seven, it is thoroughly ashamed of itself; at eight the town is as sober as usual. The gas is lighted, the vehicles roll along, and the young rogues munch their *croquandoules*, or donkey-nuts, while they undress themselves and jump into bed.

Some years since the Duc de Nemours happened to come to Dunkerque on Saint Martin's day. Unlike the Turkish ambassador, who believed that London was lighted with gas in honour of his own dazzling presence, the less confident prince took it into his head that he was being treated to the peculiar mode of insult which is known in France as a *charivari*. He soon, however, discovered his mistake, and enjoyed the joke, like a man of sense.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Mary Queen of Scots arrived in England, without money and even without any other clothes than those she wore, she wrote to Elizabeth, representing herself as an innocent and injured piece of Royalty, and entreating her assistance to oblige her Scottish subjects to take her back again and obey her. But, as her character was already known in England to be a very different one from what she made it out to be, she was told in answer that she must first clear herself. Made uneasy by this condition, Mary, rather than stay in England, would have gone to Spain, or to France, or would even have gone back to Scotland. But, as her doing either would have been likely to trouble England afresh, it was decided that she should be detained here. She first came to Carlisle, and, after that, was moved about from castle to castle, as was considered necessary; but England she never left again.

After trying very hard to get rid of the necessity of clearing herself, Mary, advised by LORD HERRIES, her best friend in England, agreed to answer the charges against her, if the Scottish noblemen who made them would attend to maintain them before such English noblemen as Elizabeth might appoint for that purpose. Accordingly, such an assembly, under the name of a Conference, met, first at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. In its presence Lord Lennox, Darnley's father, openly charged Mary with the murder of his son; and whatever Mary's friends may now say or write in her behalf, there is no doubt that when her brother Murray produced against her a casket containing certain guilty letters and verses, which he stated to have passed between her and Bothwell, she withdrew from the inquiry. Consequently, it is to be supposed that she was then considered guilty by those who had the best opportunities of judging of the truth, and that the feeling which afterwards arose in her behalf was a very generous, but not a very reasonable one.

However, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, an honourable but rather weak nobleman, partly because Mary was captivating, partly because he was ambitious, and partly because he was over persuaded by artful plotters against Elizabeth, conceived a strong idea that he would like to marry the Queen of Scots—though he was a little frightened, too, by the letters in the casket. This idea being secretly encouraged by some of the noblemen of Elizabeth's court, and even by the favourite Earl of Leicester (because it was objected to by other favourites who were his rivals), Mary expressed her approval of it, and the King of France and the King of Spain are supposed to have done the same. It was not so quietly planned, though, but that it came to Elizabeth's ears, who warned the Duke "to be careful what sort of pillow he was going to lay his head upon." He made a humble reply at the time, but turned sulky soon afterwards, and, being considered dangerous, was sent to the Tower.

Thus, from the moment of Mary's coming to England she began to be the centre of plots and miseries.

A rise of the Catholics in the north was the next of these, and it was only checked by many executions and much bloodshed. It was followed by a great conspiracy among the Pope and some of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe to depose Elizabeth, place Mary on the throne, and restore the unreformed religion. It is almost impossible to doubt that Mary knew and approved of it; and the Pope himself was so hot in the matter that he issued a bull, in which he openly called Elizabeth the "pretended Queen" of England, excommunicated her, and excommunicated all her subjects who should continue to obey her. A copy of this miserable paper got into London, and was found one morning publicly posted on the Bishop of London's gate. A great hue and cry being raised, another copy was found in the chamber of a student of Lincoln's Inn, who confessed, being put upon the rack, that he had received it from one JOHN FELTON, a rich gentleman who lived across the Thames, near Southwark. This John Felton, being put upon the rack too, confessed that he had posted the placard on the Bishop's gate. For this offence he was, within four days, taken to St. Paul's Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered. As to the Pope's bull, the people by the Reformation having thrown off the Pope, did not care much, you may suppose, for the Pope's throwing off them. It was a mere dirty piece of paper, and not half so powerful as a street ballad.

On the very day when Felton was brought to his trial, the poor Duke of Norfolk was released. It would have been well for him if he had kept away from the Tower evermore, and from the snares that had taken him there. But, even while he was in that dismal place he corresponded with Mary, and as soon as he was out of it he began to plot again. Being discovered in correspondence with the Pope, with a view to a rising in England which should force Elizabeth to consent to his marriage with Mary, and to repeal the laws against the Catholics, he was recommitted to the Tower and brought to trial. He was found guilty by the unanimous verdict of the Lords who tried him, and was sentenced to the block.

It is very difficult to make out, at this distance of time, and between opposite accounts, whether Elizabeth really was a humane woman, or desired to appear so, or was fearful of shedding the blood of people of great name who were popular in the country. Twice she commanded and countermanded the execution of this Duke, and it did not take place at last, until five months after his trial. The scaffold was erected on Tower Hill, and there he died like a brave man. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, saying that he was not at all afraid of death; and he admitted the justice of his sentence, and was much regretted by the people.

Although Mary had shrunk at the most important time from disproving her guilt, she was very careful never to do anything that would admit it. All such proposals as were made to her by Elizabeth for her release, required that admission in some form or other, and therefore came to nothing. Moreover, both women being artful and treacherous, and neither ever trusting the other, it was not likely that they could ever make an agreement. So, the Parliament, aggravated by what the Pope had done, made new and strong laws against the spreading of the Catholic religion in England, and declared it treason in any one to say that the Queen and her

successors were not the lawful sovereigns of England. It would have done more than this, but for Elizabeth's moderation.

Since the Reformation, there had come to be three great sects of religious people—or people who called themselves so—in England; that is to say, those who belonged to the Reformed Church, those who belonged to the unreformed Church, and those who were called the Puritans, because they said that they wanted to have everything very pure and plain in all Church service. These last were for the most part an uncomfortable people, who thought it highly meritorious to dress in a hideous manner, talk through their noses, and oppose all harmless enjoyments. But they were powerful too, and very much in earnest; and they were, one and all, the determined enemies of the Queen of Scots. The Protestant feeling in England was further strengthened by the tremendous cruelties to which Protestants were exposed in France and in the Netherlands. Scores of thousands of them were put to death in those countries with every cruelty that can be imagined, and at last in the autumn of the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-two, one of the greatest barbarities ever committed in the world took place at Paris.

It is called in history, THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, because it took place on Saint Bartholomew's Eve. It fell on Saturday the twenty-third of August. On that day all the great leaders of the Protestants (who were there called HUGUENOTS) were assembled together, for the purpose, as was represented to them, of doing honour to the marriage of their chief, the young King of Navarre, with the sister of CHARLES THE NINTH: a miserable young king who then occupied the French throne. This dull creature was made to believe by his mother and other fierce Catholics about him that the Huguenots meant to take his life; and he was persuaded to give secret orders that, on the tolling of a great bell, they should be fallen upon by an overpowering force of armed men, and slaughtered wherever they could be found. When the appointed hour was close at hand, the stupid wretch, trembling from head to foot, was taken into a balcony by his mother to see the atrocious work begun. The moment the bell tolled, the murderers broke forth. During all that night and the two next days, they broke into the houses, fired the houses, shot and stabbed the Protestants, men, women and children, and flung their bodies into the streets. They were shot at in the streets as they passed along, and their blood ran down the gutters. Upwards of ten thousand Protestants were killed in Paris alone; and in all France four or five times that number. To return thanks to heaven for these diabolical murders, the Pope and his train *actually went in public* procession at Rome; *and as if this* were not shame enough for them, they had a medal struck to commemorate the event. But, however comfortable the wholesale murders were to those high authorities, they had not that soothing effect upon the doll-King. I am happy to state that he never knew a moment's peace afterwards; that he was continually crying out that he saw the Huguenots covered with blood and wounds falling dead before him; and that he died within a year, shrieking and yelling and raving to that degree that if all the Popes who had ever lived had been rolled into one, they would not have afforded His guilty Majesty the slightest consolation.

When the terrible news of the massacre arrived in England, it made a powerful impression indeed upon the people. If they began to run a little wild against the Catholics at about this time, this fearful reason for it, coming so soon after the days of Bloody Queen Mary, must be remembered in their excuse. The Court was not quite so honest as the people—but perhaps it sometimes is not. It received the French ambassador, with all the lords and ladies dressed in deep mourning and keeping a profound silence. Nevertheless, a proposal of marriage which he had made to Elizabeth only two days before the eve of Saint Bartholomew, on behalf of the Duke of Alençon, the French King's brother, a boy of seventeen, still went on; while on the other hand, in her usual crafty way, the Queen secretly supplied the Huguenots with money and weapons.

I must say that for a Queen who made all those fine speeches, of which I have confessed myself to be rather tired, about living and dying a maiden Queen, Elizabeth was "going" to be married pretty often. Besides always having some English favourite or other, whom she by turns encouraged, and swore at, and knocked about—for the maiden Queen was very free with her fists—she held this French Duke off and on through several years. When he at last came over to England, the marriage articles were actually drawn up, and it was settled that the wedding should take place in six weeks. The Queen was then so bent upon it, that she prosecuted a poor Puritan named STUBBS, and a poor bookseller named PAGE, for writing and publishing a pamphlet against it. Their right hands were chopped off for this crime; and poor Stubbs—more loyal than I should have been myself under the circumstances—immediately pulled off his hat with his left hand and cried, "God save the Queen!" Stubbs was cruelly treated, for the marriage never took place after all, though the Queen pledged herself to the Duke with a ring from her own finger. He went away, no better than he came, when the courtship had lasted some ten years altogether; and he died a couple of years afterwards, mourned by Elizabeth, who appears to have been really fond of him. It is not much

to her credit, for he was a bad enough member of a bad family.

To return to the Catholics. There arose two orders of priests, who were very busy in England, and who were much dreaded. These were the JESUITS (who were everywhere, in all sorts of disguises), and the SEMINARY PRIESTS. The people had a great horror of the first, because they were known to have taught that murder was lawful if it were done with an object of which they approved; and they had a horror of the second because they came to teach the old religion, and to be the successors of "Queen Mary's priests," as those yet lingering in England were called, when they should die out. The severest laws were made against them, and were most unmercifully executed. Those who sheltered them in their houses often suffered heavily for what was an act of humanity; and the rack, that cruel torture which tore men's limbs asunder, was constantly kept going. What these unhappy men confessed, or what was ever confessed by any one under that agony, must always be received with great doubt, as it is certain that people have frequently owned to the most absurd and impossible crimes, only to escape such dreadful suffering. But I cannot doubt it to have been proved by papers, that there were many plots, both among the Jesuits, and with France, and with Scotland, and with Spain, for the destruction of Queen Elizabeth, for the placing of Mary on the throne, and for the revival of the old religion.

If the English people were too ready to believe in plots, there were, as I have said, good reasons for it. When the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was yet fresh in their recollection, a great Protestant Dutch hero, the PRINCE OF ORANGE, was shot by an assassin, who confessed that he had been kept and trained for the purpose in a college of Jesuits. The Dutch, in this surprise and distress, offered to make Elizabeth their sovereign, but she declined the honour, and sent them a small army instead, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, who, although a capital Court favourite, was not much of a general. He did so little in Holland, that his campaign there would probably have been forgotten, but for its occasioning the death of one of the best writers, the best knights, and the best gentlemen, of that or any age. This was SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, who was wounded by a musket ball in the thigh as he mounted a fresh horse, after having had his own killed under him. He had to ride back, wounded, a long distance, and was very faint with fatigue and loss of blood, when some water, for which he had eagerly asked, was handed to him. But he was so good and gentle even then, that seeing a poor badly wounded common soldier lying on the ground, looking at the water with longing eyes, he said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," and gave it up to *him. This touching action* of a noble heart is perhaps as well known as any incident in history—is as famous far and wide as the blood-stained Tower of London, with its axe, and block, and murders out of number. So delightful is an act of true humanity, and so glad are mankind to remember it.

At home, intelligence of plots began to thicken every day. I suppose the people never did live under such continual terrors as those by which they were possessed now, of Catholic risings, and burnings, and poisonings, and I don't know what. Still, we must always remember that they lived near and close to awful realities of that kind, and that with their experience it was not so difficult to believe in any enormity. The government had the same fear, and did not take the best means of discovering the truth; for besides torturing the suspected, it employed paid spies, who will always lie for their own profit; and it even made some of the conspiracies it brought to light, by sending false letters to disaffected people, inviting them to join in pretended plots, which they too readily did.

But, one great real plot was at length discovered, and it ended the career of Mary, Queen of Scots. A seminary priest, named BALLARD, and a Spanish soldier named SAVAGE, set on and, encouraged by certain French priests, imparted a design to one ANTONY BABINGTON—a gentleman of fortune in Derbyshire, who had been for some time a secret agent of Mary's—for murdering the Queen. Babington then confided the scheme to some other Catholic gentlemen who were his friends, and they joined in it heartily. They were vain, weak-headed young men, ridiculously confident, and preposterously proud of their plan; for they got a gimcrack painting made, of the six choice spirits who were to murder Elizabeth, with Babington in an attitude for the centre figure. Two of their body, however, one of whom was a priest, kept Elizabeth's wisest minister, SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, acquainted with the whole project from the first. The conspirators were completely deceived to the final point, when Babington gave Savage, because he was shabby, a ring from his finger, and some money from his purse, wherewith to buy himself new clothes in which to kill the Queen. Walsingham, having then full evidence against the whole band, and two letters of Mary's besides, resolved to seize them. Suspecting something wrong, they stole out of the city, one by one, and hid themselves in St. John's Wood, and other places which really were hiding places then; but they were all taken, and all executed. When they were seized, a gentleman was sent from Court to inform Mary of the fact, and of her being involved in the discovery. Her friends have complained that she was kept in very hard and severe custody. It does not appear very likely, for she was going out a hunting that very morning.

Queen Elizabeth had been warned long ago, by one in France who had good information of what was secretly doing, that in holding Mary alive, she held "the wolf who would devour her." The Bishop of London had, more lately, given the Queen's favourite minister the advice, in writing, "forthwith to cut off the Scottish Queen's head." The question now was, what to do with her. The Earl of Leicester wrote a little note home from Holland, recommending that she should be quietly poisoned; that noble favourite having accustomed his mind, it is possible, to remedies of that nature. His black advice, however, was disregarded, and she was brought to trial at Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, before a tribunal of forty, composed of both religions. There, and in the Star Chamber at Westminster, the trial lasted a fortnight. She defended herself with great ability, but could only deny the confessions that had been made by Babington and others; could only call her own letters, produced against her by her own secretaries, forgeries; and, in short, could only deny everything. She was found guilty, and declared to have incurred the penalty of death. The Parliament met, approved the sentence, and prayed the Queen to have it executed. The Queen replied that she requested them to consider whether no means could be found of saving Mary's life without endangering her own. The Parliament rejoined, No, and the citizens illuminated their houses and lighted bonfires, in token of their joy that all these plots and troubles were to be ended by the death of the Queen of Scots.

She, feeling sure that her time was now come, wrote a letter to the Queen of England, making three entreaties; first, that she might be buried in France; secondly, that she might not be executed in secret, but before her servants and some others; thirdly, that after her death her servants should not be molested, but should be suffered to go home with the legacies she left them. It was an affecting letter, and Elizabeth shed tears over it, but sent no answer. Then came a special ambassador from France, and another from Scotland, to intercede for Mary's life; and then the nation began to clamour, more and more, for her death.

What the real feelings or intentions of Elizabeth were, can never be known now; but I strongly suspect her of only wishing one thing more than Mary's death, and that was to keep free of the blame of it. On the first of February, one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven, Lord Burleigh having drawn out the warrant for the execution, the Queen sent to the secretary DAVISON to bring it to her, that she might sign it; which she did. Next day, when Davison told her it was sealed, she angrily asked him why such haste was necessary? Next day but one she joked about it, and swore a little. Again, next day but one, she seemed to complain that it was not yet done, but still she would not be plain with those about her. So, on the seventh, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, came with the warrant to Fotheringay, to tell the Queen of Scots to prepare for death.

When those messengers of ill omen were gone, Mary made a frugal supper, drank to her servants, read over her will, went to bed, slept for some hours, and then arose and passed the remainder of the night saying prayers. In the morning she dressed herself in her best clothes, and at eight o'clock, when the sheriff came for her to her chapel, took leave of her servants who were there assembled praying with her, and went down stairs, carrying a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Two of her women and four of her men were allowed to be present in the hall, where a low scaffold, only two feet from the ground, was erected and covered with black; and where the executioner from the Tower and his assistant stood, dressed in black velvet. The hall was full of people. While the sentence was being read she sat upon a stool, and when it was finished she again denied her guilt, as she had done before. The Earl of Kent and the Dean of Peterborough, in their Protestant zeal, made some very unnecessary speeches to her, to which she replied that she died in the Catholic religion, and they need not trouble themselves about that matter. When her head and neck were uncovered by the executioners, she said that she had not been used to be undressed by such hands, or before so much company. Finally, one of her women fastened a cloth over her face, and she laid her neck upon the block, and repeated more than once in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say in three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as grey as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone.

But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who cowered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over.

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THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilised off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilisation) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing, savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fish-bone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage—cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilised audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilised audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale and very poorly formed; and as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian Opera in England—and would have been worse if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. BUFFON knew what he was, and showed why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to his women, and how it happens (Heaven be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by POPE? Or does the animal that is the friend of man, always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the noble savage that is the new thing; it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admiration, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilisation and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities, but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons—who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-u-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt)—conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage, or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest, abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when

he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand and shaking his left leg—at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him—I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazer, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smouldering therein, which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

There is at present a party of Zulu Kaffirs exhibiting at the St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in a most agreeable manner; they are seen in an elegant theatre, fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty, and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor left to his own interpretings and imaginings might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they give vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilisation that it conveys no idea to my mind beyond a general stamping, ramping, and raving, remarkable (as everything in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us—with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need—see what the noble savage does in Zulu Kaffirland.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a grey hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else) are wars of extermination—which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavour, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law—also supported by a high-flavoured party of male friends—screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together—and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder)—the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Imyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls:—"I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! No connexion with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I the original Imyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom, without offence, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and small-pox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labour by looking at it. On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer: who holds over his head a shield of cowhide—in shape like an immense muscle shell—fearfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of

agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails; he has the appearance of having come express on his hind legs from the Zoological Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out "Oh what a delightful chief he is! O what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! O how majestically he laps it up! O how charmingly cruel he is! O how he tears the flesh of his enemies and crunches the bones! O how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! O, row row row row, how fond I am of him!"—which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages—which is always—the chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebeuza, or war song,—which is exactly like all the other songs,—the chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying "Hear, hear!" as is the custom with us, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body, of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons. But, several of these scenes of savage life bear a strong generic resemblance to an Irish election, and I think would be extremely well received and understood at Cork.

In all these ceremonies the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilised account) we may learn, I think, that as Egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilised man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts: making society hideous. It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Kaffir left. The endurance of despotism is one great distinguishing mark of a savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilised city, and the Théâtre Français a highly civilised theatre; and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these later days (of course) of the Praiser *there*. No, no, civilised poets have better work to do. As to Nookering Umtargarties, there are no pretended Umtargarties in Europe, and no European Powers to Nooker them; that would be mere spydom, subornation, small malice, superstition, and false pretence. And as to private Umtargarties, are we not in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with spirits rapping at our doors?

To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a William Shakspeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

THE MAHOMMEDAN MOTHER.

Mussoorie and Landour, situated in the lower range of the Himalaya mountains, form the favourite sanitarium of the upper part of India. The scenery is more beautiful than that of Simla; for Mussoorie and Landour command a view of Dehra Dhoon, which resembles (except that the Dhoon is grander and more extensive) the plains of Italy as seen from the ascent of the Simplon. The Mall of Mussoorie is crowded every evening with visitors; some on horseback, some on hill ponies, some on foot, and some in the *janpan* (something like a sedan-chair carried by four hill men). A gayer scene it would be impossible to conceive. Every one knows his neighbour; and, in passing along the narrow road stoppages are frequent. Compliments must be exchanged, and the news or scandal of the day gossipped about. Every now and then you hear a cry of "What a shame!" from a terrified lady in a janpan, while a couple of lovers gallop past on spirited Arabs, at full speed: sometimes a shriek from a nervous mamma reverberates through the valleys, when she beholds her children in the way of the heedless pair.

Accidents sometimes occur. A few years ago, a lady and a gentleman were riding round a place called the Camel's Back; the road gave way and they fell down a precipice several hundred feet. The horses were killed, but the riders miraculously escaped with only a few severe bruises. On another occasion, a gentleman of the civil service was taking his evening walk, when one of his dogs ran

between his legs, and precipitated him. He was killed on the spot.

On the Mall, every evening, was to be seen a native woman standing by the side of the road, near a large rock, watching those who passed by. She was well dressed, and her face was concealed according to the custom of persons of her apparent station in life. There she stood, attracting general attention. She was a woman of slight, but graceful figure, and rather tall. Many persons were curious to know who she was, and to see her face; but she took care that in this respect none should be gratified. Sometimes she would go away early; at other times she would remain until it was quite dark. Some suspected—and I was amongst the number—that she was the native wife of some European officer who had divorced himself, and visited the "Hills," whither the woman, to annoy, had followed him; and there was no small account of speculation—as to *whose* wife she could be. Some of the guesses, if they were seriously made, were extremely ungenerous, for they included several elderly officials who could not by any possibility have been married to this mysterious lady. I was determined to know who she was; and one night, when most people were thronged around the band, I approached her, and inquired if I could be of any service to her. She replied, (her face closely covered) "Yes; by going away." She had a very sweet voice; and its sorrowful tones inspired me with pity, when she added, "I am a poor woman; my heart is crushed; do not add to my misery by remaining near me." I obeyed her, after apologising for having intruded. Several other persons had attempted to extract some particulars from the lady, and had received the same sort of reply as that she had given to me.

The rains were about to commence, and storms were not unfrequent. The Mall was less frequented; only a few—those who cared little about hearing "heaven's artillery thunder in the skies," or being pelted by hailstones as large as marbles—ventured out; but amongst that few was the native lady; who, punctual as the light of day, visited that huge dismal-looking rock, and gazed upon the road.

I have seen a storm on the heights of Jura—such a storm as Lord Byron describes. I have seen lightning, and heard thunder in Australia; I have, off Terra del Fuego, the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Java, kept watch in thunderstorms which have drowned in their roaring the human voice, and made every one deaf and stupified; but these storms are not to be compared with a thunderstorm at Mussoorie or Landour.

In one of these storms of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail—at about five o'clock in the afternoon—I laid a wager with a friend that the native lady would be found as usual standing near the rock. Something secretly assured me that she was there at that moment, looking on unmoved, except by the passions which had prompted her pilgrimage. How were we to decide it? "By going to the spot," I suggested. My friend declined, but declared that as far as the bet was concerned, he would be perfectly satisfied with my word, either one way or the other—namely, whether I had won or lost.

I set off upon my journey. The rock was, at least, three quarters of a mile distant from my abode. My curiosity was so much aroused—albeit I felt certain the woman was there—that I walked through the storm without heeding it. Every now and then I saw the electric fluid descend into a valley, then heard that strange noise which huge pieces of rock make when they bound from one precipice to another, tearing up trees, and carrying large stones and the earth along with them in their headlong career—but still my mind was intent on the woman, and nothing else.

Was she there?

Yes; there she sat, drenched to the skin; but I could not pity her wet and cold condition, for I could see that she cared no more about it than I cared about my own. She drew her garment so closely over her face that the outline of her features was plainly discernible. It was decidedly handsome, but still I longed to see her eyes to confirm my impression. I sat beside her. The storm still raged, and presently the lady said "The heaven is speaking, Sahib." I answered "Truly: but the lightning, the parent of that sound which I now hear, I cannot see." She understood me, and gave me a glimpse of her eyes. They were not like the eyes of a native; they were of a blueish hue, almost grey. I said to her, in Hindoostanee, "You are not a native; what do you do here in a native dress?"

"I would I were an European," she answered me. "My feelings, perhaps, would be less acute, and I should be sitting over a bright fire. Oh! how loudly the heaven is speaking! Go home, Sahib, you will catch cold!"

"Why do *you* not go home?" I asked. "You will see no one to-day. No—not even your beloved. I am the only being who will venture out in a storm like this; and I do so only for your sake."

"My heart is as hard as this rock," she said, flipping her finger against the granite, "to all except one being—a child. Oh, how the heaven is speaking, Sahib!"

"Do you not fear the lightning and the hail?" I asked her.

"I did once," she replied. "I trembled whenever it came near; but now, what does it signify? *Bidglee* (lightning), come to me," she cried, beckoning to a streak of fluid which entered the ground within a hundred yards of us. "*Bidglee*, come here, and make a turquoise of my heart."

What pretty feet! She had kicked off her shoes, which were saturated and spoiled.

"Go home, Sahib" (such was the refrain of her conversation). "You will catch cold!"

By degrees I had an opportunity of seeing all her features. She was most beautiful, but had evidently passed the meridian of her charms. She could not have been less than twenty-four years of age. On the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring of English manufacture, in which was set a red cornelian, whereon was engraved a crest—a stag's head.

I took her hand in mine, and said, "Where did you get this?" pointing to the ring.

She smiled and sighed, and then answered, "Jee, (sir) it belonged to an Ameer (a great man)."

"Where is he?"

"Never mind."

"Do you expect to see him soon?"

"No—never."

"Is he old?"

"No. Not older than yourself. How the heaven is speaking!"

"Let me see you to your home."

"No. I will go alone."

"When do you intend to go?"

"When you have left me."

"You are very unkind thus to repulse my civility."

"It may be so. But my heart's blood is curdled."

I bade her farewell; and through the storm, which still raged, I went home and won my wager.

I could not rest that night. The beautiful face of the native woman haunted me. In vain I tried to sleep, and at last I arose from my bed, and joined a card-party, in the hope that the excitement of gambling would banish her from my brain. But to no purpose. I knew not what I was playing, and ere long I left off in disgust.

Almost every one who visits the Hills keeps a servant called a *tindal*. His duty is to look after the men who carry your janpan, to go errands, to keep up the fire, and to accompany you with a lantern, when you go out after dark. These tindals, like the couriers on the Continent, are a peculiar race, and, generally speaking, are a very sharp, active, and courageous people. I summoned my tindal, and interrogated him about the native lady who had caused so much sensation in Mussoorie. The only information he could afford me was that she had come from a village near Hurdwar; that she was rich, possessed of the most costly jewels, kept a number of servants, moved about in great state on the plains, and for all he knew she might be the wife or slave of some Rajah.

Could she, I wondered, be the famous Ranee Chunda, the mother of Dulleep Singh, and the wife of Runjeet? The woman who, disguised as a soldier, had escaped from the fort of Chunar, where she had been imprisoned for disturbing, by her plots, the imagination of Sir Frederick Currie, when he was Resident at Lahore? The woman I had seen and spoken to, "answered to the description" of the Ranee, in every respect, excepting the eyes. Dulleep Singh was living at Mussoorie, and he not unfrequently rode upon the Mall. Ranee Chunda had a satirical tongue, and a peculiarly sweet-toned, but shrill voice; and she had remarkably beautiful feet; and so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had courage which was superhuman; so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had a child—an only child; so had this woman.

I asked the tindal where the lady lived. He replied that she occupied a small house near the bazaar, not very far from my own abode. "She is in great grief," the tindal yawned, "about something or other."

"Endeavour to find out the cause of her misfortunes," said I, "and you shall be rewarded according to your success."

Next day the tindal reported to me that I was not the only sahib who was deeply interested in the native lady's affairs; that many wished to make her acquaintance, and had sent their tindals to talk to her; but that she had firmly and laconically dismissed them all, just as she had dismissed him. "Tell your master that the sufferings of an object of pity, such as I am, ought not to be aggravated by the insulting persecution of gay and light-hearted men."

The day after the storm brought forth the loveliest afternoon that can be imagined. The sun shone out brightly, the clouds were lifted from the Dhoon, and the vast panorama resembled what we read of in some fairy tale. All Mussoorie and Landour turned out. The Mall was so crowded that it was difficult to thread one's way through the throng.

Was the lady at the rock?—Yes; there she stood as usual, watching those who passed. The Maharajah with his suite appeared. I was convinced that the woman was the Maharajah's mother; but I did not breathe my suspicions lest I might cause her to be arrested. When it became dusk, and the visitors were taking their departure, I again approached the lady, and made my "salaam," in that respectful phrase which is always adopted when addressing a native woman of rank. She at once recognised me as the person who had spoken to her during the storm on the previous afternoon, for she alluded to its fury, and said she had taken a wrong road, had lost her way, after I had left her, and did not reach home till nearly midnight. She concluded her little speech with a hope that I had been more fortunate.

"You should have allowed me to escort you," said I. "I would have helped to carry your load of sorrow."

She looked at me, and suddenly and abruptly said. "Your name is Longford."

"You are right," said I.

"About three or four years ago you stayed for several days with a friend in a tent near Deobund? You were on your way to these mountains?"

"I did."

"You had a little dog with you, and you lost it at Deobund?"

"I did lose my dog, and made a great noise about it. But how do you know all this?"

She smiled and sighed.

I was bewildered. My belief that she was the Ranee Chunda was almost confirmed. It was close to the encampment of the Ranee, when she was on her way to Chunar, that my dog was lost, and my servants and the officers of police declared that it must have been some of the Ranee's people who had stolen the favourite.

"The dog is still alive," said the lady; "and if you will come to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to my house, you shall see him; but you will promise not to take him from me?"

"Of course, I will not take him from you. But let me see him to-night, and tell me how he came into your possession. I will see you to your home."

"No, Sahib; be patient. I will tell you all to-morrow; and when you have heard my story you will perhaps do me a kindness. It is in your power to assist me. Tell me where you live, and I will send my brother to you at eleven o'clock. He will conduct you to my house. Salaam, Sahib."

I returned her salaam, and left her.

I did not go to bed till two o'clock the next morning, and, when my tindal aroused me at eleven, and informed me that a young man wished to see me, I was disposed to believe that my engagement at twelve had been made in my dreams.

I ordered the young man to be admitted. He came to my bedside, and said in a confidential tone of voice: "The lady has sent me to wait your commands." I got up, made a hasty toilet, drank a cup of very hot tea, and followed the young man, who led me to the little house near the theatre, at the top of the Bazaar. I entered the abode, and found the lady sitting, native fashion, on a carpet, on which was strewed marigold and rose leaves. Her silver *kuleean* (small hookah) was beside her; and, sure enough, there was my long lost terrier, Duke, looking as sleek, fat, lazy, and useless as a native lady's dog could be. After expressing my thanks to the lady for her condescension in granting me the interview, I spoke to my former favourite, Duke, but he only stretched himself, and yawned in reply.

"And you have still that ring with the blue stone in it," said the lady, taking my hand and smiling while she looked at the ring. "I remember observing this when I saw you asleep, one morning, on a couch in the tent at Deobund. Had I noticed it when you addressed me during the storm, I would not have spoken so rudely to you."

"I do not remember having seen you previous to the other evening," said I, "and if I had, I should never have forgotten it."

"*Where have* we met?" I repeated.

"Where I had opportunities of seeing you, but where you could not see me."

There was an old serving woman, whom she called mother, attending upon her, and the young man whom she called brother, a soldier-like looking youth, was still standing in the room to which he had conducted me. The lady desired them both to withdraw, and then begged me to bring the *mora* (or stool), upon which I was sitting, close to her side. I obeyed her. She placed her finely-formed head in the palms of her hands, and gave vent to a violent flood of tears. I suffered her to weep without interruption. Grief appeared to relieve her, rather than to increase her pain. At length she dried her eyes, and said:—

"My father was a *Moolvee* (Mahommedan law officer), attached to the Sudder Court in Agra. I am his only daughter. He was absent from home all day. Why should he not be? He was paid for it; he eat the Company's salt. Well, when I was about fifteen years of age, I was enticed away from my home by the *Kotwall* (native police officer). He sent an old woman, who had silver on her tongue, and gold in her hand. She told me long stories about love; and promised me, that if I left my home I should marry the *Kotwall's* son, who was young and handsome. I was but a child and very foolish. The servants who had charge of me were all bribed heavily. One received three hundred rupees, another two hundred, a third one hundred. These people encouraged me in the idea that to marry the *Kotwall's* son would be the most prudent thing in the world, and, one day, when my father had gone to the Court, at about ten o'clock, I eloped with the old woman, whom the *Kotwall* had sent to talk me over.

"We travelled all day, in a *bylee* (native carriage), guarded by two sowars. I asked the old woman several times where she was taking me, but her only reply was, 'Set your heart at rest, child, and eat some sweetmeats.' The *pawn* which she gave me must have been drugged, for shortly after eating it I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but when I awoke I found myself in the house of a Sahib. The old woman was there also. I became alarmed, but my fears were quieted by the old woman's tongue. She told me I was close to Agra; but the truth was, I was one hundred koss (two hundred miles) distant. Nautch girls were sent for, and they danced before me. I had this hookah given to me, and these bangles. A boy, very handsomely dressed, waited upon me, and brought my food. Parrots, minahs, and doves were purchased for me to play with. Whatever my childish fancy dictated the old woman instantly procured.

"I was so constantly amused I had no time or inclination to think of my home. My father was a bad tempered man, and

I was only too glad to be out of hearing of the quarrels in which he constantly engaged with his servants and dependants. One evening the old woman said to me, '*Baba* (child), order a Nautch this evening, and let me, in your name, invite the Sahib to witness it.' I had never seen an Englishman—a European—except at a distance. The idea of being in a room with one inspired me with terror. I had been taught to despise the Kafir, whom my father said he was compelled to serve. I objected; but the old woman's eloquence again prevailed.

The night came; I was seated on my *fureesh* (carpet) just as I am now, and dressed in clothes of the gayest description. I was like a little queen, and felt as proud as was Noor Jehan. I was then very handsome. If I had not been, much trouble would have been spared: and my flesh was firm —not as it is now. At about ten o'clock the Sahib made his appearance. When he came into the room I was ready to faint with alarm, and, turning my head away, I clung to the old woman and trembled from head to foot. '*Dhuro mut*, (do not fear),' said the Sahib; and then he reproved, but in a gentle voice, the Nautch girls who were laughing loudly at me. The old woman, too, bade me banish my fears. After a while, I ventured to steal a look at the Sahib; and again averted my face, and clung to the old woman. The Sahib, after remaining a brief while, during which he praised my beauty, retired, and I was once more happy. 'There,' said the old woman, when he was gone; 'you see the Sahib is not a wild beast out of the jungles, but as gentle as one of your own doves.'

"On the following day I heard the Sahib talking in the next room; I peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him seated at a table. The *nazir* (head clerk) was standing beside him, reading. There was a man in chains surrounded by *burkandâzes* (guards) at the other end of the room, and a woman was there giving her evidence. The Court-house was undergoing some repairs, and the Sahib was carrying on his magisterial duties in his dining-room. The man in chains began to speak, and deny his guilt. The Sahib called out '*Choop!* (Silence!)' in a voice so loud that I involuntarily started back and shuddered. The prisoner again addressed the Sahib, and one of the *burkandâzes* dealt him a severe blow on the head, accompanied by the words, '*Suer! Chor!* (Pig! Thief!)' The case was deferred until the following day, and the court closed at about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Sahib again paid me a visit.

"I was now afraid to show my fears, lest the Sahib should order me to be killed; and I therefore put on a cheerful countenance, while my heart was quivering in my breast. The Sahib spoke to me very kindly, and I began to dread him less.

"In this way I spent a fortnight; and, at the end of that time, I ventured to talk to the Sahib as though I were his equal. It afforded me great amusement to watch the administration of justice through the keyhole; and, young as I was, I imbibed a desire to have a share in the arbitrary power which was daily exercised.

"One day, when the Sahib came into my room, I began to talk to him about a case of which he had just disposed. He laughed, and listened to my views with great patience. I told him that the evidence upon which the prisoner had been convicted was false from beginning to end. He promised me that he would reverse the sentence of imprisonment; and, in the ecstacy of my joy at finding that I really had some power, I was intoxicated and unconscious of what I was doing. I suffered the Sahib's lips to touch mine. No sooner had I done so than I felt a degraded outcast, and I cried more bitterly than I have words to describe. The Sahib consoled me and said that his God and his Prophet should be mine; and that in this world and the next our destinies should be the same.

"From that day I was a wife unto him. I ruled his household, and I shared his pleasures and his sorrows. He was in debt; but, by reducing his expenses, I soon freed him; for his pay was fifteen hundred rupees a month. I suffered no one to rob him, and caused the old woman, who was a great thief and cheat, to be turned away. I loved him with all my soul. I would rather have begged with him than have shared the throne of Ackbar Shah. When he was tired, I lulled him to sleep; when he was ill, I nursed him: when he was angry, I soon restored him to good-humour: and, when I saw him about to be deceived by his subordinates, I put him on his guard. That he loved me I never had any reason to doubt. He gave me his confidence, and I never abused his trust.

"Who was the man?" I inquired; for I was in doubt, although I suspected.

"Be patient, Sahib," she replied, and then resumed. "At the end of two years I became a mother."

Here she gave vent to another flood of tears.

"The Sahib was pleased. The child seemed to bind us more closely together. I loved the child; I believe it was because it bore such a strong likeness to its father. When the Sahib was away from me, on duty in the district, he seemed still by my side, when I looked at the boy; who was as white as you are."

"Is the child dead?" I asked.

"Be patient, Sahib. When you passed through Deobund, and stayed in the tent with your friend, my child was two years old. I was the mistress of that encampment at Deobund, and the wine you drank was given out with this hand."

"How little do men know of each other!"

I exclaimed, "even those who are the most intimate! I had not the least idea there was a lady in the camp, I assure you."

"How angry with you was I," said she, "for keeping the Sahib up so late. You talked together the whole night long. Therefore I had no remorse when I took your dog. Well, as you are aware, soon after that, the Sahib was seized with fever, from which he recovered; but he was so shattered by the attack that he was compelled to visit Europe, where you know"—she paused.

A native woman will never, if she can avoid it, speak of the death of a person whom she has loved. I was aware of this, and bowed my head, touching my forehead with both hands. The father of her child had died on his passage to England.

"Before he left me," she continued, "he gave me all that he possessed—his house and furniture, his horses, carriage, plate; his shares in the bank, his watch, his dressing case, his rings—everything was given to me, and I own all to this hour. When I heard the sad news I was heartbroken. Had it not been for the child I would have starved myself to death; as it was I took to opium, and smoking *bhung* (hemp). While I was in this state, my Sahib's brother—the Captain Sahib—came, and took away the boy; not by violence. I gave it to him. What was the child to me, then? I did not care. But the old woman whom you heard me call my mother, who now attends me, gradually weaned me from the desperation in which I was indulging; and, by degrees, my senses returned to me. I then began to ask about my child, and a longing to see him came over me. At first they told me he was dead; but, when they found I was resolved to destroy myself by intemperance, they told me the truth—that the child was living, and at school in these hills. I have come hither to be near my child. I see him almost every day, but it is at a distance. Sometimes he passes close to where I stand, and I long to spring upon him and to hug him to my breast whereon, in infancy, his head reposed. I pray that I could speak to him, give him a kiss, and bless him; but he is never alone. He is always playing with, or talking to, the other little boys at the same school. It seems hard that he should be so joyous, while his own mother is so wretched. Of what use to me is the property I have, when I cannot touch or be recognised by my own flesh and blood? You know the master of the school?"

"Yes."

"Could you not ask him to allow my child to visit you? And then I could see him once more and speak to him. You were a friend of his father, and the request would not seem strange."

I felt myself placed in a very awkward position, and would make no promise; but I told the woman I would consider the matter, and let her know on the following day, provided she would stay at home, and not visit that rock upon the road any more. She strove hard to extract from me a pledge that I would yield to her request; but, difficult as it was to deny her anything—she was still so beautiful and so interesting—I would not commit myself, and held to what I had in the first instance stated.

I paid a visit to the school at which my friend's child had been placed, by his uncle, a captain in the East India Company's service. I saw some thirty scholars, of all colours, on the play-ground; but I soon recognised the boy whom I was so curious to see. He was indeed very like his father, not only in face and figure, but in manner, gait, and bearing. I called to the little fellow, and he came and took my hand with a frankness which charmed me. The schoolmaster told me that the boy was very clever, and that, although only six years old, there were but few of his playmates whom he did not excel. "His father was an old friend of mine," I said. "Indeed, our acquaintance began when we were not older than this child. Would you have any objection to allow the boy to spend a day with me?"

"I promised his uncle," was the schoolmaster's reply, "that he should not go out, and that I would watch him closely; but, of course, he will be quite safe with you. Any day that you please to send for him, he shall be ready."

"Does he know anything of his mother?" I inquired.

"Nothing," said the schoolmaster. "He was very young when he came to me. I have no idea, who, or what, or where the mother is, for his uncle did not enter into the particulars of his parentage. The mother must have been very fair, if she were a native; the boy is so very slightly touched with the tar-brush."

I went home, and sent for the mother. She came; and I entreated her to forego her request, for the child's sake. I represented to her that it might unsettle him and cause him to be discontented. I assured her that he was now as happy and as well taken care of as any mother could desire her offspring to be. On hearing this, the poor woman became frantic. She knelt at my feet, and supplicated me to listen to her entreaty—a sight of her child, a few words with him, and a kiss from his lips. She said she did not wish him to know that she was his mother; that if I would have him brought into my house, she would dress in the garb of a servant woman, or *syce's* (groom's) wife, and talk to the boy without his being aware that she was the person who had brought him into the world.

"And you will not play me false?" said I, moved by her tears. "You will not, when you have once got hold of the boy, decline to relinquish that hold, and defy his friends

— as mothers *have* done — to take him from you, except by an order of Court? Remember, Dooneea," (that was her name) "that I am running a great risk; and am, moreover, deceiving the schoolmaster, and behaving badly to the boy's uncle, by allowing myself to be swayed by your tears and my own feelings. Consider what disgrace you will bring upon me, if you fail to keep your word in this matter." She bound herself by an oath that she would do all I required, if I would only give her the longed-for interview.

"To-morrow, at twelve," said I, "you may come here. At that hour, in this room, the child shall be with me. Come in the dress of a poor woman, and bring an infant with you. Let your excuse be that you have come to complain of the ill-treatment you have received from your husband, who is in my service. This will give me an opportunity of bidding you remain until justice be done, and meanwhile you will see the boy; and when I go out of the room, which will be only for a short time, you can talk to him. Do you know your part, Dooneea?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"To-morrow at twelve. Salaam, Dooneea!"

"Salaam, Sahib." She went away with a cheerful countenance.

There are no such actors in the world as the people of Hindostan. The boy came to me a little before twelve, and was reading to me when Dooneea, with a child in her arms, and dressed in the shabbiest apparel, rushed into the room, and commenced an harangue. She said she had been beaten unmercifully by her husband, for no cause whatever; that he had broken one of her fingers, and had attempted to stab her; but she had saved her life by flight. All this she accompanied with gesticulations and tears, according to the custom of complainants in the East. I feigned to be very angry with the husband, and hastily left the room, as if to make inquiry and to send for him.

I ran round to an outer door, and peeped in upon Dooneea and her boy. She was repeating the same tale to the child, and the child was imploring her not to cry. It was a strange scene. The tears she was now shedding were not mock tears. The boy asked her how her husband came to beat her? She began thus: "I was sitting near the fire talking to my eldest boy, and had my arm round his waist—there, just as I put my arm round your waist—and I said to the boy, 'It is getting very late and you must go to sleep,' and I pulled him to my breast—like this—and gave him a kiss on his forehead, then on his eyes—there—just as gently as that, yes, just like that. Well, the boy began to cry—"

"Why did he cry? Because you told him to go to bed?"

"Yes," said Dooneea; "but his father came in, and thought I was teazing the child. He abused me, and then he beat me."

The woman gazed at her child; and, having a good excuse for weeping in her alleged wrongs, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. From behind the screen which concealed me from her sight and that of the boy, I, too, shed tears of pity.

I returned to the room, and said, "Dooneea, since you are afraid of your life do not leave this house until I tell you to do so; but give your infant to the sweeper's wife to take care of. I do not like young children in my house."

How thankful she was! She placed her head upon my feet, and cracked her knuckles over my knees.

Charles Lamb says that the children of the poor are adults from infancy. The same may be said of the children of the rich in India. Dooneea's little boy discussed the conduct of the cruel husband, and sympathised with the ill-used wife, as though he had been called upon to adjudicate the affair in a Court of Justice. He even went so far as to say, "What a wicked man to beat such a dear-looking woman!" and he gave Dooneea the rupee which I had given to him on the day previous when I saw him at the school. With what delight did Dooneea tie up that piece of coin, from the child's hand, in the corner of her garment! It seemed far more precious to her than all the jewels which his dead father had presented to her in days gone by. It was a gift from her own child, who was living, but, to her, dead. Dooneea spoke Persian—a language the boy did not understand. His father had taught Dooneea that language in order that their servants might not know the tenor of their discourse. In that language Doonea now spoke to me, in the boy's presence.

"Is he not very like his father?" she said.

"Very," I replied.

"Will he be as clever?"

"He is too young for any one to judge of that."

"But he will be as generous," (she pointed to the coin) "and he will be as tall, as good-looking, as passionate, as gentle, and as kind."

The boy's boots were muddy. Dooneea observed this, and with her own little hands cleaned them; and smiling, she asked him for a present in that tone and manner which the poorest menial in Hindostan adopts when addressing the most haughty superior.

The boy blushed, and looked at me.

"Have you nothing to give her?" said I.

"Nothing," said he; "I gave her my rupee."

"Give her that pretty blue ribbon which is round your neck, and I will give you one like it," said I.

He took the ribbon from his neck and gave it to Dooneea.

Dooneea twisted the ribbon in her hair, and began to weep afresh.

"Do not cry, you silly woman," said I; "I

will see that your husband does not beat you again."

She understood me, and dried her tears.

Dooneea again spoke to me in Persian. "Sahib," said she, "they do not wash the children properly at that school. Order me to do this."

"Charley, why did you come to me in this state, with your neck unwashed?" I asked the boy.

"We only wash in warm water once a week; on Saturdays," he replied. "This is Thursday."

"But I cannot allow you to dine with me in this state," said I, in Hindoostanee. "You must be well washed, my boy. Dooneea, give the child a bath."

With reluctant steps, the child followed his mother to my bathing-room. I peeped through the purdah; for I began to fear that I should have some trouble in parting the mother from her child, and half repented that I had ever brought them together. While Dooneea was brushing the child's hair, she said, "*Toomara mama kahanhai?*—Where is your mother?"

The boy answered, "I do not know."

I began to cough, to inform Dooneea that I was within hearing, and that I objected to that strain of examination. She ceased immediately.

I had an engagement to ride with a lady on the Mall. My horse was brought to the door; but I was afraid to leave Dooneea alone with the boy, notwithstanding her solemn promise that she would not run off with him. Yet I did not like to hurry that eternal separation on earth which, for the boy's sake, I was determined their separation should be.

I walked up and down my verandah for some time, meditating how I could part them. At last it occurred to me that I would send the boy away to his school by stratagem, and trust to chance how I might best explain to Dooneea that he would not return. I ordered a *syce* (groom) to saddle a little pony that I possessed, and told Dooneea that I wished the boy to take a ride with me, and that while we were absent, she ought to take some food. It stung me to the soul to witness how innocent she was of my intentions; for she seemed pleased that I should show her child so much attention as to be seen in public with him.

As soon as we were out of sight of my house, I took the road for Landour, delivered the boy over to his schoolmaster, told my groom to keep the pony out till after dark, cantered to the Mall, kept my engagement, and returned to my home at about half-past seven o'clock. There was Dooneea waiting for us in the verandah.

"Where is the boy?" she inquired, on finding me return alone.

I gave her no reply; but dismounted and approached her. Taking hold of her wrists, *I said, in the* gentlest voice, "Dooneea, I have fulfilled my promise. You have seen your child, you have spoken to him, you have kissed him. Enough. He has now gone back to school. You must not see him again, if you really love him."

She trembled in my grasp, looked piteously in my face, gasped several times for breath, as though she longed to speak, and swooned at my feet. I lifted her, carried her into the house, and laid her upon my bed; then sent for her servants, and for a doctor, who lived near my bungalow. The doctor came. While he felt her pulse, and placed his hand over her heart, I briefly explained to him what had taken place. He still kept his finger on the vein, and gazed on Dooneea's beautiful face. Blood began to trickle from her nostrils, and from her ears, staining the bed linen and the squalid garments in which she had attired herself. In a few minutes the doctor released his hold of her wrist. "Poor thing!" he ejaculated. "Her troubles are over! She is at rest!

"———Never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame!"

She was dead.

* * * *

The old woman whom Dooneea called "mother," and the soldier-like looking youth whom she called "brother," decamped with her jewels and movables, including my dog Duke; but the house near Hurdwar, and the bank shares—property to the value of about four thousand pounds—remain invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of the boy; who will, I trust, make good use of his little fortune, when he becomes of age.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

I WAS sitting the other day in the dim twilight of the Cock Tavern, in Fleet street, (a kind of chequered shade not to be found elsewhere; part sunshine—part mirror—part gas—and part, no light whatever,) when I was thrown into a train of reflection not unlike the chequered light in which I was seated; for my thoughts were, in some measure, prospective and retrospective—half sunshine, and half melancholy; with a dust of other-day world curiosity mixed with the certainty of this-day world material. I had been thrown into this train of feeling at missing on their accustomed shelf a row of punch-bowls, many, if not all of which, when I was less careful of my constitution than I am now, I had helped to empty in the old supernaculum or volunteer style. Those, on which China's gayest art had dyed the azure flowers "that blow," were, I found, crowded in a corner, one within the other, as if no longer asked for; and over that blue and white bowl—real Chelsea, wrought with noble envy of Dresden, and more to my liking than any Dresden manufacturer's, because it smacked of Smollett and Chelsea—I observed a cobweb

of at least last year, symbolical—what more so?—that the bowl was no longer of any use, that punch was no longer drank; in short, that people, young and old, were much in my own condition—no longer what they were.

In this state of thoughtful uncertainty, the bowls bringing old faces—now, no longer old—once more into my memory, and my thoughts still partaking of the chequered shade in which I was sitting, I called the head waiter William to my aid; for, like the little hero in the Rejected Addresses, "I always talk to Will."

"William," I said, "why are the bowls put out of sight? Why, more than all, is that old blue and white Chelsea friend, from which the Commodore and myself, with Joe Keppel and Harry Eaton, and some more merry fellows used to drink, going fresh into five shillings' worth in the morning; why does that bloated spider monopolise its noble circle, throwing its filmy web over its top in place of the delicious steam from old Jamaica usquebaugh, or right Geneva, or Nantz, or Hollands; Geneva was the drink the Commodore loved best, though I cannot say that I—" To what extent of rambling I should have run I can hardly imagine, for William was listening attentively, with a smile playing on his lips, overcoming for a time at least two twinges of the gout. "Why, sir" ("Coming, sir," "Pay in nine"), "why are pawnbrokers' windows crowded with silver punch-ladles?" And, with this appropriate problem to solve, he left me for a time; returning, however, as soon as there was another cessation of demands to pay. Yes, I say, why are pawnbrokers the principal, almost sole, proprietors of punch-ladles—look at any window, how they strew the frontage with masonic badges—punch and masonry are both out of fashion! But how do you account for this? no one calls for even a half-crown bowl—or a sneaker now. "Why, sir"—(I observe that William generally begins any particular communication in this manner)—"Why, sir, it is not as it used to be when I first came here, when you, and the Commodore, and Harry Eaton, and the squire from Ilford, and the Romford gentleman, and the captain of the Somerset House Militia, and the major of the Light Horse volunteers—Herries' as was, and the gentleman as was on the Chronicle—Mr. Perry's friend—he who knew the old Duke of Norfolk *so* well (laying particular emphasis on the *so*), and the partner from Hoare's house over the way. Lord! and how many more I could name. Those were the days of punch and loyalty. Punch went out of fashion with the war. You must have another war to get punch into demand again. I am certain you would be confounded at hearing how much was drank on 'the tenth of April,' and that wasn't a war neither—but it proves my point Louis Napoleon is the man, sir, to take those bowls from off their shelf, and to lessen the number of ladles in the windows of pawnbrokers;" and with this concluding remark, pronounced in a kind of confidential whisper, William left me to pursue his business—both of us evidently wishing (for the sake of punch alone) that Louis Napoleon *would* come over.

I sat still brooding upon punch and the land commemorated by Waller:—

The happy country where huge lemons grow.

"Who's for poonsh?" I found myself saying, mimicking Garrick's favourite mode of imitating Johnson—squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl with uncouth gesticulations, and looking round the company for eager applicants. Then it occurred to me, does any young midshipman "wet his commission" now; that is, dip his Admiralty writing in a bowl of punch. What are our young militia-men about—your Sherwood Foresters to wit. Surely a bowl of punch would do them no harm—making their clothes fit tighter to their skins, and their arms (if moderately used) fitter to wield either bayonet or sword. Would Dibdin have written his sea-songs unless with a bowl of punch before him. Above all, what would old Admiral Russell say—were he to come to life again—at this decay of punch?

This Admiral Russell was the officer who in the reign of William III. defeated the French off La Hogue; and for his services on that occasion was created Earl of Orford. He was a hearty lover of punch, and is said to have made the largest bowl of his favourite liquor that was ever made. He constructed a bowl or cistern in his pleasure ground at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, and threw into it:—Four hogsheads of brandy; eight hogsheads of water; twenty-five thousand lemons; twenty gallons of lime juice; thirteen hundred weight of sugar; five pounds of grated nutmeg; three hundred toasted biscuits; and one pipe of dry mountain Malaga wine. There's a receipt for a new edition of Mrs. Rundell or Miss Acton! In this lake of liquor floated a small boat, manned with a steady boat's crew. These filled for all comers, and more than six thousand persons partook of the Admiral's mixture. The cistern, or bowl, was empty long before morning.

I believe it would be difficult to show that the word punch was in use in England anterior to the Restoration, or toddy in existence, by such a name, anterior to the Hanover succession. Punch the puppet came over with Charles II., and the word, in its sense of thick and short, was soon coined for the nonce, Mr. Pepys recording under the year 1669, how mightily he was pleased to hear some poor people call "their fat child Punch, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short." It soon got into our dictionaries—Coles, the

schoolmaster, defining "punch," in 1685, as "a mixture of brandy, water, lemons, and sugar." Like many other good and ill mixtures, it, in all probability, came into England with our sailors—Fryer, in his Travels to the East Indies in 1672, informing his readers that "at Nerule (near Goa) is made the best arack, or nepa die Goa, with which the English on this coast make that enervating liquor called paunch (which is Indostan for five,) from five ingredients, as the physicians name this composition Diapente, or from four things Diatesseron." It was the English, we see, who made and drank this mixture of five things on the coast of Goa, and our sea captains and their men were not long in acquiring and bringing to England a taste for what Fryer considered an enervating liquor.

Of the early use of punch in the English navy in the reign of Charles II., there are some striking illustrations in the Diary of Henry Teonge, an "old cavalier" turned ship's chaplain. The first voyage of this clerical worthy was on board the frigate "Assistance," fifty-six guns, then, 1st of June, 1675, lying in the Long Reach, at Blackwall, bound for Tripoli. On joining his ship, he drank, he tells us, before going to bed, part of three bowls of punch—"a liquor," he adds, "very strange to me." On the 3d of June they hoisted sail, and made for the Nore. "Hither," he writes, "many of our seamen's wives follow their husbands, and several other young women accompany their sweethearts, and sing 'Loath to Depart,' in punch and brandy." The wives still lingered about the vessel till they reached the Downs, when, as he records, "we drink a health to all our friends behind us in a good bowl of punch." Nor when in the Bay of Biscay did they forget the women over their bowls. "Here," it is Saturday, "the porpoises come tumbling in great multitudes. We end the day and week with drinking to our wives in punch-bowls." A milder liquor, perhaps, though we suspect punch after all, was used by the chaplain and the crew of the stout ship Assistance when "towards evening, we being bound to cruise westward, drink to our friends in a lemonade." But punch, we imagine, or "good racckee," as he calls and spells it, was once more resorted to when, 3rd of October, 1675, he had occasion to record that "This day I hanselled my new cassock, but," (here is an admission) "had no time for prayers!"

"This same flipp and punch are rare drinks," exclaims a scowrer in one of Shadwell's amusing comedies of manners; and so Teonge found them, though their use would not appear to have injured his constitution, for he died on shore, parson of Spernall in Warwickshire, in a green old age, reflecting frequently no doubt on the good entertainment he received while *chaplain of* His Majesty's frigate "Assistance." Two of these deserve a place in a paper on punch. At Tangier, the chaplain and his friend the doctor of the "Assistance" are desirous to see the fort. A Captain Charles Daniell gratifies their Pepysian curiosity, and they were thus nobly entertained, "in a fayre room, when first of all he gave us a crust of excellent bread and two bottles of claret, then took us into his gardens, which lie clearly round about the fort, and shadowed with an arbour of vines of all sorts, and of his own planting. Here we drank several bottles of wine. After this he took us into his cellar, where he feasted us with roast beef, cold, Westfalia polony pudding, parmezant; gave us cucumbers, musk melons, salletts, and a sieve of Spanish onions as thick as my thigh; stowed us with good wine, and then, loath to let us go, he sent one of his corporals with us to see us safe to our pinnace. Such a hearty entertainment," says the merry-making chaplain, "I never saw before from a mere stranger; nor never shall again till I return to the prince-like Captain Daniell." This was on the 15th of July, 1675—a memorable day in Mr. Teonge's existence; for he got on board "something late," and went to his hammock without his usual bowl of punch. He soon, however, fell into his old habits, and the entry of the 17th concludes with: "in the evening (according to our wonted custom) we end the day with two bowls of punch." Another drink which the good chaplain mentions as having encountered on a second voyage was "punch gallore;" on which it is easy to put more than one merry interpretation.

When punch was first put into jugs, and who was the first man to introduce a "jug of punch," are matters of antiquarian interest that have sorely puzzled some of the most pains-taking correspondents of Notes and Queries; nor have we evidence of our own to assist in settling such important questions. Bowls were in vogue when, in the middle of the last century, Hogarth drew his great punch-picture of Midnight Modern Conversation. Still earlier were they in fashion, when (1701) a poet of King William the Third's reign perpetrates in print the following bad verses on a punch-bowl:

> "Capacious goblet! stored with all delight,
> Sweet to the taste and pleasing to the sight;
> Where nutmegs, lemons and the jolly toast
> Scattered like wrecks o' th' merry ocean float."

The last note that Otway is said to have composed was "a song in praise of punch;" but it unfortunately has not reached us. Johnson in his youth loved a bowl of bishop—"a mixture," he tells us in his Dictionary, "of wine, oranges, and sugar." Burns delighted in whiskey punch; and his bowl has cost its present generous possessor many hundreds of pounds to keep it filled for his own friends and the poet's numerous admirers. We have drank from it often, and hope to do so,

while it is still in Mr. Hastie's hands, on other and still greater occasions. Campbell loved to recite poetry over the silver punch-bowl presented to him by the Glasgow students, and we have seen the poet who wrote Ye Mariners of England, sitting "like a prophet in drink" over the grateful steam derived from his favourite beverage. What sort of duty is performed by the bowl at present is unknown to us. The last time we saw the Ettrick Shepherd's silver punch-bowl, it was filled with strawberries and cream. But, when this occurred, death, as Wordsworth expresses, had closed the shepherd-poet's eyes. It was never filled with so mild a mixture in the poet's lifetime. To what base uses may even punch-bowls come at last!

We must close our paper with a fact and an admission. The fact is—the death, on the 5th July, 1776, at the age of seventy-eight, of no less a person than Mr. James Ashley, of whom it was recorded on his grave-stone, that "he was the first who retailed punch in small quantities." Hang him for a rogue! And our admission is said in a whisper: that we have a sneaking preference for a jug of punch over a bowl of punch. We know not why.

ELEUSINIA:

Lines suggested by the Bas-reliefs on the Portland Vase; the figures of which are supposed to be illustrative of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Blue darkness, as of deep midsummer nights,
Rolls round this Vase before me; and I see
The grand, pale phantoms of an elder time
Fixed by consummate Art for evermore.

What naked man is this, that, fearfully,
Beneath a pillar'd portico moves on
Into the glimmering dusk? He, sick at heart
With the dull shows and wranglings of this life,
Would pass the magic Temple doors, and know
The faces of the glad Eternal Gods;
Would enter the majestic regions lying
Above the Olympic peaks, and gaze far down
The dazzling pits of Being, and the abyss
Where suns, and moons, and stars, without an end,
Boil upward like a storm of sparkling dust
Upon a ceaseless wind. And he would hear
The swift and glassy spheres, Heaven over Heaven,
Their nine-fold crystal thunders modulate
To perfect music and sublime consent,
In-orbing all things with round harmony.
Yet, pausing as in doubt and natural fear
Of what those haunted boundaries may enclose,
He stands upon the threshold of two worlds,
And hears the voices calling either way.

Oh, floating Love! white star within the dark!
Clear herald of the morning! lead him on
Through the long silence and the mystical night
To where the Gods reveal themselves in flame,
And the great secret of the world lies bare.
Oh, beckoning Love! keep ever on thy path
With forward wings and backward looks, that he
May pass unfaltering the severe aspects
That gloom about the palace-doors of Jove;
And, entering, may behold, and yet still live,
The fountain of that elemental Life
Which is the essence of all forms and modes,
From the intensest star beyond the sun
To the dejected worm: that subtle spirit
Which from inert, cold matter, summons forth
The green enchantments of the Spring, and all
The richness of the harvest. Lead him on
Past the old satyr visages, whose eyes,
For ever upward cast, seem ever waiting
Some revelation of the hidden sense
Of Heaven's marmoreal hieroglyph. And thou
Fair shape of woman, whom the wise snake loves
To play with (like grey Knowledge twining round
The eternal youth of Beauty), hold him thus,
With thy kind hand upon his arm, until
His doubt and fear have flown, and he perceives
The inner throbbings of Elysian dawn
Pulse in the darkness, and the widening day
Silently open like a golden rose.

I turn the Vase, and see two watching shapes,
Female and male, who steadfastly regard,
With looks that breed a sense of quietness,
A languid woman sitting on a heap
Of rugged stones, beneath a large-leaved tree,
Close by a column; with one hand upthrown
Across the head; the other droopingly
Holding a drooping torch, whose flame, nigh spent,
Falters and faints upon the verge of dusk.
A waking sleep, with pageantries of dreams,
Holds her in trance; and all the tide of life
Is at an ebb. Oh, melancholy eyes!
Oh, empty eyes, from which the soul has gone
To see the far-off countries! still look thus
Over the wastes of Time, that we may read
Thy owner's history written large and fair.

She, by long fasting and much solitude,
And by strong aspiration, has attain'd
To inward vision of the outward world;
Till, down the burning vistas of new sense
Her spirit, like a taper-dazzled moth,
Embalms itself in brightness, and is blown
In gusts of splendour round that central flame
Which lights the gross mass of the Universe,
As clouds are lit with sunrise. She has seen
The awful sanctities of Birth and Death
And Resurrection, and the hearts of things.
"Oh, Light, and Love, and Majesty, and Power,
Whereto my soul has journeyed from afar!
The strength of thy perfections drinks me up,
As drops of feeble rain or feebler dew
Are caught into the sunbeams! I am drawn
Into the wind of thy swift orbit—swung
Round the vast circle of created forms;
A conscious atom in the conscious whole;
A portion of the never-resting scheme.

A FRENCH AUDIENCE.

If the English visitor of Paris will take his station on the Boulevard du Temple, as near as possible to the Café du Géant, turn his back on that favourite resort of the amateurs of song and coffee, and look straight over the way—or a little to the right—he will, provided he make his observation somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, witness a spectacle, which he has certainly never seen in his own metropolis, and probably not in any other.

The objects which will present themselves to his gaze are a row of theatres, large and small, so close to each other, that the quantity of dramatic establishments which one would ordinarily assign to a tolerably large capital, are here packed within one of those recesses, which, in the language of our suburbs, would be called "crescents" or "places."

The third lyrical theatre, an opera house formed out of the failing speculation of the Théâtre Historique, the Théâtre National, devoted to military spectacles, the Gaîté, famed sometimes for its faëry wonders, sometimes for its deep dramatic interest, the Funambules, where Pierrot goes through his unsavoury jokes, the Follies Dramatiques, and the Délassements Comiques, both sacred to a somewhat frivolous Thalia—are all in this region. Here great successes are achieved—here is collected the largest playgoing multitude in the sublunar world. Here spring dramas, which can only be studied by an actual visit to Paris; for, with the single exception of *Paillasse* which was brought out at the Gaîté during a temporary engagement of M. Frederic Lemaître—and which was transplanted to London, when that great artist last paid us a visit—we do not believe that our ever indefatigable Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the French plays at the St. James's Theatre, London, ever culled a theatrical flower from the remarkable region to which we here refer. The tarry-at-home traveller of Western London may, if he please, visit the Français, and the Vaudeville, and the Variétés, and the Gymnase, and even the Palais Royal, without moving to any point more distant than the elegant little theatre in King Street, St. James's. He may not, to be sure, catch the novelties just as they are hatched; but, if he will wait patiently they will all—save certain objectionable creations which the power of the censor will not sanction—come in turn. But to see the drama of the Boulevard du Temple he must go to Paris—there is no road to that particular species of French drama and to the Boulevard where it flourishes, except across the British Channel.

When I was last in Paris the weather was intensely cold, and cold is no light matter in the metropolis of France. If I am not mistaken there is the character of a cockney in some old English play, who boasts of the London fog as something substantial, and hints that there is nutriment in inhaling it. As the Briton is always in an anti-national mood when he seeks his amusements, he is taught to laugh at remarks of this kind, and to flatter himself that his views are more enlarged than those of the cockney upon the stage. Ah! He who has passed one wintry week at Paris, will begin to suspect that the mimic cockney was not so far wrong, and that there is somthing estimable, after all, in the much-abused London fog. The air of Paris is so pure, but withal so cutting, that the cold seems to have a clear field for its operations; whereas a good damp fog forms something like a vast wrapper; as Sancho Panza said of sleep, "Verily it covereth a man like a cloak." Then, the Parisians appear to respect cold, just as the Turks respect dogs, which are allowed to thrive and luxuriate at Constantinople, as if no nuisance would be occasioned by their eccentricities: so wi cold among the French, who take no measu to get rid of it. You may ruin yourself purchasing baskets of wood, but these mer make property fires,—like those arou which gypsies sit in some Adelphi mel drama; and, though very pretty to look at if you are curious enough to open your sto and peep in—they give out no heat whatev Ugh! a terrible, sharp, pinching, bitin paralyzing thing is that same Parisian col

The cold weather limiting my sphere of o servation—for a long walk was a formidab undertaking, and gardens were places be studiously shunned (I still shiver at t recollection of one mistaken passage across t gardens of the Luxembourg)—I devoted m self principally to the study of the Boulevar du Temple. The theatres offered at any ra a constant refuge when the cold becam intense.

And here, evening after evening, did observe the spectacle to which I now c attention. I mean the living rows of the trical audiences, in front of each of the sever theatres of that strange Boulevard, all parall to each other, and consequently at rig angles to the coach-road. In London theatrical audience, intensely awaiting an expecting the opening of the doors, is a ra sight, only to be seen at long intervals time and space, except, perhaps, on t "other (or Surrey) side of the water;" b here is a line of theatres, only separated fro each other by the *café* attached to each; an far from rivalling each others' attraction they seem to co-operate lovingly in drawin a multitude to one spot. By seven o'clo post meridian every one of those theatr will be full; or at any rate, they will conta what is called a "good house."

Well, every one knows that the Fren are fond of theatrical amusements, and ther fore it follows, as a matter of course, that t theatres are filled; but there is a peculiari in the French theatrical public which is more instructive than its magnitude, and th is the strong sense of order that pervades Eagerness to witness a certain object mig be supposed commensurate with recklessne in reaching a fitting point of view, but this supposition the behaviour of English a French audiences is decidedly antagonisti The English as a nation care comparative little for the stage, but the least theatric attraction, above the ordinary level, will pr duce a crush, always disagreeable, sometim dangerous. No law but that of the stronge is recognised, and the passages of a Lond theatrical pit or gallery on a night of unusu excitement, are filled with growls, scream and execrations. To the French the pr duction of a new and successful piece is matter of national importance; but you m take your chance during the hey-day of fresh success, and the throng of which y form a part occasions no more perso

inconvenience than the scanty audience of a theatre in an English watering-place.

Those very lines of human beings which strike the spectator, when he stands—as we have directed—near the Cafe du Géant are, of themselves, a result of order. Were a body of London amateurs similarly circumstanced, every one of those lines would be transformed into a compact semicircle, every human particle in the periphery of which would be under the influence of a tremendous centripetal force—the centre being the door of the house. But the French are rigid in their preservation of a line, not above two deep; and, as each fresh couple arrives, it is content to take its place behind its predecessors. When the door at length opens, there is no rush from a large surface to a single point (as when a liquid runs through a funnel) but a procession not broader than the entrance itself. This procession moves into the edifice in as quiet and orderly a manner as a well-behaved school going to its proper place in a church.

It is true that the French—with that love for barricades which has continued since 1588, when the good people of Paris made such a strong demonstration in favour of the Duke of Guise—have invented a system which tends to the material diminution of a theatrical crush. Such a system is carried to perfection at the Porte Saint Martin, where a throng is not only forced into a line, but is obliged to go to the very bottom of a dark alley, and then to turn back in its maintenance of the proper order of succession. Such a system has also been employed at our Italian Opera; and I need not remind my readers of the zig-zag path enclosed on each side by a deal fence, which used to squeeze the crowd of Jenny Lind's admirers to a proper degree of tenuity. But it should be borne in mind that those barricades did not begin until the audience had entered the outer doors of the theatre; whereas these lines on the broad footpath of the Boulevard are external to the edifice, are not influenced by any material force whatever, and merely anticipate the barricades that will be found within. There is nothing violent in the supposition that the same spirit which produced the wooden barricades here, produces that feeling for order, which almost renders barricades superfluous.

The Parisian cold, to which I alluded a little while ago, was not introduced as a mere digression—as a mere piece of subjective impertinence intruding upon an objective description. If anything could have induced the individuals who formed the lines on the Boulevard du Temple to abandon their traditional position, it would have been the cutting wind which attacked the noses and fingers of them all. A slight crush would, under the circumstances, have been rather a comfort than otherwise. But no! There stood the gallant Frenchman, patiently enduring the nipping of the chilliest breeze, his only solace being an occasional gasp, and that dull clapping of the hands which is fondly intended to promote warmth. The combined winds that scattered the fleet of Æneas, would not have moved him to destroy the due proportion of the queue of which he formed an integral joint.

When you have entered the theatre—for I assume you will cross the way and form part of the procession—you will not, if you mean to continue your observations of the *people*, select the most fashionable part of the house. Persons who occupy private boxes, balconies, dress-circles, grand tiers, and other receptacles of mere rank and fashion, are just the same all the world over. Sit in the humblest region save one—in what would be the two-shilling gallery of the Haymarket Theatre. You will be struck by the grim assembly of men in *blouses*, both in your own gallery and the one (socially below, physically) above you; and, if you are more than ordinarily reflective, you will perhaps observe a look of haggard dissipation, that differs widely from the jolly aspect of our British amateurs. That obtuse, honest, unsophisticated vulgarity, which is met at every step in our London streets, is not common in Paris. The appearance of internal refinement seems more in disproportion to the external attire; nearly every man looks a connoisseur, able to appreciate the most conventional luxuries of art. The fairy who should make the occupier of an eightpenny (seventy-five *centimes*) gallery in the Boulevard du Temple throw off his blouse, and become—not a harlequin, but—a marquis of the days of Louis the Fifteenth, would not effect a very miraculous change after all.

These same men in blouses can be as saucy as you please, when nothing is doing on the stage. They can crack rude jokes on your attire as you pursue your way to a vacant seat; they can perform all sorts of incongruities between the acts. At the Théâtre Lyrique I saw a very well-dressed youth keep the audience in his vicinity in a state of uneasiness, by deliberately sitting on the edge of the gallery, in such a position that the slightest touch must have hurled him down to inevitable destruction; now talking with unseeming loudness; now, by proffers of barley-sugar, tempting the youth who sat next to him to open his mouth, and then disappointing him, by substituting a not over clean finger; indeed, altogether getting up a sort of spectacle on his own account during the intervals of the performance. No sooner, however, did the curtain rise, than he passed from the gallery edge to his proper place on the bench; and, placing his chin in the spot which was just before dangerously occupied as a seat, remained in an attitude of such profound attention, that not a single note of a somewhat heavy opera could escape his ear. The proverbial gaiety of the French character coexists with the most solemn vene-

ration for art. In politics they may indeed evince levity, but there is no levity in a theatre while the performance is going on. The theatre is not with them, as with the English, a place to fool away an hour or so, which might as well have been devoted to all fours or bagatelle—(for by selecting the Boulevard du Temple we are placing class against class), but a spot dedicated to one of the most earnest affairs of human life. The solemn attention of the audience within is the key to the decorous behaviour of the audience without. A mere idle "row" in a theatre at Paris, would be as shocking as a "row" in a cathedral in England.

Is it not strange that this excessive veneration for art on the part of the French public is totally unaccompanied by affection for the artist? The singer or actress in the heyday of her vigour earns hurricanes of applause, and the men in *blouses*, appreciating every passage or speech, shout as though, like so many *preux chevaliers*, they would die for her merit sake. But, let the autumn of life set in, let the artist's voice lose its freshness, and her face its *piquant* expression, the terrible word "*passée*" is at once pronounced, and the object of yesterday's idolatry is condemned to the tomb of to-day's neglect. This or that particular player has "strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage;" the hour has past, now let another fret in his place; and he is indeed "seen no more," or, if seen, is hardly endured.

The English public has not nearly so fine an appreciation of dramatic art as the French. The English public of the lower order will talk through an overture, which a man in a blouse will learnedly accompany with his hand after the time, conductor-fashion, but the English public has a notion that the artists, who have amused it for a long series of years, have a right to some sort of affectionate consideration. This truth of the heart is, to quote William Cowper:—

"A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,"

and the ruffian, who flung a funeral wreath to Madlle. Mars as a signal that the proper time for retirement had come, was, we fear, but the type of a general feeling. In London, a man who should assail a popular favourite, merely because his talents were on the decline, would be a subject of general execration, while it is notorious that several of our leading artists have owed their power of attraction to a reminiscence only; and thus enjoy a popularity which is purely traditional.

We may formalize these facts into an aphorism by saying, that the French have a higher feeling for art, and the English for humanity.

DOLLS.

Dolls are trifles. True; but are they such trifles as to be quite unworthy the notice of all except miniature-women of doll-loving juvenility? There are the æsthetics of doll-making, and there is the mechanical skill to which taste gives rise; and there are national and individual idiosyncracies which they serve to bring into play; and there are curious branches of commerce to which this doll-nursing tendency directly contributes. Mr. M'Culloch, speaking of dolls and other children's toys, says, "How frivolous soever these articles may appear in the estimation of superficial observers, their manufacture employs hundreds of hands, and gives bread to many families. The greatness of the demand for them may be inferred from the circumstance that a manufacturer of glass beads and articles of that description has received a single order for "five hundred pounds' worth of doll's-eyes!" It has been since stated that the amount was not so large as the sum here named, but the proposition generally is indisputable, and we must be cautious how we treat trifles too triflingly.

Aristocracy and democracy find their way into the doll world. There are dolls for the little lady, and dolls for the little peasant—the former made of some material requiring taste and tact in its production, the latter made of unmistakeable wood. The makers of delicate dolls are a different set of persons from those to whom wooden dolls owe their career in the world. Alas for the anatomy of the wooden doll! Her body has very little symmetry, and her legs and arms are little better than bits of lath. The maker (generally a poor fellow who can hardly keep life and soul together by his exertions for his feminine friends) will show you piles of bodies, arms, and legs, all cut out by himself or the members of his family. Competition has affected dolls as it has affected things of more moment. Once upon a time wooden dolls had noses which, if neither strictly Grecian nor Roman, were at any rate passable noses, apparently fitted for all the purposes to which a well-behaved doll's nose might be supposed to be destined; but now the maker has not time to produce a good nose; he cannot afford it; he gives it very little more projection from the face than a baby's nose—which is well known to be not only as broad as it is long, but generally broader. Unmindful of the grace of the female form, the maker scruples not to turn the body of his doll in a lathe, thus confounding all distinction of front and back, right and left. For the lower-priced dolls there is only a sort of joint by which the legs can be attached to the trunk—legs which are innocent of calves, insteps, and ankles; but the better varieties, besides a little shapeable trimming about the bust, have symmetrical calves given to their legs. A very poor doll—a doll which has to work its way in humble life—has wooden arms as well as wooden legs; but if the doll occupies a higher grade in the social scale, the probability is that she has leather arms, stuffed with sawdust. The doll-maker must

be an artist as well as a woodcutter, for he has to paint eyes, and eyebrows, and lips, and hair—unless indeed the price will enable him to use real hair; in this case he buys the leather arms from one sub-manufacturer, and real hair wigs or ringlets from another. What is the very lowest price at which the very humblest doll can be bought at a toy-shop, most little girls could say better than we can; but hundreds of grosses are sold by the makers to the shopkeepers at a farthing a-piece, and we appeal to the judgment of a British public whether much calf or many ringlets are to be expected at such a price. Some of our manufacturers can boast of having produced half a million little dolls in a year. The French can sell dressed dolls, including bonnet, so low as eightpence per dozen, and undressed composition dolls at twopence-halfpenny per dozen!

But the more ladylike dolls have a wider and larger manufacturing importance; they are the product of many minds and many hands. Like a watch, they have to derive one component part from one artist, one from a second, one from a third; while the master-hand puts together all the little bits which others have made for him. Jane Tibbs's wooden doll has just passed under our notice; let us now see what Miss Emily Augusta de Sweller-mode's doll is made of.

There is no stern relentless wooden body to this doll. It is made of yielding and manageable calico, stuffed with saw-dust, hair, or wool, according to its quality. The maker gives out the cut calico and the stuffing; and women and girls are paid so much per dozen or per gross for sewing the former and putting in the latter. As the doll mounts in price, so does the symmetry of its figure increase: a more elaborate display of mathematical skill being visible in the cutting of the calico, and greater liberality in giving plumpness by the stuffing. The body-stuffers are not arm or leg-stuffers; and thus while the former are at work, the latter are also doing their duty in the general cause. The arms and legs are frequently or perhaps usually made of sheepsleather, stuffed with saw-dust if not with better material. Little girls would look sad to learn what a small fractional part of a penny a woman receives for stuffing a pair of arms. The head is not made of wood, or of stuffed calico, or of stuffed leather; it is being made by another person while the body and limbs are rising into existence. The head may perchance be made of paper or pasteboard or papier mâché: a very general material for middle-class dolls, although Miss Emily may hear it called a "composition" head. The maker has by him a wax model for each kind and form of head; from this model he makes a mould, and in this mould he fashions impressions made of a kind of sugar-paper; a grey, grimy, unfeminine sort of face is thus produced; but when it has been delicately tinted in flesh-colour, and dipped into a bath of semi-transparent wax, its beauty becomes developed, and we have before us the head of a "composition" doll. If it be a real *bonâ fide* wax-doll, however, there is no such common material about it as papier mâché; but into the mould is poured molten wax instead of pulpy paper, and a waxen head and throat result. If, as is now often the case, a gutta-percha lady be the object in view, the mould is made to yield a cast in this material, which cast is a little humanized and beautified by subsequent external adornment.

While the head itself is being made by this artist, the doll's perruquier is not idle; he is at work on the beautiful ringlets, and perhaps eye-brows and eye-lashes; he employs real human hair, and is not unworthy of the rank of a wig-maker. While all this is doing, the doll's milliner and dressmaker is earnestly preparing the attire for the young lady: unless indeed the doll be sold in that state of semi-impropriety which is the wont of some dolls. Many dolls have knitted cotton dresses, in part or all over the figure even to the bonnet, and it is whispered (but of course only whispered) that these knitted dresses are especially approved for their power of assuming a certain bustle-like rotundity at the proper part of the figure.

We had nearly forgotten the dolls' eyes—those glassy brilliants without which Miss Emily's doll would be scarcely better than Jane Tibbs's. They are made by the same persons as those who manufacture artificial eyes for human creatures. The commonest kind are merely glass beads, or little hollow spheres, differing according to the care afterwards bestowed on the painting of them. In respect to glass beads, properly so called, few persons perhaps could be prepared to believe that we import ten thousand pounds worth annually, besides those made at home. There is (or was) a famous glass-bead factory at Murano near Venice, where they are made in the following way. Tubes of glass, of various colours, are drawn out to great length, in a gallery adjoining the glass-house; in the same way as barometer and thermometer tubes are made in England. The tubes are cut into very small pieces of uniform length, on the edge of a fixed chisel; and these small pieces are put in a heap into a mixture of fine sand and wood ashes, in which they are stirred about with an iron spatula, until the cylindrical bits assume a smooth spherical form. When removed from the fire, and cleared out in the bore, they constitute beads.

If dolls' eyes be cheap and common—say at about sixpence per dozen pairs—they are made of white enamel (glass with a white opaque substance mixed in it), and then have each a little spot either of blue or of black imparted to them, to convert them into blue or black eyes; but if the doll be a great lady, and if the eyes rise to the extravagant price of threepence or fourpence per pair, they are still made of white enamel, but the

painting is much more artistic: each eye has an iris as well as a pupil and a cornea; and the brilliant black or languishing blue bears a resemblance to nature of which the dolls'-eye maker is not a little proud.

There is much interchange between different countries in respect to dolls, and even the elements of dolls. The very cheap French dolls, adverted to in a former paragraph, are sent to other countries in immense numbers. At Hamburgh dolls' heads are made by thousands of dozens, in wax and in papier mâché, and are exported to the doll-makers of other lands. Large numbers of English dolls have home-made bodies but foreign-made heads; and the better kinds of wooden dolls are also largely imported, from countries where cheap wood for carving can be more readily obtained than in England. Modern times have produced a kind of rag-doll, on which much care is bestowed—so much, indeed, that such dolls command a price varying from five to thirty shillings. Let us not talk of triviality after this: to create such value out of bits of rag is a great commercial achievement, even though the article produced be nothing more than a doll.

Unquestionably there is a fashion in dolls and dolls' dresses, as in the attire of breathing mortals—the Marionettes, both living and dead, pay visits to Vanity Fair. A year or two ago Bloomer dolls were objects of intense admiration, and, be it remarked, objects of some importance to the makers; for whenever a new fashion, or taste, or mania springs up, it is sure to be commercially advantageous to those who are in a position to watch the market. Since the Bloomer excitement lessened, Uncle Tom has done something for the doll-shops; for, although neither Tom, nor Legree, nor Haley, nor the Quaker, would look very nice in the doll form, yet there are Tom's two little boys, and Eva, and Eliza's child, and Topsy—they are all to be met with among the costlier varieties in the doll-maker's store at the present time. There are national fashions, too, in dolls. The dolls'-eye makers say that, since we have had a blue-eyed Queen, blue-eyed dolls have had a more gracious reception than black—indeed the latter are scarcely admitted at all; whereas in countries in which the brilliant flashing dark eye is a prevailing beauty, dolls with blue eyes are regarded as flat, tame, and unprofitable. Dolls' eyes, made in England, are shipped off in large quantities to Spanish America; but they must be black, or they will not sell. There is one Paris house which prides itself almost exclusively on its dolls' dresses—not the dolls themselves, but the perfect fashion, and taste, and propriety of the dumb ladies' costume.

If it be wrong to tempt young hearts, and young eyes, and young pockets, by the sight of beauties which are almost too costly to purchase, then do we fear that Madame Montanari, two years ago, must have made prudent mammas and gouvernantes quake a little. For who can forget her gorgeous display at the Great Exhibition: the little nook near the north-east corner of the transept, where wax-dolls triumphed as ne'er triumphed wax-dolls before? And yet how brief and modest the description in the official catalogue! "Model wax-dolls, the hair being inserted into the head, eye-lashes, and eye-brows, and varying in size, &c." Modest announcement, but brilliant realisation. When the thermometer was at something like ninety degrees, and crowds of ladies little and large were assembled in front of Madame's compartment, they there saw represented the different stages of femininity, from babyhood to childhood, childhood to girlhood, girlhood to womanhood; and boyhood too—for among the doll-portraits of Royal children the heir to the throne was not forgotten. The case itself was a model drawing-room; and, being filled with model people, attired in model costumes, the whole affair was a model of tempting beauty. The grave and reverend seigneurs who filled the office of jurymen at the Exhibition were not insensible to these attractions. They say, "The display of this exhibitor is the most remarkable and beautiful collection of toys in the Exhibition. It consists of a series of dolls, representing all ages, from infancy to womanhood, arranged in several family groups, with suitable and elegant model furniture. These dolls have the hair, eye-lashes and eye-lids separately inserted in the wax, and are, in other respects, modelled with life-like truthfulness. Much skill is also evinced in the variety of expression which is given to these figures in regard of the ages and stations which they are intended to represent." But alas, "from the prices of these dolls, however, they are adapted rather for the children of the wealthy than for general sale, since the price of the undressed dolls are from ten shillings to five guineas each; the dressed dolls, which are attired with much taste, are much more expensive, and vary in price according to the richness of the material of which the robes are made." There were within the same building figures of big burly men—popes and cardinals, and so forth—attired in gorgeous robes of gold and colours; but as they were stuck up there to serve as dummies to the gorgeous robes, we cannot admit them to a comparison with our Montanari productions. Nor can we feel quite satisfied with the Brussels lady, waxen and delicate as she appeared, who was attired in a Brussels lace dress, worth some fabulous number of hundreds of guineas. No: *our* dolls are not made to set off the dresses; they are beauties, beauteously beautiful in themselves, and only attired because it is proper so to be in public, and because they deserve to be well-dressed.

We feel that our dolls would feel themselves neglected if we were to wander far

from their little world; but the wax modelling of the "human face divine," tempts us to say a word or two concerning anatomical models. Many of these are extraordinary productions, developing the minuteness of anatomical detail with wonderful correctness. Dr. Auzoux, of Paris, is a master in this art. He has produced, among other wax models, one of the entire human body, life size, composed of a hundred and a thirty separate pieces, which may he detached, and made to exhibit seventeen hundred vessels, nerves, muscles, arteries, &c. In a second model, also life size, he exhibits on one side all the superficial veins; and on the other the bones, with the complete vascular net-work of arteries and veins, from the heart to their minutest ramifications, with the nervous ganglia and the lymphatic vessels. A third example is the brain, with all its learned divisions into cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla oblongata; so that we can study our bumps with true phrenological ardour. Nor does the biped man alone engage the attention of Dr. Auzoux; he has modelled a waxen horse, about four feet high, in two hundred pieces, and exhibiting more than three thousand arteries and other minute anatomical details—all imitating the colour and forms of the original as closely as human skill can effect it. The modelling of fruit and flowers in wax is another example of this beautiful art, as we have lately had many opportunities of seeing, in the exquisite imitations of the Victoria Regia, the fuchsia, &c. The art of modelling small figures in wax, for other purposes than mere dolls, has attained to great excellence. Witness the remarkable group of Mexican figures by Montanari—figures which show, much better than pictures, the appearance and costume of the inhabitants of that country, from the Indian of the wide-spreading plains, to the Spaniard of the capital. There are twelve civilised Indians, such as are met with in the environs of the city of Mexico, laden with produce and manufactures; there are twelve *mecos*, or Indians of the less civilised districts; there are four blacks, employed at different occupations; there is a pretty scene representing a court-yard in Mexico, with a wealthy farmer and his lady preparing to ride on the same horse, and a groom holding the reins; there is another group of three figures, dancing the never-ending Spanish fandango; there is a painful figure, portraying the last hours of life in consumption; and another of rather a ticklish nature, representing an American Indian preparing to scalp a white traveller. Among the larger productions in the same material are those most captivating heads of ladies and gentlemen which are to be seen in the windows of the barb—we were about to say barbers, but we will rather say perruquiers. Never certainly were such beautiful men seen elsewhere; never such blushing complexions and attractive hair, such arched eye-brows, such long eye-lashes, such luxurious whiskers, mustachios, and beards; how such men could ever wash their faces without ruining their hair, we cannot conceive. The French are famous for their skill in making these paragons of beauty, in hair-work more especially. But beauty is only skin-deep; and there are dolls with actual accomplishments.

The triumph of genius in doll-making is to produce a doll which will speak. Few are such examples, and necessarily somewhat costly. This is mechanism, true mechanism; and the doll rises to the dignity of an automaton. What was the mechanical pigeon of Archytas, and the clock of Charlemagne, and the speaking head by Roger Bacon, and the fly of Regiomontanus; what was the automaton made by Albertus Magnus, which opened its door when any one knocked?—were they not all dolls, pleasant and curious but not useful? Then there were the little actors who represented a pantomime in five acts; and M. Camus's wonderful production of the coach and horses, and lady and page; and Vaucanson's flute-player and flageolet-player: and Mälzel's trumpet-player; and M. Droz's artist; and Vaucanson's duck, which—if Dr. Hutton's account of it can be believed—not only dabbled in the water, swam, drank, quacked, moved its wings, dressed its feathers with its bill, extended its neck, took barley, swallowed it, and exhibited the natural motion of the throat, but actually digested the food by means of materials having the requisite solvent properties.* We do not say that our speaking-dolls equal these marvels, but we do say that they are—just as useful. A doll that can say "papa" and "mamma" is a veritable automaton, and requires the same kind of study as that which produced the more noted examples, though of course less in degree. Speaking-dolls are made only in very small number, and we believe by only one person: such a doll would be worth picking to pieces.

Whether the Indian Thugs are to be ranked among doll-makers, is a knotty question; but the series of little figures made by a native artist at Madras, and placed in the British Museum as illustrative of Thuggee, are very dramatic dolls in their way. Wherein Thuggee consists the readers of this journal are not quite ignorant; but the whole affair is exhibited in due form by these figures. First is a group of figures, showing how a traveller on horseback is strangled by means of a handkerchief. Next is a group showing how, with the handkerchief applied to the throat, the victim is brought to the ground, and held in that position until murdered. In the third group the villainous Thugs are mutilating the faces of murdered travellers to prevent identification, and then digging pits for them. In a fourth group a rascally fellow is attempting to induce the victim to look up at the stars; while a confederate prepares

* See Household Words, vol. iv. p. 553.

to throw the fatal handkerchief round the bared throat at the right moment. Another group shows these precious scoundrels dividing the spoil which has resulted from the murderous doings. Fearful dolls, indeed, are these; and there are—scattered around the Ethnographical Room at the Museum—many other Hindoo figures of doll-like size and materials, destitute of the prettinesses and amenities which belong to a true-born, well-conducted British doll.

Is Count Durin's model man to be called a doll? Some people call it a tailor's model; while he himself gives it the name of a mechanical figure. Be it named what it may, the Count has here patented an apparatus on which a wonderful amount of patience and ingenuity must have been bestowed. This well-shaped gentleman consists of a series of steel and copper plates sliding upon each other, and kept in contact by screws, nuts, and spiral springs; and there are such pins, slides, grooves, wheels, springs, tubes, racks, pinions, and screws within the figure, as to enable the steel and copper plates to be separated or brought closer together. Now, all this complexity is to afford means for enlarging or diminishing the figure; for making him either a nice little man or a great Herculean fellow, but well-shaped in either case. A handle being turned round, the whole of the various pieces of metal are set into movement; they move in proper ratio all over the figure, so that every part may either increase or diminish in due proportion. So prodigiously intricate is the mechanism necessary to effect all this, that the figure comprises no less than seven thousand separate pieces of steel, iron, brass, and copper. The inventor thinks that his model man might be useful to the artist or the sculptor; but he seems to attach more importance to it as a tailor's measure or model, for shaping clothes to suit all classes of men. With a dress of elastic material what a splendid expansible doll we might here have! From Tom Thumb up to Apollo, and from Apollo up to Hercules—quite a series.

But of all the big dolls we have seen, commend us to Gulliver—Lemuel Gulliver—who attracted so many eager eyes two years ago. Although Herr Fleischmann is a Prussian, living at Sonnenberg, and might, consequently be supposed to be less familiar with Swift's hero, he has, nevertheless, worked out the incidents of the story with singular skill. Gulliver, as we all know, woke one fine morning in the country of Lilliput, and found that he could not stir. "As I happened," he says, "to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across the body, from my armpits to my thighs." Here he lies, with his black small-clothes, his neat stockings, and his buckled shoes; and around him hover the Lilliputians, who exhibit a set purpose above all praise. They have mounted on his prostrate body, and are triumphing in various ways, over the captured giant. One is trying to peer into the formidable waistcoat pocket; some are climbing up his legs by ladders or ropes, while others are sliding down again from that giddy height; some have climbed trees and are looking on at a safe distance; and all exhibit a life-like appreciation of the Great Fact, highly creditable to the ingenuity of the artist Fleischmann.

CHIPS.

MAGAZINES OF MEAT.

Not very long ago, the English public heard with pain that it had been found necessary to throw overboard at Behring's Straits the whole store of preserved meat supplied to a vessel sent in search of Sir John Franklin. Still more recently the newspapers have been informing us that fresh inquiries have been made at home into the Admiralty stores, and that the contents of Goldner's canisters have again suffered condemnation. The details of a previous inquiry are too horrible to have escaped the memory of any one who read them. A large number of canisters were then found to have been fraudulently filled with offal and improper matter. There had been a great neglect of duty on the part of the contractor, and the consequences of it are more serious than might at first sight appear. The use of preserved meat on a large scale is checked, when faith in it is shaken by the constant news that it is being thrown away as filth out of the public stores. Because one or two traders could not resist the temptation to acquire immediate gains in selling articles that must be bought unseen within sealed canisters, an invention of the first importance to society is kept too long out of its due place in the world's esteem.

That it is possible, and far from difficult, so to prepare meat and other articles of food that they shall preserve their qualities unchanged for a great number of years, all people know; but some perhaps are not aware how simple and—when carefully and honestly performed—how certain the whole process is. Three conditions are essential to decay, the presence of air, heat, and moisture. Exclude air from an organic mass, freeze it, or dry it perfectly, and it can never decompose. Fishes, it is well known, are stored in Russia as hard masses of ice, and thawed before cooking; in Siberia, the winter store of flesh and fowl killed during the summer is garnered in ice cellars, and remains perfectly good throughout the year. We have our own familiar uses of cold—that is to say in the absence of heat—as a preservative, but there is no known form in which it can be applied upon a system that shall make it possible to take fresh food in a

frozen state unchanged about the world. It is not very difficult, however, to remove one of the other two conditions. Carrots and parsnips thoroughly dried and shrunk to about an eighth of their original dimensions, may be taken round the world a dozen times, and soaked and boiled back at any time into reasonable plumpness and good flavour. Meat and other articles of food may in the same way be formed into dry cakes, which must, of course, be kept dry; or if air, instead of moisture be excluded—as the ancients knew how to keep quinces and other fruits by casing them with wax—so carrots, meat, &c., may be readily preserved in air-tight canisters.

Meat so preserved is very cheap, as well as good; and an extended demand for it would make it cheaper. At present companies or firms are engaged in the preparation of preserved meat, not only in England, but also in Australia, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope, and Canada. In Australia flocks and herds have long been slaughtered only for their tallow, hides and bones. There is no reason why an ounce of their meat should be wasted; all of it might be, as some of it is, preserved in air-tight canisters and sent into the markets of the world. Good fresh meat packed thus without waste in brine and bone, in canisters that do not leak and are much cheaper than casks, besides being more convenient for stowage, could easily be supplied at a price that would render it much cheaper and in every way better for the supply of troops and ships, than meat preserved in the old-fashioned way by pickling. Moreover, there is no reason why the surplus meat from other quarters of the world should not be brought—as it could easily be brought—into the streets of London and the villages of England, and supply good beef and mutton ready cooked at about fourpence a pound to the million. The preserved meat so brought among us would be, pound for pound, nearly as nourishing as meat that has been lately killed; it would of course be altogether wholesome, and would differ from the home-cooked only as most preserved meats do differ from it, in having a somewhat duller relish, and in being, through the action of the very little air remaining in the canister, and of the boiling water that expelled the rest, a little softer than our meat at home usually is, and, as it were, overdone.

Vegetables retain the delicacies of their flavour, when preserved in canisters, more perfectly than meat, at least that is the case with such sweet vegetables as beet, carrots and parsnips; the more mealy vegetables, green peas for example, do not keep so well.

DUNKERQUE TOWER.

In the centre of that ancient bone of contention, the business-like and well-besieged town of Dunkerque, there rises a lofty, old, and solid tower of brick, known to the inhabitants as the Tour de l'Eglise. The tower is now separated by a busy street, and by a modern Corinthian portico, from its original connection with the church of the Great Saint Eloi—a hierarch less known as the apostle of Christianity to this corner of Europe, than as the hero of a homely ballad in which good King Dagobert is a conspicuous personage. The famous chimes, or *carillon*, of Dunkerque, once tinkled from this very tower; but, like many other prattling voices, their sound has been effectually stifled by revolutionary despotism. Six of the bells now circulate through the empire, in the shape of one and two-sous pieces; and the other remaining twenty-three have undergone, by re-casting, a change which has destroyed their identity and, it is said, their tone. A set of chiming bells may one day be possibly remounted; but the veritable Dunkerque chime to which naughty wits adapted naughty words, can vibrate no more on modern ears.

This tower is visible, by sea and by land, for many and many a distant league. It is almost the sole wreck of the former town, having survived all the bombardments, plunderings, and massacres, with which the place has been so repeatedly visited, we honourable Englishmen bearing our full share therein. In spite of all, the tower stands, and is firmly resolved to stand a little longer to watch whether the generation to come intend to be as mischievous as those that have passed away. I point out this noble, venerable building, in order that we may ascend to its summit together.

Suppose, then, that we have mounted its two hundred and sixty-five steps, each step seven good inches high, and better adapted for the legs of old, than for the degenerate muscles of the nineteenth century. Suppose that we stand upon the topmost platform, and are guarded by its slightly-pierced parapet of stone. In its centre is raised a comfortable glazed watch-house, wherein reposes, and spies, and quids, a solitary hermit of the upper regions. His day is varied by a descent into middle air, when he has occasion to come half way down to toll the bell for a funeral. His services, as indicator are obligingly offered, instead of being impertinently forced upon you; but your own clear vision will tell you at once that you have unexpectedly met with a remarkable *coup d'œil*, or knock of the eye—to translate the words literally.

Weather and telescopes permitting, three kingdoms are distinguishable from this look-out. Though it is possible to catch a sight of the English coast, it still requires a little help to do so; but yonder, far off to the east, plainly rises the spire of Furnes, in Belgium. France, of course, is conspicuous in our panorama; and yet, much that catches our first attention can scarcely in truth be said

to be France. There are countries in the world which are neither fish nor flesh; you know not where to have them, what to make of them, nor how to class them. On the summit of the Tour de l'Eglise, you hover over a dubious district. If you take your flight with one of those jackdaws which is bidding a short good bye to St. Eloi, you have not the slightest idea where you will alight—amongst Gauls or Teutons. You may leave the North Sea out of the question, because about that there can be no mistake; but all the rest, till you have studied it thoroughly, is a region of intricate amphibiism. The wide expanse of landscape which you behold outspread beneath you on looking southwards, and westwards, and eastwards, is to all appearance an unbroken continuance of the surface of France. Your map, too, will tell you that it *is* an integral portion of the area of France. But there is often something beneath the surface which maps and territorial decrees do not help to demonstrate. Listen one instant! That sharp cry which arises from the street conveys syllables too familiar to an English ear for France to claim them as hers by right. They are uttered by much nearer relations of our own. *Zee sala! Zee sala!* is a maritime vegetable, English as well as French, both by nativity and name. To ask in British tongue for a dish of "sea-salad," would be of more use at Dunkerque than in a purely French town. Parts of our vast extended scene, and parts irregularly and capriciously distributed, are distinguished, though not dissevered, from genuine and actual France, by race and by a living ancestral language.

On crossing from an island to an opposite continent, after passing through a thick barrier of lofty mountains, when reaching once more a human habitation at the end of a wide extent of barren and unpeopled desert, there is little surprise in finding one's self surrounded by men and women, who communicate their thoughts in an unaccustomed tongue. A decided change of language is naturally in keeping with a decided change of scene and costume. But it is droll as well as puzzling to the mind, to drive, or even walk quietly along a level, fertile plain, and then, without the least previous warning, without passing any other boundary than some impalpable network which has been suspended in the air for centuries past, to tumble over head and ears into the startling cold bath of an incomprehensible dialect. If this tall tower were an ivory chessman, and the arrondissement of Dunkerque a drawing-room chess-board, the black and white squares that would lie around us might help us to know what, in our chequered bird's eye view, was French and Flemish respectively. The occupations, also, of our neighbouring squares are as opposite as black and white; or, in even more literal truth, as unlike each other as land and water.

Although the country to the south and towards the interior is richly-luxuriant alluvial ground, the tract running all along the coast, from utmost east to utmost west, offers nothing to the eye but a sandy desert, or what the eye assumes to be such. "Dunekerque," in fact, interpreted, is no other than the "Kirk of the Dunes," or Sandhills. To the west, apparently the least sterile side of our watch-tower—where a tinge of green overspreads the dull pale yellow—you distinctly behold a scattered collection of tents, which sparkle brilliantly in the morning sun. I venture to call them tents advisedly; because, though built with brick and covered with tiles, and neatly painted outside with white-wash, they are merely the temporary dwellings of a community of Sailor Fishers, who *will not* condescend to cultivate the earth, nor allow a single member of their tribe to become, whilst among them, the proprietor of a freehold. *Matelots-Pêcheurs* they have been, and nothing else, ever since their arrival here, as a little colony of thirty souls, a hundred and eighty-three years ago; and *Matelots-Pêcheurs* they will obstinately remain, till their exclusive race becomes extinct,—an event, just now, the reverse of probable. French, too, they are to the very back-bone. Have they any doubt of the truth of the proverb that "Ninety-nine *Flamands* and one pig make altogether a hundred *bêtes*, or beasts?" No Flemish will they learn or speak; not they! On the contrary, the Government has encouraged them as a useful wedge of civilisation, because they compelled their next-door neighbours of Grande Synthe and Little Synthe to communicate with them in their old-fashioned formal French. Fifty years ago, Flemish alone was spoken hereabouts. Mardick, then, about which I may have more to tell you by and bye, is a near-at-hand square of the chess-board on which our Tower stands, and is a bit of France in the midst of Flanders.

It is strange enough to find a colony of seafaring men, thus preserving their religious faith, the manners and customs of the epoch of their emigration, and their language of the seventeenth century, all unaltered in the midst of a country then completely Flemish. Similar cases are to be found, not far off, of this curious dovetailing of nations and languages, which is the very reverse of amalgamation. The border-land between France and Flanders is exactly a slab of *breccia* marble. It is in vain for a Government to make violent attempts to abolish the household language of a people. Of itself, it may die out; but that contingency is still far removed. To forbid its use, and to degrade its respectability, only makes the words of childhood and home dearer to Flemish hearts than ever. Whether in France or Belgium, language (not speech) will be as free as thought. Houthem, near Ypres, and Zounebeke in the environs of Courtrai, speak and

are French, although isolated amongst a crowd of Flemings. And, on the other hand, bits of Flanders are to be found dropped here and there in France. The inhabitants of Haut-Pont and of Lysel, suburbs of St. Omer, speak Flemish by a droll anomaly, and are a people by themselves in the midst of a French population. Note, too, that the Flemings at St. Omer are admirable and successful gardeners.

St. Omer is not visible from our station; but look full south, and in the horizon you will see a blue and cloud-like hill, which is the eminence of Mont Cassel. That spot again is Flemish at heart. If you visit it—which is well worth while for half-a-day—Cassel looks like some wilful and capricious little town, which, determined to enjoy a purer air and extensive views, had flown away from the plain below, and perched itself on the top of a hill. There it sits in quiet contemplation, which many travellers might call a state of dulness; allowing you, however, now and then, to catch a glorious glimpse of landscape through the arches and *portes-cochères* which you pass on your solitary way up and down the streets. Two women sitting to sell vegetables in the place, and a few groups of girls at the windows cunningly twisting their lace bobbins before them, are just sufficient to indicate that some few of its forty-five hundred inhabitants are still a living and a moving people. The gardens, too, on the slope of the hill, with their terraced beds of vegetables—hasty little peas and precocious sorrel—give evidence that Flemish arms and legs do sometimes go to work during the four-and-twenty hours.

The view from the top of Mont Cassel enjoys a European celebrity. It is very nearly in the same style as our own famous panorama from the Malvern Hills. It would be pleasant to bring these rival pictures a little nearer to each other, for the sake of comparison; but, as far as it is possible to retain in the memory the just pretensions of an absent acquaintance, I am inclined to assign the superiority to the more varied features and bolder composition of our own genuine British water-colour sketch.

Now let us go to the western parapet, and direct our survey towards Belgium. The coast, as far as your eyes can stretch, is fringed by a belt of hopeless sand. Hillock after hillock of barrenness is scattered up and down, as if the giant Garagantua, in a fit of ill-humour, had punished the Dunkerqueians by tossing over them the sweepings of his kitchen-floor; —just as he made the hill-chain, which starts inland from Cape Blanez, with the scrapings of his dirty shoes. And yet, in spite of the sand and the giant, the desert fringe is suddenly checked by a promontory of trees and verdure, which reach up to the very fortifications of the town. Cottages peep out from amidst the trees; a road is visibly and busily traversed by beasts of burden and laden carriages; beyond, the broad and deep-dug Furnes canal starts off straight for Belgium, inclosing between itself and the wide, sandy, up-tumbled shore, a long narrow tract or peninsula of luxuriance. That paradoxical appendage to Dunkerque, is Rosendael, the square on our chess-board which contrasts so strongly with Mardick on the other side. Rosendael is completely Flemish; abhors a cod-fishing, seafaring life; and is another instance how good a thing it is, that men should have a few difficulties to contend with. On a soil where faint un-Flemish hearts would lie down and starve, the Rosendaelers have made for themselves a land of gardens. Rosendael is nothing else but a compact epitome of horticulture, hemmed in on one side by the canal, and on the other threatened with invasion by the dunes; a long, continuous, wire-drawn plot of pot-herbs, so fertile that its produce would have to be cast into the sea, under the impossibility of consuming it at home, were not the overplus of vegetables sent far and wide away, in aid of the hungering and greenless stranger. When London butchers eat up their own shops full of meat, Dunkerque will be competent to consume all the cooling diet which its suburbs supply.

And, lastly, let us look at home. Let us take a peep at Dunkerque itself—the square on which our chess-tower stands. Stretch yourself well over the parapet; do not be nervous, we are perfectly safe; and stare straight downwards into the town. What is the perspective which terminates your view? The bottom of the steps leading into a few neighbouring cellars. There, "in cool grot," dwell multitudes of human beings, who for generations have led a subterranean life, that is to say, so long as they remain in-doors. Not only workshops, and storehouse, and green-groceries are thus crushed into the very earth, but the cellar-dwellings of Dunkerque contain great part of what is called "the lower classes," and even something beyond them, in respect to means of livelihood. An Englishman not long ago fitted up a suite of cellars as an hotel, with dining-room, coffee-room, bedrooms, and kitchen, all "delightfully situate" in the Land of Moles. His wife assisted him to keep it for a time, but at last she got tired of burrowing any longer. "My lodging is on the cold ground," was a national melody of which she preferred the variations to the air itself. In fact, she declared that there was a great deficiency of air, and she left her husband to remain buried alive till he should get tired of it, and long for a breath of upper atmosphere. These cellar habitations are puzzling to a stranger. Look at that table, covered with smoking hot shrimps, and standing in the street just outside the foot pavement. [By the way, all along this northern corner of coast, what ought to be shrimps (*crevettes*) are universally known as grasshoppers (sauterelles).] It seems

deserted there, as if it belonged to nobody. I passed by it, on my way to the door of this tower, and was doubting whether I could buy, or should be obliged to steal, a few pints of shrimps from the invisible owner, when a neat young woman tripped quickly up stairs, and left me no farther alternative. She takes care of my purchase till we start by railway; but there she is, snug and underground, with her aged mother, her baskets, nets, shrimps, and all, not to mention her husband at night. She may keep her glass door bright with Flemish neatness; she may whitewash the mouth of her cavern three times a week; but it still must be very, very "close" work. Look, too, at those little boys and girls that are come up to play in the open air of the street, like a troop of young rabbits venturing out of their burrow by moonlight. When their mammas give the signal, they will all dart down again. At night, the double trap-doors which open upon the pavement will be closed down over the household gods of the cave-tenants of Dunkerque, who may then defy the storms of the world above, like the divers in the Payerne, when it sinks beneath the waves at Cherbourg. No doubt, happiness may, and does lie concealed in those dim, deep-retiring dwellings, if we could but take a tour amongst them. The outside entrance is uninviting; but if we have the courage to descend into the vault, we shall often behold there a fairy treasure; plenty of honest work to do, with strength and good-will to do it manfully. To that individual close by, whose cellar is his privileged and official castle—the *ramoneur*, or chimney-sweep, "authorised by the town" —it must be a positive pleasure to stir now and then in a downward direction. When he is tired of running up chimneys, he may at the same time vary his promenade, and take his ease, by making a short trip into the bowels of the earth.

Why thousands of people choose to lodge in cellars while garrets are to be had is not entirely obvious at first. The restricted room in a fortified town may make their occupation, in some degree, a necessity; but, in a place which has suffered so cruelly and so ruinously from all the infernal horrors of war, considerations of safety and concealment may make a smart well-furnished cellar house a matter of traditional preference. The same thing is to be observed at Saint Omer, though the cellars there are neither so generally nor so respectably tenanted as at Dunkerque, but often offer to the mind a sad and painful contrast of unequal fortune. In the cellar dwells want, and the diseases which it engenders; on the ground-floor health and comfort abound;—the two extremes of human condition separated only by the thickness of a floor. At Dunkerque there are cellars which, if they were not cellars, would be extremely pleasant apartments to live in; and they are so thoroughly a part of old and genuine Flemish habits, that nothing but compulsory police regulations would cause them to be given up.

Look forward to the southwards, and behold what I shall venture to call "The City of Sacks," exemplifying the delightful life one is apt to lead on border-land. Bergues has been thoroughly well sacked of yore; and is well sacked also, at the present day. In the course of eight centuries of the good old times, it has been eight times taken and retaken, and nine times pillaged. Now, it is the grand emporium for the grain of this productive district, and beyond it. The Monday's market at Bergues decides the price of wheat hereabouts, and of several other "bread-stuff" staffs of life. Bergues, too, is a Flemish fragment of our mosaic border, speaking the language of the hhouhynhyms; which we, however, must not too loudly laugh at, because it is cousin-german to our own. The Englishman who runs—and has a smattering of High Dutch—may read with ease many a Flemish notice. "*Verbod van hier te klimmen*," is merely a "Forbidding from here to climb." *Hier verkoopt men Schersen en Schæren*, is "Here sell people scissors and razors." Shears, in English, are not exactly razors, and yet are not altogether wide of the mark. On several walls in Dunkerque you will see the inscription *Kook Huys;* the savoury smell proceeding thence will sharpen your wits to interpret the phrase. Not a few proper names are quite familiar and household words; such as Baetman (immortalised in comic verse), Baert, Palmaert, Everaert, and Gilbert, which last, further west, is Frenchified into Guilbert. Wellebrouck, with a slight alteration, might furnish a surname to figure in one of Fielding's novels. But most of the names which we see on the doors and signs, and over the shop-windows, suggest that we are virtually out of France, so ill do they accord with the French words describing the profession or trade of their owner. Vancosten, *cordier*, ropemaker, and Bommelaer, dealer in pitch and tar, are nothing but sprigs of some Teutonic root which has shot forth its runners to the wrong side of the frontier. Cosy comfortable Dunkerque, who liest outsretched beneath us, I will address thee heartily in the words of the Russian proverb: "I do not love thee because thou art pretty, but thou art pretty because I love thee." With that sincere and qualified amount of compliment, receive, dear Dunkerque, the assurance (as they politely write in France) of my distinguished consideration.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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CANVASS TOWN.

I AM the youngest son of a landed proprietor in Essex, and although I have done nothing in Australia of which I need really be ashamed, the conventional habits and old-established feelings of the mother country are still strong enough in me to cause me to give a fictitious name with the following brief narrative. I will, therefore, call myself Westbrook. As I write in the midst of dilemma and distress, what I have to say must necessarily be fragmentary.

I had a University education, and was *senior optime*; but before I had determined on my future course in life, it was settled for me by my falling desperately in love with the youngest daughter of a baronet in our neighbourhood. I married her. We ran away; and, as she was the youngest daughter and I the youngest son, our parents found our conduct a good reason for cutting us both off with the smallest possible pittance. But we loved and were happy, and spent nearly every guinea of our meagre inheritance in a prolonged wedding tour. After this I went to work in earnest; and, in the course of a few years I got the position of managing clerk in a mercantile house in Liverpool, with a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the promise of a rise of fifty pounds every year during the next five years; after which I should have been taken into the firm as a junior partner.

You will easily believe what I am about to say, simply because so many others have committed precisely the same kind of folly, and left a good reality for a chance; and, in a lottery sixteen thousand miles off. The gold-fever of Port Phillip broke out in Liverpool, and I fell a victim to it. I resigned my post, with all its prospects—certainties, I may say—and set sail for Australia Felix. What felicity!—but I need not anticipate, as I shall make a short cut to the consequences.

I invested one hundred pounds in a speculation in hams; one hundred pounds in boots and shoes; and two hundred pounds in agricultural and mining tools, in which I felt I could not be wrong. After paying all my debts, with the passage-money, and outfit, &c., of myself, my wife, and our three children, as cabin passengers, I found myself in possesisson of three hundred and fifteen pounds, a sum in addition to my ventures, which I believed to be ample, and far more than necessary for "a start" in the golden region of Australia.

I pass over the voyage. A thousand things should be said of the bad victualling, ventilating, and general management of the ship, but I must leave them to others. We arrived in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip, on a hot summer's day, in November, 1852.

Hearing from the pilot that lodgings were very difficult indeed to be procured in the town, I resolved to be first of all our passengers in the field; and accordingly took my wife and children ashore in the first boat that came alongside. The boatman charged most extortionately, and then the rascal put us all ashore at William's Town, which we naturally supposed to be Melbourne. On discovering our mistake, we had again to induce another boatman to consent to rob us by an exorbitant charge for putting us on board the steam-boat for Melbourne.

After several arbitrary delays alongside vessels, we reached Melbourne, were landed on a wharf which was overwhelmed with a confusion of men and things and carts and horses, and began our wanderings over the town in search of lodgings. All were crowded, expensive, and the great majority filthy and offensive to the last degree. I could have got into one of the first-class boarding houses; but they would not receive a lady, nor children. We were nearly exhausted. Luckily we had brought none of our things ashore but two night-bags, or we must have thrown them away.

The sun now sank, and I began to grow uneasy, as I heard all sorts of accounts of the state of the streets in Melbourne at night. But, while I was trying to console myself with the idea that we had at least a good hour's more daylight before us, the sky rapidly darkened, and in ten minutes more the evening became night. Being now in despair we entered a lodging-house—then another, then another, and so on, offering at last to sleep anywhere if they would take us in. At last one of them consented. It was by no means one of the lowest lodging-houses, as I afterwards learnt, but it was bad enough for the worst; excepting only that our throats were

not in danger of being cut. It was only short of that.

It was shocking. The bedroom we were shown into was filthy, very small, and with a very little window which had not been opened to admit fresh air for a week at least. The blankets were hideously dirty, displaying ostentatiously large dark blotches of grease, and net-works of dirty splashes, like foul mockeries of a map of the moon. There were two beds of this description: the room would not have held a third. In this place we had some tea, and bread and butter, with fried meat—such stuff! Just as we were about to take possession of our wretched beds, in walked a man, with his wife carrying a child, followed by the landlady, who announced them as the occupants of the other bed!

I began a vigorous remonstrance, but was instantly stopped by the reminder, that we had begged to be taken in, and had agreed to anything; and if we did not like it we might instantly depart. Our heads fell on our breasts in sick submission.

The night we passed defies description; partly because so much of it is unfit to relate. The man was drunk and offensive; the woman an unseemly slave, and insolent. The child cried all night. Besides this, sleep was impossible for the fleas, bugs, mosquitoes, and a lively sort of beetle continually running over our hands and necks, and trying to get down the back. In the morning every part of every one of us was covered with large red swellings, or small red punctures. Not one inch of us had been spared. Our faces, as we looked at each other, were painful to behold. As for me, I could scarcely lift my eyelids, so swollen with bites upon bites. My wife, once lovely, and far from bad looking even after all our harassing, was about the most unsightly woman I had ever seen; my eldest daughter, eight years of age, was a speckled blight; my second girl was a squinting ideal; our poor little boy, a moon-calf. None of us knew our own hands. My wife's under lip was a tomato. I could have cried like a child, with a mixture of grief, rage, and self-reproach. She bore it admirably.

I paid four shillings each for our tea, four shillings each for our bed—floor inclusive—and four shillings each for our breakfast; at which there was plenty of fried beef-steak, but so tough that we could not eat a morsel. We hurried out of this respectable den (I admit that there were hundreds much worse), and, meeting one of the passengers who came out with us in the same ship, he told us that he had pitched his tent on the South Yarra encampment among a great number of tents; and that he had slept very comfortably after the confinement of a cabin on so long a voyage. He said the encampment was called Canvass Town.

Not knowing where to leave my wife and *the children, I took* them all on board again, to accomplish which occupied the whole morning, with vexatious delays, and no one able, or choosing to take the least trouble to give the least information—to say nothing of the renewed extortions. We packed up everything. I was anxious to get my goods out of the hold, so as to dispose of the "speculation." After several days the hams were got up on deck. Some of them had been spoiled by the heat of the tropics, and had to be thrown overboard; some had been damaged by the bilge water in the hold, or by the seas we had shipped in rounding the Cape; some had been gnawed in holes by the rats, and a good many had been stolen. The bale of boots and shoes next appeared, all grey and green with mouldiness, but recoverable, I was told. Being unable to wait for the agricultural and mining tools, which had been stowed at the bottom of the hold, we left the ship in a boat for Liardet's Beach; having ascertained that there was a small encampment there, and that this was the readiest way to get to Canvass Town. We heard that drays were always waiting on the beach, or close at hand, to take passengers' luggage wherever they wished.

We accordingly engaged a boat to take ourselves and our baggage. The boatman agreed to do it for three pounds, the distance being barely a mile and a half; but, before we had been ten minutes in the boat, he and his mate discovered that we had so many more packages than they had expected that he demanded five pounds. I resisted, and tendered him the three pounds, which he took doggedly. They landed us on the beach, close to the sea, where they bundled out all our things. I inquired if the tide was coming in? The owner of the boat said he thought it was. They refused to remove my baggage any higher up. They said they had done all they agreed for. I saw no carts, nor drays, on the beach. There were several near the wooden boat-pier, but when I ran off to them I found they were all engaged. The boat had pushed off, and I had to call the men back, and offer to pay them for helping me to move our goods. They stipulated for three pounds more to remove everything high up, quite out of reach of the tide. There was nothing for it, so I agreed, and it was done. I told them they had made a pretty good day's work out of me. The principal man said, "Nonsense—this is nothing! I shall soon be away from this. Why should I waste my time here, while there's a fortune a-staring me in the face up at the Diggings? Good day's work be hanged!"

Here we remained looking in vain for a dray. Whenever one drove up in front of the public-house near the wooden pier, I ran off to it; but found it was engaged. The sun went down. It was dark soon afterwards and there we were, sitting forlorn upon our baggage with every prospect of passing the night there. Under pretence of a last look

for a dray, I walked to some distance with my pistols; which I now loaded in case of our being attacked by marauders.

While we were thus sitting, two men and a young woman approached us carrying bundles. They were passengers by another ship, and had been put ashore like ourselves, and left to right themselves as they could. They had got a small tent, which they proposed to set up at once, in a rough style, and good-naturedly offered to allow us to creep under it. The tent was hung up between two trees, with our baggage in front; and, beyond this, the beach and the sea. We unpacked a part of our bedding—partook thankfully of some very dirty cold plum-pudding—and, being thoroughly fatigued, we all slept soundly till day-light. I had intended to lie awake all night, as a watch; but I dropped off, and never once awoke.

In the morning I confessed to my wife that I had not sent my money to the bank, as she had supposed, but that I had it all about me. We agreed that I should instantly set off to Melbourne, and lodge it in one of the banks. I started accordingly. Many new arrivals, draymen, sailors, and horsemen were going the same way; so I had plenty of company, and the distance was only two miles. I passed Canvass Town on the way. There were no tents between this and the large bridge over the Yarra, leading direct into the town. I walked briskly forward. At this juncture three men came up to me; and, with horrible imprecations, demanded my money. I was utterly confounded. The bridge was not two hundred yards off, with people passing over it! The next moment I was knocked down from behind—tumbled over a bank into the dust—and rolled in it, till nearly suffocated. When I recovered myself, a sailor-boy and a new arrival were helping me to rise. I was bleeding from a wound in the back of my head. Every bank-note and every sovereign I had was gone. A dray on its way to the beach, took me back to the tent. My wife dressed my head, for no surgeon could be found. We heard in the afternoon that the police were galloping after the robbers; or rather galloping about to inquire which way they made off.

The people who owned the tent were obliged to strike it before the evening; and, as my wife feared I could not safely be moved for a day or two, she bought a tarpaulin for six pair of boots, and fastened it up between two trees. The weather, however, suddenly became so very cold, and the wind and dust were so distressing, that we agreed next day to go into a room in a cottage just finished, which one of the bricklayers proposed to us. We were to pay three of the best of the hams per week; and, for two pairs of shoes a man agreed to carry our baggage there. The distance turned out to be about eighty yards.

Our baggage being got in, it was discovered that the cottage had *only* one room. Other luggage was then brought in belonging to the bricklayer and his wife, and deposited on the floor. Before night, more baggage came in, and with it a Highlander and his family! Three married people, and seven children were thus arranged to sleep in the same small room. My wife and I immediately insisted on our baggage being taken back to the trees; or, at any rate placed outside; but a shower of rain now fell, which presently increased to a deluge, and we were compelled to submit to our fate. The Highlander and his wife never said a word in support of my objections, that I know of; for what they did say they spoke in Gaelic. The bricklayer smoked an hour before he went to sleep. He said these things were nothing when you were used to them, with other vulgar remarks.

My wife went out soon after sunrise; and, by seven o'clock, brought a man with a dray to the door, and had everything placed in it, myself included, and we went straight to Canvass Town. She had agreed to purchase a tent already set up, from some people who were going to the Ovens. She had given her gold watch for it. It was not a bad tent. By these means I was got under shelter before the heat of the day began. The heat was terrible for some hours; after which the wind changed and the air became exceedingly cool, with more rain at night, which ran in a stream all round the trenches outside the tent.

The quiet of a few days restored me surprisingly. The rapidity of events had almost made us forget our ruinous loss. As for the villains, they had safely eluded the police. It became all the more necessary that I should do something. I began to look about me. Of course my first walk was round Canvass Town.

Canvass Town, as the name implies, is a town of tents; it is on the southern side of the Yarra, and about a quarter of a mile distant from Melbourne. At the time I write, there are between six and seven hundred tents—perhaps more—and the population amounts to five or six thousand souls. The tents are arranged in rows more or less regular, and with a squalid pleasantry some of them have been called after certain well-known streets in England—Regent street, Bond street, Liverpool street; while many of the tents have assumed ostentatious titles of distinction. We have the London Coffee Rooms, the European Dining Rooms, the Great Britain Stores, the Isle of Wight Tent, the Golden Lion Stores (such a lion!), the National Dining Rooms and Lodging Tent, Dover Cliff, Eldorado, the Coffee and Tea-Cake Depôt. There are tailors, butchers, bakers, shoemakers, ironmongers, blacksmiths, hardware and crockery-stalls, tinmen. Almost every tent exhibits slops, books, cabin furniture or utensils, with other articles of which the owners have no need here. Nearly every second tent also sells ginger-beer, or

lemonade. There are two physicians' tents, who of course are at the same time surgeons, dentists, corn-cutters, and apothecaries. Young gentlemen of family and education drive water-carts about the "streets," and sell wood (felled and brought from a mile or two off in the bush); and oh, ye classic groves, where the trees have fresh green leaves, of which there are no signs here in summer, how many University men does this strange collection of tents, with all their gipsy-life appurtenances, contain? There are several besides myself; and some ladies also, besides my wife. It took me some days to learn these particulars; but how many days would it take to ascertain the amount of disappointment, privation, and misery which these frail walls conceal from view?

Within the canvass enclosures of a few feet are contained the perplexed energies, the blighted hopes and despondency of many a newly arrived family. Some have tried the Diggings and failed, their utter ruin following in most cases as a matter of course, unless they possess bodily strength and health, and are ready to do the humblest work. This they may generally obtain, and contrive to live. Even tenting upon a piece of waste land is not gratuitous. We had to pay half a crown to the Government for the first week, and five shillings for every week afterwards. There is a tent on the ground where a Commissioner's Clerk sits all day to grant permits and to receive rents.

I have hardly the heart to revert to my speculations, and still less to relate what my present position is, now that I have been nine weeks in Canvass Town. The hams that remained, and the boots and shoes—so many of each having been bartered in exchange for immediate necessaries—did not produce a fourth part of what I had rationally expected, and which regular dealers easily obtained. They were sold by auction, and I afterwards found some of the auctioneers had an understanding with certain dealers, and knocked down goods to them at a very early stage of the proceeding. On one occasion, the refusal to recognise a higher bidder was so palpable, that, if I had been a descendant of the Telamonian Ajax, I should have been tempted to assault Mr. Auctioneer severely. As for my agricultural and mining tools, they were all a sheer mistake, gold-digging tools being abundant in Melbourne; as indeed was all common ironmongery. With respect to agriculture, as there were no labourers to be had, implements were useless. I sold most of them at their value as old iron.

At length we were reduced to selling our clothes and other articles, like the rest of the unfortunates around us. This was effected at first by my going to a strip of waste ground near the wharf, which was called Rag Fair. *I was even obliged to consent, on one or two occasions, when I was unwell from the exposure to the heat,* to allow my wife to go there and to take her stand behind an open box, with the contents spread out on the ground in front and around it, waiting for purchasers. Strange and sad work for a baronet's daughter! Had any evil witch hinted at such a thing when I saw her dancing in her father's ball-room, or on that moonlight night when, like a sylph, she met me at the bottom of the lawn of her father's garden, and promised—I must not think of all this, or I shall go mad.

We were disposing of our things by these means to a good advantage, and I was just getting a glimmering idea of turning it into a trade to support us, when the benevolent and inexplicable hand of the local Government was protruded in the form of sundry policemen, who drove us all away from Rag Fair, and informed us that what we were doing was no longer allowed. It was alleged that Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town came there. A piece of ground had, however, been allotted instead by the Government for this purpose, at a rent of one pound per week. Of this many of the "Jews and other small shopkeepers from the town" immediately availed themselves; but as for us poor people from Canvass Town, we were obliged to retire to our tents, and to exhibit our little stock as a traffic among each other.

I ought not to omit to state, that the Government here intended to make some provision for the necessities of new arrivals, who had no place to lay their heads; and, accordingly, a range of wooden shed-like houses has been erected on the South Yarra for this humane and considerate purpose, but (out comes the needy hand again of our paternal authorities!) at a rent of two pounds five shillings for ten days—after which you and your family are turned out.

The immigrants, however, declined, for the most part, this hospitable arrangement for "turning a penny;" and, moving a few yards higher up, pitched tent after tent, till they rose to the humble dignity of Canvass Town. In vengeance, I suppose, for this successful evasion, the five shillings a-week was laid on; and as many of the people had placed old boards and pieces of light plank and paling round the bottom, or at the sides of their tents to keep out the weather, an order came one day that they were all to pull down their wood-work, and use no more boards, the "permit" being only for tents. To this order we have paid no sort of attention, and do not intend to do so. If our poor abodes are to be destroyed, somebody must be sent to destroy them, as we certainly shall not do it ourselves; and, whether these five or six thousand people will passively stand by while it is done, remains to be seen.

I have delayed to the last to mention it, not being, in fact, quite determined whether I would do so; but what I have already told of ourselves here, renders it no such very great effort for me to say that I have been

working on the roads. Fearing that we should come to want, I was most anxious to get some employment before reduced to absolute necessity, and I tried in vain to get some engagement as a classical tutor, or a teacher of any kind, in the town. After this, I tried the merchants, and was very nearly getting engaged as a clerk; but somehow or other (chiefly because no one had time to listen) it never came to anything. As to seeing a Melbourne merchant for a minute's conversation, you may call three or four times a day for a week in succession, and never get more than a glimpse of him. At last, seeing nothing else, I engaged myself as a common labourer on the roads, the wages being ten shillings a day. This would have done very well; but unfortunately I had had no training in this way. The pain I suffered in the back and shoulders was so extreme, and the exhaustion every night so great — not to speak of the dreadful effort it required to rise at five o'clock next morning and dress myself —that, after a week, I was compelled to give it up. I now sell lemonade and lemon-kali, at a little stand at the corner of Elizabeth Street, near the Post Office, with a few cakes in a basket, and a glass full of acidulated drops and bull's eyes for the rising generation. My wife gets work from one of the milliners in Collins Street, East.

I always come home to dinner, and now and then we laugh over some little adventure I have met with in my illustrious vocation. When the wind and dust make cooking outside a tent next to impossible, I get a cup of coffee and a chop at the London Coffee Rooms; and on one occasion I went to the National Dining and Lodging Tent, where they profess to have a boiled, or baked joint every day at one o'clock, with potatoes and coffee, all for the small charge of eighteenpence. The dining department seemed to be managed by a dirty girl of sixteen, and a remarkably dirty little Irish boy, of about twelve, was the waiter. The tent was rather large, in comparison with the average, but it was uncommonly full of furniture; especially of beds and bedding. The whole surface was occupied with wooden stretchers, on which lay a confusion of odiously dirty and torn blankets and coverlets; some of a dull yellow, hammy colour; some mottled, and some of a shade approaching to pale black, while over all of them lay a fine bloom of dust. At one end of the tent was the dining-table, covered also with a blanket for a table-cloth; which, besides being a fellow one to those on the beds (and perhaps doing double duty) had the additional advantage of being bestrewn and besmutched with potato parings, islands of stale mustard, grease, gravy, grime, and grit of cooking ashes, broad plains and continents of coffee and tea, which had been spilled, and smears of wet brown sugar. Knives, forks, and 'spoons, some without handles, were all equally filthy. The plates, however, were rather clean, and the meat good, though impracticably tough. The dinner table was the same size as the stretchers; and, with its dirty blanket table-cloth, was perfectly in harmony with the beds that surrounded it so closely. None of the beds were made—all in the same confusion as when left in the morning by their respective occupants—and three persons were still lying in bed; one of them rather drunk, and soliloquising occasionally. Two more beds had been fitted up like berths, or bunks, in a cabin, which were exactly at the back of the dinner-table; so that those who sat on that side had their elbows always in the berths behind; and over these two had been built four more, which placed the uppermost ones so near the roof of the tent that the lodger's nose must inevitably touch it as he lay. How the lodger got up there, I did not see; but I supposed he clambered from berth to berth till he attained the summit of his wishes. The brown sugar was very dark, sandy, stony, wet, and conglomerated, and the coffee was the colour of muddy water, after it had been stirred. I half shut to my eyes, and made an excellent dinner. After a man has worked on the roads, he finds a good deal of his fine edge gone. As Hudibras says, on being knocked down,

> "I am not now in fortune's power;—
> He who is down can fall no lower."

This tent life at Canvass Town is certainly a very strange one. If it were really pastoral —not even to hint at Arcadia—or simply a life in the garden fields, there is something in human nature, however highly civilised, that has continually made people of the highest education and refinement feel a longing fancy to get rid of stringent conventionalities, and to return for a time to a primitive state of existence. Kings and their courts have often indulged in this, and all our picnics are small indications of the same tendency. But this will never do in a tent or grotto in Australia. It is the last sort of thing—particularly for ladies. Besides the want of grass and green leaves—except in the winter and rainy spring season—and the consequent want of shade, even among the trees, there is the Plague of Dust; and old Egypt had few that were worse. The climax of this plague is of course when the hot wind sets in; but the ordinary wind, with its long dust-storms, is quite enough to destroy everything we associate with the pastoral and romantic. At Canvass Town it is felt as quite a curse. There is no excluding it. You can keep out rain, even the heaviest, but dust finds its way through the smallest crevices, covers everything, is always between your teeth, and insinuates itself under every part of your dress. My wife has to wash the children from head to foot in strong soapsuds (we have to do the same with ourselves) every night; and if we were all to do so twice a day besides, it would be no more than

we all need. Yet, the children do not play about very much; as we send them to an infant school recently started in one of the tents by a barrister of superior attainments. We buy our fire-wood of the young gentleman who deals in that article, and brings it from the bush, as he has a horse and dray for that purpose; but our supply of water I get myself from the Yarra in two water-cans every morning before breakfast, and the last thing at night, by which we save fourpence a day.

The general appearance of this unique Town is not very easy to describe. It has too many tents to be at all like a gipsy encampment, and the utter want of all uniformity in the tents renders it quite as unlike an Arab settlement, or military encampment. The nearest thing of all to it is that of a prodigiously extensive fair; all tents and small booths, but without shows, music, games, visitors, or anything pleasant. It has no gilt, and very little gingerbread. Luxury, of the most cheap and childish kind, has no place here; even comfort, partly for want of money, but more on account of dust, is impossible. Finally, there is a mixture of the highly educated with the totally uneducated, the refined with the semi-brutal (many a convict with his bull-dog being among us), all dressing as roughly, and faring precisely alike.

Close to every tent is a round or oval hole for the fire, to be protected from the wind; with the addition of an old saucepan lid, or a sheet of tin from the lining of a case of goods. Over the hole a piece of bent or curled up iron hoop is placed to sustain the pot, pan, or kettle. The front of each tent presents a conglomerate specimen of all its owner's worldly possessions. The whole surface of the encampment is strewn with the rubbish and refuse of those who are gone; some immigrants only staying a week. Cast-away coats, trowsers, shoes, boots, bonnets, hats, bottles—whole or unbroken, but mostly whole—by hundreds; broken articles of furniture, cooking utensils, all grimed with dust, if not battered or half buried in the ground. A Jew assured me the other day, that if he could but have found such a treasure in England, he could with ease have made a thousand a-year.

There are several sects of religion here; and, on Sunday, the air is filled with the voices of the praying and singing of these different persuasions, all going on at the same time at different parts of the ground, and all in some degree audible to an impartial listener in his own tent. There are new tents of water-proof canvass, "best twice-boiled navy brown," number one canvass, number two, three, four, down to brown holland, and bleached or unbleached calico. There are blue tents, bed-tick tents, and wain-covered waggons. There are squares, and rounds, and *triangles, and wedges*, and pyramids; *frameworks of rough* branches, and tents like tall sugar-loaves or extinguishers, and others of the squab molehill form, and many of no definite form; being in some instances double and treble (one tent opening inside into another), and, in other instances, having been blown all awry by the winds; or set up badly, or with rotten cordage. Here and there you see patch-work tents, made up of all sorts of odds and ends of bedding, clothing, blankets, sheets, aprons, petticoats, and counterpanes; or old sails, and pieces of tarpauling, matting, packing stuff, and old bits of board with the tin lining of a case of goods; old bits of linen of all colours filling up the intervals. Sometimes, also, you come upon a very melancholy one which makes you pause—a so-called tent, of six feet long, rising from a slant to three feet high in the middle, so small and low, indeed, that the wretched occupant (with, perhaps, a wife) must crawl in beneath it like a dog, and lie there till he crawls out again. It is like a squalid *tumulus*. Such as these are made of any odd bits of clothing or covering stuck up by sticks cut in the bush. There are but few so wretched as this.

The appearance of this place by night, when nearly every tent shines, more or less, with its candle, lamp, or lantern, is very peculiar, and on the whole sombre and melancholy, the light through the canvass being subdued to a funereal gleam. Singing is heard at rare intervals, with sounds of music from various quarters; but it is generally all over by nine o'clock; and, by half-past, lights out, and the encampment is silent. Tents are continually left without any protection, such a thing as the robbery of a tent being unknown. This is surprising, considering the mixture here, and how close we are to Melbourne, where there are plenty of thieves. I suppose the latter are too high-minded for us poor people.

Deaths and funerals are more than usually melancholy sights in Canvass Town. The dead are often utterly friendless. One day a tent where a man and his wife and child resided, was closed for two or three days, the tent being laced up, and they never appearing. On looking in, all three were seen lying dead among some dry rushes—of want, slow fever, broken hearts—nobody knew anything about them. It is quite as gloomy when there are one or two relations or friends. The nearest relations carry the body; the rest, if any, follow. Sometimes you see the husband and wife carrying the little body of a child enfolded in something—with, I believe, only canvass underneath, for coffin and shroud. Once I saw a husband, alone, slowly carrying the dead body of his wife, with a little child following—the one mourner.

Great efforts were made in this colony some short time since, to induce people to come to Australia—the Home Government still sending out ship-loads. Now, we have

come too numerously on a sudden. We did not come to oblige the colonists; but to reach the gold fields, and therefore we should not expect any marked hospitality. Still we ought not to be made to feel that we have landed on the most inhospitable shore on the face of the civilised globe. Yet such is Melbourne, colonised by people speaking our own language, and professing our own religion—in fact, our own countrymen; and many hundreds, nay thousands, will say the same besides the unfortunate denizens of Canvass Town.

A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

Which century? The eighteenth, with its busy array of cotton-spinning Arkwrights, pottery-making Wedgwoods, canal-digging Brindleys, lighthouse Smeatons, and steam-engine Wattses? Or the nineteenth with its gas, railways, electric telegraphs, screw steamers, sun-pictures, electro-metallurgy and electro-engraving. Crystal Palaces, automatic machinery, and chemistry of cheapness? Or the twentieth, which the "coming man" is to see—when all towns are to be well drained; all refuse to be made productive as manure instead of poisoning the water we drink; all workmen's houses to exhibit cheap cleanliness instead of costly dirt; all men scorn to get drunk or to beat their wives or to starve their children; all people to learn that the worship of the Golden Calf is not the noblest exercise of man's powers? No, none of these.

Quaint old writers were wont to apply the term century, not merely to a hundred years, but to a hundred facts or a hundred things: as the centurion of Roman days was a captain over a century or a hundred men. It is of one of these quaint old writers of whom we would now speak; and for this reason—that it is useful, in a busy age, to look back occasionally, and to see what were the ideas formerly entertained on subjects which are now familiar to us. Many a time we should find that our forefathers lacked nothing but opportunity for showing themselves as mechanically ingenious as ourselves. The seed was good, but the soil was not prepared; and thus many a great idea was lost to them and their generation, to fructify in a later. In matters of science, Kepler made many guesses, the boldness of which, considering the age in which he lived, is quite marvellous; and although his guesses may not have been entirely right, they furnished clues which were valuable to later explorers. In matters of the practical application of science to useful purposes, Robert Hooke, in the time of Charles II., was repeatedly throwing out suggestions, building up theories, and imagining contrivances which were much ridiculed at the time, but which have since been shown to have been based on a good foundation. In 1737 *Jonathan Hulls* published the plan of a steam-boat not widely differing from the paddle-boats now in use; but in 1737 his invention was scoffed at. It is wholesome to apply these correctives to our own age: it takes a little of the conceit out of us.

The "Century of Inventions," by the Marquis of Worcester, presents an admirable corrective of this sort. The marquis, belonging to the family of the "proud Somersets," was a distinguished member of the Court of Charles the First, and entertained that monarch right royally at Ragland Castle; then the patrimony of the Somersets, and now the name-place of a new peerage, well bestowed on one of the marquis's descendants. The marquis supported the King with his purse, his hospitality, and his personal bravery.

The marquis, in the exercise of that skilful mechanical genius of which we shall presently have to speak, had constructed at Ragland Castle some hydraulic engines and wheels by which water was conveyed to the top of the great tower. During the troubles of the civil war his castle was visited by some unwelcome guests of the Roundhead party; and, desirous to get rid of them, he gave private orders to set the waterworks in full play. "There was such a roaring, that the poor silly men stood so amazed as if they had been half dead: and yet they saw nothing. At last, as the plot was laid, up comes a man staring and running, crying out before he came at them, 'Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.' Whereupon the searchers gave us such a loose, that they tumbled so over one another down the stairs, that it was thought one half of them had broken their necks: never looking behind them till they were sure they had got out of sight of the castle."

The Marquis of Worcester thought and wrote about steam-engines at a time when steam-engines were not, and threw out hints about numerous contrivances which look wonderfully like many that have been realised in later days. After he had been besieged at Ragland, and the castle dismantled; after he had clung to the fortunes of his old master to the last, and then gone to France with the young prince Charles; the marquis fell into extreme indigence. There is an affecting letter extant relating to a loan of his for so small a sum as five pounds. Whether it was during his troubles that his mind sought to relieve itself by occupation in scientific and mechanical pursuits, is not exactly known; but in 1663, shortly after the Restoration, appeared his "Century of Inventions," under the following curious title: "A Century of the names and scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which (my former notes being lost) I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in practice." The book was

what would now be called in 24mo., with about eighty pages. There have been six subsequent editions—the last having valuable notes by Mr. Partington. The original edition had a dedication to the King, which would appear extravagant were there not ample proof of the marquis's intensity of loyal devotion. In the next edition there is an address or dedication to the two houses of Parliament. He modestly states that, during the intestine commotions, he had lost between six and seven hundred thousand pounds of his princely fortune by his adherence to the royal cause; he thanks them for having granted to him a kind of patent or monopoly in the advantages possibly accruing from an hydraulic machine which he had invented; he expresses a wish that the country may reap benefit from some among the remainder of his projects, all of which he presents to the nation through the King and Parliament; he states that he had expended ten thousand pounds in establishing a kind of experimental workshop, where a skilful artizan, Caspar Kaltoff, had been for thirty-five years employed at his expense in various constructions connected with the new inventions; he offers to put into practical form any one of his century of inventions which Parliament may deem likely to be useful to the nation. He finishes his address by subscribing himself, "My lords and gentlemen, your most passionately-bent fellow subject in his Majesty's service, compatriot for the public good and advantage, and a most humble servant to all and every of you—Worcester."

Many of the earlier inventions relate to secret correspondence—a subject to which an immense amount of importance was attached in bygone times, before penny posts, and Queen's heads, and adhesive envelopes were thought of. Sometimes a peculiar kind of ink was employed, which was invisible until treated with a particular chemical liquid; sometimes a device was impressed on the seal of such a nature as to convey information intelligible only to the sender and the receiver; sometimes a secret cipher or alphabet was used. The marquis appears to have been fond of that sort of construction which (if we may compare small things with great) is exhibited in Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, where there are various revolving circles, which may occupy an infinite number of different positions with respect to each other, and each position be made to indicate some particular figure, letter, word, or idea. The marquis spared neither time nor cost in developing his contrivances. There is among the Harleian MSS. one in the hand-writing of his lordship, descriptive of a kind of short-hand which he had invented; there are no less than forty-seven engraved plates, of small folio size, illustrative of the system, the diagrams being printed in red ink. The system comprises a series of small octagon spaces, with a line branching in various directions from a central point. The system is, however, somewhat clumsy.

After five inventions relating to these matters, the marquis starts off to the subject of telegraphs, and speaks of two or three which evidently belong to the same class as those which the Admiralty employed until a recent period. The inventor then gives loose to the organ of destructiveness. He speaks of "an engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship—*tanquam aliud agens*—and, at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrecoverably sink that ship;" he mentions "a way from a mile off, to dive and fasten a like engine to any ship, so as it may punctually work the same effect, either for time or execution;" but, as a counter-irritant, he points out "how to prevent and safeguard any ship from such an attempt by day or night;" and his preservative mood also appears in his "way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot at an hundred times between wind and water by cannon, and should she lose a whole plank, yet, in half an hour's time, should be made as fit to sail as before;" but he returns again to the destructive by his way "to make such false decks as in a moment should kill and take prisoners as many as should board the ship without blowing the real decks up or destroying them." Much of this is very curious and interesting. Mr. Partington thinks that the first of these contrivances may have included a gun-lock, a charged bomb-shell, and a clock; the gun-lock being made to act upon the bomb at a given moment by the clock. When Mr. Fulton with his torpedo, and Captain Warner with his long range, have described more than they appeared able to perform, we must allow the marquis a little doubtful obscurity in his "mile-off" project. The unsinkable ship was perhaps an anticipation of the water-tight compartments of modern times.

One of the inventions is quite delicious. Only imagine "how to make upon the Thames a floating garden of pleasure, with trees, flowers, banqueting-houses, and fountains, stews for all kinds of fishes, a reserve for snow to keep wine in, delicate bathing-places, and the like; with music made by mills; and all in the midst of the stream, where it is most rapid," only imagine, we say, a Commissioner of Sewers converting our great metropolitan *cloaca* into such a paradise! The Mexicans know something of this matter; they form floating gardens on the lake near the city; they first plait or twist willows with roots of marsh plants, and upon this foundation they place mud and dirt which they draw from the bed of the lake, and thus may be formed the soil for a garden. When the owner wishes to change his locality, he need give no notice to quit; he gets into a boat and tugs his garden after him. The marquis

had probably some such plan as this in his teeming brain.

Our noble friend jumps about from one subject to another with an alacrity truly remarkable; his projects are as numerous and varied as those of Uncle Jack, in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's Novel. A way to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day; a quick mode of weighing an anchor; a way to make a boat work itself against wind and tide; how to make "a little engine, within a coach, whereby a child may stop it, and secure all persons within it, and the coachman himself, though the horses be never so unruly, in full career;" how to raise water constantly with two buckets only, day and night, without any other force than its own motion; how to "increase the strength of a spring to such a degree as to shoot bombasses and bullets of an hundred pounds weight a steeple height;" how to "light a fire and a candle, at what hour of the night one awaketh, without rising or putting one's hand out of bed;" how to make an artificial bird fly which way, and as long as one pleaseth; a way to make "a complete light portable ladder, which, taken out of one's pocket, may be by himself fastened an hundred feet high;" how to make a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading, and without so much as once new priming requisite; a way, "with a flask appropriated into it, which will furnish either pistol or carabine with a dozen charges in three minutes' time." Such are some of the inventions, nearly in the order in which they are placed. Many of the marquis's projects altogether defy one's penetration; but others point curiously to ideas which have fructified in men's brains in later times. We do not know, and probably never shall know, how much these later inventors owe to him. In an age of Colt's revolvers, one would almost give a little finger to know how the marquis made "a pistol to discharge a dozen times with once loading." The firing of cannon, as well as the sinking of ships, seems to have been a cherished subject with the noble inventor. His fifty-fourth item is a bouncer; "tried and approved before the late King (of ever blessed memory) and a hundred lords and commons, in a cannon of eight inches and half a quarter, to shoot bullets of sixty-four pounds weight, and twenty-four pounds of powder, twenty times in six minutes; so clear from danger, that after all were discharged, a pound of butter did not melt, being laid upon the cannon hitch, nor the green oil discoloured that was first anointed and used between the barrel thereof, and the engine having never in it, nor within six foot, but one charge at a time." If the reader can solve this riddle, well and good.

Four or five of the inventions relate to locks and keys, mostly to that kind of puzzle lock which has from time to time attracted most attention. Flying was not likely to escape the notice of such an indefatigable contriver; and consequently, in the seventy-seventh invention, we are told "how to make a man to fly: which I have tried with a little boy of ten years old, in a barn, from one end to the other, on a hay-mow." We are introduced to "a watch to go constantly, and yet needs no other winding from the first setting on the cord or chain;" "a way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many) at one time;" hollow-handled pocket combs, knives, forks, and spoons, for carrying secret papers; a rasping-mill for hartshorn, "whereby a child may do the work of half-a-dozen men;" an instrument "whereby persons ignorant in arithmetic, may perfectly observe numeration and subtraction of all sums and fractions;" a "chair made *à la mode*, and yet a stranger, being persuaded to sit down in it, shall have immediately his arms and thighs locked up, beyond his own power to loosen them;" a "brass mould to cast candles, in which a man may make five hundred dozen in a day, and add an ingredient to the tallow which will make it cheaper, and yet so that the candles shall look whiter and last longer." Any one who has seen Mr. Sopwith's very ingenious monocleid writing cabinet, will be forcibly reminded of "the way to lock all the boxes of a cabinet (though never so many, at one time;" and the beautiful machine now employed for making mould candles, seems first cousin to the "brass mould to cast candles."

Automaton figures evidently engaged the attention of the marquis. He speaks of "a brazen or stone head, in the midst of a great field or garden, so artificial and natural that though a man speak never so softly, and even whisper into the ear thereof, it will presently open its mouth, and resolve the question in French, Latin, Welch, Irish, or English, in good terms, uttering it out of his mouth, and then shut it until the next question be asked." Those who remember the "invisible girl," exhibited many years ago, and the "speaking figure," exhibited much more recently, may conceive how something midway between the two, or comprising some of the characteristics of both, may have suggested itself to the marquis's mind. A redoubtable idea, too, was that of "an artificial horse, with saddle and caparisons fit for running at the ring, on which a man being mounted, with his lance in his hand, he can make him start, and swiftly to run his career, using the decent posture with *bon grace*, may take the ring as handsomely, and running as swiftly, as if he rode upon a barb."

There is something very like a dredging machine in the "screw, made like a water-screw, but the bottom made of iron plate spadewise, which, at the side of a boat, emptieth the mud of a pond, or raiseth gravel." And we seem to have something like the patent slip, or rather a contrivance called the water-camel, in the "engine, whereby one man may take out of the water a ship of five

hundred tons." From this the marquis leaps to a cross-bow for discharging two arrows at once; to a "way to make a sand-bank so firm and geometrically strong, that a stream can have no power over it;" and to an instrument, "whereby an ignorant person may take anything in perspective, as justly and more so than the most skilful painter can do by the eye."

But the most valuable of all the inventions which form the Century are those four which relate to what we should now call a steam-engine. The great idea of the marquis (for a great idea it was) seems to have been, the application of some kind of steam-engine for the raising of water for the supply of large towns. There was evidently something vast in the conception, but he has put it into words which are not very easily understood. The following aphorism would not be unworthy of a Telford or a Brindley: "Whosoever is master of weight, is master of force; whosoever is master of water, is master of both; and consequently to him all forcible actions and achievements are necessary." It is supposed that Savery took from the marquis the hint of the steam-engine, for raising water with a power produced by fire, and applied it to an actual engine. That the marquis himself viewed this idea as the most important of the whole group is plain. In 1663, immediately after the publication of the Century, he obtained an Act, appropriating to him and his successors the whole of the profits that might arise from the use of his water-engine. He published about the same time, "An Exact and True Definition of the most stupendous Water-commanding Engine," apparently with a view to the formation of a water company; but he died soon afterwards, and his project died with him—to be resuscitated by others in the actual realisation of the steam-engine.

There must, nevertheless, have been some practical trial of an engine (probably a model) intended to test the validity of the marquis's theories, for one of the most striking, and even affecting documents traced to his hand, is an "Ejaculatory and Extemporary Thanksgiving Prayer, when first with his corporeal eyes he did see finished a perfect trial of his water-commanding engine, delightful and useful to whomsoever hath in recommendation either knowledge, profit, or pleasure."

The courageous man now stricken in years, and serving a regal family who had ever made him a sorry return for his devotion, thanked God for vouchsafing to him this mechanical discovery; and in touching words he prays "that whatever I doe, unanimously and courageously to serve my King and country, to disabuse, rectifie, and convert my undeserved yet wilfully incredulous enemys, to reimburse thankfully my creditors, to re*immunerate* my benefactors, to reinhearten *my distressed family* and with complacence to *gratify my suffering* and confiding friends, may, voyde of vanitie or selfe ends, be only directed to thy honour and glory everlastingly."

The Marquis of Worcester had a brave heart and a remarkable head.

BEN CLOSE, OF BAGGENHAM.

There was a model man who lived in a village not far from the country town in which I have spent the chief part of my own life. Although true stories are commonly dull stories, I shall endeavour to amuse all who will listen, by telling, without any deviation from the bare and simple fact, the story of that model man. I knew him well.

He was a hedger and ditcher; named, if you please, Benjamin Close—Benjamin Close, of Baggenham. His character was so good that he was spoken of habitually in Baggenham society—and even known among many of my neighbours, townspeople of Beechester—as Honest Ben. He was a hedger and ditcher; but could turn his hand to any kind of labour, and was never out of work. Whatever he undertook to do he did; came always with strict punctuality to any duty for which he had been engaged; and whatever he did was done always heartily and well. All the farmers looked upon him as the model labourer of Baggenham. Ben's father had been a noted poacher; but the disgrace of the father was not allowed to descend upon the son, who lived in the enjoyment of a brilliant reputation that was never sullied for a day. He was never to be seen on week days at a beer-shop, or to be missed on Sunday from the parish church. The minister rejoiced over him, and more than once alluded to him from the pulpit as a pattern, not only to working men, but to thousands who moved in the upper circles of society.

Ben had a wife, but no children. His wife was a miracle of tidiness and good behaviour. The cottage, occupied by this good couple on the outskirts of the village, was intensely clean, and pleasantly surrounded by a model garden. Baggenham is a village situated in a richly wooded district, and stands on the boundary line between the grounds of two of our great county landowners, a noble baronet and a respected squire. The baronet and squire, nobility and gentry, shared the opinion of the public in general concerning Honest Ben; spoke to him affably whenever he crossed their path, and even went so far as to shake hands with him on several occasions.

Ben was a man who, for a purpose of his own, took care to keep the outside of his platter clean.

I do not say—I am not sure whether I think—that there was any special badness in him. The vicar was right, probably, when he said that there was in Ben "a dash of the poetical." He built up, with the skill of a rough genius, an impregnable enclosure of conventional goodness. The vicar thought that there was poet's stuff in him, because he displayed a great taste for antiquities.

He was a collector of old battle-axes, swords, daggers, spears, pikes, curious reaping-hooks, ancient locks, wonderful keys, and ornamented door-hinges, torn out of old castle walls. His cottage walls were adorned with such relics. He also collected antlered heads of deer, brushes of foxes, pads and ears, hares' feet, the claws of hawks, wings of the jay, peacocks' feathers, herons' legs, the skins of snakes. He stuffed birds cleverly, and many rare birds given to him by the neighbouring keepers, or by gentlemen, were stuffed and added to his treasures. Ben's cottage was regarded in the parish as "quite a museum," and was visited on that account by many of the curious.

This pattern man showed a great love also for ancient woods and rural scenery. He spent most of his leisure by the river bed, or about old pools, milldams and water-courses; on open moors falsely called barren, in obscure lanes choked with thorns and briars, by cliffs and forest paths and by-paths. He was to be seen enjoying nature in the neighbourhood of ancient orchards, of old garths and stone quarries, and he was a tremendous man for noticing all that he saw. He was an oracle on many subjects, and especially upon the whereabout of game. There was not a brood of partridges or pheasants within two or three miles of Baggenham with which he was not well acquainted. He observed the runs of the hares, their forms and feeding grounds. He listened to what others said on such points, but took care not to tempt with dangerous knowledge any of the villagers. With the keepers he was on good terms; for he gave them a great deal of useful knowledge. They especially considered him a pattern villager, whom they were as little likely ever to see with poachers on the Baggenham preserves as they were likely to catch there the Bishop of Beechester himself, with his lawn sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, hooking down the pheasants with his crozier. The two events were in fact equally unlikely. Ben never did go out with poachers; yet none knew so well as he how the trees rustled in Baggenham woods at midnight.

For it is to be understood that Ben, when he came home from work during the shooting season, found his wife prepared to make him wonderfully comfortable, and to see him off to bed soon after six o'clock in the evening. At about eleven o'clock or earlier she roused her husband, and let out of the cellar a lurcher of a famous breed, named Snap, who lived in the cellar quiet as a mouse all day, and whose existence was known only to his master and mistress. Snap only and Mrs. Close knew Ben's secret; for Snap was the only creature whose eyes ever saw honest Ben's misdeeds. No light was kindled in Ben's cottage when he rose upon the verge of midnight. Secretly and quietly he dressed himself in a strong fustian round jacket with an immense pocket *occupying the whole* skirt, took with him his collection of well-tempered snares, gate-nets, purse-nets, and other instruments; handled a stout stick, and started out with his eager companion Snap, never by the front door, but over the fence at the bottom of his garden, which adjoined the open fields.

Once out, it was a rule with him that his feet never should touch a public road, except in crossing it from hedge to hedge. He knew every old footway, by-path, temporary bridge, drain, water-course, copse, osier-bed, and cover in the district; so he chose his path with skill and caution, set only a few snares as he went along in well-known runs, and paused to listen at the feeblest unaccustomed noise.

Ben was, in truth, a solitary poacher. He believed that it was no sin to catch what he called wild animals; but as the law laid traps for poachers, he determined not himself to be caught in them. He was a brawny fellow; but he thought discretion the better part of valour; and, to avoid all scrapes, avoided all encounters with the hostile power, or all chance of danger from the follies of illiterate accomplices. He studiously kept out of the public-house, because he did not wish to be tempted into any interchange of confidence; he worked well every day, partly, I think, because he had in him the mind of a good workman, partly because he knew that a steady and hard-working day-labourer was not likely to be suspected of committing misdemeanours when he ought to be in bed. He cultivated character most carefully; reverenced the vicar, was respectful and, so far as he thought it prudent, confidential in his friendship with the gamekeepers. Ben would have been a great diplomatist had he been born a noble lord.

His great care when out at night was to avoid contact with a gang of poachers furnished by his village. When they were to be heard among the woods Ben always made a prompt retreat. When all was silent, however, as the march of the night-clouds—when the very wood-pigeons were too far gone in sleep to furnish a single coo—Ben would open quietly the gate that led into a close preserve, and spread his net from post to post. At a wave of his hand the quiet lurcher—to be mute is a characteristic of the breed—set out on an expedition over the adjoining field in which the hares were feeding. The hares, alarmed, scampered back to the cover by their old path through the gate: there the net was spread to stop them, and Ben with his stick ready to slay them as they came. When the model villager had caught as many hares as were required, he rolled his net up, closed the gate, and pocketed the spoil. He never used, or possessed, a gun. He had a net of silk and hair some forty yards long, which he pegged down in a circle, and with which he secured partridges by the covey at a time; and as to pheasants, it was afterwards the legend that he caused them to drop from their roost, by holding under them

a bunch of lighted brimstone matches at the end of a long pole. In one way or another, it is certain that as fast as they were wanted they were caught.

On his way home Ben took up all the snares that he had laid in going out, Snap calling his attention to them. Arrived at his own cottage he found always his wife in waiting to receive him. They carried the game down into a little pantry partly sunk into the ground, so that the eaves of the roof that covered it outside were touched by the wall-flowers in the garden. In this pantry a secret recess had been made, like the hatch of deer-stealers in olden time, a hiding-place not easily to be discovered. Into that the game was put. Honest Ben went to bed, and was ready next morning for punctual attendance on his labour.

The sale of the game was managed easily. Ben and his wife kept a cow, and had the right of stray upon the parish common. They kept also a great deal of poultry, and were noted for a superior breed of fowls of the pheasant sort. These were under the care of Mrs. Close, and gave her occasion to come into Beechester every Saturday with butter, eggs, and poultry. Her square butter basket with a white cloth drawn over the top, often had quite a wrong sort of poultry at the bottom. She had regular customers for game at private houses, and especially at inns and hotels; and, because buyers of poached game were liable to penalty as well as sellers, nobody who got a profit out of it betrayed her secret.

The wants of his wife's customers, weather, movements of gamekeepers, and other considerations, influenced Ben's visits to the preserves of the baronet and squire. He did not, therefore, poach upon them nightly. Sometimes the gentry held a battue, at a time when those vile slaughterings came into fashion. Ben always visited the scene of murder with his lurcher on the following night, when keepers, beaters, and watchers were all making merry in the hall; and, by the help of Snap's nose which neglected nothing, carried off all the wounded pheasants or hares that had been left to languish.

It was also the custom of Mrs. Close, in a most innocent way, to borrow the local newspaper of a neighbouring farmer. Her object was to hunt it through for notices of the next meetings of turnpike trusts, the assembling of drainage commissioners, anniversaries of clubs, and all occasions that give rise to an extensive dinner. There was always a demand on such occasions for cheap game.

One night as Honest Ben was on his way home with a heavy pocket, he was seen. A new tenant who had taken possession of a certain homestead, brought some of his old labourers with him—rough fellows who had a perverted taste for game watching. Ben *suddenly crossed* their path in the dim light: *and they, suspecting* something wrong, *followed to ask him who* he was, and what he had with him. Ben's character was at stake. The model villager must not be recognised. He made off, therefore, closely followed, doubling and twisting vainly to elude pursuit. At last there was no chance of escape left except to cross "the sleepy pool above the dam," the upper mill stream. He attempted instantly to wade across, followed by faithful Snap; but, before reaching the opposite bank, he sank into a deep hole under some willows. He sank up to his neck; but, by grasping at the willow branches, he kept his head out of water. The pursuers crossed the stream higher up by some stepping-stones, and came round. They passed close by the spot where Ben was hanging in the water; but the honest man kept quiet, and was nowhere to be heard or seen. After sometime, when the coast was clear, Mr. Close crawled out of the mill-pool and went home; but, as he had been dripping with heat when he ran into the pool, and was dripping with cold when he crawled out of it, he went home still, suffered severely in his chest, gave up work, was worn down to a skeleton, and died before the game season was over.

But his secret was kept. He was buried at his own wish under the shade of an old yew in the churchyard, and the squire blew his nose at church over the vicar's funeral sermon on the pattern labourer. His industry had received its worldly reward; for Ben, it was found, had saved three hundred pounds, which were invested in a distant water company. His widow received the dividends, and continued in occupation of the cottage and museum. It was only at her death that the facts above narrated became known in Baggenham.

THE LOVER AND BIRDS.

I.

Within a budding grove,
In April's ear sang every bird his best,
But not a song to pleasure my unrest,
Or touch the tears unwept of bitter love:
Some spake, methought, with pity, some as if in jest.
To every word
Of every bird
I listened, and replied as it behove.

II.

Screamed Chaffinch, "Sweet, sweet, sweet!
O, bring my pretty love to meet me here!"
"Chaffinch," quoth I, "be dumb awhile in fear
Thy darling prove no better than a cheat,
And never come; or fly when wintry days appear."
Yet, from a twig,
With voice so big,
The little fowl his utterance did repeat.

III.

Then I, "The man forlorn
Hears earth send up a foolish noise aloft!"
"And what 'll *he* do? what 'll *he* do?" scoff'd
The Blackbird, standing in an ancient thorn;
Then spread his sooty wings and flitted to the croft
With cackling laugh;
Whom I, being half
Enraged, called after, giving back his scorn.

IV.

Worse mocked the Thrush, "Die! die!
O, could he do it? could he do it? Nay!
Be quick! be quick! Here, here, here!" (went his lay)
"Take heed! take heed!" then "Why? why? why? why? why? why?
See—ee now! see—ee now!" (he drawled) "Back, back, back! R-r-r-run away!"
O Thrush, be still,
Or at thy will,
Seek some less sad interpreter than I.

V.

"Air, air! blue air and white!
Whither I flee, whither, O whither, O whither I flee!"
(Thus the Lark hurried, mounting from the lea)
"Hills, countries, many waters glittering bright,
Whither I see, whither I see! deeper, deeper, deeper,
Whither I see, see, see!"
"Gay Lark," I said,
"The song that's bred
In happy nest may well to Heaven make flight."

VI.

"There's something, something sad,
I half remember—" piped a broken strain.
Well sung, sweet Robin! Robin sung again,
"Spring's opening cheerily, cheerily! be we glad!"
Which moved, I wist not why, me melancholy mad,
Till, now, grown meek,
With wetted cheek,
Most comforting and gentle thoughts I had.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

DIPLOMACY.

You have been quarrelling in England a good deal lately, with your Diplomatic Establishment. Let me bottle up the essence of a conversation I had on this subject with my excellent friend The Chevalier Stanislaus d'Aloe (fourth unpaid Dutch attaché at the Court of the Czar), on the eve of our visit to Vesuvius:—

To begin then, was the Chevalier's first observation, the secresy and hocus-pocus of diplomacy should be put an end to. A foreign mission, indeed, rightly understood, should be, let me respectfully suggest, a regular school and assembling-place of enlightened travellers. Let your youth see something of other countries besides their museums and picture-galleries. Let them be brought into contact with the living spirit of the age they live in, and let older people judge of passing events for themselves.

True. We do not want, I remarked, in the nineteenth century, and in Great Britain, a Minister or a Government to get information on grave affairs, and to keep it to themselves. The public wish to know something about it also, that we may see with our own eyes if a statesman be right or wrong in what he is about, in order that we may stop him if he do mischief. The vital interests of a great country like ours are not to be committed blindly to any *man or any set of men*; especially when we have daily evidence of the glaring and laughable incapacity of certain English ministers at certain despotic, and therefore difficult, foreign courts. Any man who is doing what he ought to do has nothing to fear from publicity. It is only incompetent diplomatists, who are the natural advocates of silence.

It is all very well to come to us with a grave face, and say we, the public, are not competent to judge of this or that; that we are the unreasoning multitude, and that such subjects are above our capacities. This may be an excellent line of argument for the Marquis of Fiddledeedee and his friend Lord Loggerhead; but depend upon it, there is not much in politics worth knowing at all, that a sensible man may not acquire with moderate study and observation. Oxenstiern never said a truer thing than when he let us into the secret of how little wisdom it takes to govern the world. All other secrets are mere moonshine and water when we know this.

I am very much afraid that a more completely incapable body of men (taken *en masse*) do not exist than our diplomatic servants. Of course there are some striking and remarkable exceptions; but perhaps it would not be going too far to say, that very few of them could ask for a penny in three languages, as a beggar at Naples boasted to me yesterday that he could do—and did. As for the political research of most of the junior branches of the service, it commences with 1830; part of what has occurred since, they know or have learned from gossip here and there: but the past, that great sign-post to the future, is a mystery to them.

The whole thing is wrong. Promotion is made altogether a question of favour and interest. A man of mere ability and zeal in his calling, has no more chance of advancement than a sincere and enlightened Christian clergyman has in the Church; and a coronet stands for a great deal too much. So many things combine to spoil the education of a mere lord, that he must be a very wise man indeed, if he is not a very foolish one. He has every possible temptation to take him away from business to pleasure; so that by and bye he gets ruined, and then is appointed to a situation he cannot and will not fill as it ought to be filled.

This coronet question, however, is a very delicate and difficult one to deal with when regarded in reference to English coronets abroad. Out of certain circles in England, and those not the best, a Marquis is no more than a manufacturer, and just stands for what he is worth, be that what it may. Once cross the Channel, however, the business changes altogether, and we must remember that in dealing with our foreign services, we have to legislate for both parties—British and foreign. In Germany, in Spain and Italy, and even

in America, a title goes a great way, and a man with a sounding name has a certain *prestige*, and often an actual influence which an untitled man has not. Besides, we cannot keep these great Lilliputians out of one of our public services; and I have just shown that we ought not, for our own interests, to do so, if we could. All that remains, therefore, is to render them harmless.

Let your Great Nobody have his mission at Tombuctoo; let it form part of his instructions that he shall receive upon fixed days such travellers of honour and repute from his own nation as chance to be in the capital where he lives, that they may hear, see, and know what is going on. Let him entertain and cultivate the people to whom he is accredited. You do not give him his salary to clear off his debts, or to portion his daughter, or to get his son out of scrapes, or to hoard up. You give it him for the benefit of the public service; and in that it should be spent, honestly, scrupulously, to the last farthing. And would it not be well in sending out a new King Log to a foreign court, to say to him, "Your lordship will find Mr. Brown (who is to be your secretary) already at Tombuctoo, on your arrival. He is a clever, hard-working man, who knows the country thoroughly, and we recommend you to pay attention to what he says. In case of anything going wrong, we shall not look to you; fiddle and bow, and 'receive' and dine away just as much as you like; we shall look to him—unless you thwart him. You may consider yourself, according to polite fiction, as the king who can do no wrong; and we shall dismiss Mr. Brown without mercy, in case of misconduct, or of the interests of this country being neglected?" You would then have the advantage of Lord Fiddledeedee's rank and Mr. Brown's ability together. Fiddledeedee's rank really has its advantage in the present state of cringing and lord-reverence abroad; whether this may last long or not, is beside the question under discussion.

For the rest, and as to the complaints of individuals against foreign Governments, I say frankly, that nine times out of ten you in England are hopelessly in the wrong. Your true-bred Briton, indeed, generally is in the wrong in a dispute. He is not a linguist; he gets hot and excited; he blusters, bullies, commits himself, is corrected, and so little minds eating his words when he finds himself in the wrong, that he sometimes seems to do so with a relish. This is the history of nine cases out of ten. Besides it should never be forgotten by any complainant, however excited, that his representative has only the power of making representations; he cannot coerce a foreign Government. He is placed in the position he fills, partly to keep *up friendly relations* as long as possible; and *while good-humoured* endeavours to obtain *redress have the* faintest chance of success, it would be in the highest degree culpable in him to try others. The complainant has also very likely just proved for himself the value of blustering.

On one other subject, also, I may perhaps venture to speak; and I speak decidedly. No sensible prudent man of the world need ever get into a scrape in foreign countries. If he will quietly and without remark, fulfil all necessary regulations, he will find his way agreeable enough. If, on the contrary, he goes about wrangling and squabbling with everybody, and that too often in words of which he does not know the precise and local meaning, he will infallibly come to grief. A guest among strangers—this is his position, and he should never forget it. If he makes the house which has received him uncomfortable, the master has a right to turn him out of it. It may not be courteous or hospitable always to do so; but it is the law, and no foreign envoy can alter it. Three golden rules to avoid botheration, are—Keep quiet; don't thrust yourself forward; be civil, and answer questions readily and good humouredly, however they may be put.

No one ought ever to be appointed to a diplomatic post, however humble, who cannot speak the language of the country he is going to. He is completely useless if in ignorance of it; but as a person cannot spend his life in learning languages that may soon cease to be required of him, and in forgetting them in countries where they are not spoken, let every person newly appointed have six months to prepare himself, before going to his post; and if he can pass an examination in the language to be acquired earlier, so much the better for him. To move our diplomatic servants also frequently has its advantage, and costs nothing. It is impossible to understand thoroughly any one country without having a general knowledge of others: and I think it would be wise never to allow any one, not belonging to some special branch of the service, to remain at the same post longer than three years. If he stay longer, he is apt to change from a man to a thing, and to grow brimful of rules, orders, regulations, etiquette, and local prejudices. Seeing all things through a false and single medium, all things necessarily appear to him all of one colour.

Any other examination than that of languages, it would be injudicious, I think, to require. Diplomacy is a service in which we do not want book-worms; but men of the world: and the one are seldom the other. A man soon acquires that species of reputation among those who have to deal with him, which points him out as fit or unfit for important duties; and, unluckily, you cannot make promotion here quite regular, without doing a silly thing. It should depend upon the capacity, activity, talent, and zeal of the individual. The interests of a country should not be confided to a dunce because he is growing grey.

One word more:—Have you observed, that

each of the French missions have a good engineer and draughtsman attached to them; and can you tell me why?—At any rate we might take the hint from them. It would make some new appointments!

THE GWALIOR JANISSARIES.

The last India mail brought accounts of a scene at Gwalior somewhat similar in character to Sultan Mahmoud's destruction of the Janissaries, or to Mehemet Ali's slaughter of the Mamelukes; not, indeed so merciless or so deadly; but having the same object, namely, the release of an Oriental state from the Pretorian Bands which controlled the power of the sovereign and ate up the revenues of the country. Over the Gwalior "transaction," the British resident at that Court seems to have presided; superintending, if not directing and originating one branch of the Rajah's troops in cutting and firing down another. At first sight this appears strange; a slight retrospect of the latter history of the Gwalior state will, however, show that desperate necessity originated the measure, and almost justifies it.

Dowlat Row Scindiah, the determined enemy of British power in Central India, when in the vigour of his youth, died our friend and ally in one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. His dominions, extending over a great part of Malwa, were scattered and divided. His subjects were united by no common interest or feeling; but were kept together by an army neither composed of nor commanded by persons bearing natural allegiance to him. His territories were very much mixed up with our own, and with those of our dependents and tributaries. Scindiah's country was, and is, consequently one of great interest and importance, from position, to us. Well governed, prosperous, and friendly, it must be an element of strength: misruled and turbulant, it can only be a source of danger, anxiety, and expense.

On the whole, Scindiah's government was creditable. Although he maintained too large an army he was a prudent prince, and left a flourishing country, and an overflowing treasury behind him. Unfortunately he died childless. Lord Amherst, however, at once recognised the boy whom his favourite wife adopted after his death; and, assuming the name Junkeyjee Row Scindiah, the lad became Maharajah of Gwalior. The young prince being a great invalid, his reign was feeble; and the power of the army over the state greatly increased. The condition of the country was gradually retrograding, when, in the beginning of one thousand eight hundred and forty-three, Junkeyjee Row Scindiah died at the early age of twenty-seven. He, too, left no heirs, nor any adopted son. The government of Gwalior, therefore, fell nominally into the hands of his widow —herself a child *scarcely* ten years old. A boy almost as old as herself was adopted, and he ascended the Raj of Gwalior as Jyagee Row Scindiah.

Troubles and difficulties immediately followed. At the head of the State were two children; one, a self-willed, impetuous girl; the other, an uneducated boy. Power was placed in the hands of a regent, incompetent to restrain and reduce to subordination thirty thousand disorderly and turbulent soldiers; and he sought to maintain his power by marrying Scindiah to his own niece. This proceeding roused the jealousy of the girlish Ranee; she dismissed the regent, whom the British Government had recognised, her court became a scene of disorder, the great army was prepared for any mischief, and Lord Ellenborough had really scarcely any alternative but interference.

How the battle of Maharajpoor followed will be in general recollection. It effectually chastised and humbled Scindiah's army, and gave Lord Ellenborough an opportunity of revising our relations with the Gwalior state. That he did by the treaty of the thirteenth of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four. By it the Gwalior army must never exceed nine thousand men of all arms; and, for the payment of the British contingent of eight thousand four hundred additional men, districts, worth one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, are assigned. The treaty further fixed the majority of the youthful Rajah at eighteen; and, in January last, he entered into the full enjoyment of his rights as sovereign of Gwalior.

Though reduced in numbers the Gwalior army seems to have altered little in character. The old spirit of insubordination still lingered in the ranks, particularly in a division of the Silladar Horse; the commanders of which number kept up, on paper, a force which, although not in existence, they drew pay for. They robbed the treasury, were insolent to their Prince, and especially disliked Major Malcolm the British resident. On Scindiah coming of age, the first thing he resolved was to release himself and his country from the audacity of these Janissaries; and in this resolution he was cordially supported by Major Malcolm. Its disbandment having been determined on, service in other regiments was offered the men. The offer was refused. Young Scindiah was, however, firm; the Silladars expostulated, threatened, and positively refused to lay down their arms. After all other means had failed, the extreme measure of reducing the body by force, was resorted to on the third of April last. Happily the other troops supported Scindiah; nor was any great amount of violence needed, for the Silladar chiefs had filled up their ranks with their servants and menials instead of fighting men, and a round or two of shot brought the entire body to its senses.

By this act of spirit young Scindiah has got rid of an army which was mischievous to

himself, and dangerous to his neighbours; and has now an opportunity of showing how well he can govern the two millions and a half of people, whose sovereign he has become by a strange piece of Oriental good fortune.

ARCADIA.

Arcadia!—what a nice place it must have been to be sure! A perpetual pic-nic, without wasps or thunder-storms, and with nothing to pay. A smiling landscape, all gently undulating—no fierce rocks or yawning chasms. Banks on which wild thyme and violets continually grow. Eternal summer. Fruits, flowers, and odoriferous herbs. Innocent flocks of more innocent sheeplings; soft, mild, benignant, undesigning bleaters with dainty coats of whitest wool, hanging in worsted ringlets, unsmirched by the red ochre or cinnabar of mercenary grazier; yet when the sun rises or sets, gleaming with iris-tints from Nature's prism, making of each a mutton rainbow—like Mr. Hunt's sheep in his picture of Our English Coasts. And then the shepherds with their long hair confined by an azure ribbon; their abundance of clean linen, and guilelessness of braces: their silken hose, and shoon with purple heels; their harmless sports consisting in shooting at a stuffed bird on a highly decorated Maypole with a cross-bow bedecked with ribbons. And the shepherdesses, with auburn tresses and wide spreading straw hats, with golden crooks, and wreaths of flowers, and petticoats of gold and silk and satin brocade. And the old women—the Dorcasses and Cicelys—dear old dames with silvery hair, scarlet cloaks, and ebony crutch-sticks; but who never scolded, O no, nor had the rheumatism, nor groaned about their precious bones and the badness of the times. There were no Game Laws in Arcadia, no union workhouses, no beer-shops, no tally-men, no police. There were balls every and all day long in Arcadia; endless country dances. No shepherd beat another shepherd or shepherdess with his crook, or a poker, or pewter pot; for there was no quarrelling—save here or there a trifle of bickering, a transient fugacious jealousy when Celia detected Corydon kissing of Phyllis, or if Sacharissa in a pet broke Damon's pipe. But these fleeting differences would soon be reconciled: all would kiss and be friends: and banquets to re-united friendship would take place in cool grottoes on carpets of fairest flowers; the viands (fruits, syllabubs, and cakes of finest flour), cooled by murmuring, ripling, pebbly, sparkling streamlets, and by fragrant boughs outside the cave, drooping with foliage and luscious fruit, and waved by the pitying summer breeze; sheltering the grotto's inmates from the burly Sun's too bold salute. And the sky was very blue, *and the birds sang* carols continually.

Yet, though the golden age be gone, and *there are no* more picturesque shepherds or shepherdesses, save in the canvasses of Watteau and Laneret, Arcadia still exists. It lives in the very heart of London.

The prototype of the London arcade was, undoubtedly, the Oriental Bazaar. There is not a town in Turkey or Hindostan, without some dirty, stifling, covered passage, both sides of which overflow with amphitheatres of knicknackery for sale. The Bezesteen of Stamboul is a genuine arcade, with all the crowding and confusion, the kaleidoscopic arrangement and gossip-bargaining of the Arcadia of England.

The French, who manage so many things better than ourselves, and not a few so much worse, have long had an Arcadia of their own. As a special measure of relief for their legionary *flâneurs* or street-pacers—driven, in wet weather, from the much sauntered over Boulevards—there were devised the unrivalled galleries and passages which are the delight of Paris, the admiration of strangers, and the bread-winners of unnumbered artificers, factors, and retailers of those heterogeneous odds and ends known as *articles de Paris*. To the Passage de l'Opéra, des Panoramas, du Saumon Gouffroy; from the Galleries Vivienne, Colbert, and Vero-Dodat; the caricatures of Gavarni and Grandville, the classic lithographies of Julien, the novels of Paul de Kock, the statuettes of Dantan, and the ballads of Mademoiselle Eloïsa Puget owe their chief celebrity. Beneath those glass roofs literary and artistic reputations have been won and lost.

Milan followed in the wake of Paris, and the city of the Duomo boasts many plate-glass-adorned and knicknack-crowded covered thoroughfares. Vienna and Berlin followed; but England knew not arcades before the present century. Some inventive genius accomplished a great feat in conjunction with certain shopkeepers and the Cork and Burlington estates. He brought Arcadia into Piccadilly, and built the Burlington Arcade.

At first the shops of this Arcade were small and dark. They sold no articles of positive necessity: the useful arts were repellent to Burlingtonian notions of industry: and luxury was almost exclusively purveyed for. Burlington (as became a comital godfather) was intensely aristocratic. Boots and shoes and gloves were certainly sold; but they fitted only the most Byronically small and symmetrical hands and feet; none but the finest and most odoriferous leathers were employed in their confection, and none but the highest prices charged for them. The staple manufactures of this Arcade have been in turns jewellery, fans, feathers, French novels, pictorial albums, annuals, scrap-books, caricatures, harps, accordions, quadrille music, illuminated polkas, toys, scents, hair-brushes, odoriferous vinegar, Rowlands' Macassar Oil, zephyr paletôts, snuff-boxes, jewelled whips, clouded canes, lemon-coloured gloves, and false whiskers. Scarcely a fashionable

vice, an aristocratic frivolity, or a Belgravian caprice, but had (and has) a representative in the Burlington Arcade. It was a little Vanity Fair. I have walked it many and many a time for years, thinking of John Bunyan, and wondering which was Britain Row and Portugal Row.

There was but one active handicraft exercised in the Arcade, and that was hair-cutting. The handicraftsmen cut your hair in sophisticated saloons, decorated with fallacious mural paintings of impossible Grecian landscapes, with flaming Greeks and Turks fighting. Below they inveigled you to buy drugs and potions wherewith to dye the grey hairs you should be proud of, blue black; and stuffs to make you emulate the smell of the civet, or the musk rat, and hog's-lard condimented into bear's grease, and wigs;—woven lies made from dead men's hair to thatch live fools. Further on, there were boots to pinch feet, corsets to tighten waists, and gloves to cramp hands. Boys with bundles were rigidly excluded from the precincts. Smoking was not allowed through its length or breadth. It was paraded by padded, tight-booted, tight-girthed, wigged old beaus striving to look like boys of twenty; by boys aping the vices of old men; by carpet warriors, and by knights fresh from Almack tournaments.

The department of Arcadia to which I have just (and it may seem to you rather harshly) alluded, has not been free from the vicissitudes, humiliations, and mutabilities common to buildings and thoroughfares, as well as to men. Yet, on the whole, it may be said that the Burlingtonians have been a prosperous and well-to-do community. If Burlington had appealed to the wisdom, learning, good taste; or to the scientific or philosophic tendencies of humanity, it might have been bankrupt long ago, and its traders gone barefoot. But Burlington has calculated, like the quack doctor, that of every fifty passers-by forty are fools. With Robert Macaire it has studied the immortal axiom delivered by that sage to Bertrand, "The day passes, but the fools remain;" and has occupied itself with what is co-existent with the world and with humanity—human folly. But for such customers, the booths in Vanity Fair, wherever its tents be pitched, would drive a poor trade indeed.

I will now leave the Province of Burlington, and direct my attention to that of Exeter. One was of comital rank; but this is the fief of a marquisate. A word as to its antecedents.

Where now stands the street that forms the approach to Rennie's magnificent bridge —the Bridge of Waterloo; the bridge of gorgeous sunset views—the Bridge of Sighs —the Rialto of transpontine theatricals, industrials of the New Cut, Elephant and Castle omnibuses, and women without names, without hope, without lives (save a certain dog-like existence), there stood, before I was born, certain dingy brick houses. One of them was the old office of the old (and now dead) Courier newspaper; and many may be old enough to remember the bulletin of the great victory of Waterloo being pasted up on the Courier windows on the 21st of June, 1815. Another was the old Lyceum Theatre; a third was Mr. Day's trunk-shop. Close beside these buildings, stood two mighty elephant's tusks and a burly Beefeater, directing the eager sight-seer, the impatient country cousin, the enthusiastic holiday-maker, to the Museum or Menagerie of Wild Animals, known throughout the United Kingdom as Crosse's Wild Beast Show. Here had the lord of "aitches" and the Patent Theatres —the great John Philip Kemble—borrowed of Mr. Crosse the rhinoceros on which he took his ever memorable ride through Covent Garden Market—in the early morning, when the sun was bright, and saloop stalls were yet about—as dignified as a lord, playing the fool as only wise men can. Here had the howlings of unnumbered savage brutes, the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros, like the Hyrcanian beast, shook the bricks of Exeter Change. Ye spotted snakes, ye dwelt there. Hyenas, ye have laughed; jackals, ye have wept deceivingly; blue-faced monkeys, ye have shown your cerulean visages in those byegone Arcadian precincts. There held out against the united forces of Apothecaries Hall and His Majesty's foot-guards Chunee, unconquered of refractory elephants. There he laughed at pounds of calomel and bales of drugs, and shook his sides with Elephantine scorn at guns and pistols; till the great, embrowned regulation muskets of His Majesty's foot-guards cracked his leviathan skin and let his giant life out. Crosse's must have been an exhibition. Why wasn't I alive when Exeter Change was extant, and the admission "up-stairs" one shilling or under?

But Arcadia was fated to come again; and Exeter Change, though it retains its name, has changed its locale, and is no more what it was. It is a changed change. It had a transition state—a sort of chrysalis-like grubhood as a bad bazaar—a very bad and lame imitation of those Margate and Ramsgate, and general watering-place knick-knack shops, where there are countless assemblages of trifles, unconsidered, because really useless, and where you may, perhaps, (if you have great good luck) win, after the investment of from seven to fifteen shillings, such a prize as a German silver pencil-case, or a tea-pot stand of plaited rushes. And then Exeter Change became a wilderness of brick sand mortar, scaffold poles, hods, ladders and ropes, and it and its neighbourhood went mad on the building question, after which and (up to 1853) ultimately, the Change changed its site, and burst on the world as an arcade—an Arcade of desolation, silence, despair.

What can I compare it to? The street of the tombs at Pompeii—the Via Sacra with all the shops shut up and half a dozen funerals of Sextus Quintilius Somebody winding their way through its mournful lengths? A street in Tripoli or Algiers at mid-day when the sun is very hot and the plague is very bad about? The "dark entry" in Canterbury cathedral yard multiplied by two? Lawrence Pountney Hill (about the dreariest of thoroughfares I know) of a Sunday afternoon? Anything, anywhere in any climate, country, age, or circumstance that is gloomy, dismal, heart-depressing, unventilated, graveyard-smelling—dull. This gloomy avenue leads from one and into another of the merriest London streets you would wish to find: one in the bustling Catharine Street with its noisy News Exchange, and Old Drury (though, to be sure, that is not so very gay) at the top; the other the lively Wellington Street, embellished as it is with one of the most abusive cabstands in the metropolis, the office of H. W., and the sprightly Lyceum Theatre. But the Arcade is *so* dull. Some ghastly artist undertook, on its construction, to decorate it with mural arabesques. He has succeeded in filling the spaces between the shop windows with some skeleton figures;—dripping, faded funerealities. These "arabesques" ("mauresques" would be more appropriate, for they are very mortuary) twist themselves into horrible skeleton presentments, all in a leaden, deadened, dusky tone of colour; and, high over gas-lamps, and grimly clambering about shop-fronts, are melancholy dolphins and writhing serpents, and attenuated birds of paradise; all looking intensely wretched at the positions in which they find themselves. Likewise there are scrolls, which the Furies might twist in their hair; and leaves which seem ready to drop off for very deadness, and sepulchral beadings, and egg-and-tongue fillets like rows of coffin nails.

And are there shops in this Arcadia? There are. And are these shops tenanted? Well. They *are* tenanted; but not much. A great many of the shops have had occupiers; but somehow or other the occupiers are continually vacating. They never stopped. Doubtless they had many good and sufficient reasons for so persistently continuing not to remain. They went abroad, relinquished business, made their fortunes—perhaps. I can remember in this changing Change, house and estate agents, servants' registry offices, coal-mine offices (with neat little hampers of Wallsend in the window—a novelty which would answer well, I opine, with a horse-dealer, if he were to put a few pasterns and fetlocks and a horse shoe or two in *his* window), booksellers, newsvenders and publishers (news and publicity here!), cigar shops, tailors and habit-makers, milliners, dressmakers, and bonnet-builders, *architects* and surveyers, and a toy-shop: *that didn't last.* The drums and trumpets, *the miniature guns* and swords sounded and wielded there must have been of the same sort as those used at Napoleon's midnight review; the Tombolas must have had death's heads; the Jacks must have sprung, not of boxes, but sarcophagi; the kaleidoscopes must have shown nothing but prismatic goblins; the accordions played nothing but the Dead March in Saul.

I knew a French bookseller who established himself in Exeter Arcadia, with his wife and olive branches round him, vainly thinking to live by vending the lively *nouvellettes* and *vaudevilles* of the Land of the Gaul. But his little children pined among the brumous shades of the 'Cade, and sighed, like Mary Queen of Scots, for the Fair land of France again—so the Frenchman vamosed. I also knew a confident foreigner who came here in the Exhibition year '51, with two stools, a desk and a Nugent's dictionary on a vague speculation of interpreting, translating for, or verbally assisting foreigners visiting London during the Exhibition season. "Informations-Bureau" he called his shop, if am not mistaken. But, as he spoke no English, and nobody came to make any inquiries who spoke any foreign language, his bureau came to nothing, and he vamosed, too.

Desolate, dreary, weary, as any grange with any number of moats, art thou, Arcadia of Exeter! Yet there is hope for thee. "Hope comes to all," says Milton, and may I live to see the day when thy shops shall overflow with merchandise, when thy outlets shall be blocked up with customers, when thy fame shall be spread among the nations, and excursion trains start from the uttermost ends of the earth to visit thee. Till then, farewell, or be, as heretofore, a desert—not howling, for there are no wild animals to howl in thee—an empty sepulchre, a deserted wine-cellar, an abandoned quarry, an exhausted coal-mine, a ruined temple, or "Ninny's Tomb," meet only for the nocturnal rendezvous of some Pyramus of the Strand with some Thisbe of Adam Street, Adelphi; be anything thou listest, for, of a verity, Exeter, I (and, doubtless, my readers,) am weary of thee.

The Lowther Arcade—I seek not to disguise it under any plausible incognito, for I am proud of it—is a tube of shops running from St. Martin's Churchyard into the Strand, very nearly opposite Hungerford Market. There is, frequently, very much noise in this tube as in that far-famed one across the Menai Straits that Mr. Stephenson built; and there are collisions and signals—but here my railroad similes end; for, in lieu of being a pitch dark colour with grim iron-ribbed sides, with a flooring of slippery rails on which huge locomotive dragons with many jointed tails of carriages glide, this tube is light and airy, and roofed with glass. It is noisy; but not with the screaming and snorting, and panting of engines, the rattling of wheels, and the jangling of chains: it

is resonant with the pattering of feet, the humming of voices, the laughter of children, the rustling of silken dresses, and buying, selling, bargaining, and chaffering.

The commodities vended in the Lowther Arcade I may classify under three heads: Toys, Jewelry, and Minor Utilities, about each of which I have a word to say.

Imprimis of toys. Enormous, preposterous, marvellous is Lowther in respect of toys. She possesses amphitheatres, rows upon rows, galleries upon galleries; Great Pyramids of Egypt, Great Towers of Belus, Great Tons of Heidelberg, Great Beds of Ware, Great Dragons of Wantley, Giant Helmets of Otranto—of what? Of toys. Birmingham is the toyshop of Europe; Blair's Preceptor and Pinnock's Treasury of Knowledge say it is. But no: Lowther is. Look around, if you are sceptical, upon the toys of all nations, and for children of all ages, which give children such exquisite delight in playing with them—which give papa and mamma delight scarcely less exquisite in buying them. Cosmopolitan toys, too. Look at the honest, hearty, well-meaning toys of old England. The famous cock-horses of such high blood and mettle, that the blood has broken out all over their skins in an eruption of crimson spots; so full of spirit that their manes stand bolt upright, and their tails project like comets; such high and mighty cock-horses, that they disdain to walk, and take continual carriage exercise on wooden platforms, running on wheels. The millers' carts, so bravely painted, so full of snowy sacks, supposed to contain best boulted flour; but, in reality, holding sawdust. The carriers' carts, the mail phaetons, the block-tin omnibuses, the deal locomotives with woolly steam rushing from the funnels, the brewers' drays, and those simple, yet interesting, vehicles of plain white deal—exact models, in fact, of the London scavengers' carts—so much in request at Brighton and Margate for the cartage of sand, pebbles and sea-weed, and sometimes used as hearses for the interment of a doll, or as Bath chairs for the exercise of an unwilling poodle.

Can you look unmoved, although you *be* a philosopher, and your name Zeno, Plato, or Socrates, on the great Noah's arks—those Edens of wooden zoölogy, where the mouse lies down with the cameleopard (and is nearly as big), where the lion is on such familiar terms with the jackass as to allow him to stand atop of him, with his hoofs in his jagged mane; where the duck is neatly packed (for more commodious stowage) in the bosom of the tigress, and then stands on his head between the fore feet of the elephant? Can you passively inspect the noble fluffy donkeys, with real fur, and the nicely equipoised panniers, and harness of softest, brownest leather? And those desirable family mansions, the dolls' houses, with the capital modern furniture, plate, glass and linen, with commands to sell which Messrs. Musgrove and Gadsden are not likely to be honoured. And the glorious kitchens, with that bottle-jack and meat screen and dripping-pan, at which was roasted the wooden sirloin of beef, painted and varnished. The boxes of red-handled carpenters' tools, which cut, and sawed, and chiselled nothing but children's fingers. The boxes of tea-things—now of wood, now of more ambition, tin and lead. The dolls—from Missey's flaxen-headed beauty, with the moveable blue eyes, and the elegant pink leather extremities, swathed in silver tissue paper, to Master Jackey's favourite policeman, A 1, very blue in attire, and very stiff, with a very glazed hat, an intensely legible number, and varnished wooden boots. The fierce Hungarian hussar on horseback, with that cruel curved wire and counter-weight stuck through his entrails, with which he maintains an unceasing seesaw. The drummer with moveable arms. The musical toys, the accordions, the marvellous kaleidoscopes, regarded at first as phantasmagoria of delight; but, breaking, or being broken, soon disclosing, to our great disappointment and disgust, nothing but a disk of tin, a fragment of smoked glass, and some tawdy-coloured chips! And such is life.

Hoops, nine-pins, drums covered with real parchment, innocently white above, but which, were you to tear them, and look at the underpart, would, I gage, be found to be fragments of old deeds and indentures—such is life again: French toys, fierce toys, warlike toys, smelling of Young France, and glory, and blood—such as miniature cannon, lancers sabretasches, war steamers armed *en flûte*, sabres, muskets, shakos, and tri-coloured flags surmounted by the resuscitated Eagle of France. German toys, which like everything else coming from Deutschland, are somewhat quaint, and somewhat eccentric, and a thought misty: for example, queer old carved men and women, in queer attitudes, and animals whose anatomy is likewise of the queerest kind, and who yet have a queer expression of life and animation about them. Tortuous games, played with hammers and dice, and bells, and little men, which remind you somehow, you know not why, of Rhine Schlosses, and Gnomes and Undine, and Albert Dürer's mailed knights. Then the Germans have monks and hermits who open, like the dolls' houses, cupboard-door fashion, and show you (where gentlemen are generally supposed to accommodate—well, there is no harm in it—their insides) little chapels and oratories, with little altars and candles and priests. And who but the Germans too, would make long panoramas and dioramas opening in the accordion and collapsing manner, and strange monsters in boxes? An infinity of other *jou-joux*, such as India-rubber balls, whips of all shapes and capacities for chair or cock-horse flagellation, skipping ropes, flutes, spades, rakes and hoes: all these

are to be found in the toy department of the Lowther Arcade.

These toys are sold by bright-eyed damsels, and they are bought by plump married couples, and pretty cousins, and prim yet benignant old aunts, and cross yet kind old grandmothers—yea, and by cross-grained bachelors and sulky mysogynists, and crabbed City men. I have seen a man—one of those men who were he but five-and-twenty you would immediately feel inclined to call, mentally, an old fellow—enter Lowther Arcadia by the strand, looking as savage, as ill-tempered, as sulky as the defendant in a breach of promise case, dragging rather than leading a child; but I have seen him emerge ten minutes afterwards with an armful of toys looking sunny with good humour.

And they are bought, these toys, for that marvellous little people who are the delight and hope and joy, the sorrow, solace, chief anxiety, and chief pleasure, of grown-up man and womankind. For those little manuscripts of the book of life yet unsent to press, unset up in stern uncompromising type, as yet uncirculating in proof-sheets for the inspection of the judge; to be bound and published and criticised at the last. For those innocent little instruments of even-handed justice—the justice that makes of our children the chief punishment or reward to us—a heaven or a torment about us here in life. And whether Arcadia live or die, and whether those ruddy children and these plump parents continue or surcease, there will be toy-shops and toys and parents and children to purchase them to the end, I hope; for I believe toys to be the symbolic insignia of the freemasonry of childhood—as aprons and mallets, adzes and jewels are to the older freemasons of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—and that they are bonds of union, pledges of affection, from the man-child to the child-man; and that they are substantial lectures on useful arts and useful recreations; and although of course I would exclude from my Tommy's or Emily's play-box every toy that could suggest or hint at cruelty, intolerance, injustice or wrong, I do think that *English* toys (I speak not of the Gallic and bellicose ones) are mainly honest and well-meaning, and even moral playthings. I love toys.

The second department of Lowther Arcadia of which I would wish, cursorily, to treat, is that connected with the sale of jewellery. The Lowther *bijouterie* is certainly unique. It may want the intrinsic value of the productions of Howell and James, or Hunt and Roskell. The Lowtherian brilliants may not be of a water so fine as those of Regent Street or Cornhill; but the jewellery of my Arcade is as sparkling and as showy, as gay and as variegated, as any assemblage of gems you like to mention—the jewel-house in the Tower of London, or the Queen of Spain's jewels, or Mr. Hope's. The gold is as yellow, *though, perhaps, not* quite so valuable, as any *Brown and Wingrove* have to refine. The emeralds are green, the rubies red, the turquoises blue; and what other colours would you have emeralds, and rubies, and turquoises to be? Lowther shines, too, in cameos—none of your shrinking, shamefaced, genuine Roman ones—but great, bold, bouncing, pictorial pancakes; heads of Minerva as big as Bristol Channel oysters, and trios of graces vying in size with bread-and-butter plates. Lowther hath, in its huge glass cases and beneath glass domes, good stores of necklaces (the pearl ones like strings of varnished plover's eggs), bracelets, agraffes, buckles, shirt-pins, hair ornaments; but it is in the article of brooches that she chiefly shines; brooches with a vengeance. Geological brooches, comprising every variety of strata, from blue clay to red sandstone, genteelly cut, polished, and set. Pictorial brooches, forcing on you the counterfeit presentments of a heterogeneous assemblage of celebrated female characters; Mary Queen of Scots, Madame de la Vallière, Marie Antoinette, and Jenny Lind; with a more cautious selection from among the gentlemen, ranging from Oliver Cromwell to Buffon the naturalist, or from Henry the Eighth to M. Kossuth. Brooches for hair, and simple jet or cornelian brooches. Landscape brooches, where the lake of Chamouni, and Mont Blanc—the monarch of mountains, who was crowned so long ago—are depicted in a vivid blue and green manner—astonishing to the eyes of Professor Forbes, or Mr. Brockedon. Brooches for all ages, from that blushing girl of eighteen yonder—for whom the fond youth in the astonishing coat and the alarming waistcoat is purchasing a gigantic oval half-length of Charles the Second, set in elaborate filigree—down to the white-headed old grandmamma, doubly widowed and doubly childless, who will here provide herself with a cheap yet handsome locket-brooch wherein to preserve a lock of sunny brown hair, all that is left (save a ciphering book) to remind her of that gallant nephew Harry, who went down in the war-steamer Phlegethon, with all hands, far in the Southern Seas.

Nor is it the worse for being unreal—sham is hardly the word; for Lowther says boldly, "Here is my jewellery; I will sell it to you at a price. If you choose to believe my half-crown cameo-moons are made of green cheese, my eighteenpenny bracelets sapphires or opals, my three-and-sixpenny necklaces barbaric pearl and gold, believe and be blest. We do not attempt to deceive you; if our price be too cheap, don't buy." It may seem inconsistent in me, who have so lately borne rather hard upon the Arcade of Burlington, that I should defend the fictitious gems that have their abode in the Arcade of Lowther. But I consider this: that there is a difference between a sham deliberate, a wilful sophistry or wanton piece of casuistry, and a lie confessant; a work of fiction for instance—a novel, a fable, or a pleasant tale. As such, I consider the jewels of Lowther. Is it

because my pretty tradesman's daughter, my humble milliner or sempstress; even my comely cook, housemaid, or damsel of all work cannot afford the real barbaric pearl and gold—the real rose and table diamonds—that they are to be debarred from wearing innocent adornments, wherewith to accomplish the captivation (which their bright faces have begun) of their respective swains and sweethearts? No. Leaving their aristocratic sisters to disport themselves in real Cashmeres from Delhi and Allahabad, and real lace shawls from Brussels and Malines, they are content with humble Paisleys, and unobtrusive Greenocks; so, abandoning genuine precious stones, genuine guinea gold, genuine pearls and cameos, to perhaps not the happiest, but at least the more fortunate of their sex, they shall revel as it pleases them in the eighteenpenny finery of this Arcadia; and Samuel or William walking "along with them," or "keeping of 'em company" in the smartest of surtouts and the whitest of Berlin gloves, on crowded steamboats, or amid the velvetty glades of the metropolitan parks, shall be as proud of them and of their jewels as though they were duchesses.

One more department of Arcadia yet remains to be explored. This is the section devoted to what I may call minor utilities, and though minor, they occupy a very considerable portion of the Lowther Arcade. Heaped in wild confusion—though not worse confounded—on the estrades of half a dozen merchants, are different ranges of shelves; grades on grades of such articles as cakes of Windsor soap, shaving dishes, shaving brushes, pocket combs, snuffer trays, bronze candlesticks, lucifer boxes, pipe lights, sealing wax; hair, tooth, clothes, and blacking brushes, French coffee-pots, tea canisters, workboxes, nutmeg graters, paper weights, pencil-cases, china mantel-shelf ornaments, nick-nacks for drawing-room tables, artificial flowers, watch-chains, perfumery, hair pins, plaster statuettes, penknives, scissors, dog-chains, walking-sticks, housewife-cases, knives, forks, and spoons, china plate, cups and saucers, wine glasses, decanters, presents from Brighton, tokens from Ramsgate, letter-clips, portfolios, music-cases, reticules, scent-bottles, and fans. There is scarcely a minor want, an everyday wish in the catalogue of everyday wants and wishes but which can be supplied from the delightful egregious farrago of fancy hucksteries here collected. It is the Bagdad of housekeeping odds and ends, the very place I should advise all those about to marry to visit, when they have found that besides the household furniture, plate, linen, and bedding, pots, pans, they have discovered indispensable in fitting up their bridal mansion, there are yet a thousand and one things they cannot do without, and which nothing but a walk through Arcadia will satisfy them that they really *want*.

The most wonderful thing connected with the cosmopolitan merchandise displayed in the Lowther Arcade, is the apparent recklessness with which the commodities are exposed to the touch of the passers-by and the enormous apparent confidence which their proprietors appear to place in their customers. The toys are tested, and the minor utilities examined; the musical instruments are sounded at the good pleasure of those without, whether they mean buying or not buying; but be assured, O man of sin—pilferer of small wares and petty larcener—that there is an eye within keenly glancing from some loophole contrived between accordions and tin breastplates that watches your every movement, and is "fly,"—to use a term peculiarly comprehensible to dishonest minds—to the slightest gesture of illegal conveyancing.

The Lowther Arcade should, to be properly appreciated and admired, be viewed at three widely distant periods of the day. First, in the early morning, when the bells of St. Martin's have just commenced carilloning the quarter chimes to eight. Then the myriad wares that Lowther has to sell, are scattered about in a manner reminding you of the parti-coloured chaos of one of the Lowther's own kaleidoscopes indefinitely magnified and blown to pieces, or of the wardrobe and property room of a large theatre combined, when the *employés* are "taking stock." In the midst of this chaotic olla podrida of oddities pick their way, with cautious steps yet nimble, the Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, wearing mostly over their pastoral garments large aprons and pinafores of brown holland and grey calico. With feather brooms or gauzy dusters they dust and cleanse and furbish and rub up and brighten all the multifarious paraphernalia of their calling; and, swift the amphitheatrical benches or grades are crowned with rainbow toys, or glittering glass cases symmetrically arranged, artistically displayed to catch the eye and provoke the appetite of taste. Some pilgrim from the west may, at such times, fortuitously be found gliding among the fancy goods that corruscate the pavement, nervously apprehensive of stepping an inch to the right or to the left, lest he should "fall into a bit of property," his own might not be sufficient to replace.

I have no room for statistics, so I will not enter into any calculation as to the numerical quantities of fancy wares vended in the Lowther Arcade; the gross amount of money received, the average number of visitors, or matters of that kind. I may passingly observe, that there are toys, and gems, and nick-nacks here, that are things of great price to-day, and positive drugs in the market to-morrow. At one time the public toy-taste runs upon monkeys that run up sticks, or old gentlemen that swing by their own door-knockers, squeaking dreadfully the while: at another period the rage is for the squeezable comic masks and faces (at first and fallaciously

supposed to be made of gutta-percha, but ultimately discovered, through the agency of a precocious philosopher, aged seven—who ate one of them—to be formed from a composition of glue, flour, and treacle). Now, horrible writhing gutta-percha snakes are up, and now they are down; now popguns go off and now hang fire.

There are certain toys and fancy ornaments that always, however, preserve a healthy vogue, and command a ready sale. Of the former, the Noah's arks, and dolls' houses, and India-rubber balls, may be mentioned; although their nominal nomenclatures are sometimes altered to suit the exigencies of fashion. Thus we are enticed to purchase Uncle Buncle's Noah's ark, Peter Parley's balls, or Jenny Lind's Doll's mansion. Of the fancy goods, I may hint fugitively that some attenuated vases of artificial flowers under glass shades, I have known as Queen Adelaide's Own, Victoria's Wreath, The Jenny Lind Bouquet, and the Eugenia Vase. These flowrets are much cultivated as chimney ornaments by maiden ladies in the neighbourhoods of Peckham Rise and Muswell Hills. Lastly, there is a model, or sample piece of workmanship, of which copies are to this day sold, principally to the ladies, which I have known for nearly twenty years. It consists of a hollow cottage of latitudinarian architecture, composed of plaster of Paris, with stained glass windows, and with a practicable chimney. In the hollow part of the edifice an oil lamp is nocturnally placed; and the light pouring through the windows, and the smoke curling up the chimney (not altogether inodorously), produce a charming and picturesque effect. This building has had many names. When I knew it first, it was, I think, William Tell's Châlet. Then it was the Birthplace of the Poet Moore. Then it was Shakspeare's House. Then Her Majesty's Highland Hut or Shieling, near Balmoral, in Scotland. And now it is the birth-place of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. House of many names! farewell! and thou too, Arcadia! till at some future day I wander through thy spangled glades again.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On its being formally made known to Elizabeth that the sentence had been executed on the Queen of Scots, she showed the utmost grief and rage, drove her favourites from her with violent indignation, and sent Davison to the Tower; from which place he was only released in the end by paying an immense fine which completely ruined him. Elizabeth not only overacted her part in making these pretences, but most basely *reduced to poverty* one of her faithful servants, *for no other* fault than obeying her *commands.*

James, King of Scotland, Mary's son, made a show likewise of being very angry on the occasion; but, as he was a pensioner of England to the amount of five thousand pounds a year, and had known very little of his mother, and possibly regarded her as the murderer of his father besides, he soon took it quietly.

Philip, King of Spain, however threatened to do greater things than ever had been done yet, to set up the Catholic religion and punish Protestant England. Elizabeth, hearing that he and the Prince of Parma were making great preparations for this purpose, in order to be beforehand with them, sent out Admiral Drake (a famous navigator, who had sailed about the world, and had already brought great plunder from Spain) to the port of Cadiz, where he burnt a hundred vessels full of stores. This great loss obliged the Spaniards to put off the invasion for a year, but it was none the less formidable for that, amounting to one hundred and thirty ships, nineteen thousand soldiers, eight thousand sailors, two thousand slaves, and between two and three thousand great guns. England was not idle in making ready to resist this great force. All the men between sixteen years old and sixty, were trained and drilled: the national fleet of ships (in number only thirty-four at first) was enlarged by public contributions and by private ships, fitted out by noblemen; the City of London, of its own accord, furnished double the number of ships and men that it was required to provide; and if ever the national spirit was up in England it was up all through the country to resist the Spaniards. Some of the Queen's advisers were for seizing the principal English Catholics, and putting them to death, but the Queen—who, to her honour, used to say that she would never believe any ill of her subjects, which a parent would not believe of her own children—rejected the advice, and only confined a few of those who were the most suspected among them, in the fens in Lincolnshire. The great body of Catholics deserved this confidence; for they behaved most loyally, nobly, and bravely.

So, with all England firing up like one strong angry man, and with both sides of the Thames fortified, and with the soldiers under arms, and the sailors in their ships, the country waited for the coming of the proud Spanish fleet, which was called The Invincible Armada. The Queen herself, riding on a white horse, with armour on her back, and the Earl of Essex and the Earl of Leicester holding her bridle rein, made a brave speech to the troops at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend, which was received with such enthusiasm as is seldom known. Then came the Spanish Armada into the English Channel, sailing along in the form of a half moon, of such great size, that it was seven miles broad. But the English were quickly

upon it, and woe then to all the Spanish ships that dropped a little out of the half moon, for the English took them instantly! And it soon appeared that the great Armada was anything but invincible, for, on a summer night, bold Drake sent eight blazing fire-ships right into the midst of it. In terrible consternation the Spaniards tried to get out to sea, and so became dispersed; the English pursued them at a great advantage; a storm came on, and drove the Spaniards among rocks and shoals; and the swift end of the Invincible fleet was that it lost thirty great ships and ten thousand men, and, defeated and disgraced, sailed home again. Being afraid to go by the English Channel, it sailed all round Scotland and Ireland; and some of the ships getting cast away on the latter coast in bad weather, the Irish, who were a kind of savages, plundered those vessels and killed their crews. So ended this great attempt to invade and conquer England; and I think it will be a long time before any other invincible fleet coming to England with the same object, will fare much better than the Spanish Armada.

Though the Spanish king had had this bitter taste of English bravery, he was so little the wiser for it as still to entertain his old designs, and even to conceive the absurd idea of placing his daughter on the English throne. But the Earl of Essex, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Howard, and some other distinguished leaders, putting to sea from Plymouth, entered the port of Cadiz once more, obtained a complete victory over the shipping assembled there, and got possession of the town. In obedience to the Queen's express instructions, they behaved with great humanity; and the principal loss of the Spaniards was a vast sum of money which they had to pay for ransom. This was one of many gallant achievements on the sea, effected in this reign. Sir Walter Raleigh himself, after marrying a maid of honour and giving offence to the Maiden Queen thereby, had already sailed to South America in search of gold, and written an excellent account of his voyage.

The Earl of Leicester was now dead, and so was Sir Thomas Walsingham, whom Lord Burleigh was soon to follow. The principal favourite was the Earl of Essex, a spirited and handsome man, a favourite with the people too as well as with the Queen, and possessed of many admirable qualities. It was much debated at Court whether there should be peace with Spain or no, and he was very urgent for war. He also tried hard to have his own way in the appointment of a deputy to govern in Ireland. One day, while this question was in dispute, he hastily took offence, and turned his back upon the Queen; as a gentle reminder of which impropriety, the Queen gave him a tremendous box on the ear, and told him to go to the devil. He went home instead, and did not reappear at Court for half a year or so, when he and the Queen were reconciled, though never (as some suppose) thoroughly.

From this time the fate of the Earl of Essex and that of the Queen seemed to be blended together. The Irish were still perpetually quarrelling and fighting among themselves, and he went over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, to the great joy of his enemies (Sir Walter Raleigh among the rest) who were glad to have so dangerous a rival far off. Not being by any means successful there, and knowing that his enemies would take advantage of that circumstance to injure him with the Queen, he came home again though against her orders. The Queen being taken by surprise when he appeared before her, gave him her hand to kiss, and he was overjoyed—though it was not a very lovely one by this time; but in the course of the same day she ordered him to confine himself to his room, and two or three days afterwards had him taken into custody. With the same sort of caprice—and as capricious an old woman she now was as ever wore a crown or a head either—she sent him broth from her own table on his falling ill from anxiety, and cried about him.

He was a man who could find comfort and occupation in his books, and he did so for a time—not the least happy time, I dare say, of his life. But it happened, unfortunately for him, that he held a monopoly in sweet wines: which means that nobody could sell them without purchasing his permission. This right, which was only for a term, expiring, he applied to have it renewed. The Queen refused, with the rather strong observation—but she *did* make strong observations—that an unruly beast must be stinted in his food. Upon this, the angry Earl who had been already deprived of many offices, thought himself in danger of complete ruin, and turned against the Queen, whom he called a vain old woman who had grown as crooked in her mind as she had in her figure. These uncomplimentary expressions, the ladies of the Court immediately snapped up and carried to the Queen, whom they did not put in a better temper, you may believe. The same Court ladies, when they had beautiful dark hair of their own, used to wear false red hair, to be like the Queen. So they were not very high-spirited ladies, however high in rank.

The worst object of the Earl of Essex and some friends of his who used to meet at Lord Southampton's house, was to obtain possession of the Queen, and oblige her by force to dismiss her ministers and change her favourites. On Saturday the seventh of February, one thousand six hundred and one, the council suspecting this, summoned the

Earl to come before them. He, pretending to be ill, declined; and it was then settled among his friends, that as the next day would be Sunday when many of the citizens usually assembled at the Cross by Saint Paul's Cathedral, he should make one bold effort to induce them to rise and follow him to the Palace.

So, on the Sunday morning, he and a small body of adherents started out of his house—Essex House by the Strand, with steps to the river—having first shut up in it, as prisoners, some members of the council who came to examine him, and hurried into the City with the Earl at their head, crying out, "For the Queen! For the Queen! A plot is laid for my life!" No one heeded them, however, and when they came to Saint Paul's there were no citizens there. In the mean time, the prisoners at Essex House had been released by one of the Earl's own friends; he had been promptly proclaimed a traitor in the City itself; and the streets were barricaded with carts and guarded by soldiers. The Earl got back to his house by water, with great difficulty, and, after an attempt to defend it against the troops and cannon by which it was soon surrounded, gave himself up that night. He was brought to trial on the nineteenth, and found guilty; on the twenty-fifth, he was executed on Tower Hill, where he died, at thirty-four years old, both courageously and penitently. His step-father suffered with him. His enemy, Sir Walter Raleigh, stood near the scaffold all the time—but not so near to it as we shall see him stand, before we finish his history.

In this case, as in those of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary Queen of Scots, the Queen had commanded, and countermanded, and again commanded, the execution. It is probable that the death of her young and gallant favourite, in the prime of his good qualities, was never off her mind afterwards, but she held out, the same vain, obstinate and capricious woman, for another year. Then she danced before her Court on a state occasion—and cut, I should think, a mighty ridiculous figure, doing so in an immense ruff, stomacher, and wig, at seventy years old. For another year still, she held out, but, without any more dancing, and as a moody, sorrowful, broken creature. At last, on the tenth of March, one thousand six hundred and three, having been ill of a very bad cold, and made worse by the death of the Countess of Nottingham, who was her intimate friend, she fell into a stupor and was supposed to be dead. She recovered her consciousness, however, and then nothing would induce her to go to bed; for she said she knew that if she did, she would never get up again. There she lay for ten days, on cushions on the floor, without any food, until the Lord Admiral got her into bed at last, partly by persuasions and partly by main force. When they asked her who should succeed her, she replied that her seat had been the seat of Kings, and that she would have for her successor "No rascal's son, but a King's." Upon this, the lords present stared at one another, and took the liberty of asking whom she meant; to which she replied, "Whom should I mean, but our cousin of Scotland!" This was on the twenty-third of March. They asked her once again that day, after she was speechless, whether she was still in the same mind? She struggled up in bed, and joined her hands over her head in the form of a crown, as the only reply she could make. At three o'clock next morning, she very quietly died, in the forty-fifth year of her reign.

That reign had been a glorious one, and is made for ever memorable by the distinguished men who flourished in it. Apart from the great voyagers, statesmen, and scholars, whom it produced, the names of BACON, SPENSER, and SHAKSPEARE, will always be remembered with pride and veneration by the civilised world, and will always impart (though with no great reason, perhaps,) some portion of their lustre to the name of Elizabeth. It was a great reign for discovery, for commerce, and for English enterprise and spirit in general. It was a great reign for the Protestant religion and for the Reformation which made England free. The Queen was very popular, and in her Progresses, or journeys about her dominions, was everywhere received with the liveliest joy. I think the truth is, that she was not half so good as she has been made out, and not half so bad as she has been made out. She had her fine qualities, but she was coarse, capricious, and treacherous, and had all the faults of an excessively vain young woman long after she was an old one. On the whole, she had a great deal too much of her father in her, to please me.

Many improvements and luxuries were introduced in the course of these five and forty years in the general manner of living; but cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and bear-baiting were still the national amusements; and a coach was so rarely seen, and was such an ugly and cumbersome affair when it was seen, that even the Queen herself, on many high occasions, rode on horseback on a pillion behind the Lord Chancellor.

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CATS' MOUNT.

NOT every May morning of 1853 breathed forth such a balmy atmosphere as that on which I started on a pilgrimage to the Mont des Cats, or Mont des Chats, as it is sometimes erroneously called. The Catti, or Kats, were a people of ancient Germany, some of whose blood may be supposed still to flow in the veins of the Kittons of England and the Catons of Sutherland; and it owes its somewhat ambiguous name not to having been, at any epoch, the headquarters of a herd of cats, but to the circumstance of being the nest of a warlike clan of human beings. The Mount itself, though Flemish to the backbone, stands just within the limits of France. From that direction I had to approach it. Sweeping down the slopes of Cassel, a few miles south of St. Omer, you skirt the side of a wooded hill. Your road continues to be an unyielding pavement, and the necessity of the arrangement is plain. On the vast alluvial tracts which follow, you have soil and subsoil without a pebble. The squared stone therefore which is brought from a distance, is much too valuable to be broken up and macadamised, but is laid down in the shape of a permanently paved road. Once on the plain, the scene becomes monotonously rich—teeming with abundance, but otherwise offering little to strike either the eye or the imagination. At every step, the country and the people are less and less French. Flemish inscriptions over the door announce the existence of very *goode dranken*. Little roadside chapels of brick, face you at the most obvious corners; whilst others of wood not bigger than bird-cages, and containing only a Virgin and Child, are fastened to the wayside trees. Every person you meet on the road salutes you; and you are thought a pig if you do not return the greeting. To be the first to salute is inculcated in some of the popular catechisms as a religious duty, under the form of an act of humility. Donkeys covered with warm sheepskin saddles trot backwards and forwards, ridden by men and women, who indifferently and universally are mounted sidewise. The national sports of Flanders are represented by an enormously high mast, or pole, surmounted at the top with iron branches, on the tips of which little wooden birds are fixed; to be shot at and bagged at holiday times. The national drink is indicated by hopgrounds filled with poles of extraordinary altitude; and, if you only look at the staple of the soil that is laid bare on the sides of the ditches, you will see that it has within it the elements wherewith to make the "bine" mount to the top. The national taste in domestic pets is already but too frequently revealed by blinded chaffinches chaunting their lively but brief melody, in spite of the narrowness of the wretched prison in which they exist, and sing with their eyes put out. At the door of the next public-house, which we pass, there lies a savage dog, fastened with a leash; and by his side a formidable-looking carbine leans against the wall. Both the brute and the gun are weapons of offence which belong to the *douanier*, or frontier customs'-guard, who is refreshing himself with a pint of beer to sharpen his scent after tramping smugglers. A few furlongs further we meet a man with a haggard face, an uncertain eye, and a shabby blouse, which, in respect to the thinness of his figure, would seem to denote an unusual development of chest. Or is it tobacco which pads his bosom, and which he yesterday picked up in Belgium? Beware, my friend—for so I will call you, though I should not care to meet you alone here in the dark. 'Tis not I who will whistle a signal of your approach; but mind how you step for the next half-hour. Because, if the carbine do not check your speed, the dog, let slip, most certainly will. More hop-grounds and meadows, and we are at Steenewoorde.

From Steenewoorde to the Mont des Cats let no one venture in a carriage. The distance, about three miles English, must be performed either on horseback, donkeyback, or foot; for the road over the pebble-less alluvial soil is nothing but a stream of slime, which might issue from the nastiest of mud volcanoes. After a few days' soaking wet, the passage would be impracticable, were it not for a sort of footpath at the side formed by a series of rough-squared stepping-stones, that are let into the earth about the same distance they would be, to help a passenger to cross a brook. Although by no means easy walking, the stepping-stone path still carries you onwards, now and then joined by like thoroughfares

branching off to the right and the left. More hop-grounds, flax-fields, and meadows teeming with cheese and cream; then, rows of handsome elms, and copses from which the nightingales are singing so loudly and so multitudinously, as to pour a sort of intoxication over the senses. They suggest, by their tones, an irresistible craving to stretch out one's arms after some unknown good. At last, we reach the picturesque and ill-reputed village of Godewaerswelde. There is no fear now, as during the first revolution, of encountering troops of well-armed brigands, who, after murdering soldiers and customs'-men, have put on their uniform, and protect the dwellers on each side of the frontier, exactly as the wolf protects the sheep; still, on the border-land, caution is advisable, and it is pleasanter to walk with a trusty guide or companion, or even to join a *douanier* on his cruise after errant and flitting scamps, than to wander along in single blessedness. Your passport or other satisfactory documents in your pocket, may happen to be serviceable, should any doubt by chance arise touching your own presentability.

The foot of the Mount is soon attained, and an easy climb suffices to reach the top. What a glorious prospect! Lovelier even than that from Cassel itself; one of those scenes to which you return delighted, after Alps and Apennines have tired you to death. But view-hunting is not our main purpose to-day. Something more serious stands full in view. In spite of the cheerful noontide and the luxurious landscape—perhaps in consequence of them—half a word now spoken *apropos* would fill my foolish eyes with tears. At the northern extremity of the Mont des Cats stands the plain but extensive building of brick, simply roofed with tiles and slate, to which my slow but decided steps are directed, even were there danger to be feared within those walls. To visit *that* in an idle mood, would betray an utter want of thought and feeling.

For, think what a convent of Trappists is! A home sheltering eight-and-forty men as completely dead to worldly things, as they can be without actual suicide. Their profession there is a suicide of the heart, which in some cases may perhaps have prevented a suicide of the body. Many people, on hearing a narrative of fact, will ask, "How can such things be?" There, in that corner, is the entrance door, with the little barred wicket in the centre. Overhead is legibly inscribed the motto, *Ecce elongavi fugiens, et mansi in solitudine;* "Behold, I have fled far away, and have remained in solitude." By the side of the door hangs a slight bell-chain, whose handle is an iron cross. I have carelessly taken the cross in my gloved left hand. It is not thus, but with both hands, and firmly, that a sincere noviciate must be entered upon.

The wicket opens, and a monk's face appears. On stating that I wish to visit the convent, the door itself turns on its hinges. In reply to my bow of salutation, the cowl is thrown back from the close-cropped head; and a feeble, half-dead, smothered voice which issues from the lips of the porter-monk informs me that, if I will return in an hour, my request shall be granted, with the permission of the Superior.

On the summit of the Mont des Cats an hour on a fine morning is easily whiled away. One of my passing fancies is to guess what sort of impression the unremitting bursts of nightingale's song must make upon the listening monks. Or, do they not listen? Do they stop, perforce, their ears to these spring-tide accents of joy and love? Probably. They have swallowed their bitter draught, refusing to taste all else that is offered to them. They have set off on a path, whose only termination is death. All by the wayside to them is nothing.

And yet, but for this unusual and oppressive presence, there lies within the range of vision enough to delight the eye and interest the heart. Lovely Belgium, rich Hainault, with mill-crowned heights and inexhaustibly fertile plains! There is enough even to cloy the sight, were it possible for such things to weary us. And, as for towns to dot the landscape, there lies Poperingues, the metropolis of hops; there Ypres, and Courtrai, and Menin, and Cassel, once a promontory; but mere names are an unknown language (in spite of the authority of epic poets) to those who cannot form to themselves in some way the image of the reality.

The hour's delay is at an end. This time the cross is boldly clutched with the right hand. Four beggars, women and boys, are standing at the door; which is soon opened, after an inspection at the wicket. To two of the beggars the porter gives morsels of food; probably cheese, slightly wrapped in paper. Their smallness suggests that they must be remnants of personal self-denial, rather than doles from the convent itself. The pittance is so thankfully received, that, having four sous in my pocket, I extract them and distribute to each beggar one. The last woman kisses the palm of her hand before receiving hers, and utters the Flemish word for thanks. I am admitted into a little low porch, in which stands a green garden-seat. The door is locked on the world outside, and I am shown into a small waiting parlour furnished with four chairs, a table, a glass-case of rosaries, crosses and medals, apparently for sale, and a lithograph or two of holy men departed. Three priestly hats and three walking canes hint that the superior is receiving a visit. I am left alone for a few minutes, when the porter returns with the announcement that my request is granted. If I require refreshment before returning, that shall be prepared while I am looking over the establishment.

We begin to enter the heart of the building by passing through two doors that are opened with a key hanging from a strap attached to the monk's leathern girdle. My guide is one of the five or six who, out of all those eight-and-forty men, are allowed the sweet solace of speech, and that only so far as the duties of his office demand. Of the other Trappists who may talk, the Superior has unlimited discretion: the agent, who buys and sells, and transacts business, has also considerable liberty. The supposition is not correct that the body conventual of Trappists are forbidden by their vows ever to utter a syllable. They may all address the Superior on proper occasion. When at work they may say a needful word to the servant or the farmer, or even whisper into the ear of a brother; but all conversation amongst themselves, or anything approaching to it, is equally contrary to the spirit and the rule of the order. The porter, turning towards me as we entered the passage, said—in a voice which had hardly a tone—that if I had anything further to mention, I had better do so now, as within the house silence must be observed. Afterwards, in the courts and in the garden, we could again resume our chat.

While proceeding a door opened into the passage, and a monk with a wooden leg coming out, bowed to me without turning in my direction, but with a smile and a half glance of his eye; and immediately went on his way. On entering a room at the end of the passage (which had to be unlocked), the occupant bowed with the same half side-glance, and continued his occupation of folding linen vestments exactly as if no one were present. I left. He responded to my parting bow without looking or even turning aside, and the door was fastened again upon him. He had himself unlocked it again for a moment; and therefore, though locked in, he was not confined there. The next apartment was what, in any other establishment, would be styled a drawing-room. A bench ran round it against the wall, and along its whole course there were shelves containing a few volumes; which were, without any doubt, books of devotion. At the upper end were raised seats for the Abbot and the Prior. Of cushion, carpet, or other means of ease, not the slightest shadow was perceptible. The dining-room, or refectory, was arranged with equal simplicity. At the upper end the same dignitaries were located upon a slightly elevated dais; while around, plain wooden tables, uncovered by a cloth, stood before seats like those in the drawing-room. The place of each monk was marked by a mug, a pot, and a water-jug, fashioned of coarse glazed earthenware; and, upon the napkin containing a wooden spoon and fork with a clasp-knife, lay a wooden label bearing the conventual name of the owner.

Every Trappist, on taking his vows, ceases to be known by his worldly style and title. He becomes Father or Brother Aloysius, Hilarion, or Benedictus, according as he chooses his patron saint; dropping for ever afterwards the names given to him by his father and mother. A register of noviciates and professions is kept, so that all trace of a man is not entirely lost; but, without making a reference to it, there is no means of guessing who any individual monk may be.

In summer, the Trappists eat two meals a day, in consequence of doing extra work. In winter, they have but one meal and a half. Meat is forbidden, except in case of illness; fish, eggs, butter, and poultry are utterly interdicted viands. Their diet consists of bread, cheese, vegetables and fruits, which they cultivate in their own garden. Cherries, pears, strawberries, and currants are produced in abundance. Their drink is water, and a pint of good light beer at each meal, or two pints a day. None of the Trappists whom I saw appeared the worse or the weaker for this abstemious regimen. During meals, one of the community reads aloud some edifying book from a pulpit in the dining-room.

The dormitory is upstairs. It is a large airy apartment, fitted up with a series of wooden cabins in the centre, leaving a passage all round. Over each cabin is ticketed the adopted name of the occupant, and the entrance to each is veiled by a screen of canvas, which is drawn aside in the day-time for ventilation's sake. Each bed-place contains simply a mattress, a blanket, and a coverlid; sheets are not thought necessary. The monks retire to rest without undressing, and sleep exactly as they are attired in the day, in order, I was told, to be able to rise more quickly at the proper hour of waking. They go to bed at eight o'clock, and get up ordinarily at two in the morning; on Sundays at one, and on *fête* days at midnight; to perform the prescribed religious exercises. To make up for this scanty allowance of slumber, they are allowed, during summer and while working hard, an hour's repose in the middle of the day. A large bell and a powerful rattle hanging close to the dormitory are evidently used to give the signal when the moment for rising arrives. Their dress consists of a coarse brown cassock with a pointed hood, an under-garment, breeches, cloth stockings, and strong shoes. In these habiliments they are buried after death, without being laid in any coffin; that posthumous luxury being considered an unnecessary vanity: the hood is merely drawn over the face, and the earth is then shovelled in over the body. Whatever may have been the discipline of other convents in former times, it is not true here and now that every day each Trappist monk digs a portion of his own grave. The cemetery is in the garden, and has ample room for fifty graves at the foot of an artificial mound, or Calvary, on the top of which rises a lofty crucifix bearing a wooden image of the

suffering Jesus. The inscription at the head of each grave is painted on a wooden tablet fixed to a wooden cross, to the effect, for instance, that Brother Gregorius, converted (not born) on such a day, died on such a day; and that is all.

The garden is beautifully cultivated and a model of neatness. It is surrounded with a mixed hedge of holly and hawthorn, which seems intended to serve more as a screen against boisterous winds, than for any purpose of concealment. The monks make no secret of their pursuits and labours; but each goes on with his allotted task, quite unconscious of observation; like Robinson Crusoe at work upon his island. There is a bee-house in the garden, tolerably well stocked with hives; a little honey now and then being among the permitted luxuries.

The rule of silence within the house, and also, I confess, a certain oppressive feeling, prevented anything like a flow of talk; but in the course of our rounds I learnt that there are no Englishmen, Italians, or Germans in the convent. The majority of the inmates are Flemish; the others, French. There seemed to be no remembrance of the rumoured retreat hither of Ambrogetti, the opera singer, and no disposition to conceal the fact, if it had really occurred. As there are ten or a dozen other Trappist convents in France, the famous personator of Don Giovanni may have betaken himself to one of those. There are monks here who can neither read nor write; but very few—not more than two or three; and, as the number the establishment will accommodate is now nearly complete, the Superior is unusually particular about the novices whom he admits. Desertion, after the profession is fully made, has occurred, but very rarely indeed. There is no law or force to compel a man to stay against his wishes. Nothing but his conscience binds him there. And, as a year of probation (sometimes two) elapses before he takes the vows, a candidate has sufficient time to know his own mind. When this was stated, I thought the delay sufficient: but, upon consideration, it clearly is not. A twelvemonth is not long enough for a man of strong feelings to recover from the impulses of disappointed love, thwarted ambition, wounded pride, excessive remorse, or temporary religious melancholy, which may perhaps have had its root in bodily and transient causes. A deliverance from the sway of the impelling motive followed by a return to an ordinary state of mind, and the subsequent regret, when all was over, at having taken such a dreary and irrevocable step, must be terrible torture to those who suffer it. Escape would not be easy for an individual clad in so remarkable a dress, without money to aid his flight, and surrounded by a population to whose strong religious feelings such an act of apostacy would be particularly repulsive. It would be hard also to learn exactly what measures of restraint the Superior might think fit to exercise towards any member of the society who might be justly suspected of meditating evasion. But the face of not one Trappist whom I saw bore the slightest mark of discontent. Several were strong, young, good looking men; and I could not help contemplating with awe the fearful nature of the thirty or forty years which they still might have before them to live.

Farm buildings are attached to the monastery of the Mont des Cats. There are stables, cowhouses, granaries; all which the monks manage themselves. No women are ever admitted: they milk their own cows and make their own butter, consuming the permitted portion of the produce, and selling the remainder, when it does not happen to be required for the entertainment of strangers. There is a blacksmith's forge, a brewery where they brew their own beer, and a carpenter's shop in which all sorts of useful things are made. A courtyard is well stocked with cocks and hens, although their produce is forbidden food. I was surprised to see a pair of peafowl strutting before the eyes of the silent ascetics. It was almost with worldly glee and complacency that my Trappist guide told me to remark what a magnificent show the most beautiful of birds was making with his erected tail.

On application made and permission granted, strangers (females of course excepted) are not only allowed to enter the convent, but are boarded and lodged there for several days, much in the style of Mont St. Bernard, if they choose to remain and conform to stated rules. Their diet is not restricted to that of the monks. An artist might find it worth his while to linger on the Mont des Cats for a week or so. No charge is made for the entertainment; but, on departing, every one leaves what he thinks a just payment according to his means, for the time he has stayed there and the articles which he and his have consumed; for he may bring horses if he choose.

After seeing the things to which I was taken, without requesting to be introduced to more, I was finally conducted to the strangers' eating-room, a small apartment very like the parlour. A wholesome repast was soon before me, consisting of a *soupe maigre* of sorrel and bread (it was Friday), cheese, an excellent omelette, haricots stewed in milk, good brown bread, butter, and a large decanter of beer; the same which serves the monks for their beverage, and which does no little credit to their brewer. The monk who waited upon me was one of the few permitted to speak. He was a young man not more than thirty, with a pleasant open countenance; though disfigured by the small pox and discoloured teeth. He blushed as he uttered his salutation of "Monsieur!" but in an instant we were perfectly at ease. He had fully taken the vows of his order; but his manner was

cheerful, and no sign of unhappiness was apparent. Among other things, on my mentioning the struggles people have to go through with in the world, and the benefit which they often may and do derive from them; he replied that they too in the convent had to struggle in their way, and that the grace of God was all-sufficient.

There are two points in respect to which I had been prejudiced against the Trappists. I had been told, in the first place, that they reeked with dirt; yet, that everything at the Mont des Cats was clean, except the Trappists themselves. It might have been remembered that personal uncleanliness would only be a consistent habit in those who devote themselves to a life of mortification. Visitors have no right to complain, seeing that their presence is not invited, but simply tolerated. But, of the Trappists whom I saw myself, I should say that they were neither clean nor dirty. Many common soldiers and workmen, if inspected, would probably suffer by comparison with them. I dare say they do not often wash, but that does not prevent them from wiping now and then; like the charming actress who, to preserve the delicate symmetry of her feet, would never allow water to touch them, but only had them scraped a little now and then. Their inner garment is changed once a fortnight, and none of their stockings had a dirty look.

Secondly, I had heard that the great majority of the Trappists bore on their countenance the mark of stupidity; that there were not more than three or four of the number who could be taken to be clever men. But here I must think that outside show has been misinterpreted. The monks have the air of men possessed with a fixed idea. But a fixed idea is no proof of stupidity. Some of the important events in the world's history have been brought about by men with fixed ideas; although not, it must be owned, by ideas fixed unchangeably within the four walls of a monastery. The demeanour of the Trappists is that of persons who wish to avoid all communication—that is their rule, their insanity. The silent members never look you in the face. They rather turn their head aside. They treat any intruding visitor just as if he did not exist. While I was in the dormitory, a young monk chanced to pass through it. His face and gait could not have been more impassive had the apartment been perfectly empty. In the court, two monks were sawing a tree. The lower one had his back turned towards me; but the top-sawyer—a fine strong man who stood full erect before my view—regarded me no more than a withered leaf which the wind might drift beneath his feet in the deepest glade of a lonely forest. Another, measuring a piece of timber, was equally absorbed in his own proper business. The same also in the blacksmith's shop. The monk there (who was aided by a boy from the village) continued his work with exactly the same air as if no stranger had entered the door. Coldness and abstraction assumed in obedience to a supposed duty, have been mistaken for weakness of intellect. Upon occasion, this cutting mode of behaviour is pushed to an incredible extreme. A monk now living on the Mont des Cats was once working in a wood close by: his father had watched for him, and came to the spot to look once more upon the son who was lost to his affections. But his salutation was left unnoticed. The monk, gazing upon empty air, continued his occupation, and remained obstinately unconscious of the presence of his parent. After another vain attempt, the father gave it up and departed, weeping bitterly. The father is now dead. But if, as is possible, the son had been driven to take the vows in consequence of any harsh over-exertion of paternal authority, how severe must have been the final punishment!

The Trappists derive their name from the Abbey of La Trappe, which is situated four leagues from Mortagne, in Perche, on the southern borders of Normandy. It was founded by one of the Counts of Perche in the year one thousand one hundred and forty, during the pontificate of Innocent the Second and the reign of Louis the Seventh. La Trappe was at first celebrated for the holiness of its early devotees, but they fell away sadly from their strict profession. The abbey was several times plundered by the English during the terrible wars of the time. The monks had the courage to remain for a while; but the continuance of the peril compelled them to leave. On the conclusion of peace they returned to their monastery, but with the relaxed ideas which they had acquired in the world. In one thousand six hundred and sixty-two the Abbé de Rancé, converted—after the sudden death of Madame de Montbazon, of whom he was the favoured lover—introduced the most austere reforms into the monastery of La Trappe. The lives of De Rancé written by his partizans and by gross flatterers of Louis the Fourteenth are such unsatisfactory reading, that no dependence can be placed upon them. He died in one thousand seven hundred at the age of seventy-four; after having abdicated his charge, and wishing to resume it. His whole career is full of inconsistencies. He translated Anacreon, and then became the instrument of enforcing the most austere discipline.

And who are the men who voluntarily join the Trappists of the Mont des Cats and elsewhere? "Hither retreat," says the Encyclopédie, "those who have committed secret crimes, remorse for which torments their heart; those who are troubled with melancholy and religious vapours; those who have forgotten that God is the most merciful of fathers, and who only behold in him the most cruel of tyrants; those who reduce to nothing the sufferings, the death, and the passion of

Jesus Christ, and who only regard religion in its most fearful and terrible point of view." A friend stated to me that many here are devout-minded Flamands, who have been crossed in love or thwarted in something which they think necessary to their happiness, and who then, in the bitterness of their wounded feelings, cast themselves into the convent for life. Others, who feel within themselves something discordant with, and anomalistic to, the every-day world. The problem is not very easy to solve, and no one solution will apply to all cases. So we will refrain from discussing the difficult question propounded by the youth:

"What is life, and which the way?"

"To be, or not to be, a Trappist?" was of course one of the grave interrogatories:

"To which the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

A REFERENCE TO CHARACTER.

Five years ago my brother William and myself started as wholesale merchants in Honeysuckle-lane, City, with limited warehouses and still more limited capital. Had our commercial prospects not been any more cheering than the prospect from our little cobwebbed counting-house, we should indeed have had small encouragement. I remember discussing with my brother, during the first week of our career, the style of our domestic establishment, and the extent of our personal expenditure. We mutually agreed, in order to throw as much capital into our business as possible, to dispense with the services of a cat on the premises; and, both of us being about the same height and build, that one best suit of clothes and one visiting best hat should suffice for us both. It is true our hat used frequently to slip rather suddenly over William's eyes whilst nodding to a friend in the street; and that the fit of the coat, on him, was slightly baggy; but he bore it cheerfully.

The first year of our little business went on placidly enough. We felt our way gradually; and found that in business, as in other things, discretion is the better part of valour. We became known at the end of the second year amongst the trade; and, before the end of our third year, we actually possessed two real cats, and I'm afraid to say how many hats and coats; besides being acknowledged throughout the length of Honeysuckle-lane, as rising, and safe young men.

I think it was about this time that we started a small horse and a light cart; just the patient, meek animal that would not object to go in a gig on Sunday, if requested to do so. But with the increase in our business came a growth of vigorous cares and anxieties that seemed to spring up like rank weeds. Our first griefs came in with the gooseberries, about June. William took it philosophically. A few bad debts, a customer or two in the Gazette; but on striking our periodical balances, we became quite reconciled to the frowns of fortune.

Gooseberries had gone out. Apples were in. It was in one of the blandest months of autumn that we were favoured with an extensive order—considering our then status—from a stylish person, verging on the flashy, but still within the bounds of apparent respectability. We were of course glad to do business. The terms were agreed on: one month's credit and no discount. The affair seemed all but settled, when William hinted that perhaps our new friend, being a perfect stranger, would not object to give us a reference. Certainly not—quite proper—not the least objection—owed endless apologies for not having been the first to suggest it. The reference was given, and we parted, well satisfied with each other. The reference was a man who had purchased and paid cash for several parcels of our goods; so that the newly-ordered articles were sent to the neighbourhood of Kensington with a feeling that we had perhaps been a little too strait-laced and particular in the transaction. A perfect gentleman, really.

When the month's credit had expired, and our customer called to settle the account with a bag of bright shining sovereigns, I did feel that we had been over nice. But when—pleasant, gentlemanly person as he was—he chatted about the weather, the hard times, and the crops, throwing in here and there a little flattery of our liberal and punctual mode of doing business, and the excellence of our goods, I suffered the remorse of the basest ingrate. After our patron had dashed off a few more pleasant remarks about the expansion of the Colonial trade and the tightness of the money market, he turned to business again, and delighted us with a commission for treble the amount of the previous transaction. The goods were put in hand forthwith—delivery having been promised within a day or two—and our ware-rooms became quite exhilarated with the warmth and bustle of that extensive order.

I can hardly remember how it first occurred to me; but, when the pangs of conscience for our unjust suspicions had had time to subside, the idea flashed across my mind that our customer sported too many rings on his fingers, and that there emanated from him too strong and stale an odour of bad tobacco for him to be a thorough man of business. Mere misgiving arose at length to grave doubt. This I mentioned as a matter of course to William; who, though not quite thinking with me, agreed that a little caution would be well employed; for the amount of the order was a serious consideration to us.

We were novices in the police of the commercial world: and, being utterly at a loss how to proceed, I stepped over the way to a

sturdy Manchester warehouseman, and begged his advice how to proceed with prudent secresy. Our neighbour at once relieved a good part of my anxiety by telling me, that I ought at once to enrol our firm as subscribers to Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent Registry Office, where we should be certain to obtain the fullest and most valuable information regarding all suspected or improper characters.

I took down the address; and, without pausing to tell William my mission, made my way directly to King's Arms Buildings, Change Alley. I had been through the Alley hundreds of times; yet had never caught sight of this office. Even now that I went in search of it in broad mid-day, it was no such easy matter to find it. Turning sharp round that corner of the paved court which is graced by dozens of gaudy frames enclosing pictures of enormous mansions, with parks, fish-ponds, and a lady gracefully leaping a six-barred gate, on a thorough-bred hunter with a neck like the middle arch of London Bridge, (which I in my early days believed were the actual representations of the many fine properties advertised for sale at Garraway's close by,) I found myself ascending a wide, dark and dingy staircase. The strange old edifice abounded in lofty ornamented ceilings, carved wainscoats, and heavy creaking doors. Once it had been a City Hotel; and when I turned in through the wide folding doors and looked about me, I saw that the apartment had been, in days long past, a concert and ball-room. How changed since then! The little raised orchestra was piled up with dusty records of insolvency: the fiddles and fifes were replaced by files of the London Gazette and reports of police cases. The sounds of mirth and revelry were exchanged for a word or two murmured through that enormous old room from one of the few clerks as though they proceeded from a defunct or smothered trombone. The whole place appeared gloomy and mysterious. An enclosure warded off all visitors from the interior. From one end to the other nothing was visible but books—solid, grubby, hard-fisted books. They looked—frowning solemnly down upon me—like the condemned ranks in Dante's Inferno, bidding me take warning; or winked at me, as if to lure me on to knavery, from miles of shelves. They beckoned to me hideously from acres of tables. Puckering up their parchment fronts, or turning upon me their forbidding backs, I felt myself tempted and menaced by turns; and, surrounded by lost characters and dead reputations, fancied I had got into a Chamber of Commercial Horrors, or an Old Bailey with all its sentences ruthlessly docketed, and ready to be put in force at a minute's notice by the Recorder himself, who stood beside me, calmly waiting to execute judgment.

And his clerks, how solemnly they went about their work!—stealthily, suspiciously—as if they expected to find runaway bankrupts hidden between the leaves of the ledgers. How they kept moving about from one solid book to the other! now making a scratch or a mark in some page; then entering a note in a memorandum-book. And I watched them thus until I began to think that they might be unhappy insolvents, placed in this Basinghall Street Penitentiary, to expiate certain offences against the commercial code by the contemplation of ponderous loads of debt which they were unable to bear. Then I wondered whether the Sybilline Books could have been anything like those they were slaving at; for, if they were, I didn't wonder at the Roman king not liking the look of them.

In the midst of these reveries I was aroused by a mild voice at my side requesting to know my pleasure. An elderly placid looking man was before me clad in black, with waistcoat buttoned close to his chin. A single glance convinced me that he was the person I wanted: and I was right. He was the principal of the establishment; the Recorder. My errand was soon told, and as readily comprehended; for, when I hinted that I thought the affair I had come about would occasion some difficult and troublesome inquiries, he smiled, and assured me that he had had dozens of inquiries far more complicated than mine, almost daily, since his registry was first opened forty odd years ago.

Had he been so long engaged in that particular occupation? Yes, he commenced his registry office so long since as the year one thousand eight hundred and ten, when business was not conducted to a tithe the extent it is now, and when there was not nearly the same necessity for protection to the honest trader against swindlers and reckless dealers; for that was the object of his institution.

Leading me inside the railing and within the long ranges of tables and desks, he assured me that, so perfect were all the arrangements connected with his business, that not a single bankruptcy, insolvency, or composition with creditors had occurred; not a single commercial fraud had been committed, nor one isolated case of swindling since one thousand eight hundred and ten, which was not to be found duly recorded and indexed with all particulars in his books.

Were *those* the records of misfortune and fraud? I pointed to a vast collection of ponderous tomes spread along three or four massive tables.—O no! those thirty-five huge volumes, of a thousand pages each, formed simply the *index* to Mr. Perry's general sets of books.

To give me some idea of the extent and system of his business he flung open one of those gigantic volumes. It yawned, and creaked, and groaned, as if it had been a bankrupt taken in execution. Such an array of Joneses and Browns and Smiths as were digested within it, I never before witnessed. The Post Office Directory is the

merest child's spelling-book beside these prodigious alphabets. Page after page contained nothing but William Browns and George Greens; and, as for the Smiths, I thought the man would never leave off turning the pages of Smiths over. There were upwards of five hundred John Smiths, more than three hundred William Smiths, and a host of George Smiths, to say nothing of Alfred Smiths, Benjamin Smiths, Charles Smiths, David Smiths, Edward Smiths, Francis Smiths, Henry Smiths, and armies of more Smiths whose Christian names were initialed by every other letter in the alphabet. Then came the Smiths with a difference (a good many of them aliases) such as Smithes, Smyths, and Smythes. I felt quite bewildered amidst all this crowd of names, and was at once impressed with the wonderful power of this one man by the aid of his enormous books.

He need not have told me that those indices were never removed from their tables; for not only was there no room on any shelf to receive them, but I could see no machinery by which such masses of hide and paper could be lifted to any distance: as to the clerks attempting to shift any of them, that was simply absurd. I could but wonder what would become of them in the event of a fire, and began to reckon how many of Pickford's largest waggons would have been required to remove them at two tons to the load.

In the strange excitement of the moment I entirely forgot the business which brought me to this office; and, absorbed in the bewilderment of ledgers, gazettes, and police reports, I followed my informant to another part of the room. He paused before a deep, well-filled recess to point out to me a complete set of the Imperial Gazettes, beginning with the first number as printed at Oxford during the Great Plague. Further on were perfect sets of all the Post Office, London and Provincial Directories that had ever been published. Every city in the United Kingdom that publishes a periodical list of its inhabitants, was there represented; as well as many of the Continental capitals. On several tables at the remote end of the room beyond the abandoned old orchestra, were ranged books more enormous than any I had yet seen; voluminous monstrosities. They were old newspapers strongly bound, and used as day-books of a peculiar description for a particular purpose. On the right hand side of each of the wide leaves of these volumes was pasted, day by day, every police case involving a fraud on a tradesman, or a mal-practice connected in any way with trade. The immense collection I there saw was a proof of the enormous extent of current swindling, even in these days of vigilant police.

To satisfy my curiosity, Mr. Perry pointed out, on the face of each of these cases, a number, which indicated the volume and folio *where every* one of them were posted up into his criminal ledger, with as much regularity as a banker's cash-book. And here he begged me to observe that, although it formed his duty to obtain and classify information throughout the country regarding trading and other defaulters for the purpose of protecting the interests of commerce; yet a very large number of those who came under his notice were persons of irreproachable character. It was his chief object to classify all bankrupts and insolvents; and, by keeping a record of the honest and the dishonest bankrupts, to put the fair dealer on his guard against the one, and, when in his power, to befriend and maintain the character of the other.

I was anxious to see and understand how all this could be accomplished with such a mass of crude materials, and with the certainty of which he spoke. Mr. Perry explained. Opening one of the many volumes before me—number one hundred and thirty-seven, only—I there saw regiments of columns of various widths ruled from one side to the other. These columns were a complete key to each person's character and career. His name and residence at different times; the various years in which he had become bankrupt or insolvent; the amount of dividend, if any, and if all of each dividend had been paid; the class of certificate granted, if any; the particulars of any fraud with which he may have been connected, referred to by a mark of direction to the exact page in the Criminal Ledger, and thence to the Police Case Book; with any fictitious names by which he may have been known.

He had that day, he said, put a tradesman on his guard against a reckless character, who had thrice made very unsuccessful appearances in the Court of Bankruptcy; having paid—somewhere in the provinces—but one dividend of ninepence in the pound; and who had, at Colchester, seven years ago, made away with his creditors' property, and appropriated the proceeds to his own unlawful purposes. The man was now at Glasgow at his old tricks; but Mr. Perry's faithful records warned his Scotch subscriber of the character of his customer in time to save him a heavy loss.

This reminded me of my own affair; and, without further delay, I gave my guide comforter and friend all the particulars; the name, address, professed business, amount of order, name and address of reference, and some other items of intelligence respecting our jewelled and fumigated patron. Away went the Recorder like a very vigilant cat after a mouse; scratching, and burrowing, and tumbling, and tossing, and ticking off endless indexes, ledgers, day-books, gazettes, Criminal Ledgers, and Police Books. These researches were made with such a bright pair of spectacles, that in a few minutes my attention was directed to the whole history of our customer drawn up in one long line

of words, letters and figures, and stretching quite across two pages of volume number one hundred and thirty-seven.

It was evidently a bad case. The real name of "the party" was pointed out; he had given us one of his favourite *aliases*. He had been, according to Mr. Perry's detective ledger, a clerk in the Post-Office, was discharged for dishonesty which could not be legally proved, had been in the Gazette in one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and again in one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, his entire estate and effects sufficing to offer to his creditors exactly nothing in the pound. He had been insolvent more than once, and made his second bow to the Commissioners for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors on the very day before he obliged us with his first order. He had been, according to the Police Book, concerned in a cloud of swindling transactions, chiefly comprised under the head of obtaining money or goods under false pretences; but had always proved himself "too many" for the swindled, for the police, and for the magistracy. I thanked my informant sincerely, and congratulated myself on our fortunate escape. "Yet why," I asked, "did he pay for the first order?" Ah, a lure; a bait; a sprat to catch a whale.

I of course enrolled our firm amongst the subscribers to the institution, and found our names coming after no fewer than twelve thousand others, bankers, merchants, solicitors, traders, agents, secretaries of public companies, and, strange to say, clergymen! What could clergymen want Mr. Perry to do for them? I felt puzzled, and wondered if they were ever troubled with insolvent churchwardens, bankrupt vestry clerks, or fraudulent sextons. He explained that clergymen, of all other classes, need the most advice and protection in money-matters. They are so easily misled, so little acquainted with the most ordinary business transactions, that money-lending sharpers always found them the easiest and readiest of their dupes.*

Only a week or two ago a curate from the vicinity of the metropolis had sought Mr. Perry's assistance in what was by no means an uncommon case. The reverend gentleman being in want of sixty or seventy pounds for some immediate purpose, answered one of the many tempting advertisements in the newspapers, wherein the public are informed that loans of money to any amount will be granted on the slightest possible security. He had an interview with the very liberal advertiser, at what appeared to be an office, in a quiet street. The most minute inquiries were made in regard to the clergyman's references; great caution having been professed by the capitalist; and when all the pretended scruples were quieted, the borrower was told that seventy pounds was much too insignificant a sum for people of the enormous capital which the lender had at command to think of; but that if the borrower would make it two hundred, or even one hundred and fifty, the transaction might be effected. The clergyman hesitated; but at length yielded, and placed his name to a bill at short date for one hundred and fifty pounds. He could of course repay the amount when it suited him. The financier left his victim to bring the money; but, in the course of ten minutes returned with a very long face; and, pointing to a sheet of paper in his hand quite bathed in ink, told him, with many expressions of regret, that he had accidentally upset his inkstand over the document, and would have to trouble him to sign a fresh paper. The clergyman made no objection. The inky paper was burnt before him, and another bill for a hundred and fifty pounds was signed. Again the capitalist left the accepter anxiously waiting for the money; but neither man nor money was forthcoming.

At the date of maturity, the distressed curate was called upon to meet *two* bills amounting together to the sum of three hundred pounds. Chancing to hear of the Bankrupt Register office, the victim sought the advice of Mr. Perry; who, without any difficulty, traced out the swindler and his confederates' complete identification; gave him their history, and sent him to a respectable solicitor; who, by dint of threats of exposure, succeeded in obtaining peaceable possession of the two bills. This Mr. Perry assured me was only one out of innumerable cases of a similar character.

Before taking my leave of this Registrar-General of misdeeds and misfortune, I learned that as subscribers to his establishment we were entitled to receive every week a copy of a paper printed for circulation amongst his clients, and called the Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette: a periodical which has now attained its twenty-ninth year. In it are chronicled not only every event of the previous week connected with bankruptcy and insolvency, but every meeting or official occurrence happening during the week ensuing in every part of the United Kingdom.

I joined my brother full of the news I had gathered, and we both congratulated ourselves on the narrow escape we had had. Our customer did not inquire for his goods; and we learnt shortly afterwards that he had left his premises rather suddenly, forgetting to settle many heavy accounts, and altogether omitting to mention to a single neighbour where he might be found.

On other occasions we have consulted our friend of King's Arms Buildings, and always with satisfactory results. Sometimes suspicions we entertained of new customers were happily dissipated by Mr. Perry. Gentlemen have sent us orders soon after we knew they had undergone bankruptcy; but our Registrar-General was able to give us,

* See "A Clergyman in Difficulties:"—Household Words, vol. ii., p. 606.

notwithstanding, a good account of them. They had paid handsome dividends promptly and honourably, receiving from the court first-class certificates.

We never think of entering upon any new business without a walk up to the great old-fashioned concert-room, and a gossip with the genius of the place. We could not conduct our business in safety, enlarging as it constantly is, without his aid. That respected and useful person has become to us what he is to half trading London, and a good part of the provinces—a daily necessary of commercial life.

GENTLEMEN IN HISTORY.

Cicero defines the Gentiles as those whose ancestors had always been free, and who had never forfeited their civil rights as citizens; therefore the expression *sine gente* meant those who were ignoble by parentage. Thus the gentleman was originally a slave-master, who prided himself upon a broad distinction between his free blood and the base blood of his dependents. But the gentleman in those days had many attributes of true gentility. He was an educated man; he had polished and gentle manners at home, and was as brave as a lion abroad on the field of battle. Compared with the *plebs* whom he trod under foot he was a scholar, and a man with noble aspirations. First, then, the gentleman in his very early days was not altogether unlike Cincinnatus. In this period of his existence he dropped the plough-handle to lead the Roman legions. He led them to victory, then put aside the sword, and went on with the furrow in which he had left his plough. The trumpets of Rome had no magic notes for him: he was a simple-minded man who did his duty, and was satisfied with the congratulation of his own heart. The gentleman did not, however, long continue to resemble Cincinnatus. He moulded himself to suit the times. For many years he was understood to be a man sprung from a gentle stock, whose necessities did not require labour (except on the battle-field;) who would not brook an insult; who valued his honour more than his life; and whose manners were in accordance with those of his contemporary leaders of fashion. He had a stronger admiration for personal courage than for the most splendid scholarship: he loved a strong arm better than a subtle brain. His lady-love preferred to see him a bleeding knight at her feet, rather than a philosopher conquering thought in his closet. And, even now, how many gentle hearts think of him, and wish that he were here, in this present century, with the broken lance buried in his side. He did not learn to read then, but he sat a horse exquisitely.

Presently he began to give a careless glance occasionally at the mysterious letters and the curious crotchets which, hitherto, he had left in contempt to the care of monks and traders. About this time the gentleman grew into something not remotely resembling that Howard, Earl of Surrey, distinguished by Camden as "the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning;" who contrived to spread abroad the power of his lance, and to defy the world to find a fairer woman than his Geraldine. Amid all this noise and bombast—this love-sickness and this lance-breaking, he managed to write verses that smoothed with Italian grace the rugged English of the old fathers. Camden repeats of him: "He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time." He and his co-gentles lived in a time when the civilised states were struggling to emerge from the barbarisms of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—when the study of law was coming into rivalry with the practice of arms—when the rude pomp of ancient chivalry was giving way before more rational manners—and Petrarch's songs were drowning the savage din of shields and lances. At this time the gentleman began to show faint signs of weakness, signs indeed that did not in the least raise fears for his safety. And, true enough, he recovered sufficiently to display his ancient lineage; to dabble many times in blood; to play false to many women; to kick aside the alphabet and the grammar; and to love liquor. But he had, taken altogether, improved vastly. He began to keep his hands clean from slaughter, and even to pride himself on the appointments of his apparel.

About this stage in his career the gentleman often put aside his sword and lance, to take up the courtier's wand of office—even to throw down his cloak that his sovereign's feet might not be soiled. All these were signs of approaching dissolution. Men began to meddle with him, and to ask impertinent questions about his qualifications. All his long, long life he had been accustomed to work out his own will with his own sword; to assault any dependent with whom he felt displeased; and, in other ways, to prove his gentility; but now, it seemed, men were arising to doubt whether the little plebeian, in his coarse swaddling clothes, was not the natural equal of the little patrician muffled in lace?—whether by dint of hard study and natural intelligence, little *pleb* might not be a better gentleman than little patrician? These questions were raised when the gentleman of the old leaven was visibly declining, day by day; when coarse oaths no longer fell from his lips; when he could not consume his full quantity of sack; when rust had gathered upon the points of his lances; and when his dependents forgot to place their necks under his gentlemanly foot. In this melancholy time of the gentleman's existence, men began to sum into one dreadful catalogue the dreadful deeds of which he had been guilty. They allowed

that, in the intervals to which I have referred —when he became conspicuous for occasional grace or shining virtue—he had done great good to the State; but when, against these few intervals of light, they began to unfold the dark shadows that belong to the older years of his existence, he began to be looked upon as a monstrosity. It was said that he had committed all the worst actions of a thousand years; that he had seldom respected the women of whose graces he had pretended to say pretty things; that he had sacked cities; had turned his sword against the people; had subjected the interests of tens of thousands to his avarice; had blinded the eyes of the many, that only he and his might take advantage of sunlight. This was a terrible stage in the career of the gentleman: a stage to which the present gentleman sometimes looks back with a feeling of profound commiseration.

About the year sixteen hundred and twenty Henry Peachum published The Compleat Gentleman; and ten years afterwards Richard Brathwait gave to the world his English Gentleman. Brathwait, in his dedicatory preface, holds virtue to be "the greatest signal and symbol of gentry;" while Henry Peachum discoursed learnedly on the heraldic distinctions of gentility: Brathwait says that the gentleman is rather manifested "by goodnesse of person than by greatnesse of place." "For, however," he continues, "the vulgar honour the purple more than the person, descent more than dessert, title than merit —that adulterate gentility which degenerates from the worth of her ancestors derogates likewise from the birth of her ancestors. And there be such whose infant effeminacie, youthful delicacie, or native liberty, hath estranged them from the knowledge of moral or divine mysteries: so as they may be well compared to the ostrich, who (as the naturall historian reports) hath the wings of an eagle, but never mounts: so have these the eagle wings of contemplation, being indued with the intellectual faculties of a reasonable soul; yet either intangled with the lightnesses of vanity, or trashed with the heavy poises of selfe-conceit and singularitie, they never mount above the verge of sensuall pleasure." So far back, then, as the reign of Charles the First men began to assert—to the extreme annoyance of the gentleman—that refinement and moral rectitude were the chief attributes of gentility; that a man might have a great many quarterings and a great many vulgarities; be the son of a lord and the son of a sot.

At this time the vigour of the gentleman began to decline; "I am here," said Brathwait, "to tender unto your honour's judicious view a gentleman quite of another garbe: one, whom education hath made formall enough, without apish formalitie, and conceiving enough without selfe-admiring arrogancie. A good Christian in devout practicing, no lesse than zealous professing; yet none of the forward'st in discoursing of religion. For hee observes (as long experience hath brought him to be a judicious observer) that discourse of religion hath so occupied the world, as it hath well near driven the practice thereof out of the world. Hee esteemes such only happy who are of that number whom the world accounts fooles, but God wise men. He observes the whole fabricke of humane power, and he concludes with the preacher: *Ecquid tam vanum!* He notes how the flesh, becoming obedient, behaveth herselfe as a faithfull servant to the soule: this governeth, the other is governed;—this commandeth, the other obeyeth. This is the gentleman whom I have presumed to recommend to your protection;—and to you he makes recourse, not so much for shelter as for honour; for his title it exempts him from servile bashfulness,—being an English gentleman." And then he continues to rate the ancient gentleman on his haughtiness to the "groundlings." He reminds him of his follies and his sensual debasement, and tells him, after Phavorinus, that they who suck sows' milk will love wallowing in the mire.

All these hard things the gentleman of the olden time could not take in good part. He felt that his end was approaching; that for him and for those like him, these subtle reasons and poor phantasies of poetic minds were not proper food: and so he laid aside his lance, broke up his helmet, lowered the crest that had never quivered before a foe, gave his gauntlets to his servants, his jewelled sword-handle to his mistresses, his drinking cup to his oldest retainer, and with a proud look expired.

The modern gentleman was born in an age of millinery, to succeed the ancient gentleman. In his greenest youth he had the milliner's taste of Charles the Second, the spirit and grace of Rochester, and the vices of both. He only wanted virtue to make him perfect. Yet, had he been virtuous, the gentleman in those days would have cut a sorry figure at Court. At one moment he actually did threaten to become virtuous and patriotic; but he was warned by the axe that gleamed over the heads of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell. He prided himself on his smart sayings. He took particular pride in personal adornment; adopted satins and lace and powder, and wore patches. But even then, in his foolish youth, he was a visible improvement upon the older gentleman. He drank less; he swore less; he treated his inferiors with better grace; and he began to pride himself upon his intellectual accomplishments. Selden, in his Titles of Honour, describes his youth very closely. In default of tournaments, he took to a long credit with his tailor. He laid down laws for the government of his toilette; and finally succeeded in establishing a tyranny which

he called Fashion. All this occupied some years; but presently he grew into a shape resembling that of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. And now I find him describing graceful manners as the great essential for a man of the world, and recommending a course of gentlemanly irregularities. Samuel Johnson, who came across him, said of him, with his severe frown, that he was a wit among lords and a lord among wits; and of his advice, that he taught the morality of a profligate, and the manners of a dancing-master.

But the gentleman, having once become a dandy and a loose courtier, could not long resist those extravagances to which his precepts naturally tended. Accordingly I find him at Bath, the monarch of fashion, in a coach—that would rouse the envy of any Lord Mayor—preceded through the streets by trumpeters, courted by thousands of ladies, and laying down the laws of a ball-room with the arrogance of an autocrat. Here is the Modern Gentleman in his early manhood, in a white cocked hat, paying for his golden coach at the gaming table; and here, shortly afterwards, is Blackstone, trying his hand at the portrait: "Whosoever studieth the laws of the realm; who studieth in the universities; who professeth the liberal sciences; and (to be short) who can live idly and without manual labour, and well bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and taken for a gentleman."

Thus the true gentleman was not permitted to work, except at the law: he might gamble, but he could not keep accounts; he might repeatedly become bankrupt, but he might not know how to register his debts and assets. The gentleman had money left him that had been made in trade; but he could not be a trader and remain a gentleman. It was reported that one of his relations was in business; and this report would have excluded him from a club at which his name had been proposed, had not a friend explained that although the father was in business, he could assure them on his honour that if the son met the vulgar fellow in the street he would not so far forget himself as to speak to him. This explanation sufficed; and the junior gentleman became a member of the Salt-Club.

Time wore on—and ventured to touch once more the features of the gentleman. Like the ancient gentleman, he changed with the world. Successively I find him nearly resembling the "most finished gentleman in Europe"—and Beau Brummel. He paraded his gentility in satin smalls, in diamond epaulettes, in designs for coats. If he had faith in anything it was in clothes. He studied every attitude, until he took off his hat and bowed to the admiration of a most critical world. He was up to the ears in debt, and *he looked every inch a prince.* When he had no further need of his friends, he put them on one side, as he threw his gloves to his valet. When a question bored him, he answered it with adroit evasion.

But he has survived many of these falsities and absurdities; yet the gentleman of to-day challenges criticism in many respects. Even now he is not very mindful of his debts; unless he contracts them at the gaming-table. He retains a strong antipathy to retail traders; but waives his objection to trade when the dealer is a rich wholesale man; and has no objection to appear at a police-office. Strange remnants of the ancient gentleman and of the modern gentleman's own youth cling to him still. He has become more liberal; but he still loves to paint his shield up all over his house without showing that he is worthy to wear it.

We have hedged round certain classes with a spurious code of honour; the noble may sneer at the tradesman, and the tradesman pass the sneer on to the mechanic; yet are we wrong if we decide that gentlemen are to be found in every rank—are sheltered as well under a thatch, full of sacred robins, as under a gilded dome! The humble-minded, the enduring, the charitable and the chaste, we may take to be the gentlefolk of the world; and their homes may be the mud-huts that skirt our public roads, as well as the lordly castles which frown from the steepest hills. Who can dissent from Tennyson when he sings—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood!"

EXPRESS.

We move in th' elephantine row
The faces of our friends retire;
The roof withdraws; and quaintly flow
The curtsying lines of magic wire.
With doubling and redoubling beat,
We swiftly glide, ever more fleet.

By flower-knots, shrubs, and slopes of grass,
Cut walls of rock with ivy stains,
Through winking arches swift we pass,
And flying, meet the flying trains:
Whirr——gone!
We hurry on.

Trim corn-fields; kine in pleasant leas;
A hamlet lane, or spire, or pond;
Long hedge-rows; counter-changing trees;
The blue and steady hills beyond.
House, platform, post
Flash—and are lost.

Smooth-edged canals; and mills on brooks;
And granges, busier than they seem,
Rose-crusted; or of graver looks,
Rich with old tile and motley beam.
Clay-ridge,
Hollow bridge.

Grey vapour-surges, whirled by wind
Of roaring tunnels, dark and long;
The sky and landscape unconfined;
The scattered towns where workers throng:
The whistle shrill
Controls our will.

Broad vents, and chimneys tall as masts,
With heavy flags of streaming smoke;
Brick mazes; fiery furnace-blasts;
Walls, waggons, gritty heaps of coke;
And now our ponderous rank
Glides in with hiss and clank.

Swift was our boldly-measured course
Athwart a tranquil, busy land,
Subdued by long and painful force
Of plotting head and plodding hand.
Men neither strong nor sage
Have wondrous heritage!

JUSTICE FOR "NATIVES."

After a few years' residence at Calcutta, I accepted an invitation from my excellent friend Mornington Jumps, Esquire, Collector and Magistrate at Fuzzulpore, to pay him a visit and have a little "pig-sticking"—the vernacular for hog-hunting—in his immediate neighbourhood. Jumps had been fortunate. Connected with illustrious Anglo-Indian families, he had only been ten years climbing from the bottom of the ladder of promotion whence a "writer" starts to the exalted post of revenue collector and magistrate. His course of preparation for fiscal and judicial functions having been his service as under secretary to a board of salt, opium and arrack; as deputy postmaster; as assistant deputy secretary to Government in the military department; and as deputy assistant in the office of the Civil Auditor. Thus capacitated to hold the scales of justice with an even hand, and to penetrate the dark mazes of native evidence, he had accepted the office of magistrate because it was, by rule and usage, the pendant to what his instructions told him is considered a much more important post—that of collector of taxes. From all I could learn, Jumps really did not perform his duties in a much worse manner than many of his colleagues; although, as a dispenser of civil justice, there was one special defect in his previous training;—he had never studied law.

Twenty-four hours' *dawk* (palankeen travelling post) carried me to the bungalow of Mornington Jumps. Breakfast discussed, he led me into his stable; bade me admire "Goolaub," a filly he was training for the Fuzzulpore planters' cup; showed me his wife's favourite Arab; pointed to a leopard chained up in the *compound* (yard) which he kept for deer-hunting; and, after giving some biscuit to his dogs, proposed a game at billiards, a cigar, and then that I should accompany him to the "Cutcherry" or magistrate's office.

Twelve o'clock was the ordinary business hour; but, on this day, my host's courtesy induced him to extend his absence to one P.M. when he drove me in his buggy to the hall of justice.

Were the forms of Indian law as simple as the buildings which are supposed to be filled with the spirit of Equity, our muslined fellow subjects would have little to complain of. A whitewashed and thatched or tiled building, consisting of two or three rooms, and a broad verandah all on one floor, constituted the Adálut, or court;—from *adál*, Hindostanee for justice. As we approached—heralded by two or three mustachioed peons bearing broad shoulder-belts with polished plates, on which the nature of the office to which they belonged was inscribed—the loud chattering which had been carried on in the verandah was hushed through the instrumentality of various *brijobassies* (armed policemen), rejoicing in curly black beards, swords, shields, and pikes. Several gentlemen wearing singularly white turbans and tunics, with shawls over their shoulders or girded round their loins, with furtive looks and a singular pliancy of back, bespeaking them the *Omlah*, or officers of the court, approached to make their salaam, as we alighted and walked into the court. An old woman, whose visage presented a strange amalgamation of agony and persuasive entreaty, broke the temporary silence by an appeal to the *huzoor* ("The Presence"—the magistrate himself), and was immediately *choopraoed* (hushed) by the united efforts of two brijobassies, a clerk, and a peon.

I could not help taking a survey of the motley assemblage as we slowly adjusted ourselves—the magistrate in his own chair, on a platform raised a couple of feet from the ground so as to give him a view of the Court, and impress the spectators with just notions of his exalted position (to say nothing of increasing his chances of long life from not sitting upon a damp floor)—and I, seated upon his left hand. In the verandah were crowds of miserable, half-nude objects, male and female, of every variety of wretchedness. These were the plaintiffs, witnesses, and their friends and families, who had been forced away some fifty miles from the labour on which alone they depended for daily bread. Among them—now administering a kick to impose silence, and anon listening with a degree of attention proportionate to the fee put into their palms—were *chowkeydars* (constables), *sircars* (clerks), and similar functionaries, each of whom the unhappy crowd believed to have some influence with the magistrate.

The punkah swings over the head of Mornington Jumps and his guests; the obsequious *hookahburdar* (pipe-bearer) administers the amber mouth-piece crowning the serpent-hookah, which is coiled beneath the left arm of the chair. "*Choop!* (silence!)" ejaculates the chief of the *burkundazes* (lightning throwers!—another branch of the police force), and the Nazim or principal officer of

the court begins to read the *Roobookarree*, or report, sent in by the *Thannadar*, or inspector of police, of the crime charged against Peer Bux—a naked semi-savage who stands with legs fettered and hands clasped in a pitiable attitude in front of "The Presence." The report, in high-flown Hindostanee, sets forth how the Thannadar, a perfect miracle of zeal, had received intimation that a murder had been committed in a sugar-cane plantation, a mile or two from the village where he had his head-quarters—said village being forty-seven miles from the magistrate's station; how he, the Thannadar, animated by a laudable anxiety to discover the perpetrator of the foul deed, had employed every art, not omitting the agency of fees (which he trusted the magistrate would reimburse him), that could conduce to that end; how, after unwearied perseverance, sustained by the good fortune of the magistrate himself—whose shadow, Thannadar humbly hoped, would never undergo diminution—he had succeeded in finding the dead and mangled body of the murdered man; how he had likewise been able to collect the evidence of several persons of credit, a cowherd, a husbandman, a grain-seller, and a peon, each of whom had heard cries and seen a man, whom they will swear is the prisoner at the bar, running away; how the man himself, after being caught some days later in the bosom of his family, hypocritically affected ignorance of the circumstances alleged against him; but admitted that he and the deceased had had a quarrel about a patch of sugar-cane; and finally, how he had confessed his crime, and thrown himself upon the mercy of the Thannadar, whose stern sense of duty forbade his yielding a point which would have compromised the future safety of the lives of the villagers. All this—read in a drowsy tone to the accompaniment of the "hubble, bubble" of the hookah, the soft creaking of the punkah, and the murmurs and wails of the crowd in the verandah, occasionally broken by the sharp injunctions of the burkandaze that silence should be preserved—has a peculiarly mesmeric effect upon me; and I am only aroused from the comatose state by a nudge from the Collector and Magistrate, who informs me that he is going to examine the witnesses. The depositions are before him, and he forthwith commences a species of cross-questioning which elicits a multitude of very crooked answers.

"Ameer Singh!"

The cowherd is placed in the witness box. He is a Hindoo. A bottle of *Ganga panee* (the water of the Ganges) is placed in his palms, and he swears by its pure and holy influence to speak the truth.

"What do you know about this business?"

Ameer Singh glibly tells the tale, deviating very slightly from his deposition.

The Presence calmly puffs his hookah to the *end of the story.*

"Now, on what day was it that you heard the cries '*Wah wah*—I am murdered!'"

"My lord knows that it was on the twelfth of May, as your slave has said."

"At what time of the day?"

"Your slave did not notice the time. The sun was shining."

"Might it not have been at the sun setting?"

"It might, my lord."

"On your oath—was it not during the night?"

"How can your servant say? It may have been in the night."

"The middle of the night?" (*Hubble.*)

"As your lordship pleases."

"And what were you doing in the fields at the time?" (*Bubble.*)

"What should your unworthy slave do but tend his cows?"

"Are they not driven home at night?" (*Hubble.*)

"Your lordship has said it—it is my lord's pleasure."

"You swear then," said Jumps, without smiling, "that in the middle of the night while you were tending your cattle in the fields, which were at home, you heard cries in the day-time?" (*Hubble, bubble.*)

The witness, in a state of bewilderment, repeated that what he had said was the truth. Thannadar knew his family; Maun Sing, Jemadar, his cousin's brother, had heard these things.

"Stand down."

Murdaree, the husbandman, is next placed on the floor, with the ordinary exhortations to veracity.

Magistrate—"You have heard the deposition?"

"Cherisher of the poor—the words are truth."

"When you heard the cry of 'Murder!' what did you do?"

"Your Highness's slave stood surprised." (*Great sensation.*)

"Why did you not run after the prisoner and seize him?"

"The blood of your slave was turned to water, and he feared to encounter the assassin."

"But did you not report the circumstance? Did you not give the alarm?"

"Why should I deny it? Is it not written by the Thannadar that I informed Mahomed Khan, the village watchman?"

"When? at what time?"

"Your lordship's slave waited till the night; and, when he had returned home and said his prayers, he called Mahomed Khan and informed him of what he had seen."

"That same night?" (*Bubble.*)

"As your lordship speaks—that night."

"Stand down."

Mahomed Khan, a handsome young Chowkeydar, is called, and sworn on the Koran. He folds his arms (a mark of respect), twirls his moustachios, and slightly hems.

"Now, Mahomed Khan, when did you hear from Murdaree of this homicide?"

"What shall I say to your Highness but the truth? He came to me three days after the deed was done—in the morning—when I was going to make my report to the *Darogah*, of the night's general occurrences."

"What did you, then?"

"I informed the Darogah, and he made a report to the Thannadar; and his Highness sent a Jemadar and four burkundazes to find the body in the sugar cane *khet* (plantation)."

"Did you find it?"

"By God's favour, and your lordship's fortune, the body was found."

"Was it still warm and bleeding?"

"Your slave saw that it was warm and bleeding." (*Hubble, bubble, bubble.*)

"As if life had only just left it? Perhaps the murdered man moved?"

"He might have moved. He did move."

"And this was three days after the event?"

Mahomed Khan looks a little white—as white as a black man can look. He hems again with difficulty.

"Look at the prisoner at the bar. Did you take him into custody?"

"He was taken by me. I found him in his house with his family. I knew he was the murderer by Ameer Singh's description."

The prisoner here bursts out, "Ah Bapree, bap, the Ameer Singh is my enemy, Mahomed Khan is—"

"*Choop!*" interposes the burkundaze—a friend of Mahomed's.

Mahomed Khan continues his story—"I called Ishmael, another peon, and we took him to the chowkey. He said, at first, he was not the murderer, but Ameer Khan was sent for and saw his face, and then the prisoner offered money and told the truth that he was the murderer—wherefore the Thannadar made the report."

The unhappy creature in the fetters makes two or three spasmodic efforts to be heard; but the voice of authority stifles his insolent attempts to deny what is so very clear.

The grain-seller's evidence did not vary very materially from that of the cowherd. They were only at issue upon the point of time. The grain-seller vowed he heard the cries in the evening.

The Magistrate paused, turned over the depositions and smiled. Then addressing one of the court functionaries, he bade him ask the unhappy prisoner what he had to say; cautioning him against self-condemnation. The poor man, holding up his hands, commenced a rambling protestation of his innocence—"God is above, and your lordship is below! What shall I say but this is all false? I am very poor—Mahomed, peon, wanted four rupees—where was I to get four rupees? I know nothing of this business. Some tiger killed the man—Ameer Khan is my enemy—I have five children—" Here the vociferations of the culprit's wife are heard in the verandah, warmly supported by those of some female friends who had accompanied her to the court, and all the graves of all the ancestors of all the witnesses are metaphorically defiled, and their mothers and aunts and sisters and brothers' wives and cousins covered with verbal opprobrium.

The Magistrate, turning to me, now observed that this was one of those perplexing cases which his old friend Curricle would have settled by tossing up a rupee, leaving the guilt or innocence of the prisoner to the issue of heads or tails. It was clear there had been a murder, but he "couldn't be bothered," sifting it more closely. He should send the case to be tried by the Zillah judge. The man couldn't be worse off in jail than he would be if back at his village with the odium of crime upon him; and, to be acquitted by the superior court would be of more use to him than a magisterial dismissal of the case. To the discrepancy in the matter of the time of the alleged murder he attached no weight, because natives never seemed to have clear ideas of time or distance. Nor did the imputation of a wish for a bribe on the part of the police officer influence his judgment; for, in every case, all the limbs of the law demanded fees of the guilty, of the innocent, of the witnesses subpœnaed, of the witnesses who did not wish to come, of the people who knew all about it, and of the people who knew nothing about it. *Buxis* and a feast of sweetmeats were levied from some one, whenever a Thannadar had to report upon a great murder, robbery or burglary. The native officers were so badly paid by the Government that they could not afford to be honest. I listened with respectful astonishment, and presently heard the Magistrate decree the reference of the case to a higher tribunal.

A highway robbery, or *dacoity* case, next came on. The witnesses were numerous; one half diametrically opposed the statements of the other half; perjury was established against three of them, and Mornington Jumps, in despair of reaching the truth, dismissed the charge.

The scene that I had witnessed did not impress me with a very favourable opinion of the manner in which the law is administered in the *Mofussil*, or interior of India; and I could not help expressing, on our way home, my satisfaction that the fates had decreed my residence within the jurisdiction of the supreme court at the Presidency, where English lawyers, albeit once the most briefless of the Inner Temple, administer justice something after the mode of Westminster Hall. My excellent friend laughed at my simplicity, as he was pleased to call it, and asked if I had never heard of the "glorious uncertainty?"

"What," said Mornington Jumps, "would you have? Here are a handful of English administering justice"—he would say justice

—"justice to upwards of one hundred millions of people. Each man armed with judicial authority has an area of nearly four thousand square miles for his operations! Were he a piece of ornithology of the Boyle Roach genus he could not be everywhere. He *must* delegate four-fifths of his functions to natives; and as these deputies are wretchedly paid, removed from the possibility of control, and are terrible amongst the natives they are intended to protect, bribery, corruption, falsehood, chicanery, and oppression must be universal."

At this moment, a respectable-looking Mussulman ran up to the side of the buggy; and, in an imploring tone, begged of the Magistrate to take a paper which he held in his hand, and which he declared to be a petition proper to himself. Mornington drew rein, received the document with a condescending salaam, and we drove on.

"There," said he, "is an illustration of our precious system. That man was not long since a Thannadar, or police inspector, in a remote district. He followed the example of his predecessors and contemporaries, was bribed—and found out. He was, consequently, dismissed to make room for as great a scoundrel as himself."

"What was his special offence?" I inquired.

"It was a small matter, as far as comparative crime goes; but how often does it happen that your greatest thief gets transported for simply abstracting a handkerchief? This Thannadar received information that a murder had been committed in a solitary house on the skirts of a *bajere* plantation. He set forth, on a majestically caparisoned horse — he manages to keep two horses in addition to himself and family on twenty-five rupees (two pounds ten shillings) per month—and, arriving at the village nearest to the scene of the alleged homicide, condescendingly partook of a feast of sweetmeats, which must have cost the shopkeepers a subscription of ten rupees, previously accepting a complimentary *nuzzur*, or present, in the shape of fifteen rupees handed to one of his train. My friend, having satisfied the inner man, went forth to hold an inquest on the murdered body. He met the father of the boy alleged to have been slain, and asked where his child was lying. The father pointed to the boy playing in the road. 'What! was he not murdered by his master?' asked the Thannadar. 'No, he was beaten by Girdaree, because he did not do his work, and he deserved it.' The boy was called up to the Thannadar: 'Why did you call out, "Murder! Girdaree is killing me?"' The boy answered, "That he might not give me any more of it." The Thannadar immediately fined the father nine rupees for having been in such a desperate hurry to announce his boy's murder to the police. He further fined Girdaree fifteen rupees for so unmercifully beating the boy, *and made them* pay *instanter*, under the alternative of being sent off forty miles to the magistrate: and, after a pipe with the shopkeepers, the functionary remounted his charger, and returned to head-quarters. This is an every-day occurrence; but when it was brought home to this fellow, no resource was left but to dismiss him. To mulct a village nearly five pounds for nothing at all is never to be borne—when it is found out; which is not often.

"These affairs, you say, are common in the Mofussil, or country districts?"

"It would be a happy thing if the case I have related were among the enormous crimes of the police. It is one of the slightest. The grand source of extortion is the fear the people entertain of being sent to the Cutcherry at a distance. They will pay any amount of money within their competency rather than be removed from the scene of their industry, to the derangement of their family affairs, and the possible loss of caste from some accidental pollution. I have known half the inhabitants of a village pay fines rather than be sent to a magistrate's abode to give evidence in a case of which they knew nothing. Bribery is the quarry of the whole race of constables. From the Thannadar or Darogah down to the Pyke, all are as vigilant as cats 'to steal cream.' There is an amusing case mentioned by Shore, which is only one of a thousand. A Chowkeydar was sitting under a tree by the road-side, concealed from view by a small clump of young bamboos. He saw an old man riding quietly along on a pony; a fellow rushed at him, terrified him, robbed him of some money and a ring, and then ran down the road, passing the tree. The Chowkeydar, a stout fellow, armed, pounced upon him, and held him till the old man came up, the pony, in the mean while, wandering into a neighbouring field. Here was a clear case for the magistrate, and so, of course, the Chowkeydar told the man who had been robbed. But the latter felt that of the two evils the robbery was the least; so, in order to continue his journey, he gave the Chowkeydar hush money, the thief restored the property and paid the constable sundry rupees because he was let off, and the pony having been impounded by the head of the village, the traveller was further made to pay for its release!"

We reached the bungalow soon after the story had been told, but at dinner the subject was resumed. "Would better pay," I asked, "put an end to the system of extortion? Would a more general distribution of active European agency operate as a check upon venality?" "No doubt," answered Mornington, "the combination would do a world of good; but as long as millions are wanted for foreign wars we must not expect such a liberal augmentation of the salaries of the police as will place them beyond temptation. Until the finances of the country very much improve,

'Deputation' will be the only remedy in our hands."

"What's Deputation?"

"You shall see. In a few days I assume my collectorate character, and go into the districts to gather revenue, or to receive claims to remission. You shall accompany me."

The weather was beautiful—the month December—a delicious month in Upper India, when the cool breezes from the north mitigate the fierceness of the sun. The order had gone forth that, on the fifteenth, the Collector would move from Fuzzulpore into "the districts," the nearest halting-place being seventy-three miles from the station. The tents and the provender having been got ready, and the guard from the police battalion under arms, we set forth, our palankeens accompanying the procession; which consisted of native clerks on ponies or in palankeens, servants (some fifty), tent Lascars, police peons, grooms, and an indescribable rabble who calculated on subsisting upon the camp. Mornington Jumps preferred riding on horseback because it gave him an opportunity of diverging from the main road to see how all the improvements in his district were going on; for, be it known that, to the ordinary functions of a Collector of revenue and a dispenser of law, were added the superintendence of the construction and repair of bridges and roads, the cutting a canal, the looking after gaols and hospitals, the control of a botanical garden, the establishment of village schools, and a few other functions. We were often stopped by some miserable petitioner, and assailed upon the highway by the diatribes of old women and demented faquirs, who are the vehicles for the abuse of disappointed suitors and victims of the bribery system. In fact, it seemed to me that my friend Jumps was looked upon as the despotic Sovereign of the Empire, to whom everybody addressed their complaints, and on whose shoulders all the responsibilities of government rested.

After three days' journeying we made a permanent halt on the margin of a mangoe grove, near to a Hindoo temple, to which was attached a magnificent tank of water. In the neighbourhood were grain and cotton fields, separated by hedge rows of formidable cacti from the *maidaun*, or open space where the tents were pitched.

The camp equipage having preceded us, we found, on our arrival, some two thousand persons assembled. A motley crowd it was of landowners and villagers; of police officers and beggars; of grain sellers and watermen; of sweetmeat venders and women of all ages, with a colloquial power that rivalled the famous Arab females of Suez, of whom it has been said that they can, at a push, utter five hundred words in a minute. The clamour was terrific: attempts to stifle it absurd. Jumps, accustomed to such scenes, walked quietly to his own large and handsome tent, which did duty for a Cutcherry, and there, while he received petitions, reports, returns, letters, and complaints, I took a survey of the camp. Beneath umbrageous mangoe trees sat Sircars, Moonshees, Keranees, and all the other tribes of hired quill-drivers, preparing *durkasts* or petitions from squalid creatures who had given them their last rupees to have set forth, in all the hyperbolic phraseology an abject condition suggests, the nature of their claims upon the compassionate attention of "The Presence." Here sat a pompous Nazir Sahib—a superior officer of the court of the Collector and Magistrate—partaking of a feast provided by some zemindar, who was a suitor for a remission of rent. Not far from him a Thannadar was collecting reports from subordinate peons, all of whom had some difficulty in keeping off a crowd of fifty wretches; each jabbering his own story, or making a special appeal to the humanity and influence of the police magnate. Under a peepul tree the guard had piled their muskets; a sentry being placed at the entrance to the Cutcherry tent, and another over the treasure chest. In many parts of the field near the impromptu bazaar chiefly composed of grain and *metai* (sweetmeat) vendors, culinary operations were going on. The borders of the tank were lined with bathers and water-carriers. Numerous horses were picketted near the cactus hedge: cows, goats and poultry were herded close to the cotton field. Now messengers are seen to quit the Cutcherry, mounted on fleet horses, to bring in some absentee zemindar, or jemadar of police, who had pleaded illness, that explanation may be given of ambiguous and disputed reports; now Chuprassies with long *latties* (sticks) belaboured groups to prevent too great a pressure on the Huzoor; now Mornington Jumps was lost in a maze of correspondence; and, in spite of the soothing properties of the ever-present hookah, or "gentle Havannah," he could hardly resist the inclination to curse the multitudinous details which beset him. When the dawk came in, at least twenty letters from all quarters had to be opened and read immediately. One contained a "wigging" from the Commissioner because the Collector was not sufficiently *puckah* (severe); another was a dispatch from the major of a regiment, who wanted supplies for his sepoys; a third was from a judge, demanding explanations on certain appeals from the magisterial decision; a fourth an overland letter from Mr. Jumps's mother; a fifth an angry communication from an indigo planter, who had a hundred unredressed wrongs on hand. Thus overwhelmed, it was impossible that Jumps could look into everything minutely, and here the agency of the Omlah (or native officials) found its profit. Such cases only were brought forward as had been well "silvered o'er" with the current coin of the realm. Every

petition had travelled upward, paying toll as it passed from the peon to "The Presence;" and even when the decree was pronounced, its speedy execution or its boundless delay, would be regulated by the means of plaintiff or defendant to fee the officers entrusted with the fulfilment of its provisions.

When we sprang into our saddles for a ride across country in the evening, Jumps remarked, "This day is the sample of to-morrow, and to-morrow will be the duplicate of to-day. You may conceive what a monstrous amount of injustice I cannot help committing under such a system. Yet the system must continue, until the door is opened wide to the better classes of natives. Give them, in promotion to the highest offices, a motive for integrity—reform the Hindoo and the Hindoo character by removing the broad distinction between the European conqueror and the native subject; make their interests identical with ours, and they will become just administrators of the law, and originators of a vigilant and honest police. Add to this, railways and roads; increase the facilities of control; abate the land tax; and improve the pay of all classes of officers, and a Cutcherry will cease to be the temple where justice is mocked, and where human nature is degraded."

MORE MODERN MUNCHAUSENS.

A South German, writing in an Augsburg paper (he means well in the main, and we will not give his name—because we do not know it), tells us of several things about our great country of which we were ignorant; notwithstanding—or perhaps for the reason—that we have lived in it all our life.

Like all Germans he is great at philosophical deductions: and, because the chance plebeian in London seems to have laughed at his moustache (an ornament which he says excites in London as much public attention as a procession of camels and elephants in the heart of Bavaria), he is struck with the "innate conservative instinct of the English national character." Some Italians assisted him in making a sensation: "We were in an omnibus," he says, "and all classes, from the peeress and her daughter taking an airing in Hyde Park, to the lady's maid at the windows of the mansions of Hyde Park Gardens, were equally unreserved in expressing their astonishment at the 'fur.' The maid (for English ladies never look out of a window; and although I am much about town, and familiar with all its features, I have never seen anything lady-like looking out of a window)—the maid, I say, made a grimace, while the disgust of the peeress was expressed by a glance of pity, mixed with alarm."

The exception to the great rule of conservatism in England (according to the writer) is when there arises a question of money—to *procure* which, "an Englishman is open to innovations, however hostile he may be to foreigners and foreign habits in the affairs of social life." In all other respects the Englishman is the Chinaman of Europe; and clings to institutions and habits thousands of years old. The South German cannot understand why our coats have no loops to hang them up by (for who ever saw such a thing?) why our windows want wings, our inkstands sand-boxes, and our dinners the dessert. He complains too of the English behaviour in respect of mourning. We carry our mockery of woe to the extent, not only of *black stays* (which he seems to have met with in a mourning warehouse), but also of widows' caps made in a certain manner to indicate that the lady is open to another engagement. Further, that in religion the English are only decorous hypocrites; with regard to morals, that the prudery of the women "is put out of countenance by the lowness of their dresses;" and that the Germans, besides being more religious and more moral, are, as far as manners are concerned, "certainly less servile, though more polite."

The English ladies do not seem to have treated the countryman of Werther with great distinction, for he is particularly severe upon them. English women are frequently drunk, and a German can have no "idea of the want of regard which is generally shown to the female sex." Their toilet is the very ideal of ugliness and bad taste; for "the flowers in the bonnets of the most lady-like ladies in the drive of Hyde Park, would suffice for the supper of a cow and two innocent calves, provided the said flowers were real, and not artificial flowers."

In the dress of the English ladies, it appears, according to this authority, the most violent combinations of colours beggar all description. The Berlin work on the Continent is especially made to meet the extravagance of British tastes. The "plaid is the only elegant article of dress that England produces, and the fact that it is scarcely ever worn in London is a convincing proof of how little it is appreciated. It is most unfortunate too for English ladies that the German does not like their mouths nor their eye-brows; and complains that they bring all their "back" hair to the front to make a superficial show; and that what is left of the "back hair" in question is puffed up with "flowers, ribbons, and lace." This unholy intruder into sacred mysteries also objects to tight lacing (it is really impossible to please him); and in paying a delicate compliment (his solitary one) to the English complexion, he makes the gratifying admission that its beauty almost excuses the eternal low dresses, which, however, he never will consent wholly to excuse.

English gentlemen having no "back hair" (in a technical and lady-like sense), and nobody caring particularly what they wear or how they wear it, our impartial friend finds other grounds of complaint for their benefit.

Among that unfortunate class "individual egotism assumes its most revolting form. Nothing can be more disagreeable and disgusting to the foreigner than this intentional and boasting regardlessness in individuals, for which the term of rudeness is by no means too strong." * * "Hence their class distinctions. It would take a volume to say who, or what is a gentleman. But, in England, everybody says, '*I* am a gentleman, and all beneath me are the mob.'" And further on the writer informs his countrymen that England is the very country they ought to go to, if they would learn how they ought *not* to behave; and that just as in Germany every one pretends to be enlightened (*aufgeklärt*), so in England every one believes himself to be a gentleman, and to conduct himself in a "gentlemanlike manner."

A German must give a reason for everything, and the writer accordingly discovers that our national peculiarities are all founded upon the fact that we are a nation of sailors. Our language (and in support of this assertion Madame de Staël is cited as an authority), our habits, our domestic arrangements, and our opinions upon things in general, are influenced by the insulated position of our country; they are those of a sea-faring people. Hence the economy of space in the construction of our houses; the steep, narrow stairs; the absence of ante-chambers, the frequency of sky-lights and of oil-cloths; our mode of shutting ourselves up as in ships' cabins, either at home or in the boxes of coffee-rooms; the bluntness of our general bearing, and the worse than vulgarity of our pleasures.

It is very kind of the German to find so good an excuse for us being a bad people. And it is pleasant to find that he has devoted some attention to the means of what is popularly called "ameliorating our condition;" and that the labouring classes in particular have excited so much of his sympathy—an article of which he must have had a great deal to spare after his other experiences. He appears, from philosophical or other motives, to have dined at the East end of the town miscellaneously among the masses (even while fresh from Soyer's Symposium); to have partaken of what he calls the "fourpenny-plate" with the labouring man; and to have made his repast even at those "peripatetic kitchens," where, he tells us, oysters, soups, coffee, and similar refreshments are prepared for those who can only spend a halfpenny for their daily meal (!); but which desirable dinner was "almost spoiled" by the aspect of surrounding misery, and the destitution which "stared him in the face from every quarter of this, the wealthiest of all the cities on the face of the earth."

As a set off against this most undesirable state of things, the writer admits that great wealth will attract great pauperism, and that the "poor in London are generally better off than the corresponding classes on the Continent; that destitution in this city is more 'staring,' but that the misery of the poor in Germany is more intense." But the Germans want less. "The same classes here make greater pretensions to comfort. Saxony is a wealthy country, but meat is scarcely ever given to its farm servants. Many of the public-houses for workmen in London are much better furnished than the best hotels of the German provincial towns. There are carpets and mahogany furniture everywhere. These pretensions to good living, and their obstinate indulgence, lead to destitution, and this destitution is, in thousands of cases, hopeless and appalling. Every little street or lane, some in the vicinity of the most populous quarters, show to what a minimum of animal comforts the poor are screwed down. In these lanes there are men who sell roast meat (the leavings of large shops) fixed on wooden skewers. * * Such a skewer of meat costs a penny, or even a halfpenny, and the profits of the trade are something like a hundred per cent."

We can only add, in reference to this last piece of experience, that the writer seems to have been dining with some particularly luxurious rogues, in whose pleasant society we cannot do better than leave him.

As a contrast to that of the philosophical diner out, the work of Max Schlesinger, *Wanderungen durch London*, is well worth attention; but being generally truthful it is generally dull; and would certainly be out of place here. But even this sensible gentleman has extraordinary notions of the dignity and all-conquering potency of the London "Policemans," and cannot be persuaded that the sun ever shines upon its eternal bricks and mortar. He tells us, too, an obviously veracious anecdote of a barber of loyal tendencies who is determined to see the Queen pass Hyde Park corner to the Exhibition. He is shaving a friend of the author's (who tells the story), and says that he "knows how to manage it."

"'You know how to manage it, my dear Mr. Robinson? Has the Duke of Wellington reserved a balcony for you at Apsley House?'

"'No, not exactly that, you see; but'—and here he put his hand into his coat-tail pocket—'but it's just as certain'—and then he showed me a long stout strap.

"'With this strap,' said he, 'I shall go to bed to-night, and start at four o'clock in the morning to Hyde Park, and wait till the gates are opened; with this strap, sir, I shall fasten myself tight to one of the posts of the Park, and then they may push and crowd and shove as much as they like, and won't move me. We shall see!'

"On the second of May, at noon," continues the narrator, "I had the honour of seeing Master Bob again. He was rather pale, from excitement; had a little cold, from standing so long in the morning mist; a pain in the stomach, scarcely worth speaking of,

probably from the strap; and a very slight soreness of the feet, from twelve thousand persons treading on his toes; but was, nevertheless, radiant, excited, and glorious. He had seen Her! and Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Wales—'capital boy that.' He had seen them twice, as they went there and back, through Rotten Row, and had shouted so tremendously, that he was still warm with it; and he shaved me in such a state of happiness, that had I been suddenly named Finance Minister of Austria—of which I am always in fear—I should have had nothing to do, before taking up the portfolio with proper ceremony, but to have performed the painful operation all over again. But I readily forgave him, and forgive all Robinsons, Browns, and Smiths, who have never been more than twelve miles from Hyde Park Corner, for being so proud of their Queen. And yet, ill-natured people call me a Radical!"

If we might be excused for making, for once, a not very original remark, we should draw the following distinction between French and German writers: it applies generally, but more particularly to describers of national characteristics. Both fall into not dissimilar errors, but from entirely distinct causes; the one because he does not see far enough, the other because he sees too far. The Frenchman judges by immediate impressions, which are sure to be wrong;—the German, in his anxiety to be right, reasons and deduces with such tortuous ingenuity, that the result, though delightful as a logical argument, is absurd as a matter of fact. Of the two, perhaps the Frenchman is more practically philosophical: like the German, he realises nothing but base metal—but then he has not had the trouble of digging for it.

Be it from what cause it may, we confess to a preference for the French writer as a greater master of the art of misleading.

"His stream glides along in a blithe gurgling error,"

with which the more laborious blunders of the German cannot compete. The two are like the fabulous and familiar hare and tortoise: they are equally sure of arriving at the mistake, but the German takes longer about it. The one has to plod on a great many wearisome steps in the wrong direction—the other accomplishes his false conclusion in a hop, skip, and a jump.

To return, then, to our favourites, the French, with whose erroneous progress it is almost impossible to keep *au courant*. Here is a veracious account of a sitting of the House of Commons, from a very recent *feuilleton* by the very amusing Monsieur Méry. He tells us that:—

"Speeches are delivered in a psalm-singing tone; members sleep here and there, and everybody yawns; the speaker does not use a bell, and nobody is ever called to *order; there* is never any agitation on any of the benches; *ennui* rains in torrents; Whigs and Tories share among themselves badly-baked biscuits; a great deal of Barclay and Perkins's porter is drunk; members go out every moment to swallow basins of turtle soup; on their return they turn over collections of caricatures; ministers play at short whist in a corner; those who are not asleep read a romance of Dickens; speakers seem not to care about being listened to."

While noting a few of the thousands of examples of similar ignorance among French writers, we must not omit to mention that the principal comic journal of France, the *Charivari*, is among the most flagrant of the offenders. If we had a file of the journal at hand, and simply wished to cover paper, we might fatigue our readers to any extent, simply by citations. A chance number before us, however, furnishes rather a mild illustration of the mode in which the greatest (presumed) wits in France deal with an English subject. It describes the society for the Protection of Animals holding a *séance* at Cremorne Gardens, under the presidency of a mysterious "Sir Kripps," to ascertain the amount of pain endured by an animal sent up in a balloon upon the plan of the ingenious M. Poitevin. For this purpose a director is suspended from the car, carrying a young lady upon his back (like the Poitevin pony), and reports the result of his experience during the voyage, which is made the foundation of a petition to Parliament. Of course the thing is intended as a joke, but the want of knowledge of the circumstances to be joked upon is no less apparent.

Apropos to the *Charivari*, it may not be amiss to observe here what does not seem to be the impression in England, that the journal in question, the principal organ of the most *spirituel* writers in the most *spirituel* country in the world, is a most unfortunately dull and prosaic affair. It may be said that it is dull to Englishmen because they do not understand the local allusions and intricacies of the language. But the reverse of this is the fact. The *Charivari* has a high reputation in England, because the English do not understand its full meaning, and are content to take it for granted with the same amiability which makes them indulge in demonstrations of ecstacy at very mild jocularity in the French Plays. Those who have lived long in France, who know the politics, character, language, and daily life of the country—those, in fact, who can properly appreciate the *Charivari*—know it to be puerile and ponderous.

Yet we cannot forget that, not many years ago, when it was proposed to establish an English Charivari, the notion was ridiculed in sagacious quarters. Wise men shook their heads, saying, "We are a serious people. We want the vivacity, the humour of the French; they are so effervescent, there is such a delicacy in their satire. The thing can never do, in

fact; it is opposed to the whole spirit of English character."

The English Charivari came out for all that, and was pronounced by people who knew nothing about the matter to be an imitation of the French Charivari, which we must do it the justice to say it never was in the slightest or remotest degree; and what is the result? That the publication was recognised by people of all classes as the representative of a predominant portion of British character, as supplying, in fact, a distinct requirement; that it flourished, and has become one of the institutions of the country. If it had not been beyond all comparison above the Charivari, it would have failed miserably; but that would be no reason for considering the English less *spirituel* than "our lively neighbours."

SHOPS.

I PITY the man who cannot be astonished. Yet there are many such men—people of so non mirabolant a nature, so cold-blooded, so fishy in temperament, that they marvel at, are perplexed, or are bewildered by nothing. If the ghost of their grandmother were to rise before them, they would request the apparition to shut the door and be seated. If the sky were to rain potatoes, they would simply thank Heaven for its bounties; and perhaps give themselves the trouble to entreat that, next time it rained, it would rain upwards instead of downwards. As Murat said (or is said to have said) of Talleyrand—you might kick them in the back for hours without the slightest change of countenance passing over them. An earthquake in Regent Street, a maelstrom in Chelsea Reach, a sirocco in Pall Mall, the sea-serpent in the Fleet Ditch, an alligator in Fetter Lane, snow in July, and sun-strokes in January—all these marvels would draw from them no observation more denoting agitation than a languid "Dear me!" or a feeble "How curious!" If the earth were to stand still, and the sun to turn green, they would, with a minute's reference to their almanacks, take the phenomena for granted. With them the world is a ball on which they live; and what there may be inside it, or underneath it, or above it, is no concern of theirs. In society they are known as "people who mind their own business;" and, being a rather numerous class and comprising within their ranks many peers, landed proprietors, bankers, and merchants, are highly esteemed and respected for their want of curiosity and their discreet immobility. They make money; and as for the poor people who can be and are astonished, and whose astonishification leading them from inquiry to discovery, and thence to the invention of machines, to the elucidation of scientific truths, and to the perfection of the arts which adorn and humanise society—they live up steep flights of stairs, and don't dine every day.

As for me, I cannot walk a hundred paces into the street without seeing something to be wonder-stricken and amazed at. I am astonished at the ways of men, women, and children, and at the astonishing clothes they wear; at the ways of dogs, errant and stationary; at the ways of the noise, the dust, the rain, the heat; the frantic turmoil and straining moneywards and pleasurewards; the rags and the velvet; the gold and the dirt; the jewels and the sores; the rattling of patent-axled wheels and the paddling of bare feet. Are not these enough to fill me with amazement—to cause me to be bewildered, perplexed? I wonder at the day, at the light, at the bridge, at the river; the houses standing so bravely upright, and so seldom tumbling down; the countless vehicles, so seldom running foul of one another; the countless pedestrians, so seldom run over. I wonder at Myself—why and what, and who and how I am, and why my feet love more to press City stones than verdant fields; at other people—who they are, what they are, where they are going to, and why they are all in such a hurry; until, astonished and wonder-filled at everything, I become somewhat dazed; and turning into a shop to collect and to rest myself a little, begin to be astonished harder than ever at Shops.

To the serene orders of mankind a Shop is a shop—a room, tenement, messuage or holding, containing, on the shelves and counters and in the windows thereof, certain goods and merchandises; which, for a specified money-consideration called a price, you may carry away, or cause to be conveyed to your own messuage or tenement. The proprietor of the Shop is a Shopkeeper; and his assistant is a shopman; and the youth who carries your parcel home is a shopboy; and you have been shopping—and that is all. Your Serenity sees nothing to be surprised at in a Shop. Why should your Serenity? Your Serenity takes Shops—as it takes life, love, children, riches, place and power—as certain things proper to Be, and therefore Being; for you created and by you enjoyed. What can it matter to your Serene Opulence where the worm came from from whose cocoon your purple robe was woven—or whence the slaves came who spun your fine linen? What has your Unmoved Complacency to do with the goldsmiths who welded your chain of office—or the artificers who cut, and set, and fashioned your signet-ring? Why should your composed Urbanity—your Immobile Gentility, that wonders at nothing, not even at kings, or coronations, or funerals, condescend to wonder at shops? Low, vulgar places with iron-stanchioned shutters, kept by varlets in aprons; with tills, and scales, and day-books in which they register their gross transactions.

Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers. Right or wrong (wrongly, I think,

for the shopkeeping element cannot be stronger than in France, where, besides, it never goes beyond shopkeeping; while ours carries us on to mercantile operations on a gigantic scale), the appellation has stuck to us. Still, with all our devotion to shopkeeping, we are apt to feel a little sore, and a little humiliation, at our connection therewith, and strive to sink the Shop at every convenient opportunity. Few terms in the English language are taken in so contumelious and insulting a sense as shopboy, shop-walker, or counter-jumper: the press and the caricature-sheets teem with poignant satires on such degraded beings, who become lord mayors, aldermen, merchant princes not unfrequently. Those of us who do keep shops are prone to conceal our servile avocation under some pseudo-classical cognomen. We call our shops warehouses, emporiums, repositories, stores, pantechnicons, establishments, *magasins*, anything but what they really are—Shops. Our shopkeepers are merchant tailors, *chemisiers*, artists in hair, purveyors, costumiers, corsetiers—anything but tailors, shirt-makers, hair-workers, grocers, or stay-makers. Why is this? Why, as we have hinted in a previous page, should it be considered mean and paltry to make a gentleman's coat, and something high and genteel to manufacture the cloth the coat is made from. The Leeds clothier is a gentleman, a county magistrate perchance, and a master of hounds; the Pall Mall tailor is a snip, the ninth part of a man, a beast with a bill. Sir Muscovado Cane (of the firm of Cane, Lump, and M'Trash, of London and Cutchcumapoore) is senior partner in a great East Indian house, dealing in rice, sugar, pepper, and spices. Thomas Sandygrits, proprietor of the original golden teapot, in High Street, Shoreditch, deals also in sugar, pepper, and spices; yet what an almost immeasurable distance there is between the two shopkeepers:—the one whose shop has a plate-glass frontage and a mahogany counter, and the one whose goods are stored in a musty, rat-infected warehouse up goodness knows how many flights of stairs, with great cranes like gibbets outside the windows. Sir Muscovado is a director of the Bank of England, and at his country residence at Putney he rears the finest hothouse grapes in this realm. He goes to court in a golden coach and a golden coat; he dines with Cabinet Ministers. Sandygrits is simply an elder of Little Rabshekah Chapel, hard by, smokes his pipe nightly in the parlour of the Hog and Tongs public-house, and has serious thoughts of marrying his daughter Jemima to young Joseph Sweetbread, the butcher of Kingsland. Can you, without being astonished, view the enormous social gulf that yawns between these two men, brothers in calling, aspirations, and sympathies—for both yearn but for one great object: to buy their *sugars and* rice in the cheapest market, and sell them in the dearest? Yet do you imagine that the head of the great Cutchcumapoore firm would ever take, in public or in private, the slightest notice of the grocer—that Lady Cane would sit in the same apartment, eat at the same board, as Mrs. Sandygrits? Why? Is it more honourable to sell a hogshead of sugar than a pound—a bale of cloth than an ell? Why is there such an enormous social disparity between Mr. Sheriff Slow who contracts to supply the Horse Guards with jackboots, and Mr. Crispin Snob who mends my bluchers? Who made all these rounds of the social ladder?

Of the infinite variety of shops which afford scope for criticism as to their internal economy and exercise for the faculty of astonishification, I now propose to select a few; and among these I shall be careful to select those in which I can exemplify the influence which this age of progress has made or failed to make in shops as well as men.

Take the Everything Shop. It was situated three or four miles from London, on the highroad. The one I take for a type, and with which my earliest recollections are entwined, was situated somewhere on the road to Edgware—not more than a mile and a half, I believe, west of that ghastly range of villas where years ago the mutilated trunk of Greenacre's victim was discovered, sewn up in a sack. Jerry Nutts kept this shop. He was a weird old man, horrible in aspect, and, to my young mind, shared with the goblin potman at the Black Lion opposite all the attributes of "Bogy." Jerry Nutts's face was, I remember, of an unwholesome pasty hue, like a half-congealed suet-pudding. The anatomy of his face seemed all wrong, for where you expected bones there were deep hollows in his countenance, and where you looked for flesh, osseous protuberances. He had inflamed pink lines for eyelids. He had a dreadful old semi-bald head, where the sutures of the skull were minutely defined in inlaid dirt, and at either lateral extremity of which a flabby ear kept watch and ward like a scarecrow to frighten the hairs away. A rimy stubble upon his lips and chin; two purple marks on his cheeks, as if all the blood he had had in his cheeks had gathered there and stagnated; a filmy eye; an indescribable leer of malice and ill-temper; and teeth yellow, crooked, and wide apart, gave this old man such a vicious, unsightly aspect, that he was the terror of all the children who were his customers. I never heard of anything unfavourable to Jerry, however. Beyond his general forbidding demeanour he was reported to be a hard man: that is, he never gave any credit, and usually refused to subscribe to any incidental charity or testimonial; but he paid his way, and sold good articles, and was, take him all in all, a quiet, civil neighbour. So Jerry prospered.

Jerry sold everything, almost. Linen-drapery, hosiery, stationery, confectionary,

grocery, toys, books. hats, caps, and bonnets. If we were good, Jerry sold the marbles, tops, and story-books with which we were rewarded. If we were naughty, from Jerry's shop came rods and canes wherewith to chastise us. Were we in good health and in rejoicing mood, Jerry had low-priced fireworks, or bandits, and Red Rovers, and portraits of the champion at the Coronation for tinselling, or of the Seven Champions, bound in marble paper covers, for us to con and glory over. Were we ill, and peeking, Jerry had store of villanous pills and draughts, and powders more villanous still (which were taken in sweetmeats, confound them! and have made us loathe jam and marmalade ever since); and worse and more abominable and abominated than all and any, sold Jerry the much-detested oil of the accursed castor—that filthy amalgam of oleaginous globules that floats purulently on the top of a cup of coffee, or in a wine-glass, to horrify and awe helpless little children.

When I knew Jerry first, these were the wares he sold. His Everything Shop was by no means an extensive repository, being, indeed, a little nook of a place, wedged in between the baker's and the butcher's shops. It had not been painted, glazed, decorated, or cleaned within the memory of man, and its window-panes were of some curiously dingy bottle-glass, with bulls'-eyes in the centre. On the cornice frieze above the frontage Jerry had formerly designed to have his name painted in full: but the artist had stopped short at "Jeremiah Nu"—and had never got any further. There was, indeed, no need for Jerry's Christian or surname to be painted above his store. He was as well known as the butcher's trotting pony, the baker's bandy-legged terrier, or the potman at the Black Lion; and if any of our servants, or children, or adults, went, or were sent to fetch anything from Nutts's, they would find Nutts's without the name being painted above the lintel in Roman capitals, I'll warrant you. The excise requirements touching the license to sell tea, tobacco, snuff, and pepper—all of which Jerry sold—were satisfied by a little mortuary-looking inscription, which few could read, and nobody did read, on one of the door-jambs; and this, saving some disparaging epigrams in chalk upon Jerry himself, due to some juvenile Juvenals of the neighbourhood, formed all the writing displayed upon the doors, walls, or shutters of the Everything Shop. One of my earliest and chiefest marvels at Jerry and his establishment was that he never seemed to be "out" of anything. If you asked for some recondite article, such as a pair of scalpels, or an ounce of Tincture of Benzoin, Jerry would produce the one or the other with as much alacrity as though you had ordered a halfpenny ball of twine, or a hank of tape. His merchandises, also, though arranged in seemingly the most heterogeneous and helter-skelter manner, seemed all marvellously susceptible of being found when they were wanted, and put away when they were done with. At first sight, you would take his shelves to be a confused mass of red herrings, variegated ribbons, story-books, glazed calico, arrow-root, Everton toffee, drugs, children's socks, sugar-candy, beaver hats, butter and cheese, tracts, York hams, Irish poplins, band-boxes, fiddle-strings, japanned tea-trays, raspberry jam, and pickled anchovies, all thrown together without order, arrangement, or regularity. There was a place for everything, and everything had its place in Jerry's shop; and though, from the intensely amalgamated nature of the stock, there was certainly a somewhat saccharine flavour about the salt, a cheesy twang in the sugar, a slightly snuffy odour about the butter, and a sort of olla podrida perfume about the woven and textile fabrics, everything was as neatly stowed and arranged in Jerry's shop as in the store-room of a man-of-war, or the pledge department of the Mont de Piété in Paris.

Jerry had no wife alive. "His missus," he condescended to say when he was conversational, which was not often, "died a many years since;" and he was wont afterwards to jerk his thumb towards a painted abomination in oils in an ebony frame, wherein a woman, with a face like a sheep, and a hat and feathers like a negress, was grinning like a baboon through what appeared to be a hole in a red curtain. Her neck being bare, and encircled by a preposterous necklace, and her waist about half an inch lower than her armpits, this performance was conjectured to be a portrait of the late Mrs. Nutts, and the period of its execution somewhat proximate to one thousand eight hundred and two. Nothing more, however, was known of the deceased lady, save that she was supposed, at some period or other anterior to her demise, to have given birth to Jerry's daughter, Julia—a pretty, fair-haired little mite of a thing of some eighteen summers, who would have been the belle of the village without appeal or opposition, had she not, poor soul! been afflicted with some constitutional weakness of the limbs, which constrained her to wear a grisly apparatus of irons, and crimson leather, and Heaven knows what belts and bars. It was very melancholy to see this poor helpless, fair-haired child sitting inertly in her chair in the little parlour behind the shop, so beautiful yet so crippled; while her old father, with his weazened, ill-favoured face and shrunken limbs, skipped about as actively as a veteran ape. Jerry was very fond of his daughter, and if she could have eaten gold, or all the pickled anchovies and orange marmalade (things by which he set as great a store, almost, as money), he would, I believe, have given it her to eat. Jerry even went to the length of taking sanitary journeys with her, leaving his shop to the care of his apprentice. He took

her to Brighton, to Bath, to the famed waters of Harrogate; to an infallible curer of limb affections, who scrubbed his patients with a tooth-brush; to one who scraped his with an oyster-knife; to another who rubbed his with a horse-hair glove; and finally to one (in high repute just then) who stuck his patients all over with diachylon-plaster, and then oiled them with linseed oil and beeswax. Finding these hygeian excursions somewhat to interfere with his business, (being indeed, moreover, apprehensive of the blunders of his apprentice,) Jerry summoned from the depths of the north country a sister of his late wife —also sheep-faced, but reduced to the most dilapidated state of ewedom, yet attired in a sort of scarecrow lamb fashion. To this relative poor Julia was confided, once more to resume her travels in search of health; and astounding rumours were current at the bar of the Black Lion, and at garden-gates among the housemaids, who slipped out to purchase a "mossle of ribbing," about nine of the clock at night, of Mr. Nutts's unheard of liberality; of how he had said to his sister-in-law, "Bring her back well, Judy, and I'll make a lady of you;" likewise, and at repeated intervals, the much meaning words, "Spare no expense."

Julia Nutts came back in about nine months or a year, not quite strong and well, but without the ghastly irons. Whether for this comparative cure the sheep-faced aunt was made a lady or not, I am unable to state; but it is certain that she was seen in our neighbourhood no more. Julia never relapsed into her helpless state again; but she was always delicate, languid, and ailing. She was well enough, however, two years afterwards, to be married, as you shall briefly hear.

I have said that Nutts had an apprentice. He was a varlet some seventeen years of age; the greatest lout, the most incorrigible sluggard and idler, and the most indomitable thickhead you can conceive. His name was Martin Duff. He had a bullet-head, a snub-nose, beefy pendulous cheeks, pig's eyes, a widemouthed waddling frog's mouth, and two great red ears, which were continually galled and chafed by a pair of gigantic and preternaturally stiffened shirt-collars which he persisted in wearing. His stupidity and dulness were beyond human capacity to calculate or comprehend. He was not ignorant, he was ignorance itself—ignorance so crass that you might almost fancy sowing seed and growing mustard and cress in it. He inked his fingers and smeared his apron. He wore his shoes down at heel, and could not part his hair straight. His amusements were puerile, consisting in cutting out paper figures, or playing with boys ridiculously smaller than himself. He could remember the names of no articles, no prices, no customers. He was a fool, sir!

Between this youth, Jerry, and every cane, rope, and offensive missile in the house there had been for years a union and understanding of the most intimate nature. But Jerry was at last obliged to give in. Of all the multifarious modes of correction he had tried, the experience he had gained only amounted to this: that the back part of a scrubbing-brush rapped violently on the boy's occiput would extract an answer when he was most obstinate; and that a pegtop dug violently into his elbow or shins would cause him to utter an ejaculation of pain. Beyond this the seed he had sown produced no fruit. The lad went on as usual for a couple of years more; droning, dawdling, scrawling inane figures on the slate, mixing sugar-candy with gum-Benjamin, and sassafrass with floss-silk, till it became noised about one Saturday night that young Duff at Nutts's was growing a pair of whiskers. With the whiskers, which were of a scrubby, irregular kind, came apparently Martin Duff's intellect or his wise teeth. His genius flowered late, but flowered at last. He took to wearing tail-coats, and shirt-collars larger than ever, and was perpetually studying a big book with a calfskin cover—by some averred to be Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant; by others, Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge. Be it as it may, Martin Duff grew bright to the extent of weighing, tying up, and charging correctly for half a pound of tea—a thing he had been totally incapable of doing before; and so rapid was the progress of his genius, and consequent advance in the estimation of society and of his master, that none of us were very surprised to hear that the long apprentice was about to be married to Julia Nutts.

Let me see. They were married just before I went to school for the first time; but I remember it as though it were yesterday. The ceremony took place in a little church, across three fields and a stile, in the churchyard of which I have heard that Jack Sheppard, the great robber, was buried. Miss Nutts looked very pale and pretty, in slate-coloured silk; and Martin Duff was magnificently hideous in blue and brass buttons, and grey kerseymeres, and what not. Jerry Nutts for the first and last time in his life was seen in a hat (he usually wore a canvass cap with a battered peak), and from his continually frictionising his eyes with the sleeve of his coat on the road to and from church, it was conjectured that he was much affected. But the bride and bridegroom went off to some watering-place for the honeymoon; and I went to school, and from thence into the cruel world, and forgot, almost, that they or their village had being.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MARKET GARDENS.

THE traveller by railway out of London, whether he be journeying east, west, north, or south, or to any of the intermediate points of the compass, will observe, if he be looking out of the window of his carriage, the stubborn resistance of cabbages and onions to the progress of the great brick and mortar invasion. In the battle between the houses and the market gardens, the latter have been compelled to yield bit by bit of their territory; but the enemy finds himself closely pressed on every side. Celery and asparagus have thrown up earthworks to the very walls of his fortifications. Regiments of rhubarb with waving plumes, bristling squares of onions, orderly battalions of cabbages, wild rabbles of radishes and onions, surround his outposts, and overflow every unoccupied spot—clasping his *personnel* of timber-piles and brick-heaps, hillocks of sea-sand, saw-pits, mortar-sloughs, and compo-tubs, as the water clasps the isles. Here and there the traveller will notice little patches of green enclosed by walls—detachments of the flower or kitchen garden—which the great enemy, not being able to exterminate, has contented himself with isolating, and for ever preventing from rejoining the main army of defenders. They maintain their position, in spite of the insidious attempts of the invader to foul their water and poison the very air they breathe; but traitorous negotiations are opened between the nurseryman and the builder, and their strongholds must sooner or later be capitulated. A little further will be seen suspicious-looking detached cottages stalking in a line to right and left of strawberry grounds, evidently bent on forming a cordon around their victim. By and bye, the invader's battalions dwindle down into single spies, in the form of treacherous-looking Italian villas peeping through shrubberies at the riches of the land. And now, to the relief of the peaceful traveller's mind, all evidences of the great struggle disappear; and far and wide across the level country, he observes the numerous vegetable tribes in quiet possession of the land. He is traversing the verdant zone, the broad green belt which intrepid æronauts have seen widening and deepening every season as our vast city encroaches on its space, and the number of our mouths increases. These are the famous market gardens around London.

Any one leaving London by any railway, on this fine dewy morning, in the month of June, may have noticed what I have seen since I left the Waterloo Bridge Station of the South Western Railway, about ten minutes since, by the earliest morning train. My destination is not half-an-hour's ride, and I feel quite ashamed of making use of a train, with two engines, and a tail like the great sea-serpent, for such a ridiculously small journey. My cheerful neighbours, a few carriages behind, in dreary prison uniform, and with their wrists all ringed and strung together on a bright steel chain, are going to Portsmouth. My opposite neighbour in the same carriage—the French lady who parted with her mother at Vauxhall, and who begins to dry her tears since the burly old farmer testifies by nods and uncouth signs his admiration of her two chubby children—will be at Southampton, aboard the steamer starting for New York, at noon to-day. The good old farmer is going (he says) to Basingstoke; but he would do well to tarry in these parts awhile, as I am about to do. My friend, Mr. Trench, the market-gardener whom I am about to visit, would be able and willing (I believe) to give him some useful hints on husbandry—to show him certain methods of cultivation, not wholly to be despised because he and his father and grandfather before him have done so long without them. This healthy-looking field of cabbages, whose orderly lines, as our train passes swiftly through them, seem all whirling in eddies, while a row of elms are making a broad sweep round them in the distance, might strike him as something different from the blue stunted specimens in his own kitchen garden at home, and perhaps suggest to him what are the true "burdens on land." Mr. Cuthill, of Camberwell, in one of his excellent little tracts upon horticulture, says, "If a farmer were to send his son to be a labourer in a market garden for a year or two, the value of such a school to him in after-life would be great to himself, his landlord, and the country at large. The expensive system of a market garden would not be required in a farm, it could not be maintained: but it would show him that one acre cultivated by the spade is equal to five by the plough."

But I should perhaps find it a hard matter to persuade my old farmer to my views between here and Basingstoke; and already I have arrived at the neat little Elizabethan station whose name corresponds to the place on my ticket, where I dismount, wishing the French lady a good voyage. I notice again the carriage full of convicts, still very cheerful, and given to play practical jokes on each other, in spite of their overseers. Most of them are gnawing hunks of dry bread with an appetite this fresh morning which quite defeats the objects of prison fare. Their attempt to give a cheer on leaving the station is suppressed; and the engine pants away, leaving me on the platform of the little Elizabethan station, the only passenger who has alighted there, with a whole ticket-collector to myself.

There are plenty of writers who will prove that kitchen-gardening is the very noblest occupation of man. They will demonstrate (like Mr. Comte, the French philosopher) that the History of Civilisation has just five phaess, of which gardening is the culmination and climax. They do not care a radish about the ancient prejudice which associated philosophy with cold water and a diet of roots. They will draw you a dreary picture of the original man, compelled to depend for existence upon the spontaneous productions of uncultivated wilds, and unable to obtain from a whole acre of ground more than enough for a single meal. The savage, the shepherd, the ploughman, the trader, and the spade-man, or market gardener, symbolise, according to them, the successive epoch of human progress. They can show the intimate connection between kitchen gardens and free institutions; between wholesome vegetables and good government; and will pooh-pooh—perhaps very justly—all the so-called glories of Louis Quatorze, because "he never placed a single additional cabbage or potatoe upon the tables of his subjects." While other men do nothing but grumble at their trades or professions, the gardener is generally enthusiastic for his. What luxuriant phrases have I been reading about scarlet runners! what weighty arguments about carrots and turnips! what gushes of eloquence in favour of vegetable marrows! I should find it a hard matter to name from memory a score of different kinds of vegetables which appear on an English dinner-table; yet how many volumes, pamphlets, and tracts have, to my knowledge, been written, besides weekly and monthly magazines, to whom these few vegetables alone furnish an endless theme. The ordinary reader would scarcely believe how chatty a writer may be upon rhubarb; or what pleasant anecdotes may be told about asparagus.

The bare mention of a kitchen-garden will suffice to one enthusiastic writer for an allusion to the wars of the Red and White Roses. *In the mind of* another, potherbs are *associated with* all the glories of Oriental fiction; for did not the renowned Caliph Haroun Al Raschid teach his trusty and well-beloved brother, the Emperor Charlemagne (to whom he was personally known, and was perhaps no more a hero than King George the Third to his valet-de-chambre), the value of potherbs generally, and how to cultivate them? Turnips suggest Charles Townshend, King George the First's foreign secretary, called Turnip Townshend by the foolish wits about Court, because he noted the mode of cultivating that vegetable in Hanover, when attending the king on an excursion thither, and afterwards induced his countrymen to adopt it. The annual value of the turnips chiefly grown on stony lands or on lands exhausted by previous crops in England, which but for Townshend's efforts would have lain fallow, or remained totally uncultivated, is now estimated at fourteen millions sterling. Surely here was a benefactor to the human race whose monument history has raised, by calling him "Turnip Townshend."

It is worth remarking that very few of those vegetables which are now so common among us are natives of these isles. The potatoe—still a valuable servant, though much broken up in constitution of late years—comes, as every one knows, from America. The common pea is supposed to be only strictly at home in Syria. Beans are from Egypt or Persia. Onions, in all their varieties, are also from the East. Even the leek the Welchman has no right to stick in his hat as a national emblem; the same being a native of Switzerland. The Cos lettuce ought to be a native of the island of Cos. Cauliflowers and garden cress are from Cyprus; spinach from Western Asia; endive from Japan; radishes from China; rhubarb from Tartary; artichokes from the shores of the Mediterranean. Jerusalem artichokes are not from Jerusalem, but from South America, the word Jerusalem being a mere corruption arising from an accidental resemblance in sound between that word and their Spanish name. Turnips and carrots are found wild here; but experiments have proved that cultivation could not have converted the native variety into that which we are accustomed to eat. The Flemish refugees in Queen Elizabeth's time brought the carrot with them, and planted it first at Sandwich. The turnip probably found its way hither by the same means. There is a tombstone to be seen still, I believe, in the churchyard of Wimbourne St. Giles', in Dorsetshire, erected to the introducer of cabbages, with a representation of a cabbage carved in stone at the foot. Potatoes are for ever associated with Sir Walter Raleigh, since whose time they have achieved their extraordinary revolution in the kitchen garden. Mr. Myatt, of Deptford, who first cultivated rhubarb for the market, is, I think, still living. Only forty years ago he first sent five bunches of this vegetable to the Borough Market; of which he prevailed upon some one to purchase three by way of

experiment. The other two he brought back unsold.

This is as much as I can tell the reader about vegetables, on my walk from the station to Mr. Trench's house. Mr. Trench (whose modesty prefers that pseudonym, and who would not be made famous on any account) is quite a model market-gardener. There are members of his profession who have nothing to tell about it, except that it is a ruinous business, to which they have moodily resigned themselves with the determination of losing their capital and bringing themselves and families to the workhouse. Some of them have been pursuing this reckless course all their lives, and are bringing up their sons to achieve the work of destruction. They are philanthropically anxious not to tell the world anything about it. Perhaps they are right and dread competition. A recital of the sufferings and privations of Robinson Crusoe has induced many a boy to go to sea. Who knows what might be the result of the most faithful picture of their laborious life, and continual losses? My market-gardener, however, is not one of these; he knows how to manage things well enough to get a comfortable income out of his capital and industry; and he does not think of making a secret that a comfortable income is to be made by such means. The table in Mr. Trench's cool and shady sitting-room is bestrown with letters and papers; books lie about there everywhere; and portraits ornament the walls, as well as one or two testimonials from certain societies, framed and glazed. A fresh smell of mould and flowers comes through the window from the greenhouse, and lingers in the room. Cowper might have written his Task here; and I, who am by no means poetical, feel as if I could sit down in that worn arm-chair, and while the linnet in his cage at the window chirps and pecks and drops his seed-husks on the floor, could indite something to my mistress' eyebrow, above that mediocrity which the gods abhor.

Mr. Trench offers to walk with me through his hundred acres of ground, warning me not to expect to find anything very exciting in market-gardening. I reply, that I am not in search of excitement; but only desirous of seeing with my own eyes something of the routine of those operations, of whose magical result I have heard so often. My modest friend is as anxious to repudiate the employment of magic as if King James were still upon the throne, and Matthew Hopkins a neighbour of his; and further reminds me, that only a very small part of that routine can be seen at one time, and that to understand market-gardening it would be necessary to remain there a whole year, going progressively through the Gardener's Calendar. All these objections (which I listen to as I would to the good housewife's depreciation of her own Christmas pudding), being got over, we go into a field of cabbages, through the greenhouse again, and across a clean yard paved with pebbles, where men are stacking cabbages in a waggon, apparently with the ambition of the builders of Babel; and through a row of sheds, where men and women are washing and tying vegetables in bundles.

"Nothing very remarkable in a field of cabbages," says my conductor.

"Very large and healthy-looking." I note the blue bloom upon them, and the glistening drops of dew collected in the wrinkles of their leaves.

"Of course," replies my conductor. "Before this ground was planted, you see, every bit was dug up two spades deep. We never have a plough here. Then it was thoroughly manured—a good horseload to every thirty square feet of ground."

"Rather expensive."

"Why we put as much as twelve pounds' worth of manure to a single acre. Supposing my land could be all clear, and I wanted to plant the whole of it with cabbages, I must pay twelve hundred pounds down for manure to begin with; without considering the cost of digging, and attending to the crop till it comes to maturity, gathering, taking to market, &c."

"And rent," I suggest.

"Nine pounds a year for every acre," says my friend, "besides ten shillings for tithes, which the church is none the better for."

"How many of those plants are produced on an acre of ground?"

"Nothing easier than to calculate. You see they are all at exactly equal distances. The plants are twenty inches apart, and the rows eighteen inches. That's the distance they grow best at." My conductor takes out a rule and proves the correctness of this to a nicety, which convinces me that there is no slovenliness in his ground. "That 'll give," he continues—with a promptitude which makes me suspect that he must have been once a calculating boy—"that'll give seventeen thousand cabbages to an acre. I could grow near upon a couple of millions at once, if I chose."

I indulge involuntarily in Dominie Sampson's favourite exclamation; and ask, "What those women yonder are raking about for?"

"Hoeing out the weeds. Every weed or blade of grass that could steal a grain of nourishment from the ground is cut down as fast as it appears: our plan is to keep all employed, ground, men, and horses. This piece of ground, for example, we shall begin to plant again the moment a portion of it is cleared."

"What will be the next crop?"

"I don't know. Whatever is ready for planting."

"But," I ask, "what is that 'succession of crops' which I have always believed so necessary, unless you follow the old plan of letting the land lie fallow? What is the 'four-course

system of husbandry,' which some farmers are tied down by their leases to follow?"

"Nothing to do with us," replies my friend, smiling; "nor with farmers either if they knew it. Those chaps who don't put a bit of manure upon their land for years, are obliged to vary their crops; for, you see, a plant with its roots takes its own kind of nourishment from the ground, just as a chemist extracts one or two components from any substance, and leaves the rest. When wheat has had its feed, the farmer knows it is of no use to sow wheat again. He plants tares which extract something of what the wheat has left; next turnips, and so on. Now we supply our soil artificially with what the next crop requires, and so can grow anything. Thus we get first-rate crops, and three or even four of some things in a year, whereas the farmer will seldom get more than a single crop."

Passing through a little patch of well pruned fruit-trees, I observe that every bit of ground beneath is planted with another kind of cabbage—coleworts or "collards," as a labourer calls them. "No space lost here," says my conductor. "These little plants, which perhaps you might take for weeds, growing in this narrow strip of ground, between the gooseberry bushes and the path, are brocoli. While they are so young they can find nourishment enough here—thick as they are. They will be thinned and planted out in the fields, very soon. Here is a patch of ground, you see, already planted with them."

"I suppose these weeds among them do no harm while the plant is so young."

"Maybe weeds there wouldn't hurt them now; for there is more nourishment in the ground than they want, planted at that distance apart. But if weeds wouldn't hurt them, we say something more useful wouldn't hurt them. This is not a weed: it is celery. They can grow very well together, till the brocoli gets bigger, and wants all the strength of the soil to itself: then we shall remove the celery."

"You take advantage of everything."

"Must do so, in these Free-trade days," says my companion, sitting down upon a hand-barrow, and rubbing the perspiration from his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief. "If we couldn't beat our neighbours in a fair trial, we wouldn't be so shabby as to ask the Government to help us: that's how I look at it. But Free-trade puts us all upon our mettle; Belgium and the South of France have sent some first-rate things to our markets this year. What do I care? I set about it and grow as good." Mr. Trench paused. "It don't do," he added, thoughtfully, "to waste as much as a leaf or a root that would go into the manure heap, I assure you. There is my neighbour, Mr. Kutch, *who has been in* the East Indies. He is a *man of property*, and it is his whim to turn market-gardener. He makes up his books every year and finds himself just a hundred pounds out of pocket. And why? Because he's not on the ground himself, as we are, from morning till night; and doesn't take such care to prevent waste."

"This thin green down, with patches of white, here and there, as if some workmen from the lime-kilns had been trespassing in it, is onions, I suppose?"

"One kind of onions. A very different sort from those with the great seedpods at the top. It is of no use my troubling you with the various names of our things. Some have no end of varieties, chiefly named after the gardeners who have imported or produced them. Fruit-trees, as you know, change their very nature by cultivation—as for instance, the peach, whose fruit in a wild state is poisonous. So plants by cultivation change in quality, form, and colour."

"Though never their primary structure," I interrupt.

"Quite right. Now, in the rivalry going on among market-gardeners and nurserymen, constantly experimenting too as they are, infinite varieties of everything grown are necessarily produced."

"You will of course choose the best."

"Some kinds are equally good. Others are known for certain qualities, for which we choose them as we want them. Some are by their nature fit for earlier or later growing than others; and as our object is to keep the markets supplied, we grow several sorts of most things. In this way we have various crops of the same vegetable, which we know will come due every week while the season lasts."

Walking on through other gardens, all planted with the same regularity and neatness, we notice in every patch one or two labourers, chiefly women. Some are hoeing among crops so fine and thickly sown, that it is a marvel how the greatest care can prevent their cutting them down with the weeds. Others are propping bell-shaped and square glass-lights with bits of wood, to let the air in to the plants beneath. Some men are perseveringly watering, one by one, tomatoes, or love-apple plants, against a wall. Others in deep alleys, among rows of beds, as regular as a ground plan of the city of Philadelphia, are carefully picking weeds with the hand; while a few, I see on coming nearer, are cutting asparagus. Wherever a blue top has just forced its way through the mould, a woman thrusts in, sideways, a long steel instrument, notched at the end, and saws at the stem some inches under the ground. The notched cutter, I am told, leaves a ragged surface where the stem is severed, which heals more readily than a smooth cut—the mould stanching the sap more completely, and preventing it from bleeding. These asparagus roots have been three years in the ground, and have only yielded shoots strong enough to bear cutting

this year—though the soil is of course occupied by other crops during that time. The shoots grow rapidly in the season, and are cut every other day for five weeks. The "grass" is removed to the yard in baskets as fast as it is cut, to be washed and tied in bundles for the market. I learn that the long, hard, white stem—which the eater rejects for its earthy and watery flavour—is produced by earthing the shoots, or "blanching," which is a mere waste for the sake of appearance. By simply removing some of the mould the shoots would grow up with five or six inches of eatable top, instead of that half inch of purple sprout, which would tantalise anybody but that morbidly carnivorous lady in the Arabian Nights. So long, however, as the public prefer the purple tip and tasteless stem, and the greengrocer refuses to buy a wholesomer kind, the market gardener is compelled to earth up, and blanch, and make pretty looking bundles. Some labourers are sprinkling lime-dust here and there, which I take to be manure; but my friend corrects me.

"The only remedy for slugs. A dust of lime when the dew is on spreads all over leaves, and kills everything without injuring the plants. These insects puzzle us. Look at the scarlet beans just coming up, and all eaten away." While I am looking at them, my conductor pulls out a microscope in a brass tube, and begins to inspect a leaf minutely. "We have been watching this," he continues—screwing up one eye, and wrinkling his forehead like a Scotch kale—"We have been watching this for a week past, and can't find what it is. There is a disease among cabbages called 'clubbing,' which looks like the ravages of insects; but it comes from over-manuring: for you may manure too much. Some say the disease in the potatoes and cucumbers, as well as in several other vegetables lately, is from the same cause."

"Are you much troubled with vermin?"

"Well, we keep a sharp look out to burn or fumigate them before they've time to spread. Field mice eat our seeds. We take care to frighten all birds away with scarecrows, but I doubt whether we don't do more harm than good, by preventing the birds from eating the insects, with which we are always more troubled than farmers are. I am tempted to make a bonfire of all our Guy Fawkeses one day. A friend of mine keeps young bantams, who peck up worms and slugs like barleycorns: they scratched a good deal among the crops, at first; but he got over that by putting their feet in socks."

A bantam with his feet in socks is so difficult to imagine, that I am suspicious that my friend is mystifying; but I find him quite serious. "This little insect that rolls itself into a perfect black ball as soon as you touch it," he continues, "is one of our most troublesome visitors. A woodlouse will eat anything, sweet, sour, or bitter. They can't have any sense of taste; or if they have, it is the reverse of ours. They will greedily devour a leaf that, to us, has the most nauseous flavour imaginable. I have seen three young bantams peck up a hundred of these in two minutes by the watch. Our plan for killing them in the greenhouse and cucumber frames is with toads."

"Toads!"

"Toads. We buy toads: I have paid as much as six shillings a dozen for toads."

There is considerable bustle in an adjoining field, where a number of women are pulling gigantic rhubarb stalks, and loading barrows. I observe a considerable difference in the rapidity with which some do their work; and my conductor confirms my observation. "That young Irish woman, yonder," he says, "with her gown pinned up behind, and her bare arms, as brown as mahogany, will get through twice as much work in a day as some of our people. We give her two shillings a day; most of them get only a shilling or eighteenpence. How are you, Molly?"

"Very well, sir, thank you," (without pausing in her work).

"Here's the shilling I promised you three women." Molly protests she "never thought he meant it:" but constitutes herself, at once, a trustee for the other two; and deposits the shilling in a large, heartshaped pocket, hanging at her side.

"How old are you, Molly?"

"Thirty, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir. Nobody won't have me." Molly's face would certainly not be deemed equivalent to a fortune in the matrimonial market.

"She's a good deal better off single, sir," says an old woman. "I know that to my cost."

Molly won't look us in the face, but she keeps to her point, and honestly confesses her matrimonial inclinations.

"Ah!" says another—a young woman looking very flushed and heated with her work. "I never used to work half so hard as I have since I got a master. Molly oughtn't to say a word; she's better off than any of us."

But Molly is very stubborn; shakes her head, and goes on with her work; evidently convinced that the married women have entered into a compact to dissuade the single women from matrimony.

I learn that about fifty of these women, with about twenty men, do the whole work upon a hundred acres of land in the busiest season. In the winter time, half that number only are employed. Women are strong enough for almost any kind of labour required, except trenching and the like. A number of supernumeraries (all women) are employed in the strawberry season, who earn five shillings a day by carrying the fruit to market on their heads. No other kind of carriage answers. Some of the best hands are retained all the

year round. In seasons when there is not much doing in the ground, they are employed in mending garden tools, painting and repairing hand-lights—three thousand in number—besides frames and other "plant."

My conductor regrets that he has little more to tell me; but I assure him that I have heard and seen enough to convince me of the extraordinary skill and pains with which market gardens are cultivated.

"Why, sir; we do all naturally try every means for producing a good thing. Look at that field of cauliflowers, for instance."

"Cauliflowers! I don't see a sign of blossom on any of them."

"No! If they were allowed to be exposed to the sun, they would turn yellow in a few days. Every morning the outer leaves of the plant are folded, one by one, over the flower. Each one, I may say, is regularly nursed and brought up by hand. My man, I'll warrant, knows every plant individually by the shape of the head and the varied paleness of countenance. Open the leaves, and look into them. You will find the flower as white as snow. We never allow even a drop of wet to fall on it. If it were to begin to rain suddenly, you would see our people leave whatever work they might be upon, and rush away to cover them immediately with those bell-shaped glasses, which dazzle our eyes so with the sun. All the ground about them has been covered with straw, or mulched, as we call it. We use straw for everything now. Notice that acre of cucumber frames yonder: though the plants grow upon deep hot-beds, and are all under glass, we keep every frame embedded and covered with straw. The beautiful white seakale you find in the market is blanched by simply covering it with straw. That pinky rhubarb, which you see in winter and early spring, is forced by the same means. Straw is the market-gardener's sun-blind."

Having now made the circuit of the grounds, we pry into seed-sheds and sheds full of paint pots, and plumbers' tools, and broken frame-lights, and into out-houses full of garden implements, and huge man-traps—some with shark-like double rows of teeth; others, of the sort called the humane mantrap, because they snap the bone of a man's leg smoothly and do not make a compound fracture like the old-fashioned ones. These, I understand, are only to be set when that fearless aeronaut who lately trailed his grapling-iron through my friend's cucumber frames, and attended by a numerous train of followers, accomplished an easy descent in his flower-garden, shall announce another ascent in the Royal Mammoth Balloon. Which fact we reserve to the last, in the hope that it may meet the eye of that renowned and intrepid individual, and induce him to shape his course accordingly.

The way home is through the cart-yard; *where rows of* waggons stacked and ready for *to-morrow's* market remind me that I have another chapter to write in vegetable history. Therefore, if there be any sluggards, who, when awakened too soon, are heard to complain, and in whose gardens the thorn and the thistle grow higher and higher, let them be warned in time that we intend to arouse them at daybreak one fine morning, with a summons to accompany us to Covent Garden Market.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"When you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love, what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes; for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonising those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves; and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours."

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me."

The frank joyous husband was, as he expressed it, "shut up for the evening." And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the "family kill-joy."

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel's whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her

mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit: yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equalled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth, her life was one long, weak, wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die? What sin had she committed to be so sorely tried?

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifle with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and, even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day. Come into my study."

Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in the other her lover's despair.

"He says, Bell, that you have been engaged above a year. We must not be hard on him. He is naturally desirous to have the affair settled. What do you say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage?"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.

"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"

"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma," (her head sorrowfully bent down).

"That is the trial of life, my child," said *Mr. Gray in a low tone*; his face full of that quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We cannot expect to keep you with us always; and, although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell. What answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said, "There go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me and meanwhile—go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from this terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but," sighed the lady, "no man ever loved as much as woman loves!"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk? Can you not understand the duty of silence? Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said, "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland." They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble too—much more than was necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done

a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long; which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold and her grief and her weariness made her the most painful companion; especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savoured less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, and who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once, to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting-fits performed by her mother.

It wanted only a week now to the marriage, when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.

"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Doctor Melville, if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time. But she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger?" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly round the room expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; *send for your father.*" A new nature seemed *to be roused in Isabel.* Agitated and frightened as she was, a womanly self-possession seemed to give her double power, both of act and vision, and to bury for ever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face, gently; and, without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then, as her father entered, she drew back the curtains, and opened the window, saying softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that everything was already done which could be done without professional advice; and, giving his wife's pale cheek a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man could have done it was at Doctor Melville's door.

All this self-possession seemed to Mrs. Gray only intense heartlessness; and she lay there brooding over the indifference of her husband and child with such bitterness, that at last she burst into a fit of hysterical tears, and threw herself into such agitation, that she brought back the bleeding from the ruptured vessel to a more alarming extent than before. She would have been more comforted, ten thousand times, if they had both fallen to weeping and wailing; and had rendered themselves useless by indulgence in grief. Love with her meant pity and caresses.

"Oh, child!" gasped Mrs. Gray, "how little you love me!"

Isabel said nothing for a moment. She kissed her mother's hand; and with difficulty repressed her tears. For it was a terrible accusation, and almost destroyed her calmness. But, fearing that any exhibition of emotion would excite and harm her mother, she pressed back the tears into her inmost heart, and only said, "Dearest mother, you know I love you more than my life!"

But Mrs. Gray was resolved to see in all this calmness, only apathy. She loosened her daughter's hand pettishly, and sobbed afresh. If Isabel had wept a sea of tears, and had run the risk of killing her with agitation, she would have been better pleased than now. Isabel thought her mind was rather affected, and looked anxiously for her father.

"Don't stay with me, Isabel! Go—go—

you want to go," sobbed Mrs. Gray, at long, long intervals. "Go to your lover, he is the first consideration now."

"Dear mamma, why do you say such terrible things?" said the girl, soothingly. "What has come to you?"

"If you loved me," sighed Mrs. Gray, "you would act differently!"

At this moment Herbert Gray and Doctor Melville entered. Having examined the patient, the doctor at once said,

"You have done everything, Miss Isabel, like the most experienced nurse. You deserve great praise. Had you been less capable or less self-possessed, your mother might have lost her life."

He said this to comfort the patient; but she turned away sadly, and murmured,

"My child does not love me; she has done her duty; but duty is not love!"

Mrs. Gray recovered from this phase of her illness only to fall into another more dangerous. In a few weeks she was pronounced in a deep decline, which might last for some years, or be ended in comparatively a few days —one of those lingering and capricious forms of consumption, that keeps every one in a kind of suspense, than which the most painful certainty would be better.

Of course Isabel's marriage was postponed to an indefinite time, and Charles Houghton murmured sadly, as was natural. He proved to Isabel in most conclusive logic, that the kindest thing she could do for her mother, and the most convincing proof of love she could give her, was to marry him at once, and then she would have a great deal more time to attend on her; for now his visits took up so much time, and all that would be saved. His logic failed; and then he got very angry. So that between her mother and her lover, the girl's life was not spent among roses. She went on however doing her duty steadily; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but acting as she felt to be right.

Her mother's querulous complaints used always to be most severe after some terrible scene with Charles, when perhaps he had been beseeching Isabel not to kill him with delay.

One day Charles came to the house, looking very pale.

"You are ill!" she said anxiously.

"I am, Isabel, very ill."

She took his hand and caressed it in both her own, looking fondly into his face. He left his hand quite passive. To say the truth frankly, although he looked ill he looked also sulky.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Everything, Isabel," he said abruptly—"Marry me."

She tried to smile, but her lover's gravity chilled her.

"You can do all for me, and you do nothing."

"I will do all I can. But if a greater duty—"

"A greater duty!" Charles interrupted. "What greater duty can you have than to the man you love and who loves you, and whose wife you have promised to be?"

"But Charley, if I were your wife, I should then have, indeed, no greater duty than your happiness. As it is, I have more sacred ties—though none dearer," she added in her gentlest voice.

"I also have superior duties, Isabel."

She started; but after a moment's pause she said,

"Certainly." The young man watching her face intently.

"And how will you feel, Isabel, when I place those ties far above your love, and all I owe you, and all that we have vowed together?"

"Nothing unkind towards you, Charles," Isabel answered, her heart failing her at the accusing tone of her lover's voice.

"But Isabel, you will not let me go alone!" he cried, passionately. "You cannot have the heart to separate from me—perhaps for ever!"

He threw his arms round her.

"Go alone—separate—what do you mean? *Are* you going anywhere? or are you only trying me?"

"Trying you, my dear Isabel?—no, I am too sadly in earnest!"

"What do you mean then?" tears filling her eyes.

"You know that my father's affairs have been rather embarrassed lately?"

"No," she said, speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, his West India property is almost a wreck. He has just lost his agent of yellow fever, and must send out some one immediately to manage the estate. It is all he has to live on unless he has saved something—and I don't think he has—when he can no longer practise at the bar. It is too important to be lost."

"Well, Charles?"

"I must go."

There was a deep pause. Isabel's slight fingers closed nervously on the hand in hers; she made a movement as if she would have held him nearer to her.

"And now what will you do, my Isabel? will you suffer me to go alone; will you let me leave you, perhaps for ever—certainly for years—without the chance of meeting you again, and with many chances of death? Will you virtually break your engagement, and give me back my heart, worn, and dead, and broken; or will you brave the world with me, become my wife, and share my fortunes?"

"Charles; how can I leave my mother, when every day may be her last; yet when, by proper care and management, she may live years longer? What can I do?"

"Come with me. Listen to the voice of your own heart, and become my wife."

Isabel sunk back in deep thought. "No," she whispered, "my mother first of all—before you."

He let her hand fall from his. "Choose then," he said coldly.

She clung to him; weeping now and broken. He pressed her to his heart. He believed that he had conquered.

"Choose," he again whispered. "If you have not chosen already;" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Charles! you know how dearly I love you."

At that moment her mother's cough struck her ear. The windows were open, and it sounded fearfully distinct in the still summer air. Isabel shuddered, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, resting it there for many minutes.

"I have chosen," she then said, after a long long pause. She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes. Although pale as a marble statue, but quiet and resolved, she never looked so lovely, never so loveworthy. There was something about her very beauty that awed her lover, and something in the very holiness of her nature that humbled and subdued him,—only for a moment; that passed, and all his man's eagerness and strength of will returned, and he would have given his life to destroy the very virtues he reverenced.

He besought her by every tender word love ever framed, to listen to him and to follow him. He painted scenes of such desolation and of such abject misery without her, that Isabel wept. He spoke of his death as certain, and asked how she would feel when she heard of his dying of a broken heart in Jamaica, and how could she be happy again when she had that on her conscience? And although she besought him to spare her, and once was nearly fainting in his arms from excessive emotion, yet he would not; heaping up her pile of woes high and still higher, and telling her throughout all, "that she did not love him now."

After a fearful scene the girl tore herself away; rushing as if for refuge from a tempting angel, and from herself, into her mother's room; busying herself about that sick bed with even greater care and tenderness than usual.

"You have been a long time away, Isabel," Mrs. Gray said petulantly.

"Yes: I am very sorry, dearest mamma. I have been detained." Isabel kissed her withered hand.

"Detained—you don't deny it, Isabel."

"I am very sorry."

Tears trembled in her mother's eyes as she murmured, "Sorry!—Don't stay with me, child, if you wish to go. I am accustomed to be alone."

"I entreat you not to think that I wish to *leave you for* a moment."

"*Oh yes, you do* Isabel! I dare say Charles is below stairs—he seems to be always here since I have been ill. You have a great deal to say to him, I am sure."

"I have said all I had to say," answered Isabel quietly.

She was sitting in the shadow of the window curtains; and, as she spoke, she bent her head lower over her work. Her mother did not see the tears which poured down fast from her eyes.

"Oh, then it was Charles who kept you! I can easily understand, my love, the burden I must be to you. I am sure you are very good not to wish me dead—perhaps you do wish me dead often—I am in your way, Isabel. If I had died, you would have been happily married by this time; for you would not have worn mourning very long, perhaps. Why have I been left so long to be a burden to my family?"

All this, broken up by the terrible cough and by sobs and tears, Isabel had to bear and to soothe away, when she herself was tortured with real grief.

Charles departed for Jamaica. The thick shadow of absence fell between their two hearts. Henceforth she must live on duty and forget love; now almost hopeless. A stern decree this for a girl of nineteen.

For the youth himself, the excitement of the voyage, the novelty of his strange mode of life, and the distractions of business, were all so many healing elements which soon restored peace to his wounded heart. Not that he was disloyal, or forgetful of his love, but he was annoyed and angry. He thought that Isabel might have easily left her mother and go with him, and that she was very wrong not to have done so. Between the excitement of new scenes and new amusements, and the excitement of anger and disappointment, Charles Houghton recovered his serenity, and flourished mightily on Jamaica hospitality.

By the end of that year the invalid grew daily weaker and weaker. She could not leave her bed, now; and then she could not sit up even; and soon she lay without motion or colour—and then, on the first day of spring, she died. She died on the very same day that Charles Houghton entered the house of the rich French planter, Girard, and was presented to his heiress, Pauline.

Pauline Girard! a small, dark, gleaming gem—a flitting humming-bird—a floating flower—a firefly through the night—a rainbow through the storm—all that exists in nature most aërial, bright and beautiful; these Charles compared her to and a great deal more; that is—when they first met. Charles, with his great Saxon heart, fell in love with her at first sight. It was not love such as he had felt for Isabel. It struck him like a swift disease. It was not the quiet, settled, brother-like affection which had left him nothing to regret and little to desire; but it was a wild fierce fever that preyed on his

heart and consumed his life. He would fly; he would escape; he was engaged to Isabel. It must be that she did not love him, else she never could have suffered him to leave her; yet he was bound to her. Honour was not to be lightly sacrificed. Would Pauline, with her large passionate eyes, have given up her lover so coldly? Still he was engaged, and it was a sin and a crime to think of another. He would fly from the danger while he could; he would fight the battle while he had strength. He was resolved, adamant. One more interview with Pauline and—but Pauline presented herself accidentally in the midst of these indomitable projects. One glance from her deep sapphire eyes put all his resolutions to flight—duty, like a pale ghost, passing slowly by in the shade.

When fully awake to the truth of his position, Houghton wrote to Isabel. He wrote to her like a madman, imploring her to come out to him immediately; to lay aside all foolish scruples, to think of him only as her husband, to trust to him implicitly, and to save him from destruction. He wrote to her with a fierce emphasis of despair and entreaty that burned like fire in his words.

This letter found Isabel enfeebled by long attendance on her mother; unable to make much exertion of mind or body, and requiring entire repose. That she should be restored to her lover; that she should be happy as his wife, was, for a moment, like a new spring-tide in her life to dream. Then she remembered her father, her dear patient, noble, self-denying father, to whom she was now every thing in life; and she wrote and told Charles that she could not go out to him; but reminded him that his term of absence had nearly expired; and that, when he returned, they should be married, never to be parted again. Why should they not be married in England rather than in Jamaica?

"Thank God I am free!" Houghton exclaimed, when he had read the letter. It dropped from his nerveless hand. He ordered his horse, and rode through the burning tropical sun to Pauline Girard. Not two hours after the receipt of Isabel's letter he was the accepted lover of the young French heiress.

Poor Isabel! at that instant she was praying for him in her own chamber.

News came to England in due time. Charles himself wrote to Isabel, gently and kindly enough; but unmistakeably. It stood in plain, distinct words, "I am to be married to Pauline Girard;" and no sophistry could soften the announcement. He tried to soothe her wounded feeling by dealing delicately with her pride. He had been, he urged, only secondary in her heart. She placed others before him, and would make no sacrifice for him. What had happened was her own doing entirely; she had not cared to retain him, and he had only acted as she would have him act, he was sure of that, in releasing her. And then he was "hers very affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less amongst even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

A GOLDEN COPPERSMITH.

On the twenty-third of March last, the Imperial French Theatre of Moscow (in which one hundred and fifty persons resided, and which gave employment to more than a thousand) took fire at ten in the morning. The flames spread with such rapidity that sixty pupils of the Conservatoire, who were at the time attending the dancing classes, were saved with difficulty; some of them wounded and bruised. Several children were thrown from the windows and caught on sheets held out by the people below. The denseness of the smoke paralysed the exertions of the firemen; and in three hours the building was a black ruin. Eleven individuals perished, and some escaped only by a miracle; among them a man who was rescued by an act of heroism, of which the following is an account:—

Basile Gavriloff Mârine, a Crown slave belonging to the village of Evsêïevaïa, and by trade a coppersmith, was, at the beginning of March, returning to St. Petersburg from visiting his family at the village. He arrived at Moscow on the night of the eleventh, with ten of his companions; and as the railway train was already gone, they were obliged to pass the night there, and remain till three the next afternoon. "The villagers are curious," Mârine himself relates, "and as we had never been at Moscow before, we determined to see all the curiosities of that ancient town. We entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, and kissed all its holy relics. We ascended to the top of the belfry of d'Ivan-Véliky, and then proceeded to the Bird-market. Here we heard that a terrible fire was raging—that the Great Theatre was burning. As it was only noon, we determined to be spectators, and hastened to the spot." They arrived just as the fire was at its height: the theatre burnt from the interior, and the flames spread rapidly, bursting from the roof and the windows in savage fury. At the time the fire broke out, three workmen were engaged at the top of the building: it gained upon them so fast, they had only time from a window to reach the roof; when they frantically

rushed about without hope of escape, surrounded by the flames, which each moment gained upon them. Two of them in wild despair threw themselves from the roof and were killed on the pavement below. The third remained; and, suffocating with the smoke, screamed for assistance in a manner that struck agony in the hearts of all who heard him. His death seemed inevitable. There was not a ladder of sufficient length to reach the roof of the building, and the miserable man had the alternative of perishing by the flames or leaping down, as his comrades had done. But even in this extremity his confidence did not forsake him, and he sought refuge on that side where the wind blew the flames away from him. Mârine and his companions all this time were spectators of the scene. "I held my tongue," said Mârine, "but my heart beat painfully, and I asked myself how I could save this poor soul."

"Companions," cried the brave fellow, suddenly, "wait for me here while I try and save that man." His comrades looked at him with surprise, but without dissuading him from his purpose. "God be with you," said they, "for it is a good deed you are about to do." Without losing another moment, Mârine approached the authorities present, and solicited permission to try and rescue the man from the frightful death which menaced him. Permission obtained, he took off his cap and sheepskin coat, and confided them to the care of the police. Accompanied by his brother, and provided with a stout cord, he rushed to a ladder that was placed against the wall, but which was very far from reaching the roof. Mârine made the sign of the Cross, and began to ascend. When he reached the summit, he fastened the cord around his waist, and, once more devoutly crossing himself, began to climb one of the pipes that led from the roof. The crowd below, breathless with astonishment and fear, eagerly watched each movement. Around him the flames were playing with intense fury; and above the terrible noise of the falling timbers were heard the fearful shrieks of the unfortunate man; who, though he saw assistance coming to him, dreaded it might be too late. Nothing daunted, Mârine continued his perilous ascent. "It was cold," said he, "and there was a terrible wind, but yet I felt it not; for, from the moment I determined upon trying to save the fellow, my heart was on fire, and I was like a furnace." His burning hands kept continually sticking to the frozen pipes, which somewhat retarded his progress; but still he courageously continued his way. "The pipe cracked," said he; "it was no longer firm—this dear pipe; but happily I arrived at the cornice, where there was foot-room."

His brother, who had remained all this *time on the ladder*, had made a hook fast to *one end of the cord*. Mârine passed it to *the man on the roof*, and desired him to fasten it somehow securely; this he did by fixing it round one of the ornaments of the cornice. Mârine doubled it, to make it more secure, and then made him slide down the pipe, holding the cord in his hand, and his knees firmly round the pipe—himself giving the example. At the moment Mârine reached the ladder, and the man he had so nobly preserved was seen to glide down in safety, a remarkable movement was manifested by the crowd—a movement truly Russian—all heads were simultaneously uncovered, and all hands made the sign of the Cross. When Mârine reached the ground, the man was already half-way down the ladder, and out of all danger. "I had hardly reached the ground," relates Mârine, "when a gentleman, in a cloak and military casque, approached me, and gave me twenty-five silver roubles." A great number of others surrounded him, and each gave him according to his means—some ten copecks silver, others a rouble, and some only copper. "Thanks, brave man!" was cried on all sides; "you are a courageous and good Christian; and may God long grant you health, and bless you!"

"What became of the man I rescued," said Mârine, "I do not know; but that is not my affair. Thanks to God, he is saved. A gentleman—an aide-de-camp—came to me, gave me a ticket, and took me in his sledge to the office of the Chancellerie, where he wrote down all that had taken place." During this time Mârine did not lose his presence of mind; he was only anxious about one thing—that the railway should not leave without him. At three o'clock he was in the waggon; and, on Friday, the thirteenth, he arrived at his destination, where he was waited for by his master, Monsieur Flottof. He requested permission for one day's leave, to visit his aunt, who kept a small shop in the Vassili Ostroff, which was readily granted; when, leaving her to return home, he was astonished at being called to the house of the Grand Master of the Police, who accompanied him to the palace. The courage of which he had so lately given so strong a proof, had been brought to the knowledge of the Emperor, who desired to see him.

Never had he thought, even in his wildest dreams, that such an honour would be accorded to him, a simple man of the people. The Emperor received Mârine in his cabinet, and, with the greatest kindness, said, "Mârine, I thank thee for the good and great action thou hast performed; but I wish to hear from thy own mouth how, with God's assistance, thou didst it." Mârine related the adventure to him in his own simple manner, and, when he had finished, the Czar, who had listened to him with the greatest attention, embraced him, and said: "My son, may God bless you! and remember, if you ever stand in need of my assistance, come to me and it shall be accorded you." The Emperor then

presented him with a medal and one hundred and fifty silver roubles. Marine left the Emperor's presence a happy man.

SCHOOL AND SUMMER.

Study to-day! those children twain
Bend o'er the unlearn'd task in vain,
But only with their eyes;
Each little heart is out of doors,
Bounds o'er the blooming earth, or soars
To yon rejoicing skies.

Hard to sit still, while thus around
Motion and sparkle so abound,
To charm the childish sight.
Soft music floats through dell and green,
Even the very floor is seen
To undulate with light.

While, like a welcome from the woods,
Streams the fresh smell of bursting buds
The open windows through,
And on the sea—that lies asleep,
Yet dreams of motion—light waves leap
Distractingly in view.

And who o'er musty rules could pore—
While waving boughs of sycamore
Drip sunshine on the book?
Catch now and then on each dull word
The flitting shadow of a bird—
Without a rueful look?

Not there they seem constrained to talk
Of flower and fount, and forest walk,
And oh! if they could dwell
Like pretty Maia in the wood
Beneath a leaf, and drink their food
From each wild blossom's bell!

Come, let the weary lessons end,
The fair young Summer must not spend
Her holiday alone;
And once beneath the open skies
Surely those changed, uplifted eyes
The same bright hue have won.

Oh, happy creatures! scarce they pass
A daisy, pink, or flowering grass,
Without a burst of joy,
A smooth grey pebble is a prize;
The glancing of the butterflies
Enchants them, girl and boy.

What deep delight to stand and hear
The linnet tremulously clear,
The droning of the bee;
That sound of waves, so soft in swell,
As loud might issue from a shell,
That whispers of the sea.

To gather, in the deep green lane,
The hawthorn blossoms that remain,
Last month's delicious boon;
And feel it as the perfumed breath,
The shade of May that lingereth
Upon the skirts of June.

See, the wild rose buds crimsoning;
It is the blushing of the Spring
'Neath Summer's earliest kiss.
The children's shout seems wildly fit,
The thrill of life is exquisite
On such a day as this.

At last we reach a still retreat,
Cushioned with moss and scented sweet,
A forest parlour fair;
Soft jets of sunshine pouring through
Its emerald roof, and Heaven's calm blue
Just glimpsing here and there.

While each a wild wood garland weaves
Beneath the flickering of the leaves,
How fair they seem and still!
A moment more both laughing stand
And shake for sport, from hand to hand,
The silver of the rill.

And now a fairy measure tread;
Anon the tiny feast is spread,
And while the day goes by,
The echoed voice of each gay elf
Returns, as though e'en Silence' self
Laughed back for sympathy.

Say'st thou the day was idly spent,
Its beauty all ineloquent,
Good lessons to impart;
That, looking at the unfathomed sky,
No holy sense of mystery
Would settle round the heart?

Or will they love each other less
For seeing Nature's lovingness;
Or more ungrateful prove
For having joined a childish lay
With her thanksgiving psalm to-day,
To her great King above?

Nay; but whate'er their future lot,
The memory of that verdant spot,
The coolness and the calm,
Upon worn spirits tired of life,
Or through the fever of the strife,
Will fall as soft as balm.

Oh! we should steep our senses dull
In all the pure and beautiful
That God for them hath given;
Creep into Nature's heart, and thence
Look out with gratitude intense
On life, and up to Heaven.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

It occasionally happens that the exertions of those who are showing kindness towards their fellow-creatures are rendered inefficient by a want of co-operation and harmony. This is, to some extent, the case in respect to the admirable systems for teaching the blind to read. The solicitude displayed towards the afflicted is noble and touching; but the same degree of care, and the same amount of subscriptions, would have produced better results for the blind, if the various institutions had acted upon some one combined plan. Our reference is chiefly to the kinds of Alphabets employed in teaching the blind to read; some of these cannot be understood by the pupils at institutions in which the other systems are in use; and others cannot be understood by persons possessing ordinary eyesight.

Some years ago, David Macbeath, a blind

teacher in the Edinburgh Blind Asylum, invented an ingenious String Alphabet. It consists of a cord on which knots are tied, the knots having differences in shape, size, and position, sufficient to indicate different alphabetic or verbal sounds. One knot is round, another the drummer's plait, a third the simple noose, a fourth the net knot, a fifth the twisted noose, and so on. The knotted cord is wound upon a vertical frame, which revolves and passes from the reader as he proceeds. Considerable portions of the New Testament have been set up (to use a printer's phrase) in this manner. The pupil reads by feeling the knots upon the string; but the process is necessarily very slow.

One of the earliest inventions for teaching the Blind to read consisted of moveable wooden letters, placed on small wooden tablets grooved to receive them, on a principle similar to that adopted in some children's toys. It is said that by such a method Archbishop Usher was taught to read by two relations who were both blind. Moveable leaden letters were afterwards cast for this purpose, by Moreau of Paris.

Mr. Gibson of Birmingham has invented an ingenious mode of enabling the Blind to write and to keep accounts. Every letter or figure is represented by a small cube of wood or other soft material, with a type on its upper surface, and a similar type on its under surface formed of needle-points. If a piece of paper be laid on a cushion, and the cube be pressed upon it, the needle-points will make impressions which can be felt in relief on the other side of the paper. If two or three sheets of paper be placed on the cushion, two or three copies of the same entry may be obtained at once. The type on the upper surface of each little cube guides the pupil in his selection; while the needle-point type at the lower surface produces the record or impression. Mr. Gibson also devised an apparatus for working arithmetic. It consists of a flat surface divided into rows by elevated slips of wood, along which the types are made to slide. These types have no needle-points on the under surface, the process being for temporary working and not for permanent record.

The French have largely used a plan of Dr. Guillié's for teaching geography by relief maps. The map of a country is pasted upon thick pasteboard: a wire is bent round the curves of the coast, and along the courses of the rivers; these wires are fastened down, and a second map, in every respect similar to the first, is pasted over it; when this is pressed, the windings of the wire will be easily traced by the touch. An American improvement has been made on this system, by having a metal plate engraved with all the lines, elevations, boundaries, positions of *towns, &c. From* this plate impressions are *struck in pasteboard*, which produce an embossed map. Some of the excellent German relief maps, made for the illustration of physical geography, have also been rendered available for teaching the Blind; and an obvious extension of the same system has been made to the production of orreries, planetariums, and maps of the heavens.

Perhaps the best opportunity ever afforded for studying and comparing these and similar ingenious contrivances was at the Great Exhibition in one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. Mr. Hughes, governor of the Blind Asylum at Manchester, exhibited a portable typograph to enable persons who can read the common embossed letters, to communicate one with another. The paper to be written upon is placed within a portfolio, one side of which is made of semi-carbonized paper, as an humble substitute for an inking-roller. This paper is beneath a sort of graduated circle; the pupil turns an index-hand to any required letter (which he can easily feel); and, by a slight pressure brings down a type upon the paper, which thereby acquires a slight blackened mark on the other surface sufficiently distinct to be read. The embossing produced enables the writing to be read by blind readers, while the blackening renders it readable by all who can see. There is very simple mechanism by which letters are printed in proper order in a line, and the lines in proper order in a page. It has been pointed out that a blind person might usefully print labels for museums, &c., by this apparatus.

Those who remember the French department at the Exhibition, will call to mind a blind man who, surrounded by sympathising visitors, printed his thoughts on slips of paper, which were distributed to those interested in them. This was M. Foucault, the inventor of the instrument by which the result was produced. The instrument is very remarkable. It contains about thirty vertical brass rods, ranged in two rows. At the top of each rod is engraved, in bold relief, a letter of the alphabet, or a grammatical stop or sign; and at the bottom is a corresponding character formed of ordinary type. A piece of blackened paper, with white paper beneath it, is placed underneath the rods; and, on the pressure of any rod, a black type-printed mark appears on the white paper. Ingenious mechanism enables the blind printer to arrange letters and words in symmetrical lines.

Mr. Thompson, of the United States, produced an instrument for teaching the Blind geography, writing, drawing, and mathematics. There is a tablet covered with white leather, capable of yielding to the pressure of a style without retaining the impression; the style employed may be made of any hard material capable of receiving and retaining a rounded smooth point. A sheet of paper is laid upon the leathern tablet; the writing, or figures, or diagrams, are marked

on this paper with the style, producing an embossment sufficient to be felt by the finger of the blind pupil. The leather recovers its former smoothness in a short time, and is ready for further service.

Several other exhibitors displayed the results of their ingenuity in this class of invention. Thus M. Legrand, of Paris, had type-plates to print in relief. M. Marchesi, of Lodi, had a writing machine, producing the characters in black or in relief; the letters were formed with pin-points. Messrs. Fehr and Eisenring, of Augsburg, had a system of metal plates, with letters and characters in relief, something similar to that of Legrand. Mr. Hughes displayed a machine for writing in raised characters without types; a machine to write with a pen or pencil in skeleton Roman capitals; a machine to practise arithmetic by tangible characters; and a machine for writing and copying music on paper. Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, one of the most successful caterers for the Blind, exhibited specimens of his triangular alphabet as well as his writing apparatus. This consists of a stuffed frame, on which the paper is placed; a cover, with bars to guide the lines; and small stamps, with the letters formed of common pins, which are pricked through the paper and read on the opposite side. By means of certain register-points the paper may be written or pricked on both surfaces without confusion.

Nor did the various Institutions fail to afford illustration of the modes in which their useful labours are conducted. The Society for Teaching the Blind to read, whose asylum is in Avenue Road, Regent's Park, exhibited embossed books; cyphering boards perforated with square holes, in which simple types may be placed; maps, in which cities, mountains, rivers, and boundary lines are represented in relief; geometrical boards; writing boards, with provision for arranging the writing in paralled lines; embossed music, in which the characters are so shaped as to indicate the duration as well as the pitch of each note, thereby dispensing with the necessity for the staff; and chess-boards and men, in which the black squares are distinguished from the white by being raised, and the black pieces distinguished from the white by having points at the top. The Edinburgh School for the Blind, in like manner, exhibited many ingenious contrivances; among which were Dr. Foulis's tangible ink, which contains so large a quantity of solid matter, as to leave a tangible deposit on the paper; Foulis's manuscript music notation, in which the whole of the music characters can be represented by common pins stuck into a pin-cushion, with cords run through to represent the staff; and Mr. Gall's system of arithmetic, with which a blind person can easily make calculations, by simply sticking a few pins into a pillow or the seat of a chair.

In all these excellent contrivances there is apparatus, more or less simple, by which a blind person may obtain instruction in various branches of knowledge; and there is no reason why they should not all continue to be employed. But now comes the difficulty. We may print our thoughts by a hundred different contrivances; but in what language shall the printing be effected? A blind man may be taught to read; but in what character, alphabet, symbol, or cipher, shall the teaching be rendered? These are important questions.

The first book printed in relief for the use of the blind was prepared by M. Haüy, at Paris, in one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four. He tried various forms of letter, and ultimately decided on an alphabet neither Roman nor italic, but something midway between the two, with the usual mixture of capitals and small letters. He thus printed or embossed a grammar, a catechism, and other small books: stamping each leaf so distinctly, that the protuberances could be felt on the other side. It was afterwards found that the letters wanted the sharpness and permanence essential to their tangibility. M. Haüy was succeeded by Dr. Guillié in the management of the Blind Asylum at Paris. The latter modified the alphabet a little, and printed about twenty expensive folio volumes —which have since, in great part, been sold as waste paper, on account chiefly of the unreadableness of the embossing. Recently ten or a dozen quarto volumes of useful works, at five francs per volume, have been prepared and published by M. Dufau, whose system is at the present time the one adopted in France.

After the adoption and gradual abolition of several systems in Russia, Sweden, France, Belgium, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland, small Roman types, with or without capitals, is now in use in those countries for Blind readers.

In England, Mr. James Gall, of Edinburgh, about the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, produced a new embossed alphabet. There were reasons, satisfactory to his own mind, against the adoption of the Roman or the italic or any usual alphabet, and for the adoption of a new and more angular form of letters. No curves whatever were admitted into Mr. Gall's alphabet. Some of the letters resembled Roman capitals nearly, while others bore a greater similarity to ancient Egyptian or Assyrian letters. Mr. Gall considered that his letters could be easily felt and read by blind persons, a circumstance which seemed to him so important as to neutralize all objections on other grounds. His earliest book was printed with wooden types; but he afterwards employed types of metal. At first his letters were smooth; but he subsequently made them serrated or fretted, to render them more tangible. He next printed a book in small Roman, without any capitals, to

institute a comparison between different systems. After this, he modified his original alphabet, rendering it less angular than it had before been, and introducing Roman capitals at the beginning of sentences and proper names. Here then, we find, in the case of an ingenious contriver, a frequent oscillation between widely different systems. Afterwards, Mr. Alexander Hay devised an alphabet of twenty-six arbitrary characters, which by certain combinations could represent abbreviations and double letters. Types were cast in this character, but no books have been produced.

To show how great has been the uncertainty concerning the best form of letter to adopt, it may suffice to say, that in response to an invitation put forth in eighteen hundred and thirty-two, by the Edinburgh Society of Arts, no fewer than nineteen different alphabets for the Blind were suggested, of which sixteen were in purely arbitrary character. The society's prize was given to Doctor Fry of London, for an alphabet consisting of Roman capitals deprived of the seriffs or small strokes at the extremites. Mr. Alston, of the Glasgow Blind Asylum, made a few slight alterations in Doctor Fry's letters, to improve the sharpness of the embossing; he printed a few elementary works; and soon after, he completed the whole of the Bible, Old and New Testaments, in nineteen quarto volumes: a great work, truly, considering that each individual letter is a Roman capital. Besides the Bible, Mr. Alston printed about thirty other works in quarto, and a small number in octavo. Meantime, Mr. Lucas, of Bristol, also had devised a new alphabet. It consists of arbitrary characters, somewhat resembling those used in Byrom's system of short-hand. After Mr. Lucas had printed portions of the New Testament in his new type, the system was adopted by the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read. This Society has printed the whole of the Bible, as well as numerous minor works. Then came Mr. Frere, with characters similar to those in Gurney's short-hand; made in a singular way. Each letter is formed by a bit of wire, bent and fixed down to a tin plate. The printing or embossing is effected by the common press. The books are read from right to left and back again, like certain ancient books. The London and Blackheath Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, have adopted Mr. Frere's alphabet, with which they have printed nearly the whole of the Bible, and a few minor works.

Another inventor, Mr. Moon, Master of the Brighton Blind Asylum has introduced an arbitrary alphabet, founded upon, but greatly differing from, the ordinary Roman alphabet. He has printed considerable portions of the Bible, and a number of small works.

Here we find that, besides minor attempts, all the New Testament, and portions of the Old, have been embossed in five different systems—Gall's, Fry's or Alston's, Lucas', Frere's, and Moon's. Four of these are in arbitrary characters, and one in Roman capitals. The expense of one copy of the New Testament varies from forty shillings in the cheapest to ninety shillings in the dearest system; and it seems probable that no blind person who has learned any one system could read in any of the other four, without beginning his studies over again.

Let us now say a little concerning the United States. In eighteen hundred and thirty-three, Dr. Howe, principal of the Boston Institution for the Blind, adopted a Roman alphabet, of the small letters. He aimed at compressing the letter into a comparatively close and cheap form, which he accomplished by cutting off all the flourishes and points about the letters, and reducing them to the minimum size and elevation which could be easily distinguished by the Blind. By this means he caused a word to occupy only about half the space which it would occupy in ordinary small Roman type. This character was found so useful and economical, that it was adopted in printing a great number of works in Boston, and in other American towns. In no less than seventeen of the States are Blind Asylums in which Howe's plan is adopted; and these have followed a system excellent in a commercial point of view; for, instead of all of them printing the Bible, or all printing this or that book, some print one work and some another, and then they exchange copies. The books printed on this system are greatly more varied than those in England, embracing among others a General Atlas, an Atlas of the United States, and a twenty-volume Cyclopædia of General Knowledge. Almost all the books are stereotyped, and small editions are struck off as they are wanted. They are printed at a powerful press made for the purpose. In Philadelphia, a system of Roman capitals has been partially adopted; and in Virginia, Roman capitals at the beginning of sentences and proper names have been superadded to Dr Howe's "lower case" alphabet; but, with these exceptions, the entire United States seem to join in the adoption of one system—that of Dr. Howe.

Surely it is worthy the attention of the benevolent persons and societies so heartily engaged in this cause, to decide whether some one system might not be profitably adopted by all. The Jury number seventeen, at the Great Exhibition, bestowed much pains on this subject. In their admirable Report (to which we are greatly indebted for many of the foregoing details) they insist strongly on the advantage of this unanimity. They point out, that while the New Testament, on one of our systems, costs as much as ninety shillings per copy, and on the cheapest system forty, the Boston New

Testament, on Howe's system, only costs sixteen. They are evidently in favour of this system, as it can be read by ordinary persons as well as by the Blind, and as it is very compact and economical. They say "this harmony of action, together with the uniformity of the typography, presents so many obvious advantages, that the Jury cannot but wish a similar system was pursued by the Institutions of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe." The Jury—while lauding, as they ought to be lauded, the untiring exertions of the late Mr. Alston—express a regret that he "should have devoted so much enterprise and money in producing the Scriptures, when he might have ascertained that they had already been printed, and could have been bought at less money than it would cost him to print them. The main difference between the Glasgow and the Boston alphabets is, that one is in the 'upper' and the other in the 'lower-case,' which difference is certainly not of sufficient consequence to demand two editions."

But it is not to advocate any one particular system that these few paragraphs are written. We venture on no opinion, further than this—that uniformity of alphabet is desirable. We have heard much of congresses lately—Peace Congresses, and so forth. Might there not be a Congress of Teachers of the Blind? Might not delegates candidly discuss all the pros and cons of every system, determining which has most advantages and fewest defects, and decide on its general adoption? And if this were done, would not the sightless unfortunates be benefitted, and would not the contributions of the benevolent be better laid out?

CHIPS.

DIGGING SAILORS.

Two sailors ran away from a ship the day after it anchored off Port Phillip, and started for the Diggings. They had no idea which Diggings to go to, but thought if they once got well out into the bush they would find some place or other where they could dig, and get gold.

They had eighteenpence between them. After a brief consultation as to the things they needed for their indefinite journey, and how far this sum would go towards what was necessary, they settled the difficulty by purchasing a bottle of ale, which just came to the money.

After roving about in the bush for some time—getting a bit of bread or meat and some tea from one drayman and digging party or the other, as they chanced to fall in with them—they eventually made their way to Geelong. Here they got a little job at haymaking from a squatter on the outskirts. The hay in a country which has so little grass worthy of the name (for the sun scorches it up in no time), was worthy of note, even by sailors. They found it to be a mixture of wheat, oats, and barley, which had been flung about at random; and was mowed down and raked up, and carted off like hay. The squatter was so much pleased with the goodwill, vigour, and humorous adroitness of the sailors—unused as they were to any work of that sort—that he gave them an outfit—pick, shovel, tin gold-washer, frying-pan and blankets—and sent them up to the Ballarat Diggings.

A month or two elapsed. The sailors had been successful; and on their way to Geelong to sell their gold and spend the money, they called on the squatter; and, with many jovial thanks, offered him a twenty-pound note in repayment of their outfit. The squatter told them he was in no want of money; but if they were disposed to do him a good turn, he very much wanted some wooden building to be done on his station, and, as they were chaps who could turn their hands to anything in a rough way, he should like to keep them with him for a week or two. The sailors had set their hearts upon getting drunk every day in Geelong, and proposed to come back in a week or ten days, and do the timber-rig after they had spent their money—some hundred and thirty pounds. The squatter, however, by dint of a prompt production of grog and good fare, persuaded them to remain for the night, and next day he got them to work. They stayed a fortnight with the squatter, and did all he wanted. He paid them handsomely, and advised them not to go to Geelong, but to send their money to the bank, and return to the Ballarat Diggings. The regular work and living had had a good influence, and the sailors, for the first time in their lives, opened their eyes to a conception of common sense—they felt themselves to have suddenly become uncommonly wise fellows.

They returned to the Diggings, were again successful; and, at the end of three months again made their appearance at the squatter's station, mounted on fine horses. They showed him gold and notes to the value of three hundred and sixty pounds. To avoid being robbed, if overtaken and knocked down by bushrangers, they had sewed the gold in the inside of their horses' saddle-cloths, and the notes were enfolded round a forefinger, which was covered with a bloody rag, and a very bad finger it certainly seemed to be.

Our digging sailors, by dint of all this steady work, and the degree of self-government, perseverance, and prudence requisite to success, did not now talk of squandering their earnings; but asked the squatter's advice. In pursuance of this they went to Melbourne. Here they started a marine store, and made large profits; but shortly afterwards they sold the concern very advantageously, and set off to Liardet's Beach, where so many passengers now land in order

to avoid the delays and extortions of the steamboat, or the boatmen of William's Town.

At Liardet's Beach, the two sailors, having learned to build in wood, built up a large shed, called a store, for the storage of passengers' boxes, cases, and bales, who were going to the Diggings. In the town a shilling a week was charged for each box and package. The sailors at once undersold the town, and chalked up "*Ninepence a week!*" Moreover, as they caught the passengers directly on landing, and in the full excitement of "being off to the gold-fields," they soon had abundance of customers. They took payment for a month in advance—to save trouble, or change of mind. They took no responsibility; they demanded cash for six weeks in advance, where the boxes were very large, and apparently of no great value in contents. They did not guarantee against robbers, fire, water, or other casualty which might damage, destroy, or lose property; and they stipulated, as labour was so scarce (being at times impossible to obtain), that passengers wanting their luggage out of the store, should "get it out themselves." The passengers, in full drive of imagination, agreed to anything—they little foresaw what work the last stipulation might involve, as the chests, packages, and bales were all to be packed up solid, one on the top of the other.

Our two sailors have only started their store a week, and they are one-third full. This shed, when as full as it will hold—*i. e.*, packed up solid—at the rate of ninepence a week each box, bale, &c., will produce them an income of one hundred and twelve pounds a week—more, if there are a preponderance of small packages. Our sailors are, therefore, about to build another store. They have discovered that there are various means of making money in Australia, with much less labour, greater profit, and with far more certainty than digging.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Now and then there is delivered to me by the faithful postman a newspaper, published in some unknown part of England—known perhaps to somebody, but to me as Timbuctoo—within which I find, carefully coiled up, a communication from the Postmaster-General. This communication is to the effect, that several newspapers having escaped from their covers that morning, they had been recaptured, and an attempt had been made to restore them to their proper places; but that if the paper sent to me didn't happen to be the right one, the Postmaster-General deprecated malediction on my part, since the blame lay with my friends and not *with him. I* never once in my life did get *the right newspaper* in company with such *an intimation. I* blame nobody, but I put it to the Postmaster-General, how he would himself have liked it, living out of town, if, when he expected to receive the Times containing Mr. Gladstone's Budget, there had been put into his hands the Kelso Warder of the previous week.

Instead of a paper that I love, which comes to me dotted over with small ships from a great seaport town, there was brought to me one day last week the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard. I never in my life was near Brocksop, Garringham, or Washby, and I know no creature living within twenty miles of any of those places. The desire to project itself into the unknown is one of the grandeurs of the human soul; I plunged at once into the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, craving to learn something about Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby. "Let me," I said, "know the ways and wants of people who inhabit those remote regions of England. They are my countrymen, and why should we be strangers to each other? Of strange places, moreover, I may hear strange news."

So I folded the paper suitably, and nursed it on my knee, and thought I would begin with the large early gooseberries and the small paragraphs. I felt at first a little timid at the prospect of getting over head and ears into a deep article, and I said, "I will paddle and not plunge into this paper." So I began with a RARA AVIS, whereof there came news from Biddesham. For some classical reasons I had always supposed a *rara avis* to be a blackbird as big as a swan. I found, however, that the R. A. at Biddesham was like a skylark. These two little paragraphs led me on hopefully to the next below them, which, to be sure, looked rather dull and political, being headed The Coffee Question—People's Question. It led through some serious reflections to a shop of which I had read before in a discourse upon adulterations; and, as its coffee is of a kind which I suppose nobody praises but its manufacturer, I took that laudatory article to be an emanation from the counting-house, paid for in due course out of the till. In this opinion I was strengthened by the fact, that the next article was on the subject of Pectoral Candy, and the next below was an account of a surprising cure of Asthma of eighteen years standing, with wasting of the flesh. Thinking it an odd remedy for asthma to thin down the sufferer, I read that article, and found that I had totally misunderstood. Mr. Johnson has for the last four years been, he says—I quote his own words—been "so distressingly bad, that if I attempted to lie down I was in fear of being suffocated, and I became almost a skeleton from loss of flesh." The almost suffocated skeleton being given up last month—only last month—by his medical man, "was recommended to give Doodle's Asthmatic Balsam a trial." He bought a bottle of Mr. Binham, chemist of his town, only last

month; a first dose gave him relief, and "I am now," he says, "as robust as I was when thirty years of age." That is a strong testimonial, and I must beg to say that I am not inventing it. I put down the name of the medicine in my pocket-book, in case I should ever be on the point of suffocation, when I shall know what to get.

Under Doodle's Balsam I found a remarkable case of the cure of Paralysis by Galvanism. The platform fell in at a teetotal meeting; and a poor man who was standing upon it, jumped out of window. Having got through this article I stuck fast at the bottom of the column in Holloway's Ointment. That I did not read about, and do not care about, because I am considered to have very good legs.

I next opened my paper well out, and began at the top of the next column on the page with which I had set out. That was a column of advertisements, one half Pectoral Candy, the other half Dreadful Skin Disease, Ulcerated Bad Legs, and Scorbutic Humours. Rather annoyed, I tried the effect of a little generalship, and by a sudden movement, turned the paper to the right about face in search of a page of wholesome matter. What more wholesome could I want? The opposite page, one-eighth of the newspaper, I found to be wholly devoted to the business of directing the inhabitants of Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby, to the means of health. It contained nothing but quack medicine advertisements. There was "By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent. The great Lincolnshire Medicine." There must be something peculiar in the air of that county, for the great medicine required by the Lincolnshire men I found was "Wind Pills." There were Bamboozle's Bilious and Liver Pills, there was a Rapid Cure of Consumption, "Under Royal Patronage." There were certain Cures of Deafness, Pectoral Balsam (not the Candy, which is a counterfeit), and Do you want Luxuriant Whiskers? Chiefly there was a large body of that kind of vermin, with which sickly newspapers, and more or less, also, too many strong ones are infested. While there are simpletons with open mouths and pockets, there will be always cunning lies and Cordial Balms and Purifying Pills for them to swallow.

Having got so far into them, I thought that I would work my way quite through the Brocksop, Garringham and Washby advertisements. I took another page, and found the following: Guano. An advertisement in a black border, sacred to grief, of a "Mourning and Funeral Warehouse," which contained Bayadere robes, Bareges, &c., and a show-room replete with the very newest styles. A mourning show-room! O the luxury of woe! Well, that was civilised at any rate. Next followed Camphor Tooth-paste, and then "Publications" two in number—first, "A Weekly Newspaper for Twelve months, and a chance of a Hundred Pounds gratis;" (literature must really be a liberal profession); and next, another quack puff. Then followed three advertisements of vessels sailing for Australia, offering a certain means of cure for all diseases of the pocket, shortness of cash, difficulties of payments, stoppages of meat or beer, duns, distraints, evacuation of abodes, &c. Then followed three columns of Sales by Auction, varied only by a Court of Sewers, a new Life Assurance Office, and the Galvanist's advertisement, which I had been requested on another page to see. There was a Gardener's advertisement, dated from Calcavella Nursery. There was an entire column occupied by a Manure Company, and then A Fire and Life Assurance, then a Hydro-Nitrated Compost, then an Unrivalled Sauce, or compost, for fish, game, and cold meats.

Those announcements occupied almost another page; and there was still another, namely the first, filled with matters a great deal more miscellaneous. Among them were two other long appeals to persons in want of whiskers, and the advertisement of "a lady of cultivated mind," who "would be happy" (as there are not many who are) "to enter upon the duties of a governess," and who could exclaim in the happiness of her disposition, "remuneration is no object." Had indeed remuneration been an object, she would have perhaps found nothing to make her happy in the prospect of a governess's place. Then there was a Windmill to be sold, and there was a "British Remedy for the cure of Ringbones, Spavins, &c.," with a "Synovitic Lotion for grogginess" in horses. There were two Jew tailors, and there was an Association for the Prosecution of Felons, which would have Dinner on the Table at two o'clock, and celebrate, no doubt, a jovial anniversary.

All these advertisements made me begin to feel a little curious about the people for whose information they were issued. I could not refrain from picturing to myself a native of those parts in luxuriant whiskers, riding forth after a light breakfast of Wind Pills, on a steed watered with British Remedy, or well rubbed down with Synovitic Lotion. He would be going out to buy a windmill, or to engage a governess who did not want remuneration, and he would meet by the road, perhaps, a neighbour with magnificent legs who would talk over with him the news supplied by their gratuitous paper, and speculate upon the chance of the odd hundred pounds that might be paid them for the job of reading it. The women coming out of the show-rooms, weeping in Bayadere robes for those husbands or children who had omitted to use any Pill, Drops, Elixir, Wafers, Lotion, or Ointment, for the sustenance of existence, would also form some interesting groups illustrative of life in those comparatively unknown regions. I turned to the News department of the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, curious to learn what sort of deeds were done in its peculiar clime.

The doings recorded in that number of the Standard were mainly those of three classes of men—soldiers, clergymen, and jockeys. It is one of the specialities of the B. G. and W. Standard to be a sporting paper; Garringham races being known to sporting men in every part of Europe. There is a separate column of sporting advertisements, which I left just now out of account, headed by the announcement of Mr. Fish that "he is appointed Turf Reporter to the London Morning Papers, in the place of Mr. Cuff, who, after a long and honourable career, retires into private life." He is, therefore, open to receive parcels and letters at a certain coffeehouse. I discovered, also, among those advertisements the existence of a little Austrian in England, for what else is the establishment of Messrs. Hawky and Pinnam, whose "information is eagerly sought by all the largest speculators on the Turf, who are backed by distinguished noblemen and gentlemen," and who boast of "an establishment so complete and efficient, and at the same time so gigantic, that there is not a training stable of any importance in which they have not a vigilant though secret correspondent." After puzzling for a short time, in the dimness of my ignorance, over the reason why certain horses are "scratched" for plates, and whether they are made more lively by scratching, I gave up the attempt to comprehend the Turf details, and turned to manly sports in general. The chief article among them was a grand match at a local game called "knur and spell." Perfectly ignorant of the locality, I did not know the game, nor could I gather from a long report, entitled by a second heading I am sorry to say, "Disgraceful and Uproarious Proceedings," what it might be. It appears by this account, that fifty men with stout sticks "shouted in a most alarming manner, until their voices became hoarse and their faces red," and that they beat the shins of the front row of spectators. That "the Begby favourite was enveloped in a huge horse-cloth." That Mannikin "gave the first rise, and scored eleven. The Begby favourite approached his own spell; and, having been disrobed of the horsecloth, he gave his first rise and registered eleven." That there were great cheers from his backers and longer odds offered in his favour; that "he was wrapped up more carefully and paced up and down with an air of dignity;" that when Mannikin was making his second rise, a large piece of turf was thrown at him from some person behind, which had the effect of disconcerting his stroke. That there was a row, and then presently another row, and then there was a tall, facetious gentleman who prided himself in smoking a cigar, upon the Begby side, who knocked the hat of a little man of the Mannikin party, over the mannikin's eyes, which ended in a general fight. That this was also got over, but that presently there ensued a series of fights, and clothes were much torn and disfigured. That there were some gaming tables, including thimbles, cards, dice, & "E.O.;" and eventually, that "after the absconding of the referee, who we are informed held bets to a considerable amount, the crowds left the ground, at about six o'clock." I also left the ground, having seen quite enough of manly sport, and turned to the military columns, over which the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard rustled.

If it is borne in mind that the Standard was a newspaper and not a flag, I shall be allowed to say that it did not only rustle but chuckled over the soldiers. I found in that copy of the paper forwarded to me by the Postmaster-General, no leading article and no pert London letter; column after column was filled by the great Garringham event—The Cavalry Week. What an article it was (in many parts Miltonic) on the mustering of the First South Blankshire Yeomanry Cavalry, in Garringham, for the allotted period of training! What a grand occasion it afforded to a newspaper anxious to show that it was equal to the vast demand upon its talent, and determined to deserve a vast demand for copies! Let all honour be paid by the local newspaper to "a band of yeomanry which," as it eloquently remarked, "so far from being meretricious or evanescent, may be fairly deemed the characteristic of Englishmen—of that feeling which brightens the patriotic flame, and is enabled to meet whatever danger may spring up, although not apparent through the mist and obscurity of the future, yet, far from being impossible, or merely imaginary; because the destinies of a neighbouring nation, are, for the present, as has been forcibly said, enveloped in the mystery of a single mind and circumscribed by the force of a single will. While the British Government," &c. Talking of things forcibly said, what could you find more forcible and beautiful in any of our best prose writers than this encomium on the Cavalry Week: "It is calculated to awaken those feelings of hearty recognition which are truly estimable—as worthy of encouragement, as they are pleasant in the exemplification; and while much good is diffused around, in other respects, an impression is left that is grateful to the remembrance, cherished with interest, and worthy of universal example and acceptation. Under these circumstances, the sternness of military discipline faces no element with which there is any difficulty, meets with no antagonism to increase its vigour, and finds no obstacles laid in the path of public duty. On the other hand"—&c. The people of Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby get, it is evident, powerful writing in their newspaper. Such eloquence as this is scarcely natural to man, and it occurred to me that the author of the history of the Cavalry Week had prepared himself for his work by a long course of the Great Lincolnshire Medicine, Wind Pills.

The account of the Cavalry Week I found to be divided into chapters. First there was the assembling of the regiment, and then there was the dinner at the Mansion House, with all the speeches, very full indeed of after dinner wit and wisdom. Then there was "the attendance of the regiment at divine service," including the march to church and a report verbatim of the last half of the sermon, which was not at all a special one, being addressed not to the yeomanry cavalry but to rebellious sinners in general. The next chapter discoursed upon the "Sunday evening parade." Then I read all the movements of the regiment, words of command included, the award of Prize Swords, Presentation of a Piece of Plate, amusing incidents, the Rieview, another Dinner at the Mansion House, and the Officers' Balls. In the account of the ball I admired particularly the skill with which the narrative of the supper had been laid out to the best advantage, and, in particular, the clever distinction made between chickens and fowls, and the dexterously rhetorical use made of the fact that potted meats are various in kind. "After enjoying the dance for some hours, the doors of the banquetting room were suddenly thrown open, and the company were invited to partake of a splendid supper, provided for the occasion under the able superintendence of Mrs. Pettitoe. The tables were placed the entire length of the room, and were crowded by a display of delicacies of every description, comprising guinea fowl, chickens, fowls, veal roast and boiled," (I object, however, to the idea of cold boiled veal), "ham, tongues, potted meats, including beef, veal, shrimps, &c., pickled salmon, lobsters; to these were added a profusion of rich sponge and other cakes, jellies, the far-famed Corporation tarts, trifles, fruits, &c., &c." The wines were of "the rarest and choicest kind," and as the delicacies of every description seem to have been chiefly lobsters and sponge cakes, I suppose the wines to have been port, sherry, and ginger.

Immediately after the account of the Cavalry Week, which fills up a little more than a fifth part of the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, I found the report of proceedings which took place at the re-opening of Dicton church, a great clerical meeting. "The church," I learnt, "appears to have occupied a considerable time in the process of erection, and to have undergone several changes from the original style. The tower is in the perpendicular style," and so on. I was glad to find that the tower was perpendicular; but sorry to learn that the church suffered from the ravages of the Puritans, and that "tradition even asserts that the dreaded Oliver stabled his horses in the aisles." So far as my experience goes, I may observe that tradition says the same of every notable old church in which the Puritans did any image-breaking. The other clerical matter—and there was a good deal—consisted of reports of addresses to Sunday school children, and of Whitsuntide church tea-parties. One report, however, of a different kind, quoted from a London paper, contained the account of proceedings at a northern clerical convocation, and a scene in a chapter-house, which brought back to my mind, by some evil association of ideas, the knur and spell match beforementioned. I glanced over that hastily as distressing matter; and, getting naturally from hot water to tea, refreshed myself among the tea-parties. Pleasant it was to read how the children of the parish church of Wagsworth, after their annual "treat of tea and spice cake, tastefully and bountifully set out," were "delighted exceedingly" with games, and at last "marched to Wagsworth Hall, when each boy and girl was presented with a pasty by the Misses Jones, who, it is pleasing to say, take a great interest in the affairs of the schools."

Most pleasing! as all records are of childish happiness. But are these children to grow up into that sort of life of which we see the light reflected from the Brocksop Standard?—are they to be takers of quack medicine, strutters in horsecloths at knur and spell, gapers at uniforms?—will they grow up dull-witted and tedious? The little girl who dances over the spring grass to Wagsworth Hall, will she ever grow to be an old woman like the old woman of whom I found reported in the same paper, that she lived beside a sewer, and that she got a plank from the next town to put over the sewer to be a bridge by which she should go out and home, and that she summoned the overseer of the drains for kicking her plank into the sewer and causing it there to swim about for a fortnight before it was got out by two men who spent half a day over the job; and all because she would not pay, the obstinate old soul, a penny a year for the right of way? Will this plump, fresh light-hearted little beauty ever become such a cross old English woman living by a sewer?—This bold-eyed, hot-faced boy with cricket bat over his shoulder, will he ever grow to be a gamekeeper, and lay a hare-skin stuffed with straw by way of ground bait upon his neighbour's premises, as I perceived by another report in this paper that a gamekeeper did; or will he grow up such a lout as to fire at such a hare-skin, as I see by the paper a poor silly fellow did; and will Master Jones—who can now run merrily about with other children carrying his tray of pasties—will he ever be so dense a blockhead as the English justice is, who fined such a man—as I see by the paper such a man was fined—two pounds and costs for firing at the wisp of straw, "because his desire, beyond doubt, was a dainty meal from a roasted hare?" Shade of Draco! May I never think I should like game for dinner in the neighbourhood of Nosebro' within hearing of Josh. Blank, Esquire, county magistrate!

In what way will the Brocksop, Garringham,

and Washby Standard indicate the intellect and manners of those children, when their whiskers shall have become luxuriant, and they shall set themselves as men and women to the work of their own corner of the world? There will be then, as now, abundant reports of London and country markets to show that the men among them are not idle in pursuit of gain, and there will be then, as there will be for ever, visible in some corner work "from the pen of a young lady," who "will visit the far-famed castle," the show-ruin of the district, and pour out her heart in doggrel, like the "Lines addressed to Corkscrew Castle," with lovely turrets, in that one number that I have seen of the B., G., and W. Standard. The little sweetmeat of a poem is extremely nice.

"Fair-Castle! Where at close of day
The sunbeams linger bright,
And wrap thy ancient ruins grey,
In clear unchequered light.

"Thy lovely turrets tipped with gold
Appear sublimely fair,
As sunset's glorious rays unfold
Thy deepening shadows there.

"Embosomed 'mid thy noble trees,
That richly clothe thy verdant foot,
Through which the gentle winds do moan
As if to chaunt a vesper song."

Perhaps that quantity will be sufficient. There can be no doubt that young ladies will never cease to make the gentle winds moan through the clothes of the verdant foot of any castle, that may happen to be fair and lovely like themselves. Country editors will always have bad poets to put into the corner. I am not rash enough to ask when there will be a change in that respect, or idle enough to hope that men will ever cease to be attentive to their business in the markets. But of the other social matters represented by the contents of the Brocksop, Garringham, and Washby Standard, I should like to know whether they can be considered indicative of quite the same amount of sense that we would like to see always prevailing in an English rural district?

SOMETHING TO DRINK.

We all have our houses of call. Not so morosely drunken as the Russians; not so madly fond of ardent spirits as the Red Indians; not so stolidly in-beer-shop-guzzling as the Dutch and Germans; not so-long-in-*café*-biding as the French; not so solitarily, morosely, Sunday-whisky-drinking as the Scotch; we are still the most addicted of all civilised nations to making tippling the great agent of social intercourse, the great binder of bargains, the great reconciler of differences, the smoother of difficulties, the pledge of sincerity, and the bond of good faith. From the days when Vortigern *and Rowena* exchanged their "Waes hael, *trink hael*" to the time when the American *General Scott, finding* himself in presence of a deputation sent to congratulate him on his triumphant return from Mexico, and being a reserved man of limited conversational powers, solved the difficulty of his embarrassing position by these remarkable words, "Wal, gentlemen, suppose we go and liquor," and, thereupon, adjourned the meeting to the bar of the steamer—the men of Anglo-Saxon lineage have been men prone to meet each other over something to drink. From the Duke of Sennacherib, who lolls in the smoking-room of the Assyrian Club, to William Smith, who spends his Saturday nights at a free and easy; from Justice Oldmixon, terror of vagrants, who chirps over his port at quarter sessions' dinners or rent audits, to the needy knife-grinder, who would be glad to

"——drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, sir,"

"something to drink," be it fermented or unfermented, as potent as metheglin or as mild as sarsaparilla, will be found to be the great watchword of Englishmen.

The last time I dealt with Liquor in these pages, it was in connection with Law. I proposed to myself, when entering upon the subject of legal houses of call, to enumerate but three; the Nisi Prius, the Police, and the Assize, thinking, vainly, to accomplish the diagnosis of three such hostelries in a single paper. I was mistaken. My ration of space was swallowed up by the Nisi Prius public alone, with the addition at least of another civilly legal little house, tacked on to its greater predecessor like a modest little codicil to a portentous will. I propose now to deal with the Police public.

Which is in a police neighbourhood—in Beak Street (not Beak Street, Regent Street), or Charge Street, or Van street, or Handcuff Gardens. The police station is on one side of the street, and opposite to that is the police-court, and next to that the offices of the relieving overseer of St. Custody's parish; next door, on the other side, the police coffee-shop, and next door to that the Police public. It has no sign. It is known to the public generally as Pybuss's; to the constables on duty, or resident at the police station, as "over the way." It has an accommodating licence, and does not close much. It seems to have a multiplicity of landlords and landladies; there being a fat man in a fur cap, a slim young fellow with a watch-chain and curly hair, a red-haired man in his shirt sleeves, and a ringletted damsel too spruce for a barmaid, who all seem to claim equal empire and authority. Everybody is as good as everybody behind the bar at Pybuss's.

Joviality at Pybuss's is the exception. Although a vast counter-trade is done, and a considerable parlour trade too, the customers are for the most part anxious and pre-occupied. The policemen drink; but not jovially. They are too busy and too conscious of the responsibility of their position to be merry. They do not speak much, but are spoken to.

No Bacchanalian song was ever heard to echo through Pybuss's premises. You seldom see a drunken man there. Moody anxious faces surround the bar. The group seldom exceed two in number, never three. No pipes are smoked in the parlour; nor are politics discussed, or general news touched upon. The all absorbing, engrossing topic, the vital subject that brings all these ravenous drinkers to Pybuss's is Law—Criminal Law, as expounded by police magistrates and their chief clerks.

Law has brought that slatternly woman-girl with the faded shawl, and the more faded baby at her breast, to Pybuss's; and it is of Law that she is so eagerly, earnestly talking with the shabby old man in the rusty great-coat buttoned up to his chin, the beer and ink-stained white hat with the limp brim, who holds a roll of greasy papers in one hand, and a rusty chisel in the other. This shabby old man is a lawyer; and if you ask me (as you might reasonably do) what on earth a lawyer could possibly want with a chisel, I cannot answer you, for I do not know. He holds one nevertheless, and always holds some such eccentric or unprofessional tool—one day a lantern, another a bundle in a blue birdseye handkerchief with him. These may be links in evidence—*pièces de conviction*, may be; but I leave you free to conjecture. For all his shabby threadbare appearance Mr. Mandate is a lawyer—a legitimately certificated attorney—in extended practice and of very considerable repute. He is (not to speak irreverentially) a first-rate thieves' lawyer—the very hope and stay of gentlemen in trouble. Let an indictment be ever so warily drawn, Mandate can pick a hole in it, if anybody can. Let a case be ever so strong against you, Mandate will find a loophole of escape, if anybody will. Hence his fame.

The slatternly woman has her hands rather full of business just now. Her Tom is in trouble. He has been wanted for a considerable time on divers little matters of larceny; but managed to evade dexterously the glance of that significant eye, which of all eyes may say "Never asleep:" the police bull's-eye. Last Tuesday, however, at the unseasonable hour of three in the morning, being found by J 86 under slightly suspicious circumstances, in the front area of a house in Belgravia, and being found to have in his possession divers articles of property—undoubtedly his own—that is to say, sundry jemmies, crowbars, and centre-bits, together with a set of skeleton keys, and a wax taper, which latter article, albeit exceedingly harmless in itself, is, when taken into conjunction with the jemmies, &c., extremely significative of housebreaking: being also found with, in addition, certain other property—undoubtedly not his own—including a silver candlestick, half a Yorkshire pie, a bottle of pickles, and fish-slice "upon" him: being moreover, unable to give any satisfactory account of himself, more than that he "had lost his way," Tom, otherwise Thomas Hulker, but more familiarly known as "Tom the Sandman," was removed to the station, and charged next morning at the police-court with being found on certain premises, with intent to commit a felony thereon. A summary conviction involving some amount of imprisonment and hard labour would probably have fallen to Mr. Hulker's lot, had not Inspector Muffles of the A division, and Inspector Carnifex, and that active officer, Sergeant Knockles, of the detective force, all happened to have been present on business of their own that morning at the police-court; and, all wanting Mr. Hulker, and being all provided with pressing enquiries after his health (printed to make them more impressive) emanating from Colonel Verges and Sir Lictor Fasces, the Commissioners of Police, did greet Mr. Hulker with so warm a reception, and gave him so strong a character that the worthy magistrate honoured him by sending his case to be investigated by a higher tribunal, and furthermore distinguished by changing the residence he had primarily fixed upon; that is to say, the plebeian House of Correction, to a more aristocratic abode—the gaol of Newgate. So, bound for Newgate in the police van, is "Tom the Sandman," this fine afternoon; and here is slatternly Sue, his patient drudge and helpmate, his constant, untiring, affectionate, disreputable partner, come to consult Mr. Mandate as to Tom's case. Tom is no stranger to Mr. M.; that practitioner has done him many a good turn—for a consideration, be it understood; but he shakes his head this time, and says he is afraid it is a bad case—a very bad case; but he will see what is to be done. Tom must expect to go across the water this time; he must, indeed. He (Mr. Mandate) will do his best to "square" it for ten years or so; but if he (Tom) escapes being a "lifer," he will only have to thank him for it. When he makes this grim announcement—when he so plainly intimates that the burglar must expect to be transported for some term of years—you should watch the expression of terrified love, and grief, and utter despair, that works fitfully, now heightening, now paling, now fighting feebly with a sickly smile of hope on the face of his miserable wife.

Slatternly Sue will wait patiently at Pybuss's bar till all the charges at the police-court are disposed of. Then she will see her Tom off in the prison van—will try to catch his sodden eye, will try to touch his manacled hand. She has very little money left; for I saw her unfold a greasy rag just now, and empty the little gold and silver it contained into one of Mr. Mandate's palms, who dropped the chinking pieces into one of the pockets of the rusty great-coat. She will walk wearily this evening as far as the neighbourhood of Brick Lane, Spitalfields, to a large public-

house frequented by a "school" or gang of Tom's friends. Here she will see what is to be done to help Tom, being in trouble—what in the way of a friendly raffle—what through the medium of a harmonic meeting; for Tom is of high repute in his profession, and his co-professionals would do much to save him from being banished.

Do you mark that inconceivably dirty yet well-dressed, slatternly yet bejewelled, cloudy shirted yet cambric clad individual, in whose motley appearance the shabby-genteel captain and the full blown gent, the aristocrat and the "raff" appear to struggle, and fiercely too, for the mastery. He has an unquestionable Lincoln and Bennett hat—yesterday no doubt the pride of that eminent firm—but to-day battered, crushed, broken-brimmed, and the nap coagulated with dried mustard and salad mixture. His shirt, a few hours ago plaited, stitched, embroidered, gold-button-wristbanded and diamond-studded, is now rumpled, torn, disordered, wine-stained. His superfine Saxony black dress coat, with silk sleeve and skirt linings, four pounds fifteen shillings (vide Mr. Crellin's little bill) is a dreadful garment; bedaubed with mud, ripped up in one sleeve, torn in one pocket, divested of half its buttons; and with its silk skirt-linings flapping in the March wind that blows through Pybuss's back-door. His white neckcloth, the tie, colour, and stiffness of which Beau Brummel would not have disdained when first donned, is now an unseemly rag, twisting like some hideous serpent round his unshaven neck: one of his shirt collars staggers limply up against his pallid cheek, the other droops over the discoloured neckcloth, as though it were quite dead beat and gone in liquor. His patent leather boots are mere cracked spoonfuls of mud. His hands, inlaid at the fingers and knuckles with mud-mosaics, yet sparkle with rings; a watchless gold chain dangles from the pocket of his embroidered waistcoat; and, saddest sight of any, a white camellia, yesternight a snowy, waxy, beauteous trophy of Covent Garden floriculture, droops mournfully from his button-hole; its head downcast in a miserably hang-dog fashion, and its wired stem protruding from the frayed button-hole, like a rusty sword from a rotten scabbard. His face is half deadly pale, and half hecticly flushed. His chin looks as if a too plentiful crop of wild oats had been sown there, mingled with the tares of intemperance. His lips fire cracked and brown; his eyes swollen, ashy and blear; his hair dishevelled, his ears flaming red. Every muscle seems relaxed and flaccid, and yet twitches spasmodically.

This is all that is left of Algernon de Beauvoir, fourth cousin of Lord Hackney and Kingsland; yesternight, as late as half-past twelve, the sprucest, best dressed, gayest, most charming clerk in Her Majesty's Treasury at the evening party of Mrs. Perfectream (wife of Demy Perfectream, Esq. of the Creamlaid Paper Office, Somerset House), in Gower Street, Bedford Square. Why, at and after supper, did he drink so much of that champagne, so good in itself, but so bad (in excess) for him? Why afterwards did he, instead of walking quietly home with his galoshes and a cigar to his lodgings in Duke Street, St. James's, join Sam Bull and Jack Bear, the sucking stock-brokers; and, going down wicked streets, drink vitriolic acid at half a guinea a bottle, falsely called brandy; disturb the silence of the night; sing songs where no songs should be sung; and, finally, after a fierce altercation and personal collision, in which publicans, cabmen, and policemen passed and repassed with the rapidity of the figures in a magic lantern, find himself on a very cold wet dirty stone floor, faced by an iron-bound door, in the centre of which was a wicket, which wicket opening became furnished with a municipal face with a lettered collar, which face (by word of mouth) informed him that he was in a cell in Low Street police station on a charge of being drunk and disorderly; and, on his application for the acceptation of bail, furthermore apprised him that he could on no account be liberated until he was sober; to which state of mental composure the municipal face could not be brought to believe (notwithstanding his ardent protestations) that he had arrived.

If a dungeon could be said to flame, the squalid cell, with an unclean bench running round it, was a dirty furnace; a simoom of horrible odours careering through it, or condensing in pestiferous drips upon its white-washed walls, half lighted by the lurid glare of gas jet outside, and half by the grey light of morning that stole in coldly, feebly, timidly, as if ashamed, to illuminate this den. Algernon's agony was intensified, on discovering through the darkness visible, the propinquity of a drunken cripple bent, in his deformed and vinous stupor, into a rhomboid of rags; an ill-looking navvy with two black eyes, one broken head, one bleeding nose, and one gashed mouth, who varied short doses, half on the floor, half on the bench, by sudden rushes to the iron-bound door, at which he kicked with his heavy boots with elephantine strength, or by discordant bellowings through the wicket, half devoted to condolence with one "Bill," supposed to be confined in an adjacent cell, half to virulent abuse of the policemen on duty; "All owing," as X 42, Reserve, mentioned to his serjeant, as he closed the cell door upon the new prisoner, "to something to drink."

☞ *Owing to the unanimous favour that has greeted our Monthly issue from all quarters, we shall hereafter discontinue the Weekly Register, and send the* MONTHLY *to all those who order it in place of the* WEEKLY. *Those who change the Weekly for the Monthly, will be credited with the difference in price.*

☞ *Those who wish the Weekly Numbers will continue to receive them as formerly, without the Register.*

BILLIN AND BROTHERS, Printers and Stereotypers, 29 North William Street, New York.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKSPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A PULL AT THE PAGODA TREE.

WHEN, in my boyhood, I paid a visit with my father to a large stone house in Leadenhall street, London, I was strongly impressed with the idea that it was the private residence of the Great Mogul; and that the stout gentleman with the cocked hat in the great hall was a general of the Indian army mounting guard over him.

Having threaded our way through long stone passages and up dreary-looking stairs, we were ushered into a large room where some elderly gentlemen were sitting over a blazing fire, laughing immoderately. I was too much occupied with the pictures on the walls to attend to their conversation; but I remember hearing that the reason of their merriment was, having been unable to decide whether some native sovereign should be deposed or supported, and, the votes having been equal, they had drawn lots. The wit of the party set them in a roar by observing that a blank having turned up for His Imperial Highness, the little lottery would cost him, perhaps his head, certainly his throne. This, however, happened long ago. These state lotteries no longer exist.

As we left the room one of the gentlemen told my father that, as soon as I was old enough, the presentation should be made "all right," adding that, when I reached India, I must be sure to take "a good pull at the Pagoda Tree." There were some curiously-shaped trees, in long cartoon-like pictures, over the stairs, and I wondered if they were the Pagoda Trees I was to try at. My father could not tell me; and, making my best bow to the Indian general at the door, we descended the stone steps into the street.

Two years after that visit I was conducted to Haileybury College, frightened out of my propriety at the vast deal I should have to learn before I could talk like a nabob, and know how to take a pull at the Pagoda Tree. This alarm was, however, dispelled by my fellow-students, who assured me that the year or two passed there could be spent in the most agreeable manner possible. The study of Sanscrit, and Persian, and Paley's Theology might be replaced, with a little tact, by amusements of all sorts. Of course I fell into the approved fashion; boated, and shot, and rode with the fastest, and learnt with the slowest of my school-fellows.

Those few years were amongst the most pleasant of my life, and I was truly sorry when it was announced that the examination was near, and "cramming" must be commenced. At length the day arrived, and, with it, a mob of stately-looking people from London—directors and proprietors, deputy-chairmen, and uncles and parents. It was astonishing how smoothly things went on, that day; how blandly the thin-faced professor suggested Sanscrit replies to us, and how pleasantly he piloted us through the intricacies of the Persian alphabet. The result was, that I, amongst a score of others, passed. A glowing eulogium rewarded my learning, which quite took me by surprise; and induced me to determine that if the Pagoda Tree were as easily pulled at as the tree of Oriental knowledge, what a strong pull and a long pull I would have at it!

I was actually a writer in the Honourable Oriental Company's Service; and started, one fine atuumn morning, to join the ship; which, in due time, bore me to the scenes of my future greatness—for, in those good old days, there was no steam, or other such absurdity to shorten the pleasure of the voyage.

Arrived "out" at the great city of Hooghly, I looked anxiously for a sight of the far-famed Pagoda Tree; but saw nothing but palms, and bananas, and a few flowering plants in the gardens. I inquired for its locality, but was constantly referred to some one else, who invariably hinted that I would stumble upon it in due time, and that when I did I was to be sure and take a good pull at it.

My sojourn in the College at home had been pleasant; but my stay in the learned temple at Hooghly was really delightful. My salary commenced at once—not much, to be sure; only four hundred a year; but once installed as a civilian, I soon found friends able and willing to oblige me in any money matters. Credit to a civilian was unlimited. Should liver and cholera treat him kindly, he is a sure inheritor of the high honours of the Service, and that is the best and only security creditors care for. Money, it was pressed on me from all quarters by native

Banians, or bankers, so that my difficulty really consisted in refusing their friendly offers.

Balls, theatres, pic-nics, tiger-shooting, driving—everything, in short, but study—occupied my whole time, with the exception of one morning in the week, when I yawned and fell asleep over some horrid dirty-looking old book, full of characters that looked more like old boots and shoes than alphabets. Fully half the time allotted for study in the College had expired, when our principal was changed. A military man, learned in Orientalisms, was appointed in his place. He turned out a dreadful martinet, actually insisting on our studying Persian and Sanscrit daily. It was useless to rebel; but we did what was next to it—nothing. With all his severity, however, we were far too many for him. It was a favourite diversion of his to set us sentences in the forenoon, and to lock us up alone, away from our native Pundits, or teachers, until tiffin-time, when the task was expected to be properly rendered into Persian. The weather was fearfully hot, and we petitioned to be allowed the services of one or two Punkah-pullers to cool us;—a request so reasonable that it was instantly granted. Old Colonel MacCundle locked us in with our Punkah-pullers with his own hands; little dreaming that we had arranged that two or three Pundits should be dressed as servants. No sooner was the key turned upon us than our sham Punkah-pullers set to work upon the translations; whilst myself and my companions amused ourselves by turns at the Punkahs to cool *them*.

It appeared a great absurdity, and a libel upon the judgment of the Haileybury professor, to require a second examination of young men who had already been pronounced fit for the Service, and as having highly distinguished themselves. Yet so it was. It was clear, therefore, that one examination or the other must have been a farce. I was examined once—twice—and at length, thrice, after more cramming than any unfortunate turkey ever underwent. Finally, I succeeded, and was forthwith gazetted as Deputy Assistant Collector and Magistrate of Bogglepoor, a hundred and fifty miles south-west of the capital.

At first I felt some uneasiness at being located in the jungle amidst Ryots and tigers, to administer justice to the former and bullets to the latter; but I was assured that, as regarded my magisterial duties, nothing could be simpler: there were regular Hindoo translators and secretaries, who would take nineteen-twentieths of the fag off my hands; and that if I did commit any blunders it would signify very little; for all the suitors were only natives. Besides, I had but to keep on good terms with the judge of the District; and, if any person appealed against *my decision*—which the scoundrels sometimes would do—he would be certain to confirm them all. This eased my mind wonderfully.

I had no difficulty about my debts to the Banian. They were arranged in the most agreeable manner. Indeed, further sums were placed to my credit; and I started off in full feather to Bogglepoor, resolved to have a pull at the mystical Pagoda Tree before I was many months older.

My station was rather an important one, judging from the number of cases in arrears. It was a remarkable fact, however, that the revenue part of my duties was by no means in this plight. The collection of the land tax had been so rigidly performed, that not a single ana of arrear had to be got in. Having, therefore, nothing to do for some time in that branch of my double appointment, I was of course anxious to try my 'prentice hand at a little justice, and attended court the day after my arrival — a proceeding which astounded my native subordinates; who held up their black hands, turned up their great white eyes, and vowed that the Sahib must be mad not to rest for a week at least. I was immersed in pleadings until late every day, when I started off to be initiated into the Deputy Collectorate; the office of which was conveniently situated some two miles distant.

Great was my astonishment at finding all my venerated Sanscrit, all the vaunted Persian, utterly useless, and the little Hindustani I had picked up quite unintelligible at Bogglepoor; the jargon of which was equally strange to me.

I worked like a mill-horse, for about a week, on the magisterial bench and in the Cutcherry or tax office; but, like the mill-horse, with all my toiling I never appeared to move forward. The cases, although of the most simple nature, became so involved and intricate—such a confused mass of evidence was heaped up such contradictions occurred—that when I had reached the end of one I seemed to be no nearer the truth than at starting. The arrears began to increase upon me; difficulties seemed to spring up about my path on all sides. I was wanted at the Cutcherry to see to the accounts; a number of troublesome Ryots required ousting from their land; and it soon became evident that, if I wished to keep matters at all square and easy, I must abandon all idea of going into evidence myself; but do as my predecessor had done—leave the Sheristadar to take all that down, and content myself with giving decisions upon the depositions so taken.

The change in affairs was perfectly marvellous. Instead of the wheels of justice clogging, and creaking, and standing still, they seemed to fly along; but so noiselessly that I scarcely knew what was going on. At the end of another week, I found all my arrears were worked off; and from that time I was plagued no more; the cur-

rent of my official career ran smoothly as oil. I rose not very early in the morning, sipped my coffee, lighted my cheroot, mounted my horse, and cantered a mile or two. After breakfast I sauntered down to the Court House for an hour, and decided as many cases as there was evidence taken upon. The Sheristadar gabbled over this part of the work at a tremendous pace—too rapidly for the witnesses to hear distinctly. Occasionally some unfortunate prisoner held up his hands and protested that the evidence had not been taken down fairly; such accusation aroused the indignation of the Sheristadar, and I invariably put down all disrespectful interruptions—for, as my native secretary assured me, had I once listened to such nonsense, there would have been no end to it, and I should have had no time to attend to my revenue duties.

Amongst other matters I did not forget the hint regarding the Sessions Judge of my district. I took the very first opportunity of paying my respects to this important and conceited person; and so far succeeded as to make a decidedly favourable impression. My new acquaintance was married; and I had lived long enough in the world to know that if you secure the wife's good opinion, that of the husband follows as a matter of course. I paid the utmost deference to the lady; agreed with all her opinions, shared in her likes and dislikes; pinned my belief to her faith; and I had no doubt but that had she declared it to have been midnight at high noon, I should have vowed I saw the stars.

That card was well played. None of my summary decisions were reversed, and very soon no one dreamt of appealing against me; which of course saved a world of trouble, and no end of anxiety and suspense to the suitors themselves—who were only natives. Occasionally I was troubled with some dissatisfied indigo planter; but I took good care to give no sort of encouragement to these gentry, or I should very soon have had my hands full. We always considered these people as interlopers, for they neither belong to the Service nor would they be treated as Ryots. I always told them that I was there to administer justice to the natives—not to them; who had really no business whatever in the country. The truth is, these interloping fellows would have nothing to say to my Sheristadar, but each insisted on having his case gone into by myself. One of them, who spoke the native tongue like a Ryot, had the insolence to declare in open court that my translator had not rendered a part of the native evidence correctly to me. I commanded him to hold his peace; but as he continued to protest against my official's conduct, and as I dared not eject him from court, I gave orders to have him gagged. Four of my Paiks seized the astounded Englishman; and, before he was aware of what they were about to do, they had forced an enormous wooden gag into his mouth—one that had been used on many an unruly Hindoo—and thus they held him until the case was completed and I had left the court. It is almost needless to add that I was seldom troubled with any indigo planters afterwards. I believe a complaint was lodged against me with my friend the Sessions Judge, but no attention was ever given to it.

I remained at Bogglepoor upwards of two years before I was promoted to be Deputy Collector of a large district of about twice the size of Yorkshire. I was sorry to leave, for I had had a very quiet time of it, having left nearly all my magisterial duties to my Sheristadar. So thrifty and industrious was he, and such an economical manager, that although his official income was only fifty rupees, or five pounds, a month, he contrived to live almost as comfortably as myself. I am sure he took an occasional sly pull at the Pagoda Tree.

The income of my new post at Luckybad was a thousand rupees monthly, which, translated into the vulgar tongue, signifies one thousand two hundred pounds a year. This was well enough considering my time of service; and, by dint of great economy, I might have paid off a part of my Hooghly debts had there been any occasion for doing so; which there really was not; for no sooner had I been promoted than I had an intimation from the Banian that, in the event of my requiring any further assistance to support the dignity of my new office, he would instantly give the necessary instructions to his agent at Luckybad.

On taking charge of the Cutcherry of the district from the Collector I was succeeding, I learnt to my surprise and delight that the office was really worth nearly double what it stood at in the Company's list. A little explanation from my principal over our first coffee and cheroots placed the whole thing clearly before me. The Deputy Collector had the appointment of various native officials for the supervision of the salt and opium dues; and, so lucrative were these posts in many ways, that it became the custom for the persons appointed to them to pay their patron monthly fees, or *dustomie*, to the amount of ten times the recognised emoluments of the offices. Thus the head inspector of the salt and opium revenue, with a salary of five pounds sterling *per mensem*, paid to my predecessor fifty pounds monthly as dustomie. Another, having monthly wages of three pounds, paid twenty-five pounds, and so on. In this way the Deputy Collector made up an extra ninety pounds every month, or upwards of a thousand a year.

At first this new feature in the Service rather staggered me. I hesitatingly inquired of my friend whether it was all right and quite safe. He laughed at me, and observed truly enough that was "the system;" the native subordinates could not be prevented from

plundering—unless, indeed, the Collector were to be on his feet all day, which was out of the question—and therefore it was but right that the scoundrels should be made to pay for their rascality. As to its being *safe* he should like to catch anybody attempting an *exposé*—such a thing was too insane to be thought of. Besides, any such matter would be referred to the Hooghly Board of Revenue, composed of men who had all of them been sub-collectors in their day; and of this the natives were quite aware.

My career at Luckybad was unruffled by any magisterial duties. The revenue received my undivided attention for fully eighteen months. I forget how many hundreds of defaulting Ryots I ejected from their land in that time; but there were a great many. The lazy rascals would not pay the Zemindars their rent, who were in consequence unable to meet our demands on them. It was singular, though, that these Zemindars, although they declared they could not get in their dues, were constantly becoming more opulent; whilst the natives, who they said never paid them, became poorer every season. I never could understand this.

My next move was most unexpected. I was hoisted over the heads of two or three before me in seniority, and made a Collector outright, fully four years sooner than I was entitled to the step. The mystery was cleared up some months afterwards, on my hearing that my father had been returned Member for a borough in the west of England. From this time my promotion was rapid and regular. I was moved upwards from one good post to another, until one fine day I was informed that a seat at the Hooghly Board of Revenue was at my disposal. This brought me once more into regular civilised life; and with uncommonly frequent opportunities of having a shake at the Pagoda Tree. Nothing had occurred of late years to give me the least trouble, excepting always those confounded Ryots, and one affair whilst I was in the Muzzypoor district. Some wild speculative interlopers had formed the insane idea of introducing railways into the East, and had bored the company for all sorts of indulgences and assistance—as though we were not busy enough with our land tax, and our opium monopoly, and our wars.

These railway fellows were kept at bay as long as possible, one letter having remained two years unanswered; but at length something had to be done. Assistance was promised in a variety of ways, and official letters were addressed to the several Collectors of districts, directing them to afford every facility and information in their power to those undertakings. I received one of these circulars, and with it a "private and confidential" communication informing me that I was only to act with the most official *formality and to throw* every impediment in *my power in the* way of the railway. Fifteen years have elapsed since the first efforts were made; and last month the first fifteen miles of Indian railway were opened, being at the rate of a mile a year. People in England are amazed at this snail's progress, and set it all down to the natural difficulties of the country; for the ignorant know nothing of the natural difficulties of a "private and confidential." A significant and instructive volume might be formed of these confidential communications.

Fairly established in the luxurious city of Hooghly; received into a high family, with little work on my hands; I had ample time to attend to the Pagoda Tree, as well as to balls, dinners, and other entertainments. My Banian was quickly paid off; for interest at twelve per cent. became an ugly addition to my old debt. My account in the Government bank crept up rapidly. I avoided all dabblings in joint-stockery, which had ruined so many of my friends, reserving my attention and my own funds for a far more profitable investment.

A near relation was then a member of the Direction at home; and, from him I gathered, from time to time, advices as to the Government movements in advances against goods, and the rate of exchange which would be fixed for their next operation. Being in possession of this information a fortnight, and sometimes a month, before any public intimation of the facts was given, I was enabled, through a friend, to invest largely in bills whenever a rise was certain to take place. The exchange was often in this way run up suddenly a penny or more in the rupee; giving a profit of several thousand pounds in one month. The results of five or six years' operations in this way, added to other pulls at the Pagoda Tree, have enabled me to return to my native land, a comparatively young and wealthy man.

I am now in "the House." I am most eloquent in my defence of all existing institutions, and paint in warm and glowing language the dangers of innovation of any kind. When the Company is attacked, I point to our Blue Books as our proud justification. If the Service be disparaged, I content myself with asking to be informed where there is to be found such another Service. I defend my own motives, though no one has impugned them, and vindicate that integrity which none have questioned. I express humble thankfulness for the prosperity which it has pleased God to shower on me; and, trusting that, with the blessing of Providence, we may long be permitted to rule the destinies of millions of our distant fellow-creatures, to their happiness and our own national glory, I sit down amidst loud and prolonged cheers, with a confused vision flitting across my brain of my old Sheristadar at Bogglepoor, of the opium and salt inspector of Luckybad, and of a long chain of my Hooghly exchange calculations;

the background being closed by a gigantic outline of the much-cherished, highly-venerated Pagoda Tree.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

One September evening ten years ago I rode into Carlsruhe. I made my entry in a crazy hackney cab behind a lazy horse that had been dragging me for a long time with cheerless industry between a double file of trees, along a road without a bend in it; a long, lanky, Quaker road, heavily drab-coated with dust; a tight-rope of a road that comes from Mannheim, and is hooked on to the capital of Baden. Out of that *allée* I was dragged into the square-cut capital itself, which had evidently been planned by the genius of a ruler—not a prince, but the wooden measure. The horse stopped at the City of Pfortzheim, and as his decision on the subject of our halting-place appeared to be irrevocable, I got out.

At the capital of a grand dukedom, except Weimar, I always sleep (it is the only thing to be done there) and pass on; but it so happened that on that particular evening Carlsruhe was in a ferment; there was something brewing. I heard talk of a procession and of certain names, particularly the names Kugelblitz and Thalermacher. Never having heard those names before, and caring therefore nothing in the world about them, I tumbled into bed. To my delight, when I got up in the morning, I found the little town turned upside down. Landlord, boots, and chambermaid, overwhelmed me with exclamations, surmises, and incoherent summaries of the night's news. There had been an outbreak. *Lieber Herr*, a revolution. One entire house razed to the ground. "*Hep! hep!*" that is the old cry, "Down with the Jews." All their bones would be made powder of. Tremendous funeral of Kugelblitz. Students on their way in a body from Heidelberg. Thalermacher the rich Jew, soldiers, the entire court, Meinheer, all in despair; a regular sack. Not only Kugelblitz, but Demboffsky the Russian officer, killed. O hep! hep! a lamentable tragedy. "For they were two such fine-looking young men," mourned the chambermaid, "especially Demboffsky." "You had better," said the landlord, "stay in Carlsruhe till to-morrow. Bed two florins, breakfast (knife and fork) two florins, dinner three." Very moderate. I did stay.

Roused by the incoherent tidings, I hurried to the centre of the tumult. The house of the firm of Thalermacher and Company was situated in the High Street; and though, certainly, it had a doleful look, it was there situated still: it held its ground. Not a brick was displaced; but—gaunt and windowless, disfigured with great blotches of ink and dirt, its little shop rent from the wall and *split up into faggots*—it looked like a house out of which all life had been knocked; but there was the carcase. In the street before the house, there were by that time a few splinters of furniture remaining; the rest had been broken up or hidden by kind and cunning neighbours. The shop had been cobbled together with the broken shutters; and half-a-dozen soldiers, quite at their ease, were lounging pleasantly about the broken door.

The outbreak, I was told by the bystanders, was quite unpremeditated. A few stragglers had halted before the house at about eight o'clock on the preceding evening, and had been discussing there the dreadful tale connected with its owner. One gossip, in a sudden burst of anger, hurled a bottle of ink—then by chance in his hand—at the Jew's house. The idea was taken up with such good will that a hard rain of stones, bottles, and other missiles, was soon pelting against Thalermacher's walls. Where all are unanimous it is not difficult to come to a conclusion. An hour's labour, lightened by yells and shouts of "*Hep, hep!*" was enough; and, the zeal of the people, burning like a fire, soon left of the house nothing but its shell.

The authorities in Germany, usually so watchful and so prompt to interfere, were either taken completely off their guard, or tacitly permitted the rude work of vengeance; for, although there was a guard-post in the immediate vicinity, the whole efforts of the military were confined to conducting Thalermacher and his family into a place of safety. The protection Thalermacher received was of a peculiar kind. Under the plea of insuring him against public attack, he was conducted, under escort, to the fortress of Rastadt, and there held a close prisoner, until the whole affair could be investigated.

The funeral procession of Lieutenant Kugelblitz was not a thing to be missed. I went, therefore, to the other end of the city, whence the procession was to start. The scene was impressive. Not merely his brothers-in-arms of the artillery; but the general staff—all officers of distinction in the Baden army, whose duties allowed them to be present—and even the Russian companions of his antagonist Demboffsky, acted as mourners.

As the procession came before the house of Thalermacher, I observed that a strong guard had been posted there for its protection. The funeral passed by without any demonstration whatever. Presently we turned up a narrow passage, leading from the high street towards the cemetery, and our progress became tediously slow as we moved through the close mass of people. At the burial-place every mound and stone was occupied. Flowers were trampled under foot, shrubs broken or uprooted, and the grass all stamped into the mould. The whole crowd listened to the impressive tone—only a few could hear the words—of the funeral harangue, and to the solemn hymn which followed. The service

closed with the military honour of musketry fired over the soldier's grave. That over, I was sucked back by the retreating tide of citizens into the main street of Carlsruhe.

The crowd instantly dispersed; and, as I wandered through the side streets, I soon saw that the authorities had come to life. My attention was first called to an official announcement freshly posted, which warned all persons from assembling in the public street in knots or clusters, even of three or four; on pain of being instantly dispersed by the military. Another placard fulminated an injunction to parents, masters, and burghers to restrain and confine all persons under their charge—such as workmen, servants, and children—within their respective houses; because, for any offence committed by them against the public peace, such masters or parents would be held responsible. I began to fancy myself in a state of siege. Wandering again into the main street I was met by a strong division of dusty dragoons, in full equipment of war, which came sweeping and clashing along from adjacent parts of the country, evidently under urgent orders. Another and another followed. Troops of infantry tramped hastily along the side streets. The very few civilians I met in the streets seemed to be hurrying to shelter from a coming storm. Was there really any social tempest in the wind? Or were all these precautions but a locking of the stable door after the steed was stolen?

Having roamed by chance into a sequestered beer-house, I was surprised to find myself in the midst of a large party of students; probably from Heidelberg. They were well-grown youths, with silken blonde beards; and, in their behaviour, half swaggerers, half gentlemen. These were perhaps the enemies of order against whom the tremendous military preparations had been made.

As the day wore on it became evident that the authorities were ready to brave the most overwhelming revolution that ever burst forth. Troop after troop of cavalry galloped in; every soldier, indeed, of whatever arm stationed within an available distance of Carlsruhe, was brought within its walls. By eight o'clock in the evening the military preparations were completed: a picket of infantry was stationed at every street corner; and, from that hour to the break of day, parties of dragoons swept the main thoroughfares, clashing and clattering over the paved road with a din that kept me awake all night. Intercourse between one street and another, except on urgent business, was interdicted; and the humblest pedestrian found abroad without an urgent errand was conducted home with drums beating, colours flying, and all the honours of war. The display of force answered its purpose in preventing a second *attack of Christians* on Jews. The pale ghost *of insubordination* was laid and dared not *walk abroad*—especially at night.

I must say I felt a little relieved when it was ascertained for certain that the city was safe. I am no friend to despotism nor to political thraldom of any kind; but really it is impossible not to feel for the solemn aristocracies of German Grand-Duchies (who, if they be despots, are extremely amiable) when, poor people, they are in the least put out of their way: they are so dreadfully fussy, so fearfully piteous, so distraught, so inconsolable. I was glad therefore that, the revolution being put down, they could retire in peace to their coffee, their picquet, and their metaphysics. Doubtless Thalermacher (some Hebrew millionnaire, perhaps) and Kugelblitz (a fire-eater, for certain) had headed a frightful band of anarchists; who, but for the indomitable energy of the authorities, would peradventure have changed the destiny of the entire Duchy, of Germany, of Europe itself! Nothing but so illimitable an apprehension could have been the cause of such a siege-like effect. What else could have occasioned the entire blockade of Carlsruhe?

I had, however, exaggerated the cause as well as the danger; and I will now relate the real circumstances which had led to all these awful results; for the facts were afterwards made known in the Carlsruhe and Baden-Baden public journals of the day.

Early in the month of August, eighteen hundred and forty-three, the inhabitants of Baden-Baden gave a ball in honour of the Grand-Princess Helene of Baden, and the Duchess of Nassau. Among the names on the subscription-list stood that of Herr Heller von Thalermacher. Some unexplained animosity existed between this gentleman and Lieutenant Kugelblitz, who was also one of the subscribers.

Baron Donner von Kugelblitz, chief lieutenant of the Baden artillery, although only in his twenty-ninth year, had already spent fourteen years in military service, and was highly esteemed for his soldierly qualities, and straightforward bearing. He was tall, remarkably handsome, of an impetuous temperament, and his natural strength had been well developed by constant practice in manly and athletic exercises. Herr Heller von Thalermacher, or rather the firm of which he was the prominent member, was distinguished for qualities far different, but equally deserving of goodwill. The banking-house of Thalermacher was one of the most responsible in South Germany; and, at great expense and sacrifice, had introduced into the grand, but by no means affluent, duchy of Baden several branches of industry, which had enriched the ducal treasury, and furnished employment for thousands of industrious subjects. It had revived the almost extinguished mining interest, had introduced extensive spinning machinery, and had established a factory for the manufacture of beet-root sugar.

Lieutenant Kugelblitz, to whose opinion deference was due, expressed himself in such offensive terms with respect to Herr von Thalermacher, in relation to the ball, that the gentleman who had prepared the subscription-list at once erased the objectionable name: Herr von Thalermacher at once demanded satisfaction from his accuser, but this Lieutenant Kugelblitz refused, on the ground that the banker was not respectable enough for powder and shot. Hereupon two courts of honour were formed, one composed of gentlemen civilians in Baden-Baden, and the other of the officers in Carlsruhe. Both appeared to have been called together at the wish of Lieutenant Kugelblitz to inquire into and pronounce upon the point at issue. The civilians came to no decision. The military court of honour put the result of its deliberations in the *Carlsruhe Zeitung*, as a public advertisement, couched in these terms: "The Herr von Kugelblitz may not fight with the Herr von Thalermacher." Thus posted as a scamp, Thalermacher advertised back his own defence; and, by public circulars and bills, declared the accusation of Kugelblitz to be false and malicious, and his behaviour dishonourable and cowardly. At the same time a Russian officer of good family, —Demboffsky—who had acted throughout as negotiator and friend on the part of Thalermacher, and who felt himself deeply compromised by the imputations put forth against his principal, declared publicly that the military court which had condemned the Herr von Thalermacher, after hearing only his accuser, was a one-sided and absurd tribunal, and that it was not competent to give any decision.

The result of this declaration was a challenge from Lieutenant Kugelblitz. Demboffsky said that he was quite willing to give his challenger the satisfaction he demanded, on condition that he should first arrange his quarrel with Herr Thalermacher as became a gentleman.

On the night of the first of September, (at the beginning of our English shooting season), the Russian being on a visit to his friend, Thalermacher, in his apartments, assured him in the most positive terms, that he would keep promise, and would make no hostile arrangement with Lieutenant Kugelblitz. Prince Trubetzkoi and other friends then present completely coincided in this mode of action. At half-past eleven at night, Demboffsky quitted his friend, and hastened homewards. He had advanced only a few steps on the road, when suddenly two figures strode up to him, and stayed his progress. He at once recognised Kugelblitz, and a Spaniard named Manillo, who had lived for many years in Germany.

"Will you fight with me?" shouted Kugelblitz in a passion.

The Russian, although taken completely by surprise, replied that he would do as he had already said. He would fight with Senor Manillo at once if it were thought desirable; but he would engage in no hostilities with Kugelblitz, until the quarrel of Thalermacher was adjusted. Great was the wrath of Kugelblitz. He clenched his fist, shook it in the face of Demboffsky, and demanded furiously that he should give him his word of honour to fight him in the morning. The Russian, who expected bodily violence, then said, that since the insult had been pushed so far, there remained no other course open to him, than to accept the challenge; which he accordingly did, pledging himself to meet Kugelblitz on the morrow. He then hastened back to his friend Thalemacher, and related the occurrence to him.

On the following day the duel took place. It happened that Lieutenant Kugelblitz was under orders to mark out the artillery practice-ground at Hardwall, near Rastadt, and as he could not leave his post, the meeting took place in its neighbourhood. The two officers stood forward in deadly opposition with a measured distance of ten paces only.

Nevertheless, the first fire was without result; but, at the second fire, Kugelblitz was struck in the breast; yet he still held his weapon undischarged. He pressed his left hand on the wound, as he pulled the trigger with his right. The pistol missed fire. Another cap was placed upon the nipple, but it also failed. The second of Demboffsky then handed another weapon to the dying man; who, with quiet resolution, still closing his wound with his fingers, drew for the third time upon his opponent, and with such effect, that, uttering a wild cry, and the words, "*Je suis mort!*" "I am dead!" the Russian leapt up into the air, and then rolled upon the ground a corpse. Kugelblitz, exhausted by the efforts he had made to die like a gentleman, sank into the arms of his second, Manillo, and was carried insensible to Carlsruhe. He died at noon on the second day after the duel.

Thereupon the discerning and indignant public, a little biassed—as it too often has been in Germany—against the Jews in general, gutted the house of Herr von Thalermacher.

The State also fell in with the common notion; and, under the plea of sheltering an injured man, lodged him in prison for eleven days. Seals were placed upon his papers and apartments. The State then set about ascertaining privately in how far the victim of mob law had been guilty of the mishchief which by general acclamation was imputed to him.

After a hunt through the banker's desk, and an inspection of his drawers, the decision of the court tribunal of Rastadt was delivered. It was ordered that the Herr Heller von Thalermacher be forthwith liberated from the fortress of Rastadt, free and untainted. Further: that the seals be removed from his

apartments and papers, seeing that nothing among them had been found which could cast the faintest shadow upon his reputation.

We had all been yelling at the wrong man. Kugelblitz was after all the author of the tragedy.

THE POWER-LOOM.

In no department of human invention have such extraordinary vicissitudes been undergone, as in that which has had the most prodigious effect on the material prosperity of Great Britain. It is a fact familiar to all, that the ingenious mechanic who struck open the path of discovery in connection with the cotton manufacture, died in the workhouse at Nottingham; while the energetic and enterprising man who followed him, died in possession of millions. These cases have attracted the world to gaze upon them; but there are others which lie in the more level places between, partaking as little of the shadow through which Hargrave, as of the shadow and sunshine through which Arkwright moved, yet suggestive of highly curious reflection, and appealing very strongly to the sympathies. For the difficulties which obstruct the way to knowledge are not incident to poverty alone, nor is it only those who force themselves upward through sordid impediments who demand attention and praise. I am about to sketch the career of a man of whom it would be less appropriate to say that he rose hardly by the help of knowledge, than that he descended willingly to testify his love of it; in whom the desire dwelt for its own sake; and not for any thought of ambition, or hope of gain connected with it; who turned aside from a thousand temptations that might have repressed it, abandoned for it luxuries of taste in which his mind had long expatiated, and embraced an occupation the very opposite to that in which already he had lived forty quiet, liesurely, scholarly years. Nor in this regard is the poor barber's son of Preston, or even the illiterate carpenter of Blackburn, a more noteworthy subject of contemplation than the grave, gentle middle-aged preacher and poet, who so suddenly found himself embarked in schemes that were to enrich millions and impoverish only himself, yet amid all the unquiet and misery that never cease to assail original invention remained exactly the same unsoured lover of books and verses as when his life knew no higher happiness or graver care.

Edmund Cartwright, elder brother of the well-known Major, came of a good Nottingham family which had suffered in its fortunes by siding with Charles the First. He was bred for the Church (in which he subsequently received the dignity of a Doctorate) *not altogether* by his own desire. He had *wished to enter* the navy; but an elder and a *younger brother* having been permitted to mount the blue coat, he was fain to resign himself to the black one, and at fourteen (he was born in 1743) he was duly sent up to Oxford, where, after taking his decree at University College, he got a fellowship at Magdalen. Langhorne, once thought a poet, and still deserving to be called an agreeable writer, was his college tutor in his undergraduate days; and a very early temptation to try his hand at verse was probably part of Langhorne's tuition. For his muse displayed no irregular or daring tendencies, either now or at any later time, but rather a docile and obedient than an original inspiration; and for the graceful turn thus given to a cultivated taste (since only thus we may characterise Cartwright's poetry), it will be no wrong to the memory of the good old translator of Plutarch, if we hold him to some extent responsible. Before his pupil was nineteen his verses were before the world; though it was not till he was seven-and-twenty that he became talked about as the writer of a ballad-tale of the Edwin and Emma school, which not only passed through several editions at the time, but has since found its way into the collections. It has many really pleasing stanzas, and contains two lines which were great favourites with Walter Scott, who, in his youth, had often heard them instanced and repeated by Dugald Stewart "with much pathos" as a very beautiful picture of Resignation.

> And while his eye to heaven be raised,
> Its silent waters stole away.

The young poet meanwhile had married and received a presentation to the perpetual curacy of Brampton in Derbyshire, which, seven years later he exchanged for a better living in Leicestershire. It soon became manifest, however, that he was not naturally formed for rising in the Church; for he held opinions, and took no pains to conceal them, which had ceased to be fashionable. He wrote a poem by way of indignant protest against impending hostilities with America, and took eager part in seconding the claims of Mr. William Jones, when that great scholar aspired to represent the University of Oxford, forgetting that he had disqualified himself by writing an *Ode to Liberty*. But happily for Cartwright he never sought or set his heart on the promotion he had such small chance of receiving, nor seemed in any respect dissatisfied with the life that lay before him. When only the little Derbyshire living was his, we find him absorbed in cares for his poor parishioners, and studying medicine to enable him to relieve any sudden ailments that afflicted them. When he changes it for the living in Leicestershire, he does not change his kindly contented nature; but, as he had learnt medicine for his poor parishioners' sake, he now studies farming for the sake of his not very rich little glebe, and becomes, after a brief space, like the good

Doctor Primrose, those three great characters in one, a "husbandman, a priest, and the father of a family."

– *In Arcadia Ego*, said the inventor of the power-loom nearly half a century afterwards, when he looked back through a troubled memory on this first half of his life. Certainly a dream in Tempe itself, or one of the vales of Arcady, could hardly have been more quiet. If one looks a little closely, it is true, one may see that there peeps forth now and then a glimpse of the spirit which was to give such excitement and interest to his latter years; but it is only when one of his parishioners has been cured by some simple remedy he has himself invented, or when one of his experiments in farming has had unexpected success. Never do we observe a discontented or uneasy looking forth *beyond* the limits of his parish or his glebe. He preaches sermons of the old practical school of divinity, writes verses in his intervals of doctoring and farming, and now and then reviews a book for the *Monthly*. For, being a man of good account in the world, a clergyman, a friend of Langhorne's, and moreover a Whig (an article now daily becoming much less plentiful, both in the church and out of it, than it had formerly been), he was just the sort of writer to recommend himself to old Griffiths, who accordingly laid him under frequent contribution. As the reader may possibly remember, this was the editorial bibliopole, the seller of books at the sign of the DUNCIAD, who had no better words for poor Goldsmith in the depths of his early distresses than the lowest and worst in the dictionary; but in his correspondence with the well-to-do Leicestershire rector we find him a far more humanised being, who at least never breaks, as of old, into gross or unseemly expressions.

This Griffiths connection might yet have been not worth mentioning but for another to which it introduced the reviewer. Goldsmith and Chatterton had not been dead more than half-a-dozen years when another youth, also conscious of higher powers than could find outlet through the meanness of his fortune, was walking the flinty streets of London with a feeling bordering on despair. He was the son of a poor Norfolk schoolmaster and parish-clerk, and, like Goldsmith, had been an apothecary's apprentice. He had come up to London with three pounds in his pocket, which gradually dwindled down to fourpence halfpenny; and no care, no economy, no sacrifice, could delay any longer the terrible approach of want. He had parted with all he could spare of his scanty wardrobe, had pawned a watch very dear to him, had let go even that copy of *Dryden* in which at the first flush of his little capital of three pounds he had ventured to invest no less than three shillings. And yet no answer was come from Lord North to a letter *he had written* that good-humoured prime minister; Lord Shelburne kept obdurate silence, notwithstanding a most complimentary copy of verses addressed to him; and from Lord Thurlow there was not a hint of encouragement for the poor confident youth, who had only asked his lordship to read and judge whether his poems might not deserve a patron. Darkness was on all sides closing around him, when happily he thought of Edmund Burke, perhaps fancied that the memory of the friend he loved might dispose him to a gentle hearing of the petition elsewhere so scornfully rejected, and finally resolved to write to him. It was early on a summer evening, in the year when Cartwright was so zealously engaged for Jones at Oxford, that this letter to Burke was delivered at his door by the writer of it, who afterwards, such was the agitation of hope and fear that possessed him, walked backwards and forwards over Westminster-bridge until long after daylight broke. Burke's generous answer sent back solid help as well as comfortable praise, and one of its many results was the life-long friendship which afterwards sprang up between George Crabbe and his first reviewer.

But while gloomy and anxious days thus passed for ever from the one, they were slowly beginning to open on the other. Within little more than three years after the time thus glanced at, Crabbe writes, in a laughing letter to his friend, of some odd invention he has heard about. The other remonstrates as if it were no laughing matter. "You shall not find me smiling at your loom," returns the good-hearted poet, "when you grow serious in it. I have the worst mechanical conception that any man can have, but you have my best wishes. May you weave your webs of gold!" Nor, amid the visions that were crowding then in the fancy of the sanguine projector, did it seem a mere poet's wish that golden webs *should* be woven.

But what had transformed into a sanguine projector the quiet and contented country clergyman? Nothing graver than the accident of a chance conversation. In the summer of 1784 Cartwright happened to be on a visit at Matlock in Derbyshire, when the talk at table turned on the extensive and ingenious manufactures lately established in that neighbourhood. Arkwright's mode of spinning cotton by machinery, just introduced, became the subject of popular controversy; one of the grumblers among the company having remarked that, if the method should be adopted generally, so much more yarn was sure to be manufactured than our own weavers could work up that it would have to be largely exported to the continent, and might there be woven into cloth so cheaply as greatly to injure the English trade. Cartwright reflected a moment, and observed that the remedy for such an evil did not seem very difficult;—why not apply the power of machinery to the art of weaving as

well as to that of spinning and contrive looms to work up the yarn as fast as the spindle should produce it? The notion was laughed at. The thing was pronounced, from the minute intricacy of the movements required in weaving, to be ludicrously impossible; and "some gentlemen from Manchester" (presumed to be specially well informed on such a subject because of their locality) carried the argument very decisively against Cartwright's view. Nevertheless he was not convinced. He instanced the automaton chess-player for proof that there could be no real impossibility in applying power to any part of the most complicated machine; but the Manchester gentlemen, probably not being chess-players, could not the more be persuaded that even that highest attainable skill of mechanism could accomplish the extraordinary variety of movement required in a weaver's loom.

Cartwright went home after this conversation, brooding over it. His own simple remark had struck out for himself a truth which, as he turned it over in his mind, opened upon him more and more. For six or seven months he worked incessantly at models, at first rough and awkward even to ridicule, but steadily improving step by step; and at last, in April 1785, he took out a patent for the first of all the power-looms. It was a rude enough thing compared with the exquisite machinery used now, but it was the germ of all that followed; it received, in the three succeeding years, amendments from himself which were each the subject of a patent; and it cannot be doubted that Cartwright had here entitled himself, if ever man did, to the temporary rewards and lasting fame of a most important invention.

But the first he certainly did not get, and the last he hardly lived to see acknowledged.

His principal satisfaction was the somewhat melancholy one of being treated after the manner of all inventors from the beginning of time. Poor Crabbe saw his friend's fortune made outright as soon as he had a clear comprehension of what his discovery was; and "God bless you in it!" he warmly wrote. "Only remember, when you grow very rich, that we were friends before; and do not look down on us as the summer birds that will then come and serenade you daily. . . Every new hope you give me of your success makes me happy; nor am I disinterested, since I expect to be maintained handsomely as a decayed poet." But, alas! the serenade of the summer birds were never heard in Cartwright's dwelling; and for "decayed poet" we are soon to read "decayed projector."

Cartwright's quiet, his peaceful studies, his happy contented ways, vanished completely *with the dawning* of the not inglorious hour *in which he had* reason to think himself a *public benefactor.* The public he would have served rose against him straightway. His invention was to enrich all manufacturers, and of course manufacturers were its first and bitterest foes. There was nothing for it, if he would not be driven poorly back from the plough on which he had laid his hand, but to become manufacturer himself. His pleasant parsonage was abandoned; he sadly separated himself from his parishioners, endeared to him by many ties; and impelled by the spirit which now wholly possessed him, he built weaving and spinning factories in Doncaster, flung into the venture whatever he possessed, and began the struggle which was only to close with his life.

As if he were entering a country to lay it waste, instead of carrying into it abundance and the means of countless increase, he had to dispute desperately every inch of ground. His cottons were wilfully damaged, his workmen were seduced, his patent rights invaded. Still he persevered, and from every fresh rebuff his inventive ardour received but new encouragement. In several years from the time which changed the peaceful country clergyman into the active director of factories, workmen, and machines, he had taken out no fewer than nine patents. At a cost ruinous to his fortune, he had obtained them for weaving, for wool-combing (a most striking and valuable invention), for improvements in spinning, in callendering linens, in making ropes, in cutting of velvet pile, and for other matters of the like description; he had also largely added to his works in Doncaster, which he personally managed and superintended in all their details;—in short, he had laid broad and deep the foundations of enormous wealth, while he was himself getting poorer and poorer every day;—when suddenly the prospect seemed to brighten. A wealthy house in Manchester contracted for the use of four hundred of his looms. The mill was built to receive them, and had not been many days at work when it was burnt to the ground. Such were the warnings then administered to men who had intellect and courage to reason beyond the prejudices of their class. The struggle at last seemed hopeless. Poor Cartwright assigned his property at Doncaster in trust for his creditors, and betook himself to London.

He had one true friend in the midst of his misfortunes. He could write verses still. His muse might be homely, but she was faithful, and at all times ready with suit and service when invoked. Even while building his mills at Doncaster he was also building up a new edition of his poems; and on his way to London, a broken and discomfited but not a despairing or querulous man, he wrote a good, simple-minded, single-hearted sonnet, admitting his discomfiture, but refusing to stand helplessly wringing his hands over it.

With firm, unshaken mind that wreck I see,
Nor think the doom of man should be reversed for me.

Let not the reader imagine that the hard struggle under which this captain of industry was thus for the moment beaten down, had been a fight fought with ignorance alone. No doubt there were many poor mistaken men then living who believed that machinery would grind them yet closer to the earth; but this class was only made use of at the time by another far above them, who dreaded machinery because of its very tendency to strengthen those whom, for their own purposes, they thus turned suicidally against themselves. These were men, neither needy nor uneducated, who regarded every fresh machine for diffusing the conveniences of life more widely, as but another revolutionary instrument for the levelling of distinctions which the due subordination of society required. It was not by the poor that Hargrave was driven from place to place, till the workhouse at Nottingham received him; for though mobs pelted him, and poor men broke his machines, they were but the tools of a more secret combination which had all the wealth and influence of Lancashire to second it. Under the same evil influence Arkwright must also have fallen, and closed perhaps for ever might have been those new and boundless fields of employment forced open by his genius, if he had not been a man picked out of ten thousand for indomitable perseverance and invincible hardihood. Against Cartwright's crowning improvement this foul combination of course revived again, and what it had lost of its power of agitation by Arkwright's success it easily recovered against the new inventor by practising on the sufferings of the hand-loom weavers, the power-loom having suddenly proclaimed a sentence of not distant extinction on those most helpless of all living workmen. For who should be called helpless among labourers if not that ever toiling, ever ill-paid race, whose superlatively easy labour reduces necessarily to the very lowest point the strength and skill required to be displayed in it? A child's work can never in any circumstances be paid higher than by a child's wages, and it was not the least of the blessings conferred by the power-loom that it turned to worthier and more productive labour so many thousands upon thousands of wasted hands. It is a mistake to imagine, either, that the misery of the change was any great or new addition to the ordinary misery of the calling. When evidence was taken on the subject half a century ago, it was shown beyond question that for more than a year before Cartwright's invention the earnings of the great mass of these wretched men, when working even eighteen hours a day, had sunk very nearly to starvation point; so terrible had been the competition of numbers, principally Irish and their children, content with wages on which an English labourer could not live.

The testimony also supplied by that evidence to the inexpressible value of this discovery of the power-loom is most remarkable. As we read concerning it, we perceive that in the series of inventions which has made immortal the names of Hargrave, Arkwright, Crompton, and Cartwright, it may really stand as the crowning contrivance; and our wonder is unceasing that a mechanical power so original and beautiful should have been accomplished by one who started simply from the thought that it *was* to be accomplished, and, with a knowledge of mechanical principles only slight at first, was led in so short a time to so extensive a mastery over their application, by dint mainly of an honest and most single-minded zeal. Judge of the want it supplied by the effect it has produced. A quarter of a century ago (and the proportion of increase since then has been great beyond belief) there were nearly fifty thousand power-looms at work in England, weaving cotton alone. Take Manchester for example, the head-quarters of the violence and clamour which first assailed the discovery, and observe, within the brief but most interesting space of the last six years that Cartwright himself lived to see its incredibly gigantic advances. In 1817 there were something less than two thousand power-looms at work in Manchester; in 1820 they had amounted to upwards of five thousand; and in 1823, the year of Cartwright's death, they were little short of twenty thousand. As many as ten years ago, in the island of Great Britain alone, more than a hundred thousand power-looms were in full employ! One wonders if any vision of such a result as this crossed the mind of the ruined projector as he came journeying up to London in 1796, composing the pleasing sonnet to which I have referred, and prepared with a manly cheerfulness to begin life anew in the not very leisurely interval between his fiftieth and sixtieth year.

Begin life again as he might, however, he was in the grasp of a master passion which he could never again put aside. From the pursuit of scientific discovery, whatever hazard or danger it involved, he could not again draw back. The mere hope of gain had not inspired him to it, nor was he daunted by the presence of discouragement and loss. "It was now too late," says his daughter, "to return to that peaceful mode of life, and those literary pursuits, in which he had passed the best and happiest of his years." He rented a small house in Marylebone Fields, and lived the life of an inventor. Morning, noon, and night he was inventing. His little house became a very college of the sciences and arts. He improved his wool-combing machine in spite of the threats and abuses of the more than fifty thousand wool-combers whom it had fiercely arrayed against him. He made bread in his own kitchen by machinery. He had a plan for rendering houses fire-proof, and he invented geometrical bricks. He struck

out useful projects which others carried from him and applied. There was a machine for biscuit-baking which was his, and which a baker at Doncaster made a fortune by. None of his inventions did his open and guileless nature think of keeping secret; not a few of them, indeed, when once thrown off his thoughts by other fancies working there, he would afterwards fail even to recognise as his own.

"I remember him," says the son of his old friend Crabbe, alluding to the visits he would at this time occasionally make to the poet by way of holiday, to discuss spinning by looms and the spinning of verses. "Few persons could tell a story so well, no man make more of a trite one; I can just remember him, the portly, dignified old gentleman of the last generation, grave and polite, but full of humour and spirit." And pleasant it is, with that picture of him, to conjure up the portly polite figure side by side with his most frequent companion at this period of his life—a young, thin, eager, restless American, once student of art under Benjamin West, since more resolute student in civil-engineering, and daily debater with Cartwright of the all-interesting question, *Whether practicable to move vessels by steam?* For daily, at Marylebone Fields, the famous Robert Fulton was now to be seen; and Cartwright's daughter long remembered the vivacity of spirit with which he would sit by her father's side, drawing perpetual plans of paddle-wheels, while Cartwright himself contrived modes as numberless of bringing steam to act upon them, these latter finally taking shape in "the model of a boat which, being wounded up like a clock, moved on the water in a highly satisfactory manner." Poor Fulton died early, though not till he had launched the first steam-boat on the American waters; but before Cartwright died, steamers were regularly navigating every part of our English Channel, "and I must own," said the good old man, after watching the first Ramsgate boat, "I felt no little gratification in reflecting on the share I had in contributing to the exhibition."

Meanwhile his worldly troubles had become greatly more imminent and pressing; for, while his power-loom and wool-combing inventions had been silently forcing their way, his property in them had also been invaded, and continual thefts of his patents rendered it almost impossible to continue the working of his mills for the benefit of his creditors. After some anxious years, however, his indisputable and sole right to his own discoveries was affirmed with much complimentary tribute to his inventive genius, in a celebrated judgment by Lord Eldon; and fortified by this authority, he yielded to the importunity of his friends, and memorialized Parliament for such extension of the right, of which the exclusive exercise was thus at last assured to him, as might help to remunerate his hitherto unrewarded labours. He described himself in this memorial as the author of various mechanical inventions of great admitted utility to the manufacturers of this country, but the labours of whose many anxious years, fruitful in benefit to the public, had brought himself no other reward than barren reputation accompanied by ruined fortunes.

Patiently waiting the result of his petition so far as it might affect his future, he yet could not bring himself to suspend his master-passion for experiment; but as though driven for a time from the manufacturing field, he now indulged it in that of agriculture. In 1801 he got a prize from the Agricultural Board for a practical essay, and soon after received from the Duke of Bedford an appointment to superintend an experimental farm at Woburn. In 1803, a new three-furrow plough got him the silver medal of the Society of Arts. Next year the Agricultural Board made him an honorary member; and in the two following years gave him their gold medal for experiments in manure, and their silver medal for an essay on the culture of potatoes. Walpole said of Chatham's popularity that it rained gold boxes, and we might as certainly say of Cartwright's inventive faculty that at least it rained gold and silver medals.

The engagement at Woburn, too, proved happily something more substantial. He found friends as well as patrons in that princely home. He became the Duke's domestic chaplain, as well as superintendent of the experimental farm; and from the early intelligence of the Duke's third son there flashed out at once upon the brave old man a quick and true feeling for all that was noble or true, to which his own nature warmly responded. Their friendship began in play, and ended in admiration as marked and full of sympathy as could possibly consist with such difference of years. "When I went to Woburn," the old man afterwards wrote, describing the steam-boat model he had constructed for Fulton, "I gave it to Lord John Russell, then about ten or eleven years old, as a plaything. It went by clockwork; and Lord John used frequently to amuse himself with setting it afloat on the stew-ponds in the garden." In the next year we find him publishing a volume of verses, of which Lord John receives the dedication; and up to the year of his death, it is touching to see the eager and trembling fervour with which he follows each successive step in the young statesman's public life.

From that happy interval at Woburn, indeed, may be traced such brighter fortune as gilded the old man's declining years. Parliament soon granted him the further protection to his patent which his memorial prayed for, and this protection brought other more substantial justice with it. Forced at last to acknowledge and respect his rights,

the manufacturers now began to discover the mistake they formerly made, and fifty of the greatest Manchester houses took the lead in memorializing Parliament for "compensation to Doctor Cartwright." A committee was appointed, much evidence was heard, and the application was successful. In other words, it was proved that by his inventions he had lost between thirty and forty thousand pounds; and Parliament, in consideration of the public advantages they had so widely, and at such a sacrifice diffused, voted him ten thousand pounds. But he was nearly seventy years old when he received it, and there was therefore little doubt of its giving him competence for the brief remainder of his life.

It did so, and to the last he went on inventing. When he was seventy-nine he wrote a poem, in which this manly triplet,

> With mind unwearied, still will I engage,
> In spite of failing vigour and of age,
> Nor quit the conflict till I quit the stage,

expresses what was soberly the fact to within a few hours of the close of his existence. When sent in his eightieth year to Dover for warm sea-bathing, he saved the bath-man the work of two men by solving his difficulties in pumping up the water; a few weeks later he designed the model of a new Centaur carriage; and a day or two before he died he wrote a quite elaborate argument to a friend on what he believed to be a new method of working the steam-engine. He went to his very grave inventing; and never had the grave received a better or more ingenious man. Whenever we celebrate our English Worthies, therefore, let not the name of Edmund Cartwright be forgotten.

THE WONDROUS WELL.

Came North, and South, and East, and West,
Four sages to a mountain crest.

Each vow'd to search the wide world round,
Until the Wondrous Well be found.

And here, as simple shepherds tell,
Lies clear and deep the Wondrous Well.

Before the crag they made their seat,
The polished water at their feet.

Said One, "This well is small and mean,
Too petty for a village green."

Another said, "So smooth and dumb,
From earth's deep centre can it come?"

The Third, "This water seems not rare,
Not even bright, but pale as air."

The Fourth, "A fane I look'd to see;
Where the true well is, that must be."

They rose and left the mountain crest,
One North, one South, one East, one West.

Through many seas and deserts wide,
They wander'd, thirsting, till they died.

The shepherds by the mountain dwell,
And dip their pitchers in the Wondrous Well.

PROVISIONALLY REGISTERED.

We have a fortune within our grasp. The thing is as clear as noon-day. Twenty thousand pounds for myself, and twenty thousand pounds for my fellow promoter, Ralph Augustus Rigging. People are welcome to call us sanguine, and headstrong, and foolish. Capitalists may turn their backs upon us; but we know that, very shortly, the proudest of them will be at our feet. This is how we found our fortune:

I and Rigging were having a chop in the City one sloppy afternoon, when the market was dull (that very morning, in fact, the Great North and South Pole Junction shares had dropped down to seventy-five ex. div.), when a very quiet dull man planted himself in the same box with us. He called for a chop and a sausage, and particularly desired that the sausage should be fried crisp. He had a careworn countenance; and, when he placed his hat upon the table, he dropped a bundle of greasy papers into it. Little did I think at that moment my fortune was bound up in that grease.

Rigging soon broke cheerily into conversation with him. He talked about the money market. Rigging (who had, I know, only eighteenpence in the world), chattered airily and confidently about the glut of money in the City, and gave long lists of the paper done by various discount houses whose operations he pretended to know all about, at one and a half per cent. The aspect of metals, the hopes of hops, the chances of corn, the prospects of jute, the rise in B. P. sugar gradually led, from a discussion on the bottled-beer trade, to a few words on the imperial pint question then beginning to be mooted. The mention of bottles visibly worked on the stranger's mind, and his hand wandered instinctively towards the greasy bundle of papers in his hat. He paused, and then awkwardly asked whether we had ever experienced the astonishing inefficiency of the common corkscrew? Rigging suggested that all the corkscrews he had ever operated with were bad, because they required labour to fulfil their purpose. Indeed he was quite prepared to extend his patronage to any new screw that would draw a cork instantly and without effort.

This intimation threw the stranger into a state of greater excitement. He grasped his bundle of adipose papers; and, as he untied them, rapidly and earnestly traced the leading points of his career. At an early age, he said, he saw that the world wanted an improved corkscrew, and resolved to give the matter his undivided attention. He resigned

the business for which his father had destined him; and, with his savings, bought every kind of corkscrew that came within his reach. He found that they were one and all based upon wrong principles; and for a long time he could not devise the right principles on which those important social instruments ought to be constructed. But he never let the subject pass from his mind. He felt convinced that an improved corkscrew would draw a colossal fortune for the inventor; and this conviction kept him true to his purpose. He said it would make our hearts ache to listen to the miseries he had suffered, in carrying out the great and glorious object of his existence. He had defied sheriff's officers, and had serenely seen his household gods pass under the hammer of the auctioneer; he had been deceived by large and powerful bodies of people; he had wasted the fortune of his wife in experiments; he had tried to open, on new and improved principles, upwards of thirteen thousand bottles of wine; and at last he had succeeded in manufacturing a corkscrew that drew a cork with the daintiest twirl of the tiniest lady's finger.

As he rapidly pictured these stages of his career, his eyes dilated; his voice became tremulous; his action grew wildly animated. Mr. Rigging begged him to calm himself; but encouraged him to proceed, and to enter into full details; adding, that he had, probably, by the merest accident, met with parties who might realize all the dreams of his youth —men, who at all events could console him for years of misery by insuring him a meridian of competence, and a decline of unclouded prosperity.

Thus urged, the gentleman unfolded his plan; winding up by the declaration that all he wanted was a capitalist. Rigging smiled at this trifling desideratum; and asked, particularly, whether this was *all* the stranger required? I confess that I was a little surprised at Rigging's confident air; for I knew, to my cost, that *he* was no capitalist. But he continued to cheer the little man on until the inventor of the screw had revealed the whole of his project; concluding, by asking him what sum he required for his novel and highly remunerative invention. The stranger took out his pencil and made several elaborate calculations; while Rigging kept uttering exclamations on the wonderful luck which had brought ourselves and the inventor together.

I did not see the matter quite so clearly as Rigging seemed to see it; but I left it entirely in his hands. Presently the stranger said, in a hesitating tone—and after having exhibited in a vivid light the incalculable expenses he had borne—that he would not object to part with his entire right in his patent corkscrew, for the preposterously low sum of six thousand five hundred and fifty pounds. Rigging asked, with earnest solemnity, if, *positively*, he was prepared to sign an agreement to that effect? The stranger replied in the affirmative. "Better make it ten thousand," Rigging suggested.

The stranger stared. Rigging went on to show that the thing was worth ten thousand pounds, at least, if it were worth ten pence; and that it would be mere folly to part with it for less. The stranger was not slow to accede to this view of the subject.

"Now to business," Mr. Rigging suggested. He then went on to show that the scheme was one, the importance of which was so great, that it could not be fully carried out by any private individual. A public company was the only expedient conceivably practical, and Mr. Rigging was exactly the "party" whose influence in the City could command directors of weight and character. The stranger looked doubtingly. Mr. Rigging returned to the charge with renewed vigour. He painted in glowing colours the prospects of a public company working so important an invention. He shadowed forth colossal dividends paid at frequent intervals. He pointed to companies that were at ten, premium; and wound up by appealing to the stranger as a man of business, whether this glorious scheme had not stronger claims upon public support, than many of those then so high in the esteem of the members of the Stock Exchange. The stranger's enthusiasm expanded under Rigging's eloquence. Rigging saw this, and chose his moment to recall to us that we were not in a place for the transaction of important business, and suggested that perhaps the stranger would favour him next morning with a call at his office in Moon Alley. The stranger eagerly assented to this arrangement, and we parted.

I found Mr. Rigging at his place of business, and in company with the stranger at the appointed minute. They were surrounded with plans, sections, together with working, isometrical, and perspective drawings of corkscrews. The stranger's dull, heavy, hopeless expression of countenance had vanished. He was in high spirits; and, at the moment when I entered, Mr. Rigging was debating with him whether they would have the Prime Minister, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or both, as president or presidents of the board of honorary directors. Rigging suggested that they should not make the thing too cheap; and that therefore he was decidedly of opinion that only the Prime Minister should be allowed the honour. And so it was settled. From this subject our attention was turned to the formation of a working board. Rigging proposed that two of the most celebrated wine-merchants, a leading man in the cork trade, and an influential bottle-maker, should be at once communicated with. They would, of course, assent to become directors without a thought of hesitation: for their very existence as manufacturers (in which designation wine-merchants were designedly included) depended upon corkscrews. Here would be four directors; Mr. Rigging

would endeavour so to economise his time, as to make a fifth; and then there would be only three (with power to add to their number) wanting to complete the board. The scheme lay in the compass of a nutshell. The stranger was asked whether he had any preference as to bankers; whether he intended to bring in his own, or any favourite solicitor; and whether he would be disposed to take an active part in the management of the Company? To these questions the stranger gave highly satisfactory answers. Whereupon Mr. Rigging, passing his hand with a graceful bow towards me, expressed the great pleasure he felt in proposing his excellent friend Mr. Scripplewick as Secretary *pro tem.* He knew (he was so good as to add) that I should do all in my power to carry out the views of the directors, and that I should be found an efficient and intelligent officer. I was thereupon requested to proceed to the nearest stationer's shop and purchase a book. "For," said Mr. Rigging in a highly impressive tone, "I make it a rule in all business matters to act from the beginning according to the strict letter of the law, and with the most scrupulous exactitude."

The inventor approved of this very refreshing sentiment, and I invested (out of my own capital) two shillings and ninepence in a minute-book. I was at once requested to draw up a statement of our proceedings. Accordingly I set forth, that, at a meeting, of which Ralph Augustus Rigging was unanimously voted Chairman, it was resolved, nemine contradicente, that the Company which the Meeting had been summoned to form, should be called and designated, and is hereby called and designated, The Patent Corkscrew Company. Another resolution fixed its capital at twenty-five thousand pounds; with the option—suggested by Mr. Rigging—of increasing to one hundred thousand pounds, in two hundred thousand shares of ten shillings each—one shilling deposit per share. The next proceeding was to decide who should be promoters, and what they (the promoters) should severally claim for their preliminary trouble, in the shape of preliminary expenses. Here the experience of Rigging was of essential service. He declared that the inventor, in this capacity, should have allotted to him six thousand free shares; and that I and Rigging should each have, as joint promoters, two thousand free shares. This self-denying arrangement was adopted; offices were fixed upon; a printer was appointed; and we proceeded to draw up the prospectus.

This was a glowing document. It described a little Dorado within two minutes' walk of the Stock Exchange. It bristled with figures exhibiting the number of corkscrews in use (from well authenticated data) distinguishing worm screws from barrel screws, and single-barrelled corkscrews from double-barrelled corkscrews. It tabulated in separate columns pocket, pantry, and pic-nic corkscrews. It dwelt on the importance of the corkscrew in the abstract, upon its indirect effect on the happiness of unborn millions; and it concluded by promising to shareholders dividends of nineteen per cent. paid quarterly. Rigging read this effusion to us with marvellous unction; and it was pleasant to see the glow of expectation that deepened every moment on the cheek of the inventor as the reading proceeded. We wound up our proceedings for that day, by sending the prospectus to the printer; and by provisionally registering the Company at the expense of the inventor; who paid that five pounds to the Registry-office with sublime alacrity.

We next devoted our energies to the formation of a powerful working Board. Every day we persuaded ourselves that the matter in hand was very easy: every day Rigging had reason to believe he would obtain a first-class name. Time ran on while we ran after Directors. After seven weeks' severe labour we booked one gentleman. I remember well the air of triumph with which Mr. Rigging lauded the Honourable Chester Titbury, and produced him in the Board-room. I remember, too, the promises of support that gentleman lavished upon us. He would see his friend Lord Cattegat and make him join; and if we wanted tip-top trustees, he would provide them for us. Mr. Rigging told us, after bowing out the Honourable Mr. Titbury, that now the formation of the Board was a matter of certainty; for it would be easy to get any names to join Titbury. Indeed, there would be a hot competition among the wine, cork, and bottle interests for the honour of serving upon our board. This prospect carried us all home, I think, very comfortably to bed that night. I dreamed that I was dipping my fingers with a noble duke into a certain little bowl filled with sovereigns which was always placed upon the Board table on Board days.

Rigging used the name of the Honourable Chester Titbury most discreetly. I was always hopeful while he had a copy of the printed prospectus in his pocket with our first and only name filling up the blank in manuscript under the head "Directors." Every day he called on me to report a new certainty of a new first-rate Director. Every day he heard something encouraging from the Stock Exchange. Every day he was told that all the influential men in the City had their eyes upon us. Every day I went to the office flushed with hope; but every evening returned home jaded and worn with disappointment. For still Mr. Chester Titbury was our only Director. But what of that? Mr. Rigging had heard that "they" were only holding back, to see how the market went. At last we resolved to disappoint and to exclude them (whoever they were). We accepted some names we had before declined. We had Mr. Flippy of Camden

Town, said to be a retired gentleman; Mr. Samuel Flick, a man of great influence in the tooth-brush trade: the Rev. Joshua Jerry, a clergyman with enlarged views and contracted means: and two or three more equally eligible members of the leisure classes. It was decided that the promoters ought to bear all the preliminary expenses; so that when the Board passed a very liberal resolution to advertise largely, I, Rigging, and the inventor had to take counsel of one another. I need not reveal the cost at which we scraped money together to pay for long advertisements in the morning papers.

These were inserted day after day. Applications for shares came in, in prodigious quantities. Mr. Troubadub of Pentonville wanted five hundred shares; Mr. Barleymus of Bermondsey would be glad to pay on seven hundred and fifty; Mr. Tumbledon of the Old Kent Road would feel obliged by an allotment of six hundred. Hundreds of other gentlemen were equally obliging. Sixty-two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven shares were applied for by the day the books were announced as being about to close: twenty-five thousand were judiciously allotted.

That is some time ago: calls upon only three hundred and one have as yet been paid. Our expenses have now amounted to seven hundred pounds; and at this moment the Honourable Chester Titbury has got his jewelled fingers in the little bowl of sovereigns on the Board table. When the proportion of capital prescribed by the Act of Parliament has been paid up, we hope to be completely registered. It is not, however, our intention to bring out the Patent Corkscrew until the invention is fully protected by law.

QUAILS.

Few events occur to disturb the quiet of the picturesque little island of Capri, There is a mild act of revolution now and then; and sometimes his Excellency the Syndico announces the receipt of a *fulminante decreto* from head-quarters; but, with the exception of such occasional alarms, the *contadino* pursues the even tenor of his way, unconscious almost of the existence of any world beyond the boundaries of his Commune. He digs, and sows, and drinks his carafe of wine, and eats his slice of onions, is bled once a month, has a *tocco*, dies, is cast into the pit, and so finishes his uneventful life of threescore years and ten.

The arrival of the Quails, however, produces periodical interruptions to this state of somniferous equanimity, causing as great a disturbance as the Carnival does in that of the Roman. What a bustling, merry season it is! Everybody dreams and thinks and speaks of nothing but quails. Ask a good man what he has had for dinner? "Quails! *Quails!" is his* answer. Whatever corner *you turn, ten to one* but you come against some rough sportsman, half-fisherman, half-labourer. What game is he after? "Quails." If you would take a quiet walk in the country, you stumble on men carrying in their extended arms immense nets. What are they going to catch in them? "Quails." In short, every question you ask is answered by the word "Quails."

The first indication of the approach of this season is the erection of lofty poles, some forty feet high, on what are known to be the most favourable spots close to the sea, or else on the summits of lofty rocks, at the opening of a deep gully or narrow valley through which the storm sweeps in the, timid travellers, or where, in the quiet of a spring or autumn night, they love to nestle and repose. Often you will see the figure of a Madonna bound round the pole, or a sprig of blessed olive attached to the top of it; for quail-netting is something more than a sport: it is a serious speculation to the poor countryman, who eagerly looks out for a *Provi-denza* to pay a portion of his rental. In this way the whole island is circled round by a net-work, so that the expected visitors have small chance of escape; netter and gunner, man, woman, and child are impatiently waiting and hoping for the arrival. At last it is announced in the Piazza, that D. Pasquale or D. Giuseppe has shot a quail—the very first. The place, the time, the number of shots, and the way of the wind are all inquired into; and speculation is rife as to the prospects of the morrow. The old campaigner casts a knowing glance at the heavens and damps their hopes—it is a west wind, or the quail was no quail at all—it was a *baffonia* (Favonius). At length down dips the sun into the sea, so clear and sharp, and the *maestrale* blows fresh, making hope certainty. Active preparations are set on foot; guns are cleaned, shot-bags and powder-flasks are filled; and by one hour of night the whole population is sunk in sound, sound sleep. So absorbing indeed has been the one last thought, that a watcher might expect to see the heavy sleeper twitch like a spaniel, and give a short sharp bark; if he does dream, his dream will be of quails.

At three o'clock in the morning all are on the alert, for your quail rises early, and the nets are drawn up by pulleys to the very tops of the poles. Men take their stations on the highest points to give notice of the approach of the birds, or to mark the spots where those alight who may have escaped. At length the looker out utters a loud shriek at the very top of his voice, which is taken up by those who stand about the nets, and then again by the rocks; so that the novice might fancy himself in a Pandemonium. The quails are coming, and yet your unpractised eye looking seaward will not be able to discover a speck. But sure enough in they come—two, three, four at a time—sometimes more. Tired with their long spring flight,—for then

they come from the far, far south—they light on the lower parts of the island; and, lighting on the nets, are taken irrecoverably. In the months of August and September, when quail-netting is more than a speculation, an exciting sport, it becomes the excuse and the motive of all the dancing and love-making of the island.

"Will you come and see the quail-netting?" Of course I would; so off I set about nine or ten o'clock at night, and on a large open space, underneath the widely extended nets, I found a numerous party of peasantry. Quails were the excuse, but I question much whether love had not quite as much to do with the meeting; for many a pretty coquette was there, whose *spadilla* in her hair shone brightly, and whose eyes shone still brighter. Many a sailor, too, with his red Phrygian cap, who seemed longing, if he had not been too sheepish, to have a word with the fair. The tamborine at length struck up, and the *scuorno* vanished; and, darting into the very midst of the bevy of damsels, the youths took the hands of their favourites, and away they footed the Tarantella, till the quails really did come. Then, forgetting love and the Tarantella, all sprang to the nets. It is an exciting moment when the victims begin to enter the island; for as it is dark, the netter having only his ear for his guide, a soft sound, half-twitter, half-whistle, announces their approach. At times, too, as they rush upon their fate, one feels the disturbance in the air occasioned by their rapid flight. Bluff, bluff, bluff—sharply and rapidly in they come at every moment. Down fall the nets; and, in a trice, they are taken. Then all hands haul those treacherous meshes up again.

Before the quails reach land, however, they have met with some not very friendly salutes at sea; for many sportsmen—in the spring especially, when the birds fly low, after their wearisome journey—go out in boats and shoot them. As day dawns, the men on the peaks descry them from afar, and set up a strange shrill shriek to frighten them and drive them in the direction of the nets. The sportsman, all at once profiting by the warning, looks round, levels his gun, and has the first chance. They are wearied enough after their long flight; so much so, that many drop into the sea just as they heave in view of what they had been looking to as their temporary home. Should they, however, escape the fowler in his boat, and those wide, gaping, insatiable nets on land, they have but a slight hope; for men with hand-nets, and a horde of bumpkin sportsmen, with rusty guns, traverse and beat up every inch of ground. With his huge weapon fastened at either side to a long cane, or series of canes, the hand-netter moves along; his skeleton mongrel before him. Nor does he move at random; for, with certain others of his company, he has his looker-out, who, from his craggy point, has marked the spots where all the escaped quails have alighted and nestled down for the day. Stealing on, according to directions which are shouted out in a lusty voice, he at length comes over the lair; he opens wide his net, and lowering it, stretches it out before him; his cur snuffs eagerly about him and gives a short bark of satisfaction: up goes the quail, and, in nine cases out of ten, is taken in and done for. The fowler throws his net on the ground, carefully unfolds it, and the poor animal is taken out and transferred to a large bag, or in default of a bag, to the bosom, where it nestles within a loose shirt.

It is fearful sometimes to watch these hand-netters creeping along the face of a rock and jumping from crag to crag, when a false step or a moment's dizziness must precipitate them into the sea some hundreds of feet below them; more especially, too, when there is a breeze, and the heavy net which he carries in his hands sways backwards and forwards with every puff. Yet I have never heard of an accident. It is a keen and joyous sport to those engaged in it, and I believe they would to a man prefer it, with all its dangers and uncertainty, to any more regular or lucrative occupation. Unlike the netters, the gunners cannot pursue their sport within sixty *palmi* of a fixed net; a very vexatious, however necessary regulation, and one which often leads to blows. Perhaps the great cause of excitement connected with quail-shooting is the very uncertainty of the sport. I have been out every day for a week without finding a bird; for, as the quail is only a temporary visitor, one has to wait for a variety of happy influences, until it ventures on its trackless passage through the air. One day a *baffonia*, and another day a west wind turns up to retard the voyage, so that the appetite becomes whetted for the amusement. At length they come in such numbers as to astonish the novice, and the whole population, man, woman, and child, turn out as on a fête day. Pop, pop, pop, is heard in every direction; the rocks ring with the shouts of the lookers-out; the netters cover every inch of ground, and boys and girls, like a string of ants, are running continually to Marina with bags and baskets of game to be shipped off for Naples. Like young chickens, as numerous and as tame, I have seen them run along the ground amidst the corn, under the vines and olives, in broods, and have shot them as they ran. Even on the wing it is not a difficult bird to bring down, for its flight is generally short, descending and ascending, and thus describing the arc of a circle; except when the wind is violent, when you see it swept before the storm without rule or order.

Once, however, that it nestles in the ground, it is difficult to turn it up; so that one may pass close to it without its rising; turn your dog upon it with the same result; and I have

seen them hide their heads in the interstices of a dry wall, and taken out by my dog by the tail feathers. A good sportsman will bring down even a hundred a day, and very many their forty or fifty. "The times are changing, however," said an old netter to me the other day, "for our sins. God does not send so many birds as he once did upon a time, and we shall never have them on this road again until we do as they do on the opposite coast, blind and cage some quails, and hang them up as lures. *Mama mia!* how sweetly they sing, and how the birds flock at the call!"

I cannot help admiring the consistency of the observation of my pious friend; yet certain allowances must be made for a poor disappointed man, who comes home after a long night's watching without a quail in his bag, and who can remember the time when forty thousand were netted in a morning. I have met with several netters, indeed, who speak of their twenty thousand in a morning; that is to say, in the whole compass of the island, and can myself testify to many thousands being taken.

What is to be done with such an infinitude of birds? The disposal of them leads to several branches of occupation; for to live upon quails would appear to these people to be as outrageous a proposition as to live upon tarts. As soon, then, as any quantity is taken, porters (boys and girls) are put in requisition; who take them to one of the receivers-general of the island—perhaps some thrifty fisherman—who pays each individual at the end of the season a certain price, regulated by what he receives in the capital. When the birds are plentiful, the netter will receive from two to three grains a quail (a penny or three-halfpence), or at the beginning of the season even as much as five grains. The island speculator then sends them to a receiver-general at Naples, taking, as his profit, half a grain for every bird. In Naples they are retailed at double the price to the dealer, eating-house-keeper, or the Gran Signore. On a favourable morning quails are the principal article of export to Naples, and hundreds of shoeless *contadini* are engaged in taking them down to Marina upon their heads. Packed in large square low baskets, called *spaselli*, and covered over with net-work, they are piled up, one upon another, in the bark, a little mountain of quails, of which many die before they can reach the capital.

Thus ends all the bustle, and shouting, and popping, and anxiety of the morning. The great nets are lowered; for few birds enter after daybreak; yet the sportsman with his gun, and the netter with his hand-net, continue through the long day to beat up and sweep over the country, and unnestle any unfortunate bird that may have escaped the slaughter of the morning. As evening approaches, the bereaved residue of the thousands who entered in the morning on what they hoped to find a hospitable resting-place, prepare to take their flight. I have seen them rising like a lark, up, up, through the dusky air, when away they shot into the vast aerial ocean, guided by that wisdom, which controls alike the smallest and the greatest events—the flight of a quail, or the revolutions of worlds.

THE RIVER OF YESTERDAY.

One of the least distinguished of rivers, speaking heraldically, has by some unaccountable folly of man, received the name of the Father of Waters. The Mississippi is quite a river of yesterday; absolutely unheard of by any civilized people at the time of William the Conqueror. In the mere spirit of wealth worship, for the sake of the great deposits with which it enriches its banks, and the huge tide of dirty silver it is always paying down, in an enormous roll, into the sea, the world reckons it among the aristocracy of rivers, and holds it to be as respectable as even the Cephissus, or the Tiber, or the Oxus or Borysthenes. Yet I do not doubt that there are some right-thinking people in this country, who will be glad to hear a little of the Mississippi's antecedents before they concede to him their respect, and I shall proceed to show what a mere upstart the Father of Waters is.

There was an old map published when printing was a new invention, and Ptolemy's Geography had not been superseded by Goldsmith's, Arrowsmith's, or any other modern Smith, in which there was a delta laid down in the Gulf of Mexico, corresponding to the delta of the Mississippi. That was the utmost recognition of the Father of Waters made at the beginning of the sixteenth century; that is to say, in the year one thousand five hundred and thirteen. After that, the Spaniards, in their own free, lively way, made expeditions into Florida; Leon, Cordova, and Ayllon having died there one after another. A Spaniard, quite a mediæval or half-way character—who had a name of which one-half seems to have been borrowed from the ancient Roman stage, and the rest from yesterday's newspaper—Pamphilus de Narvaez, took upon himself to conquer and colonise the whole of the gulf of Mexico. That was in fifteen twenty-eight. Storm, disease, and famine, swept his men away; and, if they colonised the new shore with anything, it was with their bones. A few, however, upon whose bones a little flesh was left, being thrown by themselves upon an island on the coast of Mississippi, escaped and struck inland. They were five miserable men, of which the leader was Cabeza de Vaca. They juggled their way through a thousand perils—passing from tribe to tribe as medicine men—and crossed the continent from sea to sea, among wild natives, speaking unknown tongues, over the great

Father of Waters, and over bison plains, across the New World to the Gulf of California. These were the first men of the Old World by whom oars were dipped into the waters of the Mississippi; but they took no heed of the great river, and did not chronicle its name. Although their narrative is published, we only know, from the fact of its having crossed their path, that this was one of the great streams they traversed.

Although the river was visited by members of other expeditions sent out from Spain, yet nothing was made for the character of the Mississippi as an ancient river. It was, for hundreds of years, laid down in European maps as a trumpery little stream, and was seldom even distinguished by a name. Indeed, the river was not effectively discovered until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Jesuit missionaries found their way to it under Father Marquette, a remarkable man born at Laon in Spain, in the year sixteen thirty-seven. He was at first attached to several northern missions in which he endured much and laboured hard with a good deal of success. When he undertook to explore in the South he was thirty-six years old and had learned six or seven native languages.

"We were not long," he said, "in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage, the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes, M. Jolliet, myself, and five men, firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise. Our joy at being chosen for this expedition roused our courage, and sweetened the labour of rowing from morning till night." They made all possible inquiries as to matters that it would behove them to know upon the journey; and Marquette, for his part, put himself under the protection of his patroness the Virgin; promised that, if she did them the grace to discover the great river, he would give it the name of Conception; and that he would also give that name to the first mission which he should establish among those new nations. They discovered and so named the river, but the name was not retained. The mission founded by him kept its name, and it still attaches to a church upon the spot. And though the river is called Mississippi, it must satisfy the ghost of the old missionary to know that the Roman Catholic prelates of the United States have put the whole country under the especial protection of the Virgin, by her title of Immaculate, so that the Roman Catholics of America speak as often of the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, as Mexicans speak of Our Lady of Guadaloupe.

Father Marquette and his companions, quitting Lake Huron, passed first among the tribes of the Wild Oats. Their wild oats were to be found self-sown in small rivers with slimy bottoms and in marshy places. When the people of the wild oats heard upon what errand the little company was engaged they thought it a mad one. "They told me," wrote the father, "that we should meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without any provocation; that the war which had broken out among various nations on our route exposed us to another evident danger—that of being killed by the war parties which are constantly in the field; that the Great River was very dangerous, unless the difficult parts are known; that it was full of frightful monsters who swallowed up men and canoes together; that there was even a demon there who could be heard from afar, who stopped the passage and engulphed all who dared approach; lastly, that the heat was so excessive in those countries, that it would infallibly cause our death." No knight who proposed to blow the horn of an enchanted castle ever was better warned of all the dangers he would have to face, than the six good people in the couple of boats made out of birch bark, who were on their way to immortality as first explorers of the Mississippi.

After passing over dangerous rapids on the Fox River, of Green Bay, the party came among the Fire nation, where the Father tested a mineral stream, and examined a herb fatal to snakes. The town of the Fire nation (Maskontens) was on the limit of the land then known to Europeans. It was perched on a hill from which the eye ranged without check over boundless prairie on all sides, dotted here and there with groves and thickets. In the account given of the Fire nation I note only one fact that is particularly worth present mention, and that is very particular, inasmuch as it proves that the civilization of the Fire-men was, in a certain direction, far in advance of ours. We have such things procurable as great coats, of which the great recommendation is, that they admit of being folded up and put into the pocket, but the Maskontens and Kikabous are cleverer than that: "As bark for cabins is rare in their country," Father Marquette wrote, "they use rushes which serve them for walls and roof, but which are no great shelter against the wind, and still less against the rain when it falls in torrents. The advantage of this kind of cabins is, that they can roll them up, and carry them easily where they like in hunting time." After this notification I shall look daily in the Times for the announcement of a pocket house.

From that last outpost of European civilization, the little party quitting the waters which flowed to Quebec, distant four or five hundred leagues, prepared, as the good priest said, "to follow those which will henceforth lead us into strange lands. Before embarking, we all began together a new devotion to the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, which we practised every day, addressing to her particular prayers to put under her protection

both our persons and the success of our voyage. Then, after having encouraged one another, we got into our canoes." They descended a broad river beset with shallows, flowing between fertile banks and around vine-clad islets, and so, after forty leagues on that same route, they entered the Mississippi on the seventeenth of June, at forty-two and a half degrees north, "with a joy that I cannot express."

Although Marquette increased the name of the river from Missipi (the complete word simply means "the Great River,") its full alphabetical honours were not yet attained. It was a four i'd monster then as now; but it only went upon three s's, and had but a single p. It was spelt then Missisipi. As it now stands it is not so complete as it is made when scientific men get hold of it and tie it to the tail of some unhappy animal with two more s's in it and another i, as in the case of the cat fish of the Mississippi, *Silurus Mississippiensis*. That is the fish thus mentioned by Marquette, among the wonders of his voyage! "From time to time we met monstrous fish, one of which struck so violently against our canoe, that I took it for a large tree about to knock us to pieces. Another time we perceived on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild cat's, a beard and ears erect, a greyish head, and neck all black." That was an American tiger cat. After a little time the voyagers sailed down through the land of game into the country of the turkeys and pisikious, which are the bisons.

On the twenty-fifth of June, in a region altogether ignorant of quarter-day, they for the first time perceived foot-prints of men by the waterside, and a beaten path entering a beautiful prairie. They stopped to examine it, and concluding that it was a path leading to some Indian village, as the purpose of their journey was to discover men rather than things, they resolved to reconnoitre, leaving the canoe with their men, whom they charged strictly to be cautious. Father Marquette and the Sieur Jolliet followed from the river, trusting themselves to the discretion of unknown barbarians. It was in no frivolous mood that the two Europeans could set out on such a walk across the beautiful prairie. "We followed the little path," Father Marquette wrote, "in silence. Then having advanced about two leagues we discovered a village on the banks of the river, and two others on a hill, half a league from the former. Then, indeed, we recommended ourselves to God, with all our hearts; and having implored his help, we passed on undiscovered, and came so near that we even heard the Indians talking. We then deemed it time to announce ourselves, as we did by a cry, which we raised with all *our strength, and* then halted without advancing any farther. At this cry the Indians rushed out of their cabins, and having probably recognised us as French, especially seeing a Blackgown" (the Indian term for Jesuit), "or at least having no reason to distrust us, seeing we were but two, and had made known our coming, they deputed four old men to come and speak with us. Two carried tobacco-pipes well adorned, and trimmed with many kinds of feathers. They marched slowly, lifting their pipes towards the sun, as if offering them to him to smoke, but yet without uttering a single word. They were a long time coming the little way from the village to us. Having reached us at last, they stopped to consider us attentively. I now took courage, seeing these ceremonies, which are used by them only with friends, and still more on seeing them covered with stuffs, which made me judge them to be allies. I, therefore, spoke to them first, and asked them who they were; they answered that they were Illinois, and in token of peace, they presented their pipes to smoke. They then invited us to their village, where all the tribe awaited us with impatience." Upon the Illinois, the missionaries, reaching the tribe from another corner, had already made some impression; the calumet, now a familiar idea, appears to have been first made known under that name by Father Marquette, who gives also a full description of the pipe itself, and of its social uses.

The Illinois received the two Frenchmen in their village with extreme courtesy. At the door of the cabin in which they were to be received stood an old man perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised towards the sun, "as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which nevertheless passed between his fingers to his face." When they came near him he said, "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace." They were attended by a crowd of curious, but at the same time respectful, gazers to the town of the great Sachem, who with two others stood like the first old man at his cabin door, with calumets pointing to the sun. Within the cabin Father Marquette explained himself, marking, in Indian form, each weighty fact with a present; after which the great Sachem rose, and laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give to them, spoke thus: "I thank thee, Blackgown, and thee, Frenchman," addressing Jolliet, "for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright, as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rock, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavour, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, that I give thee, that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation.

Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all; thou speakest to him and hearest his word: ask him to give me life and health, and come and dwell with us that we may know him."

In addition to the slave and other things, the great Sachem gave to the explorers a calumet, trimmed with the feathers of the white eagle (signifying peace,) that proved afterwards to be of very great importance to them as they travelled down the stream. There was a great feast also, which consisted of four courses, following the council. "The first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water, and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies," said Blackgown, "with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child; he did the same to M. Jolliet. For the second course, he brought in a second dish containing three fish; he took some pains to remove the bones, and having blown upon it to cool it, put it in my mouth, as we would food to a bird; for the third course, they produced a large dog, which they had just killed (when the Indian kills his faithful dog for a feast, it is the highest mark of friendship for his guest); but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild ox, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths."

About the end of June, Blackgown and his companions took leave of the Illinois, and continued their descent of the Mississippi, noticing the rocks and plants, and especially struck by the painted monsters on the side of a high rock, which are still well preserved, but appear then to have been much more lively in their colours than they are at present. Upon these first explorers of the river they made a great impression, and they are thus described in Marquette's narrative: "As we coasted along rocks, frightful for their height and length, we saw two monsters painted on one of those rocks, which startled us at first, and on which the boldest Indian dares not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of black, are the colours employed. On the whole, these two monsters are so well painted, that we could not believe any Indian to have been the designers, as good painters in France would find it hard to do as well (!); besides this, they are so high upon the rock that it is hard to get conveniently at them to paint them."

The explorers reached next the point at which Pekitanoüi (the Missouri) flows into the Mississippi, where there was a frightful agitation; a mass of large trees entire, with branches—real floating islands—came rushing from the mouth of the river Pekitanoüi so impetuously, that they could not, without great danger, expose themselves to pass across. The water was all muddy, and would not get clear. I need not remark, however, that the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi is a poor affair, since those rivers can bear no comparison, as a matter of respectability, with the Achelous and Teliboas, of which accounts are to be found given by Thucydides and Xenophon.

Onward and downward still, the travellers came to the mouth of a river called the Ouaboukigon, now known as the Ohio, which is Iroquois for beautiful river. Before reaching that point they escaped out of the jaws of the demon against whom they had been warned by the Wild Oats. "The demon," Blackgown explained, "is this—a small bay, full of rocks, some twenty feet high, into which the whole current of the river is whirled. Hurled back against that which follows, and checked by a neighbouring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel. All this is not done without a furious combat of the waters tumbling over each other, nor without a great roaring, which strikes terror into Indians, who fear everything."

Farther on, they passed an iron mine, and a place rich in coloured clays. The Father put some heavy red sand on one of his paddles, and it took the colour so well, that after fifteen days' use of the oar in rowing it was not washed out.

Still travelling south, they began next to see canes and to come into the country of the mosquitoes. They perceived, also, Indians waiting for them, armed with guns, and stood on the defensive, while the missionary held up his feathered calumet and spoke to them in the—there unknown—Huron language. The meeting in the end was peaceful. Food was supplied to the travellers, and they were told that in ten days they could reach the sea. The news roused their courage and made them take up their paddles with renewed ardour. They advanced, and began to see less prairie land, to find both sides of the river lined with lofty woods.

They had reached thirty-three degrees of north latitude when they came upon a village in which the Indians were yelling and exciting one another to combat, armed with bows, arrows, axes, war clubs, and bucklers, prepared for an attack by land and water. Even there also, the calumet at last prevailed to still the strife, and two of the chiefs having thrown their bows and quivers into Marquette's boat, as it were at his feet, entered and carried them ashore, and gave them fish and sagamity.

At the next town they were received in state, and liberally treated by Indians who were courteous, but very poor. The chief

found it not easy to protect them against plunder, and having quashed a conspiracy, sent for his guests and danced the calumet before them to remove their fears. By this time the explorers had gone far enough to be assured, beyond all possibility of doubt, that the great river flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, at a point from which they were then but a few days' journey. If they went on to the river's mouth, they would sail therefore into the power of the Spaniards, who would make prisoners of them, and so the fruit of their voyage would be lost. The great problem—into what sea did the river flow? was solved, and they determined to return while they could do so safely. With some trouble they rowed up the stream, and shortening their way by ascending the river Illinois, they reached Lake Michigan. As he had baptized on the way home a dying child, the good Catholic believed that his trouble was rewarded by the salvation of at least one soul.

Father Marquette had promised to return and instruct the inhabitants of an Illinois town named Kaskaskia. He had some difficulty in keeping his promise, for the great hardships endured on his exploring voyage had brought on a dysentery, and reduced him sadly. After the close of the next summer, however, having obtained leave, he set out with two companions. His health remained pretty good during a month's navigation, but when the snow began to fall his malady returned; and though he travelled on yet for another fortnight, he was at last compelled to stop on the fourth of December, when he had reached the Chicago (connected with the Illinois by portage), for the river was then frozen. A cabin was there built for him, and the sick man spent a cheerless winter, wanting all needful aid and comfort, devoting his time to colloquies with heaven and the spiritual care of his two friends. Desiring that he might not die without reaching his little flock, he held with his companions a solemn novena in honour of the Immaculate Conception. When the river was clear of ice, he was indeed able to set out again, and on the eighth of April came among his Indians, who received him as an angel from heaven, and gathered about him, in a beautiful prairie near the town, five hundred chiefs and fifteen hundred youths, not counting women and children. They sat in a circle about Blackgown, who stood, pale and wasted, at a rustic altar, decorated with four large pictures of the Virgin. He spoke his heart to them, and then said Mass. Three days afterwards he celebrated Easter, and having thus opened the mission, named it as he had promised that it should be named.

Compelled then to return, he was brought back into Lake Michigan so weak that his men despaired of being able to carry him alive to the journey's end; he could not help himself or even stir, but had to be handled and carried like an infant. He spent what strength he had upon religious offices. One Friday, radiant with joy, he told his friends that he should die upon the morrow, and gave directions for the arrangement of his body in burial; he desired that a cross should be raised over him, and enjoined them, only three hours before his death, to take his chapel-bell when he was dead, and ring it while they carried him to the grave. So he spoke as they sailed along the lake, and when they passed a little hill beside a river's mouth, he told them that he should be buried there. They wished to pass on, but the wind changed and they were forced to turn aside into the river. Blackgown was then carried ashore, and a little fire was kindled by him and a little bark cabin raised hastily over him; and so, while the men were unloading, left alone, and stretched upon the wild shore among the forests, he prepared himself for death. He had prayed always to die on Saturday, the day sacred to the Virgin, and so he did. Upon that spot he died, calmly and gently as he had lived. The last entry in his journal expressed sympathy for the hardships of the traders. Of his own he never spoke. One of the last acts of his life was to bid his companions take rest and sleep, for he would call them when his agony of death came on. His two poor friends, shedding many tears, carried the kind Blackgown devoutly to his grave upon the hill, ringing the bell as they went. And so they left him, with a large cross raised over his body.

When years had passed away, some Algonquin Indians, who had been first taught by the priest, on their way home from hunting resolved to pass by the tomb of their good Father, whom they loved. When there, it came into their hearts to take his bones for burial within the church of St. Ignatius, at their own mission. They carried them accordingly within a box of birch bark, attended by a convoy of thirty canoes. As they approached the mission, a fresh procession of canoes, in which were all the French Indians of the place, headed by Father Pierson, met the convoy. Then Father Pierson having by formal inquiries verified the fact that they were bringing with them the bones of Marquette, he followed them solemnly to second burial, and intoned the De Profundis, under the great vault of heaven, in sight of the canoes still on the water and of all the silent people on the shores.

ST. VORAX'S SINGING-BIRDS.

The Very Reverend the Dean of St. Vorax was one of those men whose taste for music was about equal to that of an ostrich for ice-cream. His coadjutor, the Reverend Canon Vellum, had a similar impartiality for music, but a greater partiality for meddling with

what he did not understand. The only difference between the two dignitaries was, that the one cared little about anything connected with the service, and the other let nothing alone. Under such a government, the lives of the organist and choristers were not, strictly speaking, blissful.

St. Vorax was a magnificent foundation. It swallowed up the great tithes of four fat livings, and paid some of its perpetual curates with eighty pounds a year, and a house which might, with judicious outlay, have been made into a tolerable stable. It never gave reason for doing or not doing anything. If you asked, what became of this? or what could be done for that? it simply stared you in the face, and bowed you out of the room. It turned its sublime back upon government commissions, wrapped itself up in infallibility, and gave away everything it could not keep to its nearest relations.

St. Vorax was partly an educational establishment: indeed it is necessary that its sons, nephews, and cousins should be taught; for the best authorities are agreed on the excellence of a domestic system of education; and this was strictly followed at St. Vorax's. It not only furnished solid pudding, but provided likewise the knife and fork: it not only gave away huge slices of preferment, but first paid for the education necessary to obtain it. Under such circumstances, the paternal quivers of the canons were remarkably full.

It is difficult to be out of humour when you have your own way in everything; yet the Dean and Chapter of St. Vorax had the reputation of being uncommonly irritable. Indeed, they were terrible people to deal with. Those who did not get insulted, got snubbed; and those who were not snubbed, only escaped snubbing by putting up with every sort of ill treatment without venturing on any sort of complaint.

The organ of St. Vorax had been for some time in a wretched plight. The pedal pipes (the basest of which was formerly vaunted, as capable of holding a butt of beer) now held bushels of dust: the *vox humana*, a stop indeed, was dumb: and not a squeak could be squeezed out of the *sesquipedilla*. The organist—a lover of his art—appealed to the Chapter vigorously and continuously; and at last succeeded in getting something done to the organ. But his happiness was transient; when the instrument had been repaired and perfected to his ears' content, Canon Vellum would scarcely allow him to use it; but reduced the whole service to a bungling compromise, which was neither cathedral, parochial, nor collegiate.

But the singing birds! The white-robed cherubs, whose pretty voices would float down that noble vista of Norman arches, who would still remind you of devotion and a cathedral having some connection.

They, like the Canon's sons, received an education; although, strange to say, *their* schoolmaster knew and taught nothing beyond Murray's Grammer, Rule of Three, and a smattering of Latin and Greek. The schoolmaster was a coarse, vulgar, ill-paid, and therefore cross-grained individual, who thrashed the boys quite as much as Canon Vellum desired, and taught them as little as the authorities cared for them to know. Nor was the diet the "angels' food" which Milton has described. The cherubs were fed upon doubtful mutton and coarse wedges of pudding, doled out on alternate days, with some beer quite bad enough to have been sent away from the refectory at St. Cross, as too bad even for pilgrims. But, despite the pudding and the beer, the boys sang gloriously, and people came to hear them, even when the Dean was going to preach. The stipend they received was certainly better than it was in many other cathedrals. They had neither been reduced to five-and-eightpence per quarter, nor had their schoolhouse been pulled down to make way for a stable.

We recollect seeing in a kitchen, somewhere near a very great place of education—and a place where such cherubs are very ill kept—a quaint picture representing an allegorical embodiment of the qualities requisite to form a good servant. An ass's head, among other details, is supposed to indicate his willingness to endure any kind of usage his master may please to inflict. Our schoolmaster, wisely reflecting that such a moral was much better adapted to the Middle Ages than to the spirit of modern times, had fallen upon a new interpretation;—a man (he construed the allegory) was an ass who did more than he could help doing; and he acted up to the very letter of his belief.

To relate how deputies of all kinds (probably more competent than the master, although he never troubled himself to ascertain the fact) used to attend the school; how the school-hours were any hours that the master did not find an excuse for being somewhere else; how the boys were, out of school-hours, left to learn the sort of morality which may be picked up in the streets, or anywhere else, would be a sad tale indeed. To relate how, for years and years, the singing-birds were allowed to wander about to the rooms of dissipated students who invited them for the sake of hearing them sing, and how early they became acquainted with the morality of college rooms, would be nothing compared with the bare fact that, on no single occasion, had the authorities visited the school, or tested the efficiency of its managements by a public examination.

At length the scandal of making innocent children witness and even participate in the riot and debauchery of their seniors grew to be so glaring, that a peremptory order was issued, forbidding visits to men's rooms. This

order, while it did good in some cases, also robbed the poor boys of the improvement and of the many acts of kindness which they had experienced at the hands of the better sort of men. But discrimination takes time and requires consideration and patience, and the authorities had as much of these qualities as of taste for music.

But if this neglect tended to do the choristers serious mischief, the over-officiousness with which they were cared for by some well-intentioned, but injudicious undergraduates, did little less. It is bad policy which teaches a boy to be a man before his time; and this was the infallible result of mingling with uproarious collegians. Clever boys, who, by the care of their parents and of a few sound friends, had been enabled to surmount the difficulties which neglect had placed in their way, went to college, but soon lost sight of the purpose for which they had come, and which had induced their friends to send them thither. In some instances, there was scarcely an extravagant habit with which they were not already acquainted, and it was even doubtful whether they had escaped vice itself. The younger boys, accustomed to be asked out for the sake of their singing, learnt abundance of forwardness and self-sufficiency, without, however, acquiring the simple "good manners" which a boy ought to learn by contact with his seniors. So often and in so many places has this been observed, that chorister boys are constantly held up, indiscriminately, as the very incarnation of boyish impudence and irregularity. Even in some colleges, where the noble and spirited efforts of the fellows have raised the boys' school to the possession of the highest educational advantages, this mischievous want of restraint overthrows half the good that would be done, and makes precocious, disreputable little men, instead of honourable, well-disposed, and well-conducted boys.

Thus the caged birds of St. Vorax lived on, deriving as much benefit from the Chapter as the sight of their gowns might be supposed to infuse; shut out from the world, and with no instruction how to create a world of their own. A few grew up respectably. So strong was the force of nature that even the neglect of a Chapter could not spoil it. A larger number gained just enough education to be fit for nothing at all, and to become cast-aways without even the chances of college men of settling into a situation in the Treasury, or being, as a last resource, ordained clergymen of the Church of England.

Yet, with all these miserable results of their own neglect before their eyes, the Dean and Chapter contrasted themselves virtuously and proudly with other establishments. Like the agricultural nobleman, who despised his neighbour for paying his labourers only seven shillings a week, while he paid his men seven and sixpence, so the Dean held that the bestowal of a chorister's place was a white day in a boy's life; and he dispensed other people's money with a sublime, patronising, severe, and awe-inspiring air, which nothing short of Cathedral infallibility could have assumed. When once a boy became a chorister all connexion with the authorities (save when punishment was involved) ceased. He learnt, or did not learn, as circumstances ordered; and, when his voice cracked, he was sent away.

Rumour and more than rumour was afloat, that, had anything like a proportionate increase been made in the funds origigally bestowed on the choristers by the statutes of the founder, the Dean and Chapter would have had something less, and the boys a great deal more, than at present. It was even said that the money already misappropriated from time to time would have founded half-a-dozen or more good University exhibitions; and that an efficient master and second master, at decent salaries, would likewise have been possibilities. But St. Vorax was not in the habit of refunding anything; and even when it made the smallest concession, it did so, not as an act of simple justice, but as a matter of exalted condescension and munificence. It never gave away anything that was worth keeping within its own magic circle; and it would have been a degradation for one of their relations to act as teacher to boys supported out of the same charity as themselves; consequently the schoolmaster was a stranger, who had to exist upon thirty pounds a year.

It is surely time that this gross neglect, or injudicious treatment of boys, placed, as it were, in the very bosom of ecclesiastical establishments for intellectual and religious nurture, should cease. How long will those clergy, whom it is fashionable to ask to preach charity sermons, continue to be a practical satire on the precepts of Him who once said, "Feed my lambs!" Let us hope that our "singing-birds" will, ere long, be set free from their cage of neglect, poverty, and ignorance, or from the equally dangerous pampering of injudicious companionship. Let us hope, and believe, that the nests built by the tenderness of our ancestors for these singing-birds may again be rebuilt by the justice of our own times; and that when we listen to their voices, and contemplate their chubby faces, we may gladden our hearts with the knowledge that they are no longer neglected.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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APARTMENTS, FURNISHED.

MRS. BATKINSON is of opinion that I ought to make it public;—what we have endured. If this were a more revolutionary country than it is, and if I were more of a poet than I am, I would write a Marseillaise against the lodging-house-keepers, the tyrants by whom we are made to bleed. I have heard of a man by the name of Körner, who was a soldier-poet, and there are poets of home and so forth. I should like to be known as Batkinson the lodger poet, he who led his brother lodgers on to freedom, or in a milder way, as the poet of the lodgings. I never hear the Marseillaise without some longing for this sort, and I hear it played by the organ boys several times a day, three times a week in revolutionary character on an infernal machine that is brought round by a donkey. It really explodes in a way fit to kill me, and Mrs. B., and the baby. But how fine it is!—

> Tremble, tyrants and oppressors,
> Tremble, ye perfidious friends,
> On your false and treacherous actions
> Their desert at last descends:
> All's prepared now to resist ye——

Really it is very fine.

I believe that the enslaved body of lodgers in this country is entitled to immediate emancipation, but I see too clearly that the time is not yet ripe for a rebellion, that our lodger chieftain, our Toussaint, is yet to come. Our friends without sympathize with us very little, for we all notoriously give uncomfortable dinners, and lay traps for visitors with pails upon the stairs. Our friends without, and the public generally, are very much disposed to leave us to our fate. Like the slaves in Cuba, we can buy our liberty. We have only to pay a certain sum of money to an upholsterer, and to do homage for whatever independent castles of our own we may inhabit, to our Sovereign Lady the Queen, in the person of her tax collector. That is all.

I have heard householders complain much of the tax collector as a despot. It is a mistake. I have looked out of window at him often, when he has come with bits of paper for the people of the house I was inhabiting, and have generally observed that he was a very amiable *looking*, harmless sort of man. If he were otherwise, it could not matter much, for he merely knocks at the street-door now and then, and upon being requested to call again in a fortnight, goes away. Now, a landlady is often to be heard all day and every day rumbling underground like an earthquake; she is perpetually to be met on the stairs, and in her softest glance you see that she has been given to you by nature for an enemy. She cannot help it. You cannot help it. It is her instinct to skin and feed upon you. As for the landlord, when there is one, he regards you simply as a nuisance on the premises; thinks of you as he would of a burst water pipe, or an offensive drain.

The landlord, when there is one. I know very well that lodging letting often is a fruit of sorrow, with a seed of further sorrow in the core of it. I am not pitiless. Pitiless too often the widow is when she has young ones to be fed upon the substance of the strangers that she may take in. Worms, at least, have a right to complain of the old bird's care for her offspring, however tender it may be in the opinion of all other animated beings. The spider has a right to offer lodgings to the fly, but it is not for the fly to be contented with the conduct of his landlady. If it be natural for me to suffer, it is at least also natural that I should complain.

How natural, I will enable you to judge. My name, as I have already given you to understand, is Batkinson. I ought to make a good lodger, for I am not young enough to be wild, and not old enough to be querulous and fidgetty—my age is forty. I am a gentleman; that is to say, I do nothing for my living because I have a share in a small coal-mine. I am not rich, but can live comfortably in a modest way. I never run up any bill, and have not once in my life missed paying to landlord or landlady my weekly rent on the appointed day. I may say that I ought to be thought a model lodger.

There was a time before I became acquainted with Miss Mannacrop when I was not a lodger or a Londoner, but lived in a house of my own by the sea-side. It was a house full of air, with a fresh breeze all about it; and the roll of the tide, and the laughter of young ladies on donkeys, made the only music that I heard when sitting at my window. It having occurred

to me one morning that I could increase my income by establishing a sale in the metropolis for Suffolk pokers, I at once came to town. The pokers in question I call Suffolk, because I have seen them in that county, and their peculiarity consists in their being four-legged. They have four little legs projecting in such a way, that if ever by any chance a poker, when red-hot, should be placed upon the carpet, the red-hot end would be raised into the air by a couple of those legs, and the carpet would not suffer damage. Any stimulus to the poker trade would of course otherwise benefit me by causing an increased demand for coals. Every housewife knows how the coals go when they are poked; and I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, the coal trade in this country might be doubled, if there could be placed in every man's hand such a poker as he could comfortably leave to become red-hot in his grate to assist in maintaining brisk combustion.

So I came to London, and because I had only myself to cater for, I thought that I ought not to afford more for a lodging than the sum paid by a large class of single lodgers: sixteen shillings a week, boots extra. The doors of lodgings of that kind I found to be commonly infested with pewter pots, and as I made a law to myself that I would engage to live in no house where a dirty fellow creature was the first thing visible in the door-way, or beerpots were established pieces of hall-furniture, my search was long. The ordinary accommodation offered to me for my money was a front parlour, containing chiefly an old carpet and a stringy rug, such a table as persons are supposed in the Tottenham Court Road and elsewhere to want to buy when they are about to marry, five rose-stained chairs with dirty cane seats, and a horsehair sofa that appeared to have been bought at an auction, sold and rebought over and over again for the last hundred years. If there were no natural cupboards in the room, there was substituted for the sofa a small piece of ill-made furniture which was a mongrel between a chiffonier and a sideboard. There were always framed objects hung against the wall, Madame Cerito, King George the Fourth, or perhaps the formal enrolment of the late Mr Tomkins as an Independent Odd-Fellow. A small looking-glass surrounded with pink paper crimped like codfish, and covered with fly-stains, was generally placed over the grate. There was an imitation of curtains made of dirty muslin fastened to the one window, of which the bottom panes were commonly obstructed by a wire blind that had never been washed. The bed-room was smaller, dirtier, less carefully got up, nearly half filled by the small French bed over which hung a tent of smoky looking dimity from a pole fixed into the wall. In the course of my search I found exhibited an utter disregard for the feelings of departing lodgers. One landlady did not scruple to walk coolly with me into the untidy bedroom of a desolated Frenchman, and hold forth upon it, reckless of the fact that Monsieur was buttoning his very yellow shirt under his beard, and looked on the invasion as an act of war.

At last I found in a street abutting on the Hampstead Road a clean pair of rooms, in a clean house, kept by clean people. The furniture was of the usual kind, differing from that I had before seen only—but therefore vastly—in the cleanliness of its condition. As there were natural cupboards in the room, there should have been a sofa, but instead of that there was in this particular parlour a piccolo piano. It was kept locked, and had it not been locked, *I* could never have played a tune upon it, bless you; but there it was, and it was a great piece of respectability.

That was my first lodging in London. We began well. I have a mania for washing myself, and came from the borders of the sea, desiring the use of water on a large scale. I could get it there. I never got it again to my heart's content, but there I had unlimited allowance. When I came out of the bed-room into the parlour I found always a thoroughly clean breakfast table. Furthermore the landlady was a good woman who never cheated me; her weekly accounts of stewardship on my behalf were altogether just. She was a disciplinarian in her way, and I hope I have not lost the dignified note in which she declined to grant my request for a latch key. The piano was upon her mind, but, poor soul, I fancy there were other things upon it too. She had some children who used to come and look at me through the keyhole, when they had nothing else to do, the eldest a girl of ten, Eliza. After I had been in the rooms about a week, the servant disappeared, and that little girl Eliza took her place. There should have been other lodgers, but the rooms were vacant. I thought, however, that a weary step which was to be heard every night, always after midnight, mounting from the street door up towards the roof, belonged to somebody whom I had never seen. Mr. Tetherby, the husband of my landlady, used to come in just before midnight, and to remain at home until the next afternoon. Poor Mrs. Tetherby looked very wan, and I was sorry for her.

As per agreement, she was bound to cook a dinner for me when I wanted it, but for the first week or two, in hope of a stirring poker trade, I was so busy hunting about London that I dined at a chop-house always, and did not return home till dusk. At last, a day came when I wanted to dine hastily at home, and in an evil hour ordered up the bread and sent out for some cooked beef and beer. I had now and then sent for such beef for supper; there was a shop at which it could be bought in the immediate neighbourhood. A few days afterwards, I made a request for

a mutton chop and some potatoes, as a home dinner that would not give trouble. I pitied Mrs. Tetherby and her little Eliza. Eliza, who, as a premature maid of all work, had by that time already fallen into a hopeless state of dirt, brought me in fifteen minutes a note from Mrs. Tetherby. It was a part of my landlady's mind—connected, I think, in some way with the piano—to be great in notes beginning with "Mrs. Tetherby presents her compliments to Mr. Batkinson." I made a small collection of them in a corner of my portmanteau. Mrs. Tetherby, upon the hint of the mutton chop, presented her compliments, and as she was unfortunately without a servant, and unavoidably engaged upon a heavy wash, would Mr. Batkinson object to a cold dinner? What could I do in the face of so polite an appeal? I dined, as I had done before, upon cooked beef and bread. So it went on. One of Mrs Tetherby's children fell sick, and there was no resisting the pathos of the fact, that she required all the time that she could get for nursing him. I adhered, therefore, to cold beef from the cookshop if I dined at home, and never got even so much as a warm potato from the kitchen. The sick child monopolized Mrs. Tetherby. I got my water still in abundance, and my little notes of apology in abundance: in other respects I was a disappointed man. I did not become wrathful for I well knew that the sorrows of the landlady were greater than the sorrows of the lodger. It is one part of a lodger's trials that he has not only his own cares to bear, but that he is compelled to feel all the tribulations of the people under whose roof he abides. I abided manfully by the Tetherbys. Mr. Tetherby was a stout man, who opened the door to me sometimes, and never covered up his shirt sleeves.

I left those people unwillingly, but the course of my own private stream of life floated me out of their rooms. An orphan nephew was to live with me, and as I was no longer to care only for myself, I required more space, and different accommodation. So I left the Tetherbys, but I received afterwards in my next lodging a note, with a border of the deepest black. It was from Mrs. Tetherby, who hoped that if I could in any way befriend her by recommendation of her rooms, I would; for her husband, whose business was in some way connected with docks, had been for two years without employment. Her little child had recovered from the fever, but her eldest son, who had been the main-prop of their house, had caught it and was buried, she said, yesterday. I knew then whose was the weary footfall that would be heard never by any future lodger, mounting after midnight from the street door to the attic. Poor youth, and poor wan mother! I went to her some weeks afterwards, and found her rooms all empty. As she had really a neat—and of course—clean drawing room floor, I recommended it to certain friends who came for a short visit to London, but some whim carried them into a fashionable street, where they had chests of drawers that would not open and shut, and an accumulation of lodging-house miseries provided for them on a costly scale. Perhaps, however, had they gone to Mrs Tetherby's, they could not have dined peacefully upon cold beef. Mrs. T. had another child ill at the time and difficulties about chops, to say nothing of fish or joints, might have arisen.

Finding it rather heavy on my hands I had by that time dropped the Suffolk poker, and was concerned only for my own comfort and that of my nephew. I should want two bed-rooms, and a pleasant sitting room in any healthy suburb, and I thought that for an additional ten shillings a week I might get what I wanted. I had a great search, therefore, among three-roomed lodgings, and inspected forty-seven before I could make my choice. Out of the forty-seven only two came up to my idea of wholesome cleanliness. Let me say here, that in the course of my struggles for rest as a lodger, I have inspected several hundred lodgings of all kinds, and in almost all parts of this metropolis. They are governed by no rule whatever as to the proportion between price and quality. Lodgers are subjected to a despotism, and the taxes levied on them are entirely arbitrary. The price and quality of apartments depend much less on the size or situation of the house than on the character and circumstances of its owner.

My choice finally settled upon a lodging in a pleasant, little, unfinished road, street, or place in Camden Town. I had there a drawing-room floor and an extra bed-room, for twenty-seven shillings a week, boots extra. The front drawing-room made a tolerably spacious bed-room, in which there was a brass bedstead, an article of furniture wherein I put much faith. The back drawing-room made an agreeable sitting-room, which contained not only a sofa, but also an easy chair, and a little *escritoire*. Everything there was perfectly clean and good. The rooms had not been furnished for the use of lodgers. My landlady being a widow with four children, some of whom were old enough to require schooling, had determined to let lodgings that she might have wherewith to pay the schoolmaster.

Nothing could be more laudable than Mrs. Panther's determination. Albert Panther, who appeared by his periodical screams to be dipping his fingers about once an hour in scalding water, was in great need of improvement as a boy, and Mrs. Panther, rather a handsome Amazon, anointed his wounds vainly from the vials of her wrath. Sorrow befel the servants also. About once a month, and sometimes oftener, we were surprised by the apparition of a metamorphosed maid at breakfast-time. The house, however, had

as Goldsmith says of a mountain, storms perpetually blowing at the basement, but eternal sunshine on the upper story. We dined daily at home, had every meal well served, the landlady smiled graciously, and everything was kept unexceptionably clean. I had no notes from Mrs. Panther further than her weekly bill; and that was quite sufficient.

There is a worm in every bud; there is a something to canker joy in every lodging. The weekly bill was a little more than quite sufficient. I complained twice only of the dearness of the market in which my provisions appeared to have been bought. I thought my complaints, mildly expressed, justifiable. They arose in this way. On our way home from the theatre one night we passed a greengrocer's shop, and I suggested to my nephew that we might like a cucumber for supper. Wholesome or not, we often had a cucumber, but as there would be none for us that night unless we took one home, I bought a cucumber and put it in my pocket. It cost one penny. Was I to blame if it occurred to me that for cucumbers of the same size I had been paying Mrs. Panther fivepence? There were two such items in my bill on the succeeding Saturday. Only one course was open to me. I told Mrs. Panther that I feared she was not sharp enough to protect herself against the impositions of the tradespeople. I told her that the price of such cucumbers as she procured for fivepence was a penny in the adjoining street, and represented to her my experience upon the subject. She replied that she had always been a very bad market-woman, that she bought of a greengrocer who came with a cart, and that she herself had often thought his vegetables very dear. She certainly would speak to him. Her manner was benignant in the extreme. There was no more to be said on the subject.

I made another stand upon the subject of puddings. It appeared to me curious that every pudding, fruit pudding, bread or other pudding, made of a small size, to be eaten by two persons, should be of the same price, and that price always a shilling; except in the case of a small rice pudding which might cost threepence less, and a plum pudding which cost sixpence more. It occurred to me that four or five apples and a little flour were dear at a shilling. I therefore expressed one Saturday to Mrs. Panther my desire that instead of making me an independent charge for every pudding, she would buy on my account a little flour, and purchase other materials as they were wanted, charging me for them only, since the additional charge for any skill that might be thrown into the pudding as a manufactured article was properly included in the rent. She replied that she designed *nothing* else than to charge her actual disbursements, and should be very happy to adopt my plan. Thenceforward such items in my bill ceased to be read—"Apple pudding, one shilling," and became as follows:—"Flour, threepence; suet, threepence; apples, fivepence; spice, one penny." My happiness was then supposed to have been made complete. Against the fact that either five or six shillings a week was a high price to pay for the coaling of one small grate, since I could not, even with the aid of a Suffolk poker, burn in one little room a ton of coals per month, I made no protest whatever. I allowed a despotism to be exercised over my pocket. It was the condition of existence at those lodgings. I fulfilled that condition, and was for the time regarded as a model lodger. I submitted to my fate with the more readiness because I had at that time no leisure or inclination for any extra trouble. I was on the point of being married to Miss Mannacrop. As the eventful time drew near I found that Mrs. Panther would be unable to supply the additional accommodations necessary, and I had a doubt that she was unwilling to incur the trouble of educating a young lady who might come to town with country notions of the price of cucumbers and apples.

I had resolved to marry into lodgings, and the increase of my wants impelled me therefore to another hunt after desirable apartments. I wanted four rooms, and desired, if possible, not to pay more for them than a guinea and a half a week. I knocked at more than fifty doors, and answered several advertisements. It became evident that there was risk incurred by stating definitely our objections to those lodgings, of which our first impression was unfavourable. In one house my nephew, with the heedlessness of consequences proper to youth, expressed his opinion that the rooms were not good enough, and commented especially upon the extreme narrowness of the stairs. He might as well have dashed his fist into a fifty-gallon vinegar bottle; we were swept down the stairs and down the door-steps by a torrent of acidity. The landlady, whose lodgers we were not to be, had never heard such an objection made before in her life. The staircase seemed to be the tender point with her. She never before knew a gentleman to say that her stairs were narrow. Our hats were nearly blown off by the wind of the street door as she banged it furiously at our backs, as though she would if she could have hurled it after us.

Though what we required was more easily to be had for three guineas than for a guinea and a half, we did at last, by answering an advertisement in the Times, obtain two floors in the house of a solicitor in a leading thoroughfare near one of the parks. We had a couple of lofty drawing-rooms, rather bare as to furniture, but decidedly respectable, and the bedrooms corresponding to them over head. They were let in good faith for a guinea and a half weekly, with the

understanding that though we had the right to leave at a week's notice, it was our wish to remain for at least a year or two. Then I went down to Suffolk and fetched Arabella Mannacrop. We had a short honeymoon and came to our new lodgings with a coach-load of enormous boxes, Arabella's goods and chattels. Uncles, aunts, friends and cousins poured in packages of presents. We set up a piano. Surrounded with articles that would not endure to be cracked, crushed or crumpled, things that it would take a fortnight to pack up safely and a week to unpack, was it likely that we should ever move, if we could help it? In consideration of other advantages, I had lowered my standard somewhat in the battle for cleanliness on entering those lodgings. The noise of the great thoroughfare we became used to, and Mrs. Batkinson freely consented to be kept awake every Sunday night by the sheep and cattle on their way to Smithfield. Such matters were a portion of our bargain.

As the warm weather came it appeared that there were reasons why the inside of the house should be insupportably close and unwholesome. Mrs. Batkinson began to loose her Suffolk roses from her cheeks; but she said "This is London, I must expect to feel a change;" and so for all that we never thought of moving. As the warm weather became more decided, Mrs. Batkinson beheld one night a stout negro of the flat-back tribe—known among comic writers as B flats—stealing up towards the head of the bed. Her presence of mind did not forsake her, and she killed him. Another followed to avenge his death. They came by twos and threes, and then they came by tribes. In, under, over and about the bed, in the cupboards, hidden like Posthumus in boxes, behind curtains and in every corner, negroes lay in wait to have our blood. Mrs. Batkinson had such a load of boxes on her mind that, although dreadfully alarmed, she preferred that we should fight the enemy while any hope of victory remained with us. A savage war ensued, in which there was no quarter given on either side; but in spite of the most active efforts that we could make as lodgers, feebly backed by the alliance of our landlord and landlady, the negroes brought so many reinforcements into the field, and so hemmed us in with their armies, that before they had got through their summer campaign, we were compelled to beat a precipitate retreat.

Impeded much with baggage, and a little faint for want of wholesome air, we took refuge in the airiest place we could find, high up the stairs of a high house in a high part of St. John's Wood, with a view over to the hills and far away. Cleanliness had again determined our choice of an abode. My nephew I had by that time apprenticed to a jeweller, and for myself and wife only two rooms sufficed. Economy was necessary to us, and for our pair of rooms we had agreed to pay a pound a week. The rooms when we engaged them were empty: but, like the whole house, they were very clean. Mrs. Batkinson, in the Suffolk-like simplicity of her young heart, was drawn towards the landlady, a pure lodging-house keeper, who had grown ominously stout upon her calling. We saw the rooms without the furniture, but we were promised all that was desirable. So we went in. The obvious characteristic of those apartments when we took up our abode in them was, that they were very delightful out of window. In themselves they were of low pitch, and dismal. The parlour was a dogged radical thing that shouted out from every wall, and every white cupboard-door, and down from the low ceiling upon any visitors who entered, "Don't let me deceive you, I am not a parlour. I'm a perverted and misused front bedroom." Very clumsily it was perverted, with no other furniture allowed to it by the landlady than a carpet, two shakey old tables, six bedroom chairs, and one old mahogany arm-chair seated with horsehair. Mrs. Batkinson's piano, and work-table and gimcrackery, could make nothing of the room. It was clean as a den may be clean, and that was all; but if you went to the window and looked out of doors, then to be sure the lodgings were delightful.

We had a bed-room curtain improvised for us by Mrs. Vamper with an old napkin, and other furniture on the same scale of liberality, but we did not mind. We said to ourselves, "Perhaps she cannot afford more. We will pay her regularly, and be civil to her and considerate; then she will do her duty by us." Would she, though?

Mrs. Vamper, who was a widow, knew where her duty was due, and devoted, apparently, her whole energy to operations upon an elderly single gentleman, who was said to be a corn and coal merchant, on the ground-floor. She poured out for him his early breakfast with her own fat hands, and tempted his appetite thereat with pigeon pies of her own making. Towards all other lodgers her disposition proved to be fierce. She tyrannised openly; she never said or did anything subservient; never mounted a stair for anybody, even when she had lodgers on every floor. As we came in the drawing-room lodgers were departing through a whirlwind of dispute, of which we heard more than we liked. Mrs. Vamper came and sat down on our chairs, whether we chose or not, to talk to us about them. After that the drawing-rooms were left empty, and Mrs. Vamper, for some months, would not condescend to offer them to be let. She lived exclusively by lodgers, and she hated the whole race.

Poor Mrs. Batkinson went trembling down-stairs to make her pies; and, at dinner-time, fretted, as only a good housewife frets, at the fierce and vindictive way in which the meat

seemed to have been boiled or roasted, Mrs. Vamper boiled a piece of beef as she would have boiled a lodger—furiously, to the death, and to the bone. It used to come up about as eatable as India rubber. It was a thing to make a housewife cry, and a husband scold, to see how the joint looked after Mrs. V. had set her fire to blaze upon it. But we did not scold. Mrs. Batkinson did indeed look at a dish sometimes through tears; but, on the whole, we succumbed, since in reply to my wife's gentle—her, unluckily, too gentle—expostulation, Mrs. Vamper only declared fiercely, that it would be odd indeed if she did not know how to cook a joint of meat. And so it was odd. We, after a few more hints and objections, took the oddity for granted, and smiled at the joke in a sickly way over our dinners.

Still we had a delightful prospect from the window, and said Mrs. Batkinson, "My dear Philander, bear in mind the boxes. We have so many things to move that it will take a month out of the year to unsettle ourselves here, and settle down again into another lodging. The prospect out of doors is beautiful, and indoors there are famous cupboards. What" (said the housewife) "shall we ever do without those cupboards?" We entertained therefore no rebellious thoughts of moving, for I would not give my Rosalinda trouble. We submitted to the tyranny of Mrs. Vamper.

Only once did that good lady come upstairs to exercise her energies on our behalf. A workman engaged in repairs upon the chimney of an adjoining house, had, as it appeared, found the smoke of our own chimney close at his elbow disagreeable. He had therefore quenched the nuisance by sitting upon the nozzle of our chimney pot. The consequences indoors were tremendous, and Mrs. Vamper having traced the effect to its cause flew up and downstairs, screaming up at the man from back windows with so much vivacity, that he repeated his joke several times during the afternoon for the pure love of the entertainment she afforded.

Mrs. Vamper's servants, I need not say, were as often shifted as the scenes in a pantomime. In a house tenanted by lodgers servants always come and go. The average length of service by one person is, if I may trust my own experience, less than six weeks. Mrs. Vamper's servants became with every change smaller, and it was evident that she was cutting down her wages. We at last came to a domestic of the age of ten. The natural hostility between landlady and lodger, as between tiger and lamb, was evidenced at every change by the strong prejudice against us evidently planted in the minds of all new servants and remaining there for the first week of service, and by the obvious wrath and jealousy awakened afterwards in Mrs. Vamper's breast against each maid when she *discovered*—as they all discovered in their *turn*—*the difference* between that lump of mustard, Mrs. V., and my mild little Suffolk dumpling.

In course of time hints from successive servants had warned Mrs. Batkinson of a vindictive feeling entertained downstairs against an unborn heir of all the Batkinsons, whose advent was to be expected in the spring. Mrs. Vamper could not see what people wanted with babies. She hated them. She had a daughter in Van Dieman's Land, but babies she abhorred. A lodger when he has a baby wants to make his rooms into a home, and in so doing outrages the first principles that govern his condition. Mrs. Vamper became more tyrannical than ever. Little Mrs. Batkinson was perfectly put down, and snubbed on every occasion. She made fewer puddings, because she was seized and morally tortured whenever she came within her reach. She trembled whenever the sound of the harsh voice of Mrs. Vamper grated up the stairs.

I had long urged removal on account of these impertinences. The van-load of things that must be packed so that they would not crack, crush, or crumple, caused Mrs. Batkinson always to beseech that I would do nothing so rash. The tiger, however, one day snarled so ferociously at my lamb, in my own hearing, that I said, "We must go. This slavery can be endured no longer." I put on my hat at once, and wandered out on a wild search for other lodgings.

I had not visited more than about eighteen when I found at Notting Hill a pretty little drawing-room, scented with blooming hyacinths, pleasantly furnished; and over it was a light and airy bed-room, with a dressing-room attached, and all were to be had for a guinea a week. They were in a pleasant cottage-house, with a garden, in a good road. And what was better still, the house was situated at the end of the bricks, four doors from the fields. It was not a lodging-house. The place had been taken, and well furnished, by a young couple who, after a few months, had found it necessary to assist their housekeeping with a lodger. We undertook to be their first tenants, and expected to remain with them—it might be for years, or it might be for ever. At last, we thought, our rolling stone would rest a bit and gather moss.

Every attention was paid to us. One of the first things that happened was the discharge of the adult servant and the engagement in her place of a little girl. "Temporary," said Mr. Poolby. But it soon appeared that Mr. Poolby's private affairs were embarrassed, and that the little girl was to be retained, from prudential motives, as a permanent domestic. We were glad of that; and trouble can be got over with energy and prudence. We could complain of our desire to hinder nothing of the kind, and any falling off in the attendance we received did not distress us in the least. Mrs. Poolby did her best, and Mr. Poolby, who was a fig-dealer

in the City, was, we had no doubt, doing his best also.

One day, however, certain observations that we made rendered it clear enough that a man had been put into possession of the house. There was Mrs. Batkinson's piano, and there was the whole mass of valuable odds and ends, made liable to seizure. We said, "This is uncomfortable; but it is no reason why we should leave the Poolbys. They have only to tell us candidly so much as it is necessary for us to know, and let us see our way; then we shall not get into danger." I, therefore, expressed some such idea to Mr. Poolby, who declared that he was not at all embarrassed, and explained the man away as cleverly as Niebuhr would have explained it away, if it had been Roman myth.

Six days afterwards there was a distraint in the house for rent, and there were dreadful scenes of family commotion. The explanations had to be retracted. It became evident to us that Mr. Poolby was not a wise man, because he was not trustworthy. His conduct on that occasion also proved that he was not competent to manage prudently the business of life. He was for holding up his head and looking big; his feet might find their own way, he would not humble his eyes so much as to look after them.

A child may lead a blind man from a ditch, and so with help of the most trifling kind we rescued Mr. Poolby from the ruin of his household gods; by which small aid he felt, I fear, humiliated, and for which we never were forgiven.

By this crisis we became acquainted with a great deal more than we should have learnt under other circumstances. Our confidence in Mr. Poolby we found reason to withdraw, but Mrs. Batkinson felt sympathy for Mrs. Poolby. There were the boxes also, which, with an infant Batkinson then on her hands, how could she pack? As for me, if I packed the things, they would all be in the most disastrous way cracked, crushed, and crumpled. We determined, therefore, though we found the house marked in the neighbourhood, and ourselves regarded as deluded people by the neighbours, we determined to abide by the storm-beaten vessel. Our presence would be useful, for we were disposed to act as friends, and our departure would be certainly significant of evil.

We waited, therefore, and—since Mr. Poolby said no more of his affairs—watched carefully the motions of his duns, counted the summonses delivered at his gate, and came to know familiarly the face of the messenger belonging to the County Court. A circumstance that I need not relate had removed every possibility that remained of respect being entertained towards Mr. Poolby. For the position of his wife, who looked often pale and tearful, we felt sympathy. We still maintained, therefore, our determination to abide by the ship, watching the storm carefully. We agreed together that we would endure quietly all the discomforts of our position, give what aid we could, and only depart when self-preservation made it absolutely necessary.

The course of events, however, I regret to say, had caused Mr. Poolby's pride to be wounded by our presence, especially the presence of Mrs. Batkinson, whom he had made, by evil chance, the witness of an ugly fact. The hostile attitude proper against lodgers was assumed towards us. Finally, Mr. Poolby took offence at a simple, well-meant act of Mrs. B.'s, and wrote me therefore a letter full of insolence. I sent it back to him. He wrote me another letter, and required an interview. I saw him. He was insolent again; and, as his pride was of a kind that can only go before a fall, as a puff of wind goes before rain, no motive, either of kindness or self-interest, suggested that I should do otherwise than resent his impertinence; so I gave notice to quit, and went in quest of other lodgings.

Other lodgings for Mr. and Mrs. Batkinson encumbered with an infant, a swing cot, a piano, and a van-load of dresses, bonnets, antique China, Bohemian glass, inkstands, chess-men, card-dishes, butter-knives, tea-caddies, cream-jugs, &c., &c., &c., &c. After what we had endured, was it not natural that we should sit down on our boxes in despair, and look at one another, and begin to sigh for liberty! I will tell no more of our wanderings. This has been already only too much of a moving tale. I send my voice now up out of the depths of a new desolation. Enough, noble army of householders, receive me. I can bear these miseries no more.

GOOD LAC.

To avoid all personality, let it be supposed that the city on the Ganges named in the succeeding narrative is Dashapore, and that I had to do there with the house of Blankman, Asterisk, and Co.; although I had not much to do with them. They are the proprietors of a large lac factory, which they permitted me to visit, and I am about to relate what I saw and thought of it; that is all. It should be understood, however, that there is a mystery connected with the manufacture of shell, seed, and stick-lac, and that there may be secrets in the business that I wot not of. There are two great factories in Dashapore. Within one of them no foot of stranger is allowed to tread; it refused access even to Lord Auckland when he was Governor-General. The other, that of Blankman and Co., excludes all traders; but courteously allows the works to be seen by any members of the civil or military service, or by travellers from Europe. That one I have seen and will describe; but I can make no startling revelations, and have looked the subject up in no Encyclopædias. I simply took fresh

eyes to a new sight and am able to tell nothing more than what I, as a stranger, saw. I must premise, however, that lac is the product of a very small female insect, deposited round the branches of certain Eastern trees; and is manufactured for two purposes;—as stick-lac and seed-lac it becomes a red dye; as shell-lac it is a resin of which the best sealing-wax is made.

Setting out from a neighbouring station, and having only two days' leave, it was of no use for me to flinch from the rain, which came down as it is apt to come during the monsoon, when it is very much the sort of rain one gets acquainted with in the most rainy parts of Ireland. Splashing away down the road behind a fine Australian horse, yoked in a buggy, passing the bungalows of the civilians and catching a glimpse now and then of the sacred river, which looked very dropsical—it had been swelling for some weeks—I set out, therefore, on my expedition. The road, by the time I got to Dashapore, was a small Ganges through which the Australian tramped spattering the water up over his ears. Hindoos who had money to earn were abroad in the streets under umbrellas, and the west-end of the town being paved with stone, one might, with shut eyes, dream of a rattle on the stones of London. That was possible with shut eyes only. Even in London, one would scarcely meet with such a sight as the one-ponied native gig, containing, beside the driver, one fat and one lean native, each with a scarlet turban and a crimson umbrella. You might in London meet an Oriental woman wrapped in a dirty sheet, and carrying a platter, for the contributions of by-standers, but you would not see on her platter a brass cup of water, three or four gay flowers, two or three bright coloured powders, and a few grains of rice; or ever suppose that she was carrying them as a morning offering to the gods Mahadeo and Gunesh. Such a woman I passed, who, as I came near, duly turned her face to the wall, but made a wonderful display of leg. You would not in London see an armourer at work in his shop sharpening a sword, or architecture that reminds you much of the Arabian Nights, gilded mosques, temples elaborately carved; or goats with their backs curled and their hair staring, quietly standing under shelter half-way up steep staircases that lead from dwellings and project into the narrow street. A smell as of a giant sealing his gigantic letters with gigantic sticks of wax, informed me when the factory was near. I drove into the yard of it, and halting at the door of a bungalow, accosted a gentleman whom I found seated in the verandah, warmly attired in a flannel jacket and jack-boots.

My friend, a member of the firm, had not yet come to business. Would I wait? it was asked. I would, and did. We offered *together, (I* and the gentleman in flannel,) a *burnt sacrifice of* tobacco, over which he confidentially made known to me that he felt desperately seedy, having recently recovered from a fever. That he should have had a fever, I thought not surprising, when I learnt that he never went out of "the compound," and saw that in that enclosure there were more weeds than were likely to be wholesome. My friend of the firm presently arrived, and talked mysteriously with a bright-eyed and bright-turbaned native, who had gold armlets gleaming faintly through the sleeves of his fine muslin dress. We then set forth on our survey.

The factory is made up of long single-storied buildings, scattered about without apparent order. We went into one of them. It was a store-room that contained some hundreds of thousand pounds weight of twigs encrusted with a gummy substance. "What have we here?" I asked; and I was told that there I had the raw material Stick-Lac, just as it was gathered and brought in from the jungles of Central India, distant between two and five hundred miles away from Dashapore. Two porters passed us, carrying an open sack of twigs slung by a pole between them; my friend Asterisk selected a good specimen out of the sack, snapped it across, and bade me pay attention to the fracture. Of course there was wood in the middle; round about the wood there was a circle of blackish-looking seeds—not really seeds, I supposed, but they resembled them; outside was an enclosing crust of resin. "That," said my friend, "is animal resin, formed by the little insects, the lac-cochineals, who produce for us our raw material out in the jungle. The blackish seeds that are not seeds, are little bags of matter which has been formed on the stomachs of the insects, and is left by them after their death as food for their larvæ; the outer coat of resin being designed for the shelter also of those larvæ. We pass both bags and resin through this factory, and get out of them food and shelter for ourselves, and for a good many men also, our work-people and others." It occurred to me that there must be some tact required in gathering the twigs at the right season; and, having hinted so much, I had my discernment flattered by the information that it requires a practised skill to gather the stick-lac at a critical period; which is of short duration, that is to say, after the bags have been deposited, and before the larvæ have begun to eat them.

"This," said my friend, "is the first stage of manufacture." He led me to an oriental group of women, who were grinding the encrusted twigs in hand-mills, two women grinding at each mill. They all talked in a discordant chorus; and their children—their own larvæ—were all there, crawling about among them.

We then went to the dye-works, an inner square, edged on all sides with a verandah. Two sides of the square, under the verandah,

were occupied by rows of stone vessels sunk into the ground, behind which rows there ran a narrow canal formed of masonry, perhaps a foot wide and a foot in depth. In each of the stone vessels there was a man playing the part of pestle to its mortar. Each man with his face to the wall grasped at a bamboo railing fixed above, and went through, in his own mortar, a system of wonderful contortions. Under the feet of each man in each stone receptacle there lay a portion of the ground and sifted raw material there immersed in water. All the living pestles were at work beating the dye out of the stick lac—where it had been stored up chiefly in the blackish seeds, for I must beg leave to call them seeds—into the water. When the stick lac had been in this way made to yield as much of the dye as could be got from it, all that remained of raw material at the bottom of each stone trough was taken out and carried to another part of the factory, where it was again washed by another set of men till it would yield to water not another stain of redness. Then the residue was treated finally by a process, which I suppose to be one of the factory secrets, for I was not asked to see it. By that process it would be purified; decayed and rotten portions would be got rid of; something chemical, I dare say, would be done to it; it would finally be dried, and so become seed-lac.

We followed that in our imagination, and remained in person by the vats, wherein the Hindoo-pestles were so industriously kicking up their heels. Each pestle, at the proper time, turned the liquor charged with dye into the canal behind it, along which it flowed to a third side of the square, where it passed over a new series of vats, in each of which it deposited, as a fine flocculent powder, some of the dye matter. This had been not dissolved, but only suspended in the water, somewhat as earth is suspended in a muddy puddle. The fecula deposited in this way would, in the next place, be collected and placed in cloths under screw presses. In these we saw the produce of some former work-days squeezed to dryness. After pressing it was next cut into cakes, each two and a half inches square, and stamped with the house stamp. Another drying and a cleaning process finally prepared those cakes for the market.

"And, if the question be not impertinent," I said, "may I ask who are your chief customers; I mean what other trades depend on yours, and create the demand for this lac-dye?" "Why," said my friend, "we are at the bottom of the pomp of war. The red coats of the British soldiers, meaning common soldiers, are all coloured with the inferior sorts of lac-dye. As for the officers, whose cloth is a good deal more brilliant, they are painted up with cochineal from Mexico. But the best lac-dye is not at all far behind cochineal in brilliancy. Next to red soldiers' coats, I think the chief demand for lac-dye is created by the extensive use of it in sealing wax."

While engaged in making these few observations, I had been troubled much by the fetid nature of the smell about us, and had narrowly escaped tumbling into vats flush with the pavement, and full to the brim with their dark lake-coloured liquor. Not sorry to change the scene, I followed my friend into another range of single-storied buildings, and passed from an intensely moist into an intensely dry air. Did Blankman, Asterisk, and Company intend to celebrate that evening a feast of sausages? The large room contained a great number of fire-places, all built of mud, and all with their mouths full of glowing charcoal. Before each fire there was a woman cook, turning a white sausage some ten feet long, and a man who at first sight seemed to be basting it. I turned to my friend, and asked what might be the meaning of those cooks, and what sausages they turned before the fire. "They are seedlac sausages," he said. "Seedlac, seasoned with a very minute quantity of fine ground orpiment added in solution, has been tied into those bags, and as they turn before the fire, a gummy juice oozes as you see lazily through the pores of the cloth. The man cook, as you now see, is not basting, but scraping off this juice, and when he has enough upon his spatula, dabs it down before the boy who has charge of the cylinder beside him." For indeed I should have said at first that before each fire, and engaged upon each sausage, there were not only a man and a woman, but there was also a boy. The boy had charge of a hollow earthen cylinder, about two feet long and five inches thick, having hot water inside it, and being outside very smooth and highly burnished. As the dab of melted matter bubbled on the top of his cylinder, which was so fixed that it sloped down towards him, he with a palm leaf deftly coaxed it, and flattened it upon his great Italian iron; and having done that, presently displayed to us a flat cake of a bright orange colour, twenty inches square and very thin—not more than a twentieth of an inch thick. "I know what that is," I observed, "for I have seen it often, although never in so large a sheet." "Yes," said my friend Asterisk, "that is shellac, but it is generally broken into little pieces by the time it reaches the consumer. You shall take a whole piece with you for the honour of the shop."

And so I left the shop, in which I had seen employed a thousand men, women, and boys; the premises themselves covering a space of not less than five acres. There are, as I before said, two of the large lac-factories in Dashapore, and there are also several small ones. Together they turn out about forty thousand pounds' weight of the first class dye, and about sixteen thousand of inferior and native manufacture. The whole amount of lac dye exported from Calcutta in one year borders upon four millions of pounds, and the

quantity of shell, stick, seed, and cake lac that is sent from the same port in the same time exceeds four millions of pounds. That last fact is a flower of statistics, dug out of a heavy book.

MAHUOT COCQUIEL.

In the reign of Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, or, more precisely, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-two, the neighbourhood of Tournay in France was ravaged by a gang of cut-throats, who contrived to set the gensdarmes of the Count completely at defiance.

The very evening of the day on which the burgomaster Van Robec, accompanied by the magistrates and principal citizens, left Tournay for the purpose of obtaining an audience of the duke respecting these outrages, a cavalier presented himself at one of the gates of the town, and demanded entrance. According to the custom of those troubled times, he alighted from horseback, and followed to the guard-house the soldier whose duty it was to arrest his further progress. The new arrival was doubtless in possession of an efficient passport of some kind or other; for he had scarcely entered, when the officer of the guard motioned the gatekeeper to allow him to proceed, wishing him good night at the same time, and treating him with the utmost deference. It might be eleven o'clock at night, and the moon illumined the turrets of the houses, and the steeples of the town, whose vast shadows stretched out at full length, and assumed a thousand fantastic forms as they fell massively on the neighbouring buildings. All seemed buried in profound slumber. At least, the silence which prevailed gave good reason to suppose so. Nevertheless, in one of the streets, which led from the principal square to the ramparts, a bright light shone from behind one of the lozenged windows of the burgomaster Van Robec's house. Its owner had departed to the Duke's camp with a heavy heart, at the thought of leaving his daughter alone with the aged governess; who would be powerless to preserve her from the assiduities of the gallants who ceaselessly passed and repassed before the house. It is true that Jeanne was soon to marry a cavalier whom her father had authorised to pay her court—which he never failed to do every evening—and that this cavalier—who was known by the name of Philippe du Gardin—kept sufficient watch over his bride to intimidate those who were tempted to approach her.

Philippe had been an hour in company with Jeanne, when the cavalier, of whom we have spoken, entered the street. Observing a ring fixed in the wall of a neighbouring hostelry, *he fastened his horse* to it, and moved towards *the house of Van Robec*; before which he placed himself under the shadow of the front screen of a mercer's shop. There, with his eye constantly fixed upon the illumined window, this man watched his prey. His hand convulsively grasped the pummel of his sword, which he drew from the scabbard whenever he perceived that a slight degree of movement was taking place within the house. At last the street-door opened; and Philippe, after having left a kiss upon the forehead of his bride, proceeded homewards. The cavalier, quitting his retreat, advanced towards him.

"Halt, my gentleman!" he said. "I am not mistaken. You are Philippe du Gardin, the betrothed husband of the young girl with whom you have just parted?"

"Before replying, allow me to ask who you are; and with what object you put that question?" said Philippe. "I do not know you, I have never seen you; consequently, I can have no business with you. Leave me."

"Oh no," returned the assailant. "I have not travelled a couple of leagues on purpose to find you, to return without calling you to account for your insults."

"Insults?"

"Yes, my dainty primrose," replied the cavalier. "It was only yesterday that I heard of your visits to the Dame de Beaufroid, and you perceive I have not been slow in—"

"The Dame de Beaufroid!" exclaimed Philippe with emotion.

"Yes, young man! The Dame de Beaufroid, with whom I am in love; and whom I mean to keep to myself. You understand?"

"Your mistress!" shouted the youth, drawing his sword. "Your mistress! It is false!"

"A liar, am I?" cried the cavalier coolly, placing himself in the attitude of defence before Philippe. "Pray are your visits to that lady lies?"

"No!" replied the youth.

"And those tender letters which I have discovered, and which have informed me that, while you are paying court to her, you come here to marry a *bourgeoise*?"

"Those letters are true; but all the rest is false!"

"The lady is mine; and, as I do not choose that she should belong to any one else—at least during my life-time—make use of your sword."

"Sir cavalier! In what I have spoken there is a mystery which I am not permitted to reveal; but, in the teeth of your accusations, when I hear it said that the Dame de Beaufroid has a favoured lover, and that you are that lover; then, in spite of the happiness which I expect to find in an approaching and a joyful union, I do not hesitate to accept your challenge, at the risk of perishing in the struggle."

No answer was given to these words;

but the two swords were instantly crossed, and sparks flew to the right and left. Four or five passes sufficed to disarm Philippe.

"Resume your sword," said the cavalier coldly. "Our combat is only to be ended by death."

Philippe took his sword again, and the duel commenced with fury on both sides. In a few seconds the youth fell to the ground, pierced through his chest, and yielded his spirit without uttering a word. Quick as lightning, the adversary mounted his horse, and disappeared through the gate of the town by which he had entered, taking the road to the northward.

At the clashing of the arms, Jeanne and her governess in terror had ventured to look out from the open window. The first object which met their view was the body of Philippe, outstretched in that part of the street where the moonbeams were shining brightest. A cry of despair escaped from Jeanne's bosom. At that cry, the neighbours arose in alarm. What was their surprise when they recognised the betrothed husband of Van Robec's daughter? Their first care was to carry him to the burgomaster's house. In spite of the exclamations and remonstrances of the governess, who returned to her mistress utterly overcome, the neighbours laid the body of Philippe on Van Robec's bed, and one of them went to fetch a surgeon, to be authoritatively assured that life was really extinct. Jeanne, who from the first story of the house beheld her betrothed lying on the ground and who heard all the bustle within doors, insisted on entering the room in which Philippe had been placed. In vain the governess tried to oppose her wish. In a few minutes the girl was in the midst of the sorrowing neighbours; who did their utmost to tear her away from so sad a sight. But Jeanne struggled against them, embraced the corpse of her betrothed closely in her arms, lavishing upon it the most affectionate endearments. When the doctor came at last he had to testify to the double fact, that Philippe was dead, and that Jeanne was seized with madness.

On leaving Tournay, the cavalier went across the country as far as the church of the first village; descended into a little valley, traversed a narrow brook on a bridge of planks, and then, penetrating the woods in an easterly course, he succeeded in arriving at a hamlet where he stopped before the gate of a *château*. This *château* belonged to a powerful family, who had afforded an asylum to a woman of from five-and-thirty to forty years of age, of noble descent, driven by misfortune from her native province more than two years previously, to live in retirement here. The only journeys she had made since her residence in the hamlet were restricted to two or three visits to *Tournay; where* she went, it was whispered, to see some person to whom she was tenderly attached.

The cavalier passed the night as tranquilly as if he had returned from accomplishing some perfectly simple and natural affair; and, the next morning as soon as he awoke, his first care was to see the Dame de Beaufroid. Her countenance when she received him, was impressed with a deep melancholy; but that very melancholy, adding to the paleness which overspread her features, endowed her with an inexpressible captivating interest.

"Ah! it is you, Mahuot?" said the lady, in a voice of emotion. "I have passed a sleepless night, agitated by a thousand painful presentiments."

"Presentiments do not always deceive," he replied abruptly.

"What do you mean?—Good God! what is the meaning of that change in your countenance—of the harshness of your looks!"

"It is useless that I should conceal the fact. I have seen that Philippe, of whom we were talking yesterday. I could rest no longer in the cruel uncertainty in which I was placed by the letters which I discovered in your oratory. I did not choose; after having left the army of the Duke of Burgundy in order to come and ask you, for the last time, whether you were willing to espouse me and thus conclude a tedious courtship;—I did not choose, I say, to remain in any further doubt respecting your conduct during my absence. This very night I have been to Tournay."

"And you have met with Philippe?"

"Yes! My measures were taken, and my information proved exact. Consequently, I had not long to wait. I remembered that particular letter, in which he addresses you in the tenderest terms; in which he entreats you to crown his happiness; and which he concludes, by daring to ask you to receive his kisses."

"Well!"

"Well! he has not denied it! On the contrary, he confessed—"

"And then?"

"Then, my indignation overcame all bounds. I reproached him with his own duplicity, and with your treachery. I compelled him to take sword in hand, the very moment after he had betrayed you, in turn, by embracing her whom he was soon to marry."

"Make an end of your tale."

"I killed him!" harshly replied the cavalier.

The lady appeared for a moment to be utterly overwhelmed. But, making a strong effort, she stood proud and menacing before the assassin, and said, "Do you know whom it is that you have stricken?"

The cavalier remained silent.

"But to whom do I address myself?" she added vehemently. "I entreat Heaven to pardon me for having ever known you. I

should be accursed if I ever joined hands with you. You have killed my son!"

"Her son!" exclaimed the man, hiding his face. The lady, exhausted and stunned, fell senseless on a sofa.

These events filled the whole province with consternation. Jeanne did not recover her reason; and the aged burgomaster, after having in vain endeavoured to discover the murderer of Philippe, died of grief. The Dame de Beaufroid quitted the *château* in which she had found shelter. Some said that she had taken the veil. Mahuot Cocquiel had rejoined the army of the Duke of Burgundy. He did not remain there long; for, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, he came to Valenciennes, and obtained there, no one knows how, the rights of citizenship.

One fête-day of that year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, there was a great concourse of people in Valenciennes. The streets, the squares, and the hostelries were crowded. Gaiety shone in every countenance. Philippe the Good had come to visit his faithful and loyal Valenciennois.

In a noted tavern, a few steps from the church of Saint Pierre, the throng was greater than elsewhere. Mahuot Cocquiel entered it; and, observing a vacant table, took his place there. He scrutinized with curiosity the extraordinary bustle which reigned throughout the place, when a *bourgeois* named Jacotin Plouvier seated himself beside him. Mahuot knew this man so slightly, that he was surprised at the easy assurance with which he seated himself at table.

"Ah! is it you, Master Cocquiel?" said Jacotin, seating himself. "I am very glad to have met with you."

"Are you?" replied Mahuot, visibly annoyed.

"I have something to say to you!" said Jacotin.

"To me?"

"I have to tell you some news about one of my relations, who lately died amongst the nuns of Liège."

"What business is that of mine?"

"Important business, you will own," added Plouvier; "when I have told you that her name was Gertrude."

"Gertrude."

"I here hold her last letter—her last wish. Do you desire to be informed of it?"

"It is no affair of mine," replied Mahuot, rising as if to leave the room.

"On the contrary," said Jacotin, taking Mahuot by the arm, and forcing him to sit down again, "it is no other person's affair than yours."

"What are the contents of the letter?" said Mahuot, burning with anger.

"In the first place, she orders me to find *out a certain Mahuot* Cocquiel. You are he! *Secondly, she orders* me, as soon as I have found him, to say to him: 'Mahuot, you laid wait for a young man, who was just entering life, in order to put him relentlessly to death!'—That's what she says. Well, I, Jacotin Plouvier, *bourgeois* of Valenciennes, am resolved to avenge the death of that boy, as well as of his bride, who died insane in consequence of your crime; and I call upon God to judge between us!"

"Never!" exclaimed Mahuot with so much vehemence that all present turned towards the two men.

"Never, do you say?" answered Jacotin: "I will force you to it!" And then addressing the crowd which surrounded them, and which filled the tavern, he added; "Flamands! here is a man who is come to take up his right of citizenship, and he is a murderer. He killed one of my relations, Philippe du Gardin, my cousin's son."

A long murmur of surprise went round the assembly.

"Yes, my friends, this man is a murderer! I offer to justify my accusation in single combat."

"Bravo!" shouted a sergeant-at-arms, as he entered the tavern with a handful of soldiers who had been enrolled that morning for the purpose of keeping order. "Bravo! You shall both of you come along with me;" and he led Mahuot and Jacotin away.

By the law of trial by battle—a relic of barbarism only abolished, here, in our own day—the affair fell into the hands of the authorities. Preparations were then made for the duel, says the historian Le Glay d'Arleux (whom we translate), in his Notice sur Valenciennes; and, as it was a grave and imposing ceremony, Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, determined to be present. On Tuesday, the twentieth of March, one thousand four hundred and forty-five, the Grand Place of Valenciennes was converted into a list, around which an immense multitude was congregated. At nine o'clock the champions were led in, dressed in *basane*, or black sheep's leather, of one entire piece, closely sewed together from their feet to their necks, with their heads naked and shaven, their feet naked, and their nails cut. They were accompanied by the Bretons, or masters of exercises, who had been assigned to each of them after their first confinement in prison and who carried their shields and their sticks. These shields were formed of willow wood covered with sheep's leather; and were three feet long. They bore for arms a cross *gules* on a field *argent*. The sticks were of medlar-wood, three feet long, and sharpened at each end.

Jacotin Plouvier, the appellant, entered the first, made several signs of the cross, and then seated himself on a chair covered with black cloth at one end of the list, on the side of the church of St. Pierre. Mahuot came afterwards, knelt down, crossed

himself, kissed the ground, and seated himself on the side of the belfry. The provost of the town then entered the enclosure, and the champions swore respectively on the Holy Gospels that their quarrel was good. Next, their dresses were greased, in order that they might have less hold upon each other; spices were brought in silver cups to invigorate them, and two other cups containing ashes with which they rubbed their hands. When all was properly disposed according to the usages and franchises of the town, the provost threw the glove, which had been taken up as the gage of battle, and cried, "Do your duty! do your duty! do your duty!"

The champions, after having beaten each other with their sticks, grappled together, and shook each other violently. Mahuot fell; but instantly got up again. Jacotin rushed upon him, threw him down once more, held him firmly to the ground, thrust sand into his eyes, and tortured him for nearly three-quarters of an hour, to make him confess the murder.

Philippe the Good remained in the house of Melchior du Gardin, the provost of the town, and watched the combat behind a blind. He sent to inquire of the magistrate if there were no means of putting a stop to this horrible struggle. The magistrate replied that that could not be without prejudice to the privileges of the city, and that the conflict must have its course.

At last, after being for a long while tortured by his adversary, Mahuot, utterly blind and crippled in every limb, cried, "Enough!" but, on rising, he endeavoured to rush upon his foe; but Jacotin twisted his arms until they broke.

The wretched man, ackowledging himself beaten, and confessing the murder, had still strength enough to cry out so as to be heard at a distance: "My Lord of Burgundy, pity! pity! I served you well in your war with Ghent!" The Duke was moved even to tears. He again asked the magistrate whether it were possible to save the life of this unfortunate wretch, or at least, when dead, to accord him burial in consecrated ground. The provost answered, that the law must be fulfilled step by step. Meanwhile, Jacotin had completed his terrible vengeance with blows of his stick. He seized the bleeding corpse by one leg, and dragged it out of the list; after which — and this part of the chronicle cannot be read without a shudder — he went to the church of Nôtre-Dame-la-Grande, to return thanks to God for having caused justice to triumph!

The magistrate gave judgment that the murderer should be dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, and be there, for form's sake, strangled and hung. The Duke of Burgundy, justly indignant at the execution which he had witnessed, and which, in spite of all his power, he had been unable to prevent, swore to abolish this barbarous custom. Thenceforwards it was never practised in the Low Countries.

WINDLASS SONG.

Heave at the windlass!—Heave O, cheerly, men!
Heave all at once, with a will!
The tide's quickly making,
Our cordage a-creaking,
The water has put on a frill,
Heave O!

Fare-you-well, sweethearts! Heave O, cheerly, men!
Shore gambarado and sport!
The good ship all ready,
The dog-vane all steady,
The wind blowing dead out of port,
Heave O!

Once in blue water! Heave O, cheerly, men!
Blow it from north or from south,
She'll stand to it brightly,
And curtsy politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth,
Heave O!

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O, cheerly, men!
Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one.
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red Sea;
Great icebergs, or tropical sun;
Heave O!

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly, men!
Heave, and good-bye to the shore!
Our money, how went it?
We shared it and spent it;
Next year we'll come back with some more.
Heave O!

A DAY AFTER BATTLE FAIR.

There have been plenty of shows of late. You have been to all of them: you had your first-floor front in Ludgate Hill (two and a half guineas, lunch included, and very hot sherry included in that), on the eighteenth of November last. You had your double journey ticket to Paris in January to see the great marriage show in Nôtre Dame, and shot all the lions in the French capital in a week. You had your seat on a "dwag," and your share in the well-packed hampers, (shall they be counted as nothing, O Fortnum and Mason!) on the race days. You took an excursion-ticket to Dublin when the Irish Exhibition opened, and combined a hurry-skurry visit to the Lakes of Killarney with the inspection of the staple produce, manufactures, and industrial arts of the Emerald Isle. You have been to all the shows, Royal Academies, Water-colours, British Artists, British Institution, Gore House, Opera, Zulu Kaffirs; all the fairs: Greenwich, Stepney, Charlton, and Battle Fair. Of course. To this last you went on horseback? In a zephyr coat, with a green veil tied round your hat and escorting, like a true gallant as you are, a galaxy of beauteous female equestrians? Or in an open carriage?

Or a donkey-cart? Or by the South Western Railway? At all events, you have been to the Chobham camp and have seen the Fair. Otherwise I should not presume to address to you the narrative of my experiences—a day after the Fair—of this embodiment of the whole "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war."

The time is nine A. M.; the place, the platform of the Waterloo terminus of the South Western Railway; the people, between two and three thousand men, women, and children, yelling with the united force of their (from four to six thousand) lungs for trains to Chertsey. Here are dapper young guardsmen in undress frocks and white ducks going down as amateurs, to witness the manœuvres of their comrades on duty in the Camp; here are solid-looking policemen; extras who have been telegraphed for and who, apparently despairing of being able to capture a tithe of the evil-doers congregated here, appear to take themselves into custody, and keep themselves very close indeed. Here are militia officers in uniform burning to acquire a knowledge of their calling at Battle Fair, trying, in their new-made accoutrements, to look very professional indeed, and, all things considering, succeeding pretty well. Here, with very brilliant epaulettes, and very neatly brushed blue coatees, and boots highly blacked, and whiskers carefully trimmed, and medals complacently though not ostentatiously displayed, are those lynx-eyed sergeants of the Honourable East India Company's Service, who are to be heard of at small public-houses in the neighbourhood of Hungerford Market, Whitehall, and King Street, Westminster, (generally down cellar steps, or up blind passages), who are always on the look out for "fine young men" for the Honourable Company's artillery and infantry, and whose appetite for fine young men is insatiable. Here—bolder, more defiant, and blustering—are recruiting sergeants in scarlet and ribbons, eager to raise men for the Queen's troops. Here are mechanics, artisans, labourers, barristers, solicitors, country parsons, schoolmasters with timid tribes of little scholars, "swells" from Pall Mall and the lodging-houses about St. James's, over-dressed and over-estimated (by themselves) gentlemen gents. Then the harmless City and Government Office gents proper—also over-dressed and over-estimated, but in a different fashion—cheap young butterflies of the Strand and Haymarket. Then long-haired dirty lads, in gangs of threes and fours who, evidently, are up to no good; the suspicious but shrewd-looking gentlemen who are going down with the evident intention of exercising in the outskirts of Battle Fair the honourable and ancient arts of thimble-rigging, card-spinning, pip-counting, garter-pricking, all still pursued, despite Sir James *Graham's rigorous* Epsom onslaught, but *carried on now in* a peripatetic manner, and classed under the generic name of "Charley-pitching." Then next, brothers, and first cousins to the Charleypitchers; here are also gentlemen, better dressed, but more suspicious and shrewd-looking, whom I may, without any scandal, simply denominate "gonophs," and for further information about whom I must refer to the officers of the Detective Police. Here, to sum up, scrambling, jostling, fighting, screaming, clinging round pillars, adjuring railway policemen, waylaying porters, putting clerks to the question, wiping their hot faces, groaning "Shame," and asking each other all at once (without waiting for, or seeming to expect an answer), "When does the next train start?" are samples of every grade, class, rank, and station, in this Behemoth of London; deputations from every part of Babylon, from Hyde Park Gardens to Short's Gardens, Drury Lane; from Park Lane to Field Lane; from the Serpentine to the Fleet Ditch. Is this no masquerade? Is Vauxhall a patch on this parti-coloured robe? Can you name the Bal de l'Opéra, the Carnival of Venice, the Descent of the Courtille, after this, the Carnival prelude to Battle Fair. Altogether Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, together with Colney Hatch, and some moderate draughts from Bedlam and St. Luke's, appear to have been emptied into the terminus and on to the platform; and the clerks and porters, transformed into keepers, seem to have too many patients, and not to know what to do with them.

Still, in all the pay-boxes the clipping of tickets goes on with as much rapidity as if suet were being chopped for a monster plum-pudding. Still, at all the pay-places there is a struggling, rushing, kicking mass of people thrusting half-crowns and shillings into the clerks' hands, ears, eyes, and mouth, and fighting for tickets like famished wolves. Still, the train-bell is continually ringing, and trains moving out of the station; yet, still to the general view there are quite as many despairing or impatient passengers on the platform as before.

One individual has provided himself with a first-class return ticket, by a process of his own invention, and which he confidentially told me he intended (as soon as Hanaper and Chaffwax have been delivered over to torment,) to patent. It consists in the execution of a species of rotatory war-dance in the thickest part of the crowd, taking care to stamp violently on all the toes near him, and to fling his arms about after the manner of the sails of a windmill. A temporary circle being thus cleared, he rushes up to the wicket, takes his ticket, places it in his mouth, folds his arms; and, butting with his head foremost in the mode of an ancient battering ram, effects a triumphant exit.

With my ticket, after much pushing, and stamping, and swaying to and fro, I reach the extreme verge of the platform. A train is

there, filling rapidly. Somebody pushes me behind. I push somebody behind. My foot is on a step, then on another, then I am what is vulgarly but expressively termed "hiked up," and find myself in a carriage. A door slams; a bell rings; a whistle screams forth a hideous *charivari*, and we are off. As we glide out of the terminus, a melancholy panorama passes before us; a stormy, soughing sea of mournful faces—the thousands who are left behind.

We arrive safely; not exactly at Chertsey, there being a trifle of half-a-dozen trains a-head of us, preventing our train from being drawn into the station. So the authorities—consisting, I suppose, for the occasion, of an imperturbable guard, and a man in a velveteen shooting-jacket, who plays tricks with green and red flags—turn all the passengers out into a verdant ditch, beyond which there is a piece of good stiff ploughed land, and beyond that half-a-dozen excellent marshy fields. If we choose to walk through these, the authorities obligingly condescend to tell us, by way of rider, we shall save at least a mile-and-a-half of the four miles supposed to lie between Chertsey and the Camp at Chobham.

To accomplish these four miles, we were told in London, in advertisements on a bright green placard—which reads, as Johnson said of Goldsmith's Natural History, as delightfully as a fairy tale—that there would be provided a profusion of omnibuses at the Chertsey station, which would convey all visitors thence to the Camp at an uniform rate of one shilling. But where are the omnibuses?

Here they are, in the proportion of about one to every hundred and a half of passengers. Here they are, very rotten in the body, very shaky in the springs, very staggering in the wheels, decorated with mud in profusion, but with paint in paucity. Here they are, drawn by broken-down old horses, with Cow Cross countenances, with broken legs and broken wind, and broken hides, and broken harness. Here they are, crammed inside and out with human ants; while the cry of the drivers, like sons of the horse-leech—as they are—is continually, "More, more!" yet refusing, with ironical cheers and facetious vituperation, to convey a single passenger to the Camp for less than ten shillings.

I spurn the extortion, I reject the amended tariff of seven-and-sixpence propounded by a financier governing an asthmatical stage-coach, plastered over with placards. I will have nothing to do with a withered anatomy of a carriage—a skeleton barouche, with horses such as the ghost-trooper in Bürger's Lenore might have ridden—mounted by a palsy on horseback—a top-booted sciatica, a Methuselah in a blue jean jacket, the very *eidolon* of a post-boy. I will walk. I am told, with screams of derision, that it is a "good six mile" to Chobham. Never mind. I remember what the railway authorities told me about the short cut across the fields. My boots are thick, and my heart is stout. I will defy the ploughed land and the quaggy marshes.

I am soon weary and footsore. My feet are gyved with lumps of the ploughed land. My apparel is stained with the marshes, torn with the hedges I have scrambled through. I am shin-bruised, hustled, heartsick, weary, and horribly thirsty.

It is reported of that much-tried ship, whose starting timbers shivered, whose pitchy seams were rent, that when she had laid, tossing and rolling dreadfully all the day in the Bay of Biscay, O! a sail, a sail, a sail appeared in sight, which the exhausted mariners hailed with three cheers, and immediately sailed with the gale, from the Bay of Biscay, O! We see in the horizon a shop for the sale of Beer—a little, mean-looking, country public-house, which approach is instantaneously thronged with a heterogenous assemblage. Elegantly dressed ladies sit on rude benches and trestles by the side of country clowns. Belinda is for the moment confounded with Lobbin Clout. Lips accustomed only to the finest brands of claret and champagne, are suddenly immersed (and deeply too) into mugs—plain brown mugs—of fourpenny ale. The bar is overthronged, and the beer engine emptied. The thirsty customers rush in a frantic manner into the cellar, seizing on any mugs, clean or soiled, which they can lay their hands upon, and crowd round the landlord, who has a barrel before him which he defends like a Bacchus at bay, and draws beer till his arm aches. Here, social distinctions are lost; the Court Guide is of no service whatever in securing priority of service. Ragged fellows elbow dandies, and get beer full five minutes earlier, but some of the exquisites are strong stalwart fellows. They seize mugs, and battle for beer valorously, and get it.

I am come from beyond London to Chobham, in Surrey, for the express purpose of seeing the sham fight, Her Majesty, the Camp, and the great guns. What do I do? This little public where I am beering is only (and really) a mile from the Camp. Do I accomplish this mile? No? It is by this time two of the clock, afternoon. I am exceedingly tired, dissatisfied, dusty, and disposed to contemplation. I cannot budge hurriedly. I must pause.

At length, mollified and soothed, and satisfied in my own mind that the review must be well over by this time, I resume my pilgrimage towards Battle Fair—a day after it. Crowds of pedestrians and equestrians returning towards Chertsey apprise me that the review *is* over. The omnibuses are more crowded than ever, and the jaded horses strain and drag away at their unmerciful loads in a truly piteous manner. Prices for conveyance have come down remarkably. Insides are freely offered at three-and-sixpence, and seats on the roof are quoted as low as half-a-crown and three shillings. But, as I have walked so

far I don't feel inclined to engage a vehicle now, and continue my journey through the medium of what is idiomatically known as the Marrowbone Stage. Which said stage takes me for a further space of some twenty minutes duration. Then I turn a corner, and come suddenly upon the Fair.

There are no swings, roundabouts, fowls in golden inexpressibles, penny shows, theatres, or wax-works, or monstrosities. But there is a fair; there are two fairs indeed. One to the right hand as you enter from the Chertsey road, comprised in an area perhaps two hundred feet square, and consisting of drinking and dancing booths of every size and description, and suited to every pocket; grand marquees for lunch and dinner purposes; humbler tents, where gingerbread, apples, oranges, lemonade, and small beer are vended; stands as at Epsom and Ascot for the more convenient viewing the manœuvres of the troops; barrels of gingerbread nuts, perambulating kegs of cool drinks, and more showy caravans containing the celebrated gingerbeer from the fountain; hot pies, raspberry-tarts, and kidney-puddings; fruit barrows, nut baskets, and similar concomitants to the mercantile conduct of a fair. The second fair hath also booths; but its booths are mostly of an uniform and pyramidal shape. It has also marquees; but its marquees are pitched with mathematical exactitude, and are curiously bedizened with scarlet daggers of flourishing conformation, and broad arrows of dazzling blue. Furthermore, Fair No. 2 is nearly two miles-and-a-half in length; and with its canvass stables, and canvass hospitals, mess-marquees, furze sentry-boxes, mud kitchens, straw-covered women's huts, sutlers' booths, canteens, guard-rooms—with the great Royal Pavilion and its standard on the Magnet towering above all—the homes of eight thousand fighting men; but the rendezvous, this present Tuesday, of some seventy thousand additional spectators, who are all hopelessly entangled, jumbled up and mixed together If the higgledepiggledys on the railway platform and on the Chertsey road were to be wondered at, the wonderful salmigundi presented on Chobham Common is yet more remarkable. The two fairs have become, in a manner, mixed and commingled. Their populations are the emptied contents of barracks, mingled with the components of the Derby, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and Hampton race meetings; Greenwich Fair, a hanging morning at the Old Bailey, a cheap Brighton excursion-train, and the Chiswick horticultural show. Add to all these one of Her Majesty's drawing-rooms, a very thirsty fête at Vauxhall, a noisy public meeting at Exeter Hall, the Stock Exchange, and Tottenham Court Road on a Saturday. The junction of all these dissonant elements; but *with a thousand times* more discordance, *noise, bustle, laughter,* shouting, and stamping, will convey a pretty accurate notion of Battle Fair, just after the termination of the great show.

Fair equestrians, in most delightful varieties of Amazonian costume, some with hats, and some with caps, and some with charmingly nondescript combinations of felt, which you would be puzzled to say were either the one or the other—with such rosy cheeks—such sunshiny looks of happiness and health—such enchanting glances for the spruce young cavaliers riding by their sides, for the gay individuals in eccentrically-cut coats, and opera-glasses in leathern cases, slung across their shoulders by straps. These houris on horseback prance by, managing their steeds with gallant emphasis, and putting them through their paces prettily. After them come natty grooms, dressed and mounted with the sober, grave, decorous elegance and propriety of English grooms. Then there are real Londoners a horseback, who, as is their luck on all public occasions, are sadly taunted by ribald boys who remind them that they are "outside," and intreat them for safety sake to "get inside and pull the blinds down." They also inquire "'ow much a pound" they will take for their steeds, barring the tail. These, with the mob of pedestrians from magnificoes to beggars, are mixed up with white-headed old general officers in cumbersome cocked hats and plumes, and loosely fitting blue surtouts; dashing aid-de-camps, cantering guardsmen, smart orderlies, stern troopers, looking neither to the right nor left, but pushing on doggedly. The carriages do not come this way.

If I had come down to Chertsey by an earlier train, I should have seen the review, Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and all the Ladies, and then I should have been all agog for glory, of course. As it is, being a day after the Fair, I saunter moodily on the Bagshot road, looking at the long line of aristocratic carriages. Then I wander awhile through the streets of the Camp, watching the soldiers cleaning their accoutrements, and cooking their victuals, or lounging wearily on the soppy straw inside their tents; till the mess bugle sounding, and a pelting shower of rain coming on, I also retire.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A CANTER WITH POLYCHRONOPULOS.

Up and away after our respectable new acquaintance, Elia Polychronopulos, the most famous guide in Greece. He is riding about three lengths ahead of us—a fine man, in the Greek costume, sitting as if he grew out of the back of his horse, although we are flying over a roughish country. Polychronopulos holds the bridle by the extreme end with one hand, while he snaps the fingers of the other; uttering every now and then a peculiar wild shrill cry, which his little wiry horse seems perfectly to understand; for he

increases his pace accordingly. Away they scud before us, horse and rider; the gay dress of the Greek, and his silver-hilted arms, glittering in the morning sun, and the long blue tassel of his red peakless cap standing out and fluttering like a plume.

Behind him rides a German gentleman without straps, and who is a little at the mercy of a floundering vicious charger, which looks very capable of mischief. He wears a long great-coat, under which his trowsers are fast disappearing; and there is an unreasonable space between the points of his toes; indeed, they are as far apart as they well can be, and his heels are pressed down in the last style of Berlin. He carries a straight riding whip swordwise; his hat is jammed over his eyes, and the inevitable eye-glass chain is streaming straight out behind him like a pigtail. It is a wondrous sight to see him holding on for his life, and jolting about with every stride. The rear is brought up by a small bald-headed gentleman, dressed in a boating-coat, checked small-clothes, crinkled at the knees, low shoes, and an oilskin cap. He is peering forward in a near-sighted way, from the heights of a gaunt and terrible horse; partly to choose his ground, partly to find the stirrup which he is continually losing; and he is supplicating Polychronopulos for mercy to horses and riders, in a voice drowned in wind, and shaken into fragments by the furious clatter of hoofs over stony ground. The last figure is your roving Englishman; who reflects upon what a different thing travelling is in reality, to the imaginative travelling of romantic young ladies and gentlemen at home.

Corinth, the well-watered city, was the rival of Athens, the bravest battler against old Rome, and which Mummius, a vulgar, brutal soldier, sacked for having joined the Achæan League. Julius Cæsar partly restored it; although he could not give back much of its beauty and the treasures of art destroyed for ever. Lastly came Alaric, one of the scourges of the earth, who left scarcely one stone standing on another. Here St. Paul lived; and the famous Mahomed II. triumphed. The Venetians took it in sixteen hundred and ninety-eight; and the Turks regained it in seventeen hundred and fifteen. In the last revolution it was burnt to the ground; not one house escaped. Corinth was very nearly, however, being chosen as the capital of modern Greece, but its situation was considered too unhealthy.

Seven Doric columns, the ruins of the ancient temple of Minerva Chalamatis, still stand as stately and beautiful, as perfectly proportioned, as if just erected; although they have stood through storm and sunshine at least twenty-five hundred years. There are some remains of the old Roman town and a grass-grown amphitheatre to be met with. The Acrocorinthus, and the magnificent view *from it*, is the finest sight of all; it takes in six of the most famous states of ancient Greece, Achaia, Locris, Phocis, Bœotia, Attica, and Argolis. The Acrocorinthus, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is said to be the strongest fortification in Greece.

The modern town of Corinth is more completely miserable than even a good stout serviceable imagination always ready when called upon, can conceive. It is literally imbedded in filth and mud of all sorts. The people, squalid and half starving, are half naked; the houses are all one story high, and all tumbling down. Hungry dogs howl and fight for offal over the ruined baths of Hadrian. The hotel appeared a mere refuge for destitute vermin; for it is alive with them. They swarmed over the seats of the chairs, and played at leap-frog with your feet upon the crowded floor. They were upon the walls, the window sills, the curtains, the tablecloth, even, and appeared quite wild with delight at the arrival of a fresh and tender stranger; a Greek skin being impervious to their attacks, or of indifferent flavour should they succeed in penetrating it. The bread, however, looked clean when the crust was cut off; and fortunately our lively little friends could not get into the eggs, so that we managed to appease our hunger; which was extremely sharpened by the mountain air and brisk motion after the confinement of a steamer. We found it quite as well to keep our eyes off the landlady when she came in, in order to enjoy our bread and eggs; for a more revolting old person it would be hard to find. When she brought in a thick glutinous mess, which was stated by Polychronopulos to be coffee, we were too glad to take his word for the fact, and to drink at a little fountain water from the palms of our hands instead.

The modern Greeks are still a fine race of men, straight, upright, and well grown; and in the classes removed a little from absolute beggary the national costume—gay and flowing—adds considerably to their personal attractions. But the women I saw were, without exception, fat and uncomely. They were broad where they ought to be slim, and narrow where they ought to be full in figure. Their complexions are oily, and their hair coarse and ill-arranged; their eyes small, and their hands and feet large and clumsy. Not even the grace of their national dress can conceal a certain waddling awkwardness of gait. They seem to be born to show how ugly it is possible to be with faultless features; for they have nearly all the Greek profile, the straight nose, the delicate lip. They appear to marry while quite children. Some of the men had, I think, the worst and most dangerous expression I ever saw in a human face: at once dark and powerful—the cunning to conceive crime, and the unswerving firmness to go through with it. Diseased eyes seemed very frequent at Corinth, probably one of the many results of the fevers which

are said to be peculiarly malignant there; and, whether from the glare of light, the white houses, or some other cause, every third person we met had a decided squint.

We stopped between two and three hours; and then our guide reminded us that the Austrian steamer would probably have arrived by this time at Calamaki; and, he observed, as we appeared to have a dislike to fleas, we had better return to her instead of going on by land to Athens, and sleeping at Megara as we had at first proposed; for he assured us that this lively people of colour were in even greater force at Megara than at Corinth, and would probably eat us up if we resigned ourselves, during a whole night, to the full ferocity of their voracious appetites. I felt so strongly that there might be truth in this, that I hastened to persuade my friend—who is of a fair complexion—that he might be easily mistaken in the dark for one of my digestible countrymen, and we therefore agreed to return to the steamer.

It was a pleasant ride to Calamaki, over ground every inch of which is historical; and, letting my guide and companions scamper on as they listed, I pulled resolutely up and sauntered thoughtfully along till I came up with them. A little way along the road and about a hundred yards to the right of a few houses it would be almost mockery to call a village (and of which I was unable to learn the name), some considerable ruins attracted my attention. I also observed a curious old well and a subterraneous passage, apparently of some length, which are not mentioned in the guide book. I should have been glad to examine them more closely, for the ruins hitherto discovered in Greece are lamentably few.

Travelling in Greece is thus rendered altogether unsatisfactory, and the traveller is placed in the position of the marchioness who was obliged to make believe very much indeed, to fancy her orange peel and water was wine. Here and there a stone or a solitary shattered column is all that stands on the sites of the most famous cities of the ancient world; and sometimes not even this; while—although the climate is naturally perhaps the most beautiful in the world—every town in Greece is rendered a stronghold of fevers by the undrained marshes in its neighbourhood, and the insupportable filth, squalor, and neglect of every thing and everybody about it. Greece ought to have been, and would have been a most flourishing kingdom by this time had it been only moderately well managed. As it is, let us state how the case stands. Most of the lands are in the hands of the crown, and numbers of able and intelligent Greeks in foreign countries would proudly flock to settle upon them were they properly encouraged. Instead of this, however, a petty system of jobbing and favouritism is carried on which is destructive to colonisation or improvement.

Modern Greece, indeed, is in a very singular position. She has a free constitution; yet every thing has been gradually made to depend upon the King. Virtually there is no ministry; and opposition to the government would be looked upon as personal affront to the Sovereign. The press is free also; but is bought, or cajoled into silence; and the deputies have found out the means of prolonging their useless sittings, not only during the whole year, but find out that there are thirteen months in it, in order to increase their salaries. The elections are worse than the worst things that have been written about French elections.

The seat of government, Athens itself, is a poor place; importing from foreign countries many of the commonest necessaries of civilised life. It is without wealth, without commerce, without society. Even the number of travellers in Greece has fallen off very much of late years, and Athens almost depends upon them. Travelling in Greece is next to impossible to ladies and invalids, for there is not a decent or clean hotel in the country, and whoever wishes to see it, must make up his mind to suffer positive hardships; compared with which roughing it in tents among the Arabs is luxury. The old-fashioned virtue of hospitality is still happily in full force; and the traveller who has made up his mind to sleep on the floor of some miserable khan, will often be agreeably surprised to receive a message from some person he never heard of, inviting him to bed and board. Should the invitation be refused, the host is nearly certain to come personally to enforce it; and he may do so gracefully enough, considering from what he is rescuing his guest.

Roads there are none, so that the whole journey whether long or short must be performed on horseback. It is therefore better to make Athens the head-quarters, and from thence take short journeys into the interior. The horses are good, and the guides as a class civil and intelligent. Ours (Elia Polychronopulos) is the most cheery fellow possible to travel with; full of wit, story, and good humour enough to enliven the dullest plain that ever weary wanderer plodded over, and to make a noonday halt beside a running stream as pleasant as a breakfast at the Café Riche. I never saw such a fellow. His invention, attention, cookery, jollity, and sheer hard working strength were inexhaustible. It is rather a favour to get him, however; for a man who owns the two best hotels in Athens will hardly act as a guide to everybody. Elia Polychronopulos is quite as much one of the curiosities of Athens in his way as the Acropolis is in *its* way. He knows this, and his naïve vanity is one of the most amusing points about him. It is very amusing to watch our estimable acquaintance in a Greek costume elaborately varied every day, patronising the world, and sunning himself with

an air of great condescension and suavity; as if indeed he were doing this Earth rather an honour than otherwise by twirling his moustache in it.

JOSEPH TRAIN.

While visiting the west of Scotland at the end of last year, a casual passage in Lockhart's Life of Scott recalled to my memory the worthy old antiquary, Mr. Train. I soon learned that Mr. Train, thus recalled to my remembrance, was actually living in retired old age in Castle Douglas. He had been a long time in the Excise:—in Scotland it would seem rather a favourite reward of genius. Few men deserved better of modern literature; for it was to him Scott owed, not only many a good story, and many a strange tradition, but he suggested the subject of Guy Mannering, and to something which he dropped in conversation with him, we owe the machinery of the Tales of my Landlord. These are facts to make a man notable; but Train was a notable man in essential character. Although born to narrow fortune, he was bent on acquiring knowledge for its own sake. After glancing at his personal history I shall describe what kind of old man he was when I penetrated to his retreat. The facts of his life I derive from a memoir of him prefixed to his history of the Isle of Man, and from a sketch in the Dumfries Courier, published on the occasion of his death last December.

Train was a native of Ayrshire—the son of a land steward there—and was early apprenticed to some "mechanical occupation," which the author of the memoir does not particularise. He was, from his childhood, studious; and, in the way of gathering knowledge, omnivorous, but with a strong bent towards everything antiquarian. Train appears to have begun life as a private in the Ayrshire Militia. The commander, Sir David Hunter Blair, one day entered a bookseller's shop in a town where the regiment was stationed: on the table Currie's edition of Burns just out, and price one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, was lying. It had been specially ordered, the bookseller said, for a private in his own corps. We may suppose the laird's surprise, for in those days a reading plebeian was looked upon as a learned pig. Sir David got the volumes handsomely bound, and presented them to young Train. But this was not all. He looked about for a provision for him, and (Burns being a case in point), got him, in 1808, into the Excise.

The life of an exciseman was in those days a venturesome career; he scoured the country, wet and dry, and having brought the chase to bay, had to fight. Train discharged his duty faithfully, first in Ayrshire, then in Wigtonshire. But in all his wanderings, there was one object never neglected;—the tubs once fairly attended to, Joseph Train would gratify the passion of his heart, and wherever he was

> 'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
> Port-Patrick and the Cruives of Cree,

or wherever else, the antiquities of the country were the object of his love and his labour. A wandering beggar who could roll out a bit of a ballad; an old woman with a ghost story, a boy who had found a bit of some old brass instrument, strange to modern Gallovidian eyes, were the visitors dear to Joseph. He left the village club and the schoolmaster's jokes at the village public-house, to go off and disturb the jackdaws among the ruins of some old castle, with a half recognisable fosse. This was no idle *dillettante* curiosity. In the dead forms, he loved the memory of the old life. It was natural therefore that he should aspire to create; and, in 1814, he published the "Strains of a Mountain Muse."

Scott was now in the height of his poetical reputation, and his still greater day was dawning, for his poetical fame set into sunrise when the Waverley light broke. The influence of Scott is visible in the Strains, which do not indeed display much original power, or much culture. They are all illustrative of the old country traditions. Elcine de Aggart begins with great spirit:

> "Why gallops the palfrey with Lady Dunure?
> Who takes away Turnberry's kine from the shore?
> Go tell it in Carrick and tell it in Kyle,
> Although the proud Dons are now passing the Moil,
> On this magic clew,
> That in Fairyland grew,
> Old Elcine de Aggart has taken in hand,
> To wind up their lives ere they win to our strand."

The volume chanced to be printed at Ballantyne's office; and was in the press at the same time with Waverley. Scott took up one of the proofs, casually, in November 1814; saw, probably with most interest, that the Poems by Joseph Train were to have Notes illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, and at once wrote to the author "begging to be included," says Mr. Lockhart, "in his list of subscribers for a dozen copies." A vast deal turned on the proof picked up casually. It happened to be the very one with Elcine de Aggart on it! Two men so like in the point of the antiquarian heart, so different in culture, history, social position, and genius, were all at once brought into relation, and a bridge thrown across the chasm of distance at once. Fortune had been preparing and developing Train into just the man for Sir Walter, whom she was nobly ripening for higher works. Train could scarcely know to what point the result of his studies were to be directed. He had followed, however, a tasteful instinct—and chance helped him. Like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights, he cast

in his net with common hopefulness, and found that he was destined to aid a Genie.

"Ere long," says Mr. Lockhart, "Mr. Train visited Scott both at Edinburgh and at Abbotsford. A true affection continued ever afterwards to be maintained between them; and this generous ally was—as the prefaces to the Waverley novels signify—one of the earliest confidants of that series of works, and certainly the most efficient of all the author's friends in furnishing him with materials for their composition."

Train readily accepted the office of purveyor to his literary Majesty. He swept hill, glen, and dale, from the Nith to the Irish Sea, from the Ayrshire border to the Solway, for the rarest flowers of tradition, and laid them at the master's feet. Train knew, too, that in serving Sir Walter, he served the cause of the Antiquity which was so dear to him. The services he rendered to Sir Walter (and to us), may be summed up thus:—

Guy Mannering is a Galloway story; and Train supplied a sheaf of traditions towards its creation. The smuggler, Dirk Hatterick, was taken from one Yawkins, a fellow famous on the Solway. The incident of the kidnapped heir happened to the old family of Brown of Carstaith—now extinct in the male line. Old Mortality owed much to Train. In May, 1816, he breakfasted with Sir Walter in Edinburgh, and talked with him of a portrait that hung in the room;—that of Graham of Claverhouse. "Might he not," said Train, "be made the hero of a national romance?" Scott assented. "And what," resumed Mr. Train, "if the story was to be delivered as from the mouth of Old Mortality." "Old Mortality?" said Scott. "Who was he?" Train answered him; and then Sir Walter remembered that he had seen him. On this occasion Train left, with a promise to inquire every particular concerning that strange old mortal, the editor of epitaphs. And to something else in this same conversation, about a schoolmaster in Newton Stewart, it is supposed that we are indebted for Jedediah Cleishbotham. Train also gave Sir Walter materials for Rob Roy, and a purse that had belonged to him; and for legends which he gathered, relating to Turnberry Castle, the Lord of the Isles stood his debtor also. He was, in short, constantly bringing tribute, large and small, to his feudal lord; he "held of him," to use a feudal expression; and enjoyed his tenure of literary life by right of his payments of homage.

Mr. Train led a two-sided life; on one side he was an antiquary and poet—on the other, he was an exciseman. And it is very satisfactory to have to record that Train was not only a good antiquary, but likewise a good supervisor; he drew up an essay which benefited the whole system! It would be pleasant to record that his abilities benefited himself. But promotion came slowly. He had Sir Walter Scott's and other high interest, and his own merit; but it was complained that Englishmen were chiefly appointed to the higher stations, and it is not recorded that Train had any talent in the way of electioneering. Hence, he remained supervisor until he went on the retired list, and ended his days in Castle Douglas.

His antiquarian deeds were numerous and important. He traced an ancient wall, built, it is thought, by the aborigines, from Lochryan, in Wigtonshire, to the north-east border of the Stewartry of Kircudbright, where it joins Nithsday. This wall the country people call the Deil's Dyke; it consists of a strong wall eight feet broad, the base of which is built of stones, or where stones were not to be had, of earth. Its course extends to more than fifty-three miles. "All the late antiquarian discoveries in Scotland sink into insignificance," exclaims George Chalmers, "compared with the Deil's Dyke!" They know not who built it, but conjecture that the Romanised Britons raised it; and their labours, poor fellows, go to the credit of the "Deil." Train's most important literary work was *his* History of the Isle of Man. It was to a pleasant retirement that he withdrew in the town of Castle Douglas, in Kircudbright: a white, regular, neat little town, which, for the last half-century has been rising in position in the Stewartry, and which is now an agricultural mart of considerable importance.

At my visit I was shown into a little parlour, where the antiquary joined me. He was a tall old man, with an autumnal red in his face, hale-looking, and of simple, quaint manners. The room was full of antiquities,—here a rude weapon of the aboriginal Celt, or one of the conquering Roman; there a baptismal font from Wigton monastery, with the *fleurs-de-lis* faintly visible on it, marking its foreign origin. In the corner was a stately, white-headed, yellow staff, which belonged to John Knox, or at least had a very good pedigree, and one which, as it satisfied Train, satisfied your humble servant. I have never seen a more venerable staff, it was stiff, sober, yet elegant; all that a Puritan gentleman could require. This staff, thought I, had strength in it to destroy abbeys, and to make the works of centuries shake. Near the staff was a modern and homely relic—a pair of substantial cloth boots that had been worn by Sir Walter Scott. Having replaced them, he produced a specimen of oaken bookbinding curiously carved. He was not very talkative; perhaps—though I little thought so at the time—he felt the cold shadow creeping towards him which was to make him one with his beloved Past. Once or twice, as he stood and gave the brief history of a curiosity, a dreamy look came over him a minute: he seemed wandering into the period of the object he was discoursing on. But his eye brightened, and there was a pleasure mingled in his modest disclaimer, when I spoke to him of his life-long pursuits, and the interest

with which I told him I should speak of my present visit to men whose names he held in regard.

He showed me his curious specimens of ancient furniture, part of a bed from Thrieve Castle—a black oak fabric, curiously carved with morrice-dancers, Runic knobs, and most quaint horses, drawn as children draw them. Also, he had a cabinet of oak which a Gordon of Earlston carved away at, and worked into wondrous forms, during an imprisonment in Blackness Castle.

I returned to London soon after this visit, and it was not without a shock that the quiet old house with its antiquities and their owner was recalled to me amidst the din of town, when I heard that, one morning in December, after a short illness, he turned himself round in his bed, and expired in perfect peace, in his seventy-fourth year.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Our cousin of Scotland" was ugly, awkward, and shuffling both in mind and person. His tongue was much too large for his mouth, his legs were much too weak for his body, and his dull goggle-eyes stared and rolled like an idiot's. He was cunning, covetous, wasteful, idle, drunken, greedy, dirty, cowardly, a great swearer, and the most conceited man on earth. His figure—what is commonly called rickety from his birth—presented the most ridiculous appearance that can be imagined, dressed in thick padded clothes, as a safeguard against being stabbed—of which he lived in continual fear—of a grass-green colour from head to foot, with a hunting-horn dangling at the side instead of a sword, and his hat and feather, sticking over one eye, or hanging on the back of his head, as he happened to toss it on. He used to loll on the necks of his favourite courtiers, and slobber their faces, and kiss and pinch their cheeks; and the greatest favourite he ever had, used to sign himself in his letters to his royal master His Majesty's "dog and slave," and used to address his majesty as "his Sowship." His majesty was the worst rider ever seen, and thought himself the best. He was one of the most impertinent talkers (in the broadest Scotch) ever heard, and boasted of being unanswerable in all manner of argument. He wrote some of the most wearisome treatises ever read, and thought himself a prodigy or authorship. He thought, and wrote, and said that a king had a right to make and unmake what laws he pleased, and ought to be accountable to nobody on earth. This is the plain, true character of the personage whom the greatest men about the court praised and flattered to that degree, that I doubt if there be anything more shameful in the annals of human nature.

He came to the English throne with great ease. The miseries of a disputed succession had been felt so long, and so dreadfully, that he was proclaimed within a few hours of Elizabeth's death, and was accepted by the nation even without being asked to give any pledge that he would govern well, or that he would redress crying grievances. He took a month to come from Edinburgh to London; and by way, I suppose, of exercising his new power, hanged a pickpocket on the journey without any trial, and knighted everybody he could lay hold of. He made two hundred knights before he got to his palace in London, and seven hundred before he had been in it three months. He also shovelled sixty-two new peers into the House of Lords—and there was a pretty large sprinkling of Scotchmen among them, you may believe.

His Sowship's prime Minister, Cecil (for I cannot do better than call his majesty what his favourite called him) was the enemy of Sir Walter Raleigh, and also of Sir Walter's political friend, Lord Cobham; and his Sowship's first trouble was a plot originated by these two, and entered into by some others, with the old object of seizing the King, and keeping him in imprisonment until he should change his ministers. There were Catholic priests in the plot, and there were Puritan noblemen too; for, although the Catholics and Puritans were strongly opposed to each other they united at this time against his Sowship, because they knew that he had a design against both, after pretending to be friendly to each; this design being to have only one high and convenient form of the Protestant religion, which every body should be bound to belong to, whether they liked it or not. This plot was mixed up with another, which may or may not have had some reference to placing on the throne, at some time, the Lady Arabella Stuart, whose misfortune it was to be the daughter of the younger brother of his Sowship's father, but who was quite innocent of any part in the scheme. Sir Walter Raleigh was accused on the confession of Lord Cobham—a miserable creature, who said one thing at one time, and another thing at another time, and could be relied upon in nothing. The trial of Sir Walter Raleigh lasted from eight in the morning until nearly midnight; and he defended himself with such eloquence, genius, and spirit against all accusations, and against the insult of Coke, the Attorney-general, who, according to the custom of the time, foully abused him that those who went there detesting the prisoner, came away admiring him, and declaring that anything so wonderful and so captivating was never heard. He was found guilty, nevertheless, and sentenced to death. Execution was deferred, however, and he was taken to the Tower. The two Catholic priests, less fortunate, were executed, with the usual atrocity; and Lord Cobham and two others were pardoned on the

scaffold. His Sowship thought it wonderfully knowing in him to surprise the people by pardoning these three at the very block; but, blundering, and bungling, as usual, he had very nearly over-reached himself. For the messenger on horseback, who brought the pardon came so late, that he was pushed to the outside of the crowd, and was obliged to shout and roar out what he came for. The miserable Cobham did not gain much by being spared that day. He lived, both as a prisoner and a begger, utterly despised, and miserably poor, for thirteen years, and then died in an old outhouse belonging to one of his former servants.

This plot got rid of, and Sir Walter Raleigh safely shut up in the Tower, his Sowship held a great dispute with the Puritans on their presenting a petition to him, and had it all his own way—not so very wonderful, as he would talk continually, and would not hear anybody else—and filled the Bishops with admiration. It was comfortably settled that there was to be only one form of religion, and that all men were to think exactly alike. But, although this was arranged two centuries and a half ago, and although the arrangement was supported by much fining and imprisonment, I do not find that it is quite successful, even yet.

His Sowship, having that uncommonly high opinion of himself as a king, had a very low opinion of Parliament, as a power that audaciously wanted to control him. When he called his first Parliament after he had been king a year, he accordingly thought he would take pretty high ground with them, and told them that he commanded them "as an absolute king." The Parliament thought these strong words, and saw the necessity of upholding their authority. His Sowship had three children: Prince Henry, Prince Charles, and the Princess Elizabeth. It would have been well for one of these, and we shall too soon see which, if he had learnt a little wisdom concerning Parliaments from his father's obstinacy.

Now, the people still labouring under their old dread of the Catholic religion, this Parliament revived and strengthened the severe laws against it. And this so angered Robert Catesby, a restless Catholic gentleman of an old family, that he formed one of the most desperate and terrible designs ever conceived in the mind of man; no less a scheme than the Gunpowder Plot.

His object was, when the King, lords, and commons, should be assembled at the next opening of Parliament, to blow them up, one and all, with a great mine of gunpowder. The first person to whom he confided this horrible idea was Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman who had served in the army abroad, and had been secretly employed in Catholic projects. While Winter was yet undecided, and when he had gone over to the Netherlands, to learn from the Spanish Ambassador there, whether there was any hope of Catholics being relieved through the intercession of the King of Spain with his Sowship, he found at Ostend a tall, dark, daring man, whom he had known when they were both soldiers abroad, and whose name was Guido—or Guy—Fawkes. Resolved to join the plot, he proposed it to this man, knowing him to be the man for any desperate deed, and they came back to England together. Here, they admitted two other conspirators; Thomas Percy, related to the Earl of Northumberland, and John Wright, his brother-in-law. All these met together in a solitary house in the open fields, which were then near Clement's Inn, now a closely blocked-up part of London; and when they had all taken a great oath of secresy, Catesby told the rest what his plan was. They then went up stairs into a garret and received the Sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who is said not to have known actually of the Gunpowder Plot, but who, I think, must have had his suspicions that there was something desperate afoot.

Percy was a gentleman Pensioner, and as he had occasional duties to perform about the Court, then kept at Whitehall, there would be nothing suspicious in his living at Westminster. So, having looked well about him, and having found a house to let, the back of which joined the Parliament house, he hired it of a person named Ferris, for the purpose of undermining the wall. Having got possession of this house, the conspirators hired another on the Lambeth side of the Thames, which they used as a storehouse for wood, gunpowder, and other combustible matters. These were to be removed at night (and afterwards were removed), bit by bit, to the house at Westminster; and, that there might be some trusty person to keep watch over the Lambeth stores, they admitted another conspirator, by name Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman.

All these arrangements had been made some months, and it was a dark wintry December night, when the conspirators, who had been in the meantime dispersed to avoid observation, met in the house at Westminster, and began to dig. They had laid in a good stock of eatables, to avoid going in and out, and they dug and dug with great ardour. But, the wall being tremendously thick, and the work very severe, they took in Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, that they might have a new pair of hands to help. And Christopher Wright fell to like a fresh man, and they dug and dug by night and by day, and Fawkes stood sentinel all the time. And if any man's heart seemed to fail him at all, Fawkes said, "Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here, and there is no fear of our being taken alive, even if discovered." The same Fawkes, who, in his capacity of sentinel, was always prowling about, soon picked up

the intelligence that the King had prorogued the Parliament again, from the seventh of February, the day first fixed upon, until the third of October. When the conspirators knew this, they agreed to separate until after the Christmas holidays, and to take no notice of each other in the meanwhile, and never to write letters to one another, on any account. So, the house in Westminster was shut up again, and I suppose the neighbours thought that those strange-looking men who lived there so gloomily, and went out so seldom, were gone away to have a merry Christmas somewhere.

It was the beginning of February, sixteen hundred and five, when Catesby met his fellow conspirators again at this Westminster house. He had now admitted three more: JOHN GRANT, a Warwickshire gentleman of melancholy temper, who lived in a doleful house near Stratford-upon-Avon, with a frowning wall all round it, and a deep moat; ROBERT WINTER, eldest brother of Thomas; and Catesby's own servant, THOMAS BATES, who, Catesby thought, had had some suspicion of what his master was about. These three had all suffered more or less, for their religion, in Elizabeth's time. And now they all began to dig again, and they dug and dug by night and by day.

They found it dismal work alone there, underground, with such a fearful secret on their minds, and so many murders before them. They were filled with wild fancies. Sometimes, they thought they heard a great bell tolling, deep down in the earth under the Parliament House; sometimes, they thought they heard low voices muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; and once in the morning, they really did hear a great rumbling noise over their heads, as they dug and sweated in their mine. Every man stopped and looked aghast at his neighbour, wondering what had happened, when that bold prowler Fawkes, who had been out to look, came in and told them that it was only a dealer in coals who had occupied a cellar under the Parliament House, removing his stock in trade to some other place. Upon this, the conspirators, who with all their digging and digging, had not yet dug through the tremendously thick wall, changed their plan, hired that cellar which was directly under the House of Lords, put six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in it, and covered them over with faggots and coals. Then they all dispersed again until September, when the following new conspirators were admitted: Sir EDWARD BAYNHAM, of Gloucestershire; Sir EDWARD DIGBY, of Rutlandshire; AMBROSE ROOKWOOD, of Suffolk; and FRANCIS TRESHAM, of Northamptonshire. Most of these were rich, and were to assist the plot, some with money and some with horses, on which the conspirators were to ride through the country and rouse the Catholics, after the Parliament should be blown into the air.

Parliament being again prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November, and the conspirators being uneasy lest their design should have been found out, Thomas Winter said he would go up into the House of Lords on the day of the prorogation and see how matters looked. Nothing could be better. The unconscious Commissioners were walking about, and talking to one another, just over the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder. He came back and told the rest so, and they went on with their preparations. They hired a ship, and kept it ready in the Thames, in which Fawkes was to sail for Flanders, after firing with a slow match the train that was to explode the powder. A number of Catholic gentlemen not in the secret, were invited, under pretence of a hunting party, to meet Sir Edward Digby at Dunchurch on the fatal day, that they might be ready to act together. And now all was ready.

But, now, the great weakness and danger which had been all along at the bottom of this wicked plot began to show itself. As the fifth of November drew near, most of the conspirators remembering that they had friends and relations who would be in the House of Lords that day, felt some natural relenting, and a wish to warn them to keep away. They were not much comforted by Catesby's declaring that in such a cause he would blow up his own son. LORD MOUNTEAGLE, Tresham's brother-in-law, was certain to be in the house, and when Tresham found that he could not prevail upon the rest to devise any means of sparing their friends, he wrote a mysterious letter to this lord and left it at his lodgings in the dusk, urging him to keep away from the opening of Parliament, "since God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times." It contained the words "that the Parliament should receive a terrible blow, and yet should not see who hurt them," and it added, "the danger is past, as soon as you have burnt the letter."

The ministers and courtiers made out that his Sowship, by a direct miracle from Heaven, found out what this letter meant. The truth is, that they were not long (as few men would be) in finding it out for themselves, and that it was decided to let the conspirators alone until the very day before the opening of Parliament. That the conspirators had their fears, is certain; for, Tresham himself said before them all, that they were every one dead men; and, although even he did not take flight, there is reason to suppose that he had warned other persons besides Lord Mounteagle. However, they were all firm, and Fawkes, who was a man of iron, went down every day and night to keep watch in the cellar as usual. He was there about two in the afternoon of the fourth, when the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle

threw open the door and looked in. "Who are you, friend?" said they. "Why," said Fawkes, "I am Mr. Percy's servant, and am looking after his store of fuel here." "Your master has laid in a pretty good store," they returned, and shut the door and went away. Fawkes, upon this, posted off to the other conspirators to tell them all was quiet, and went back and shut himself in the dark black cellar again, where he heard the bell go twelve o'clock and usher in the fifth of November. About two hours afterwards, he slowly opened the door, and came out to look about him, in his old prowling way. He was instantly seized and bound, by a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knevett. He had a watch upon him, some touchwood, some tinder, some slow matches; and there was a dark-lantern with a candle in it, lighted, behind the door. He had his boots and spurs on—to ride to the ship, I suppose—and it was well for the soldiers that they took him so suddenly; for if they had left him but a moment's time to light a match, he certainly would have tossed it in among the powder, and blown himself and them to perdition.

They took him to the King's bedchamber first of all; and there the King (causing him to be held very tight, and keeping a good way off) asked him how he could have had the heart to intend to destroy so many innocent people? "Because," said Guy Fawkes, "desperate diseases need desperate remedies." To a little Scotch favourite, with a face like a terrier, who asked him (with no particular wisdom) why he had collected so much gunpowder, he replied, because he had meant to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland, and it would take a good deal of powder to do that. Next day he was carried to the Tower, but would make no confession. Even after being horribly tortured he confessed nothing that the Government did not already know, though he must have been in a fearful state—as his signature, still preserved, in contrast with his natural hand-writing before he was put upon the dreadful rack, most frightfully shows. Bates, a very different man, soon said the Jesuits had had to do with the plot, and probably, under the torture, would have soon said anything. Tresham, taken and put in the Tower too, made confessions and unmade them, and died of an illness that was heavy upon him. Rookwood, who had stationed relays of his own horses all the way to Dunchurch, did not mount to escape until the middle of the day, when the news of the plot was all over London. On the road, he came up with the two Wrights, Catesby, and Percy; and they all galloped together into Northamptonshire. Thence to Dunchurch, where they found the proposed party assembled. Finding, however, that there had been a plot, and that it had been discovered, the party disappeared in the course of the night, and left them alone with Sir Everard Digby. Away they all road again, through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, to a house called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried to raise the Catholics on their way, but were indignantly driven off by them. At this time they were hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcester, and a fast increasing concourse of riders. At last, resolving to defend themselves at Holbeach, they shut themselves up in the house, and put some wet powder before the fire to dry. But it blew up, and Catesby was singed and blackened, and almost killed, and some of the others were sadly hurt. Still, knowing that they must die, they resolved to die there, and with only their swords in their hands appeared at the windows to be shot at by the sheriff and his assistants. Catesby said to Thomas Winter, after Thomas had been hit in the right arm, which dropped powerless by his side, "Stand by me, Tom, and we *will* die together!"—which they did, being shot through the body by two bullets from one gun. John Wright, and Christopher Wright, and Percy, were also shot. Rookwood and Digby were taken, the former with a broken arm and a wound in his body too.

It was the fifteenth of January before the trial of Guy Fawkes, and such of the other conspirators as were left alive, came on. They were all found guilty, all hanged, drawn, and quartered: some in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the top of Ludgate Hill: and some before the Parliament House. A Jesuit priest, named Henry Garnet, to whom the bloody design was said to have been communicated, was taken and tried, and two of his servants, as well as a poor priest who was taken with him, were tortured without mercy. He himself was not tortured, but was surrounded in the Tower by tamperers and traitors, and so made unfairly to convict himself out of his own mouth. He said upon his trial that he had done all he could to prevent the deed, and that he could not make public what had been told him in confession—though I am afraid he knew of the plot in other ways. He was found guilty and executed, after a manful defence, and the Catholic Church made a saint of him; some rich and powerful persons, who had had nothing to do with the project, were fined and imprisoned for it by the Star Chamber. The Catholics, in general, who had recoiled with horror from the idea of the infernal contrivance, were unjustly put under more severe laws than before; and this was the end of the Gunpowder Plot.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THAT there are on record many circumstantial and minute accounts of haunted houses, is well known to most people. But, all such naratives must be received with the greatest circumspection, and sifted with the utmost care; nothing in them must be taken for granted, and every detail proved by direct and clear evidence, before it can be received. For, if this course be necessary to the establishment of a philisophical experiment in accordance with the known laws of nature, how much more it is necessary in a cause where the alleged truth is opposed to those laws (so far as they are understood), and to the experience of educated mankind. How much more so yet, when it is in the nature of the mass of this class of supernatural stories to resolve themselves into natural and commonplace affairs on the subtraction or addition of some slight circumstance equally easy to have been dropped off, or to have been joined on, in the course of repetition from mouth to mouth!

We offer this preliminary remark as in fairness due to the difficulty of the general subject. But, in reference to the particular case of which, in all its terrors, we are about to give a short account, we must observe that every circnmstance we shall relate is accurately known to us, is fully guaranteed by us, and can be proved by a cloud of witnesses taken at random from the whole country.

The proprietor of the haunted house in question, is a gentleman of the name of Bull. Mr. Bull is a person of large property—a long way past the Middle Age, though some maudlin young people would have persuaded him to the contrary a little while ago—and possessed of a strong constitution and great common sense. Which, it is needless to add, is the most uncommon sense in the world.

The house belonging to Mr. Bull, which has acquired an unfavourable notoriety, is situated in the city of Westminster, and abuts on the river Thames. Mr. Bull was induced to commence this edifice for ther reception of a family already enlarged by the addition of several new Members, some years ago, on the destruction of his ancient family mansion by fire. A variety of remarkable facts have been observed, from the first in connexion with this building. Merely as a building, it is supposed to be impossible that it can ever be finished; it is predicted and generally believed that the owl will hoot from the aged ivy clinging to the bases of its towers, many centuries before the summits of those towers are reared. When it was originally projected, the sum-total of its cost was plainly written on the plans, in figures of a reasonable size. Those figures have since swelled in a most astonishing manner, and may now be seen in a collossal state. It was yet mere beams and walls, when extraordinary voices of the prosiest description arose from its foundations and resounded through the city, night and day, unmeaningly demanding whether Cromwell should have a statue. The voices being at length hushed by a body of Royal commissioners (among whom was the member of the University of Oxford, *ex officio* powerful, in the Red Sea), new phenomena succeeded. It was found impossible to warm the edifice; it was found impossible to cool it; and it was found impossible to light it. The Members of Mr. Bull's family were blown off their seats by blasts of icy air, and in the same moment fainted from excess of sickly heat. Ophthalmia raged among them in consequence of the powerful glare to which their right eyes were exposed, while their left organs of vision were shrouded in the darkness of Egypt. Caverns of amazing dimensions yawned under their feet, whence odors arose of which the only consolatory feature was, that no savor of brimstone could be detected in them. Pale human forms—but for the most part of exaggerated and unearthly proportions—arose in the Hall and (under the name of Cartoons) haunted it a long time. Among those phantoms, several portentous shades of ancient Britons were observed with beards in the latest German style. Undaunted by these accumulated horrors, Mr. Bull took possession of his haunted house—and then the dismal work began indeed.

The first supernatural persecution endured by Mr. Bull, was the sound of a tremendous quantity of oaths. This was succeeded by the dragging of great weights about the house at untimely hours, accompanied with fearful noises, such as shrieking, yelling, barking, braying, crowing, coughing, fiendish

laughter, and the like. Mr. Bull describes this outcry as calculated to appal the stoutest heart. But, a gush of words incessantly pouring forth within the haunted premises, was even more distressing still. In the dead of the night, words, words, words—words of laudation, words of vituperation, words of indignation, words of peroration, words of order, words of disorder; words, words, words—the same words in the same weary array, of little or no meaning, over and over again—resounded in the unhappy gentleman's ears. The Irish accent was very frequently detectable in these dreadful sounds, and Mr. Bull considered it an aggravation of his misery.

All this time, the strangest and wildest confusion reigned among the furniture. Seats were overturned and knocked about; papers of importance that were laid upon the table, unaccountably disappeared; large measures were brought in and dropped; Members of Mr. Bull's family were repeatedly thrown from side to side, without appearing to know that they had changed sides at all; other Members were absolutely hoisted from surprising distances to foremost benches, where they tried to hold on tight, but couldn't by any means effect it; invisible kicks flew about with the utmost rapidity; the seals of Mr. Bull's offices, though of some weight, were tossed to and fro, like shuttlecocks; and, in the tumult, Mr. Bull himself went bodily to the wall, and there remained doubled up for a considerable period. In addition to these fearful revels, it was found that a forest growth of cobweb and fungus, which in the course of many generations had accumulated in the lobbies and passages of Mr. Bull's old house, supernaturally sprang up at compound interest in the lobbies and passages of the new one, which were further infested by swarms of (supposed) unclean spirits that took refuge in the said growth. Thus was the house further haunted by what Mr. Bull calls, for the sake of distinction, "Private Bills," engendering a continual gabbling and cackling in all the before-mentioned passages and lobbies, as well as in all the smaller chambers or committee rooms of Mr. Bull's mansion: and occasioning so much spoliation and corruption, and such a prodigious waste of money, that Mr. Bull considers himself annually impoverished to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of pounds thereby.

At this distressing crisis, it occurred to Mr. Bull, to send the Members of his family (as it should be understood, his custom occasionally is) into the country, to be refreshed, and to get a little change. He thought that if the house stood empty for a short time, it might possibly become quieter in the interval; at any rate he knew that its condition could not well be worse. He therefore sent them down to various boroughs and counties, and awaited the result with some hope. But, now the most appalling circumstance connected with this haunted house, and which, within the compass of our reading, is unparalleled in any similar case, developed itself with a fury that has reduced Mr. Bull to the confines of despair.

For the time, the house itself was quiet. But, dismal to relate, the great mass of the Members of Mr. Bull's family carried the most terrific plagues of the house into the country with them, and seemed to let loose a legion of devils wheresoever they went. We will take, for the sake of clearness the borough of Burningshame, and, will generally recount what happened there, as a specimen of what occurred in many other places.

A Member of Mr. Bull's family went down to Burningshame, with the intention—perfectly innocent in itself—of taking a pleasant walk over the course there, and getting his friends to return him by an easy conveyance to Mr. Bull. But, no sooner had this gentleman arrived in Burningshame, than the voices and words broke out in every room and balcony of his hotel with a vehemence and recklessness indescribably awful. They made the wildest statements; they swore to the most impossible promises; they said and unsaid fifty things in an hour; they declared black to be white, and white to be black, without the least appearance of any sense of shame or responsibility; and made the hair of the better part of the population stand on end. All this time, the dirtiest mud in the streets was found to be flying about and bespattering people at a great distance. This, however, was not the worst; would that it had been! It was but the beginning of the horrors. Scarcely was the town of Burningshame aware of its deplorable condition when the Member of Mr. Bull's family was discovered to be haunted, night and day by two evil spirits who had come down with him (they being usually prowling about the lobbies and passages of the house, and other dry places), and who under the names of an Attorney and a Parliamentary Agent, committed ravages truly diabolical. The first act of this infernal pair was, to throw open all the public-houses, and invite the people of Burningshame to drink themselves raving mad. They then compelled them, with banners, and with instruments of brass, and big drums, idiotically to parade the town, and fall foul of all other banners, instruments of brass, and big drums, that they met. In the meantime they tortured and terrified all the small tradesmen, buzzed in their ears, dazzled their eyes, nipped their pockets, pinched their children, appeared to and alarmed their wives (many of them in the family way), broke the rest of whole families, and filled them with anxiety and dread. Not content with this, they tempted the entire town, got the people to sell their precious souls, put red-hot money into their hands while they were looking another way, made them foreswear themselves, set father

against son, brother against brother, friend against friend; and made the whole of Burningshame one sty of gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, lying, false-swearing, waste, want, ill-will, contention, and depravity. In short, if the Member's visit had lasted very long (which happily it did not) the place must have become a hell upon earth for several generations. And all this, these spirits did with a wickedness peculiar to their accursed state: perpetually howling that it was pure and glorious, that it was free and independent, that it was Old England for ever, and other scraps of malignant mockery.

Matters had arrived at this pitch, not only in Burningshame, but, as already observed, in an infinite variety of other places, when Mr. Bull—having heard, perhaps, some rumours of these disasters—recalled the various Members of his family to his house in town. They were no sooner assembled, than all the old noises broke out with redoubled violence; the same extraordinary confusion prevailed among the furniture; the cobweb and fungus thickened with greater fecundity than before; and the multitude of spirits in the lobbies and passages bellowed, and yelled, and made a dismal noise—described to be like the opening and shutting up of heavy cases—for weeks together.

But even this was not the worst. Mr. Bull now found, on questioning his family, that those evil spirits, the Attorneys and the Parliamentary Agents, had obtained such strong possession of many Members, that they (those members of Mr. Bull's family) stood in awe of the said spirits, and even while they pretended to have been no parties to what the spirits had done, constantly defended and sided with them, and said among themselves that if they carried the spirits over this bad job, the spirits would return the compliment by and bye. This discovery, as may readily be believed, occasioned Mr. Bull the most poignant anguish, and he distractedly looked about him for any means of relieving his haunted house of their dreadful presence. An implement called a ballot box (much used by Mr. Bull for domestic purposes) being recommended as efficacious, Mr. Bull suggested to his family the expediency of trying it; but, so many of the Members roared out "Un-English!" and were echoed in such fearful tones, and with such great gnashing of teeth, by the whole of the spirits in the passages and lobbies, that Mr. Bull (who is in some things of a timid disposition) abandoned the idea for the time, without at all knowing what the cry meant.

The house is still in the fearful condition described, and the question with Mr. Bull is, What is to be done with it? Instead of getting better it gets worse, if possible, every night. Fevered by want of rest; confused by the perpetual gush of words, and dragging of weights; blinded by the tossings from side to side; bewildered by the clamour of the spirits; and infected by the doings at Burningshame and elsewhere; too many of the Members of Mr. Bull's family (as Mr. Bull perceives with infinite regret) are beginning to conceive that what is truth and honour out of Mr. Bull's house, is not truth and honour in it. That within those haunted precincts a gentleman may deem words all sufficient, and become a miserable quibbler. That the whole world is comprised within the haunted house of Mr. Bull, and that there is nothing outside to find him out, or call him to account. But this, as Mr. Bull remarks, is a delusion of a haunted mind; there being within his experience (which is pretty large) a good deal outside—Mr. Bull thinks, quite enough to pull his house about his family's ears, as soon as it ceases to be respected.

This is the present state of the haunted house. Mr. Bull has a fine Indian property, which has fallen into some confusion, and requires good management and just stewardship; but, as he says himself, how can he properly attend to his affairs in such an uproar? His younger children stand in great need of education, and must be sent to school somewhere; but how can he clear his mind to balance the different prospectuses of rival establishments in this perturbed condition? Holy water has been tried—a pretty large supply having been brought from Ireland—but it has not the least effect, though it is spouted all over the floor, in profusion, every night. "Then," says Mr. Bull, naturally much distressed in his mind, "what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine? I can't go on in this way. All about Burningshame and those other places is well known. It won't do. I must not allow the Members of my family to bring disease upon the country on which they should bring health; to load it with disgrace instead of honour; with their dirty hands to soil the national character on the most serious occasions when they come in contact with it; and with their big talk to set up one standard of morality for themselves and another for the multitude. Nor must I be put off in this matter, for it presses. Then what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine?"

OVER THE WATER.

On the second of March, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, the greater part of the population of Paris were assembled on the Plaine des Sablons, to enjoy a spectacle which was as yet a complete novelty to that inquisitive and light-hearted capital. The object of attraction was nothing less than an aerostatic ascent, similar to that which the brothers Montgolfier had accomplished two years previously at the Château de la Muette. Towards noon the balloon was filled, and ready to mount in the air; beneath it was suspended a wicker car, whose humble material

was concealed beneath a covering of silk, resplendent with embroidery and gold-lace. The aeronaut was making his final arrangements, when a pupil of the Ecole Militaire came forward and addressed him:

"Monsieur," he said, with a foreign accent, "I am here to offer myself as your travelling companion."

"I would willingly accept the honour of your company, young man," replied the aeronaut, "but I have calculated the ascensional power of my machine to carry up only a single person."

"That is no obstacle at all: you will put so much less sand in the car, and I shall serve you as ballast."

"Your argument is excellent," answered the aeronaut; "but the only ballast that is of any use to me is ballast which I can get rid of, should occasion require. Nevertheless, if you consent to"—

This proposition, made in a sarcastic tone, did not suit the young man's notions. He became red in the face, nipped his brows, fixed his eyes on the speaker's countenance, and said to him in an angry voice, "Monsieur, I am determined to go." He then jumped into the car, and clung so tightly to the ropes of the machine, that the taffety of which the balloon was made, was torn in several places. In consequence of this accident, the ascent was impossible. The young man was overwhelmed with reproaches by the aeronaut, and threatened by the spectators; and his friends got him out of the way as quickly as they could, in spite of his resistance. The adventurer thus prevented from ascending was Jean Pierre Blanchard, who was making his *début*; the young man who displayed such despotic wilfulness, and such bold imprudence, was Napoleon Bonaparte, then a pupil at the Ecole Militaire of Paris. M. the Chevalier de Keralio, one of the inspectors, ordered him to be put under arrest, as a punishment for playing so wild a prank. Blanchard, discouraged by such an unlucky beginning, and yielding to the earnest request of a London medical man of the name of Burton, went over to England, where he soon formed an intimate friendship with the Italian Lunardi and with the English Doctor Jefferies, who, after Montgolfier had made his experiments founded on Priestley's pneumatic data, had devoted themselves in common to the study of aerostatic science.

On the fifteenth of the same month, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, Lunardi made another ascent at Moorfields. Blanchard and Jefferies were to have accompanied him on this aerial journey; but the former was seized with so violent a fever, that he was obliged to keep his bed. Dr. Jefferies, yielding to the entreaties of his wife, his children, and his friends, who were alarmed at the risk of life to which he was exposing himself, consented, most unwillingly, to refrain from joining the expedition, which was perfectly successful. Lunardi ascended to a very considerable altitude, and alighted without accident at the end of a couple of hours, about eight miles from the spot from which he had started. Blanchard, however, in his turn made an ascent from London a few days afterwards with Mr. Sheldon.

The consequence of these successful results was to redouble the taste of the three friends for aerostatic experiments. Having been informed that Pilatre de Rozier, and Romain, had proposed to traverse the Straits of Dover by means of a balloon, they were seized with the desire of achieving such an exploit, and set to work to rob the two French aeronauts of the merit of priority, if possible. Romain, who was already famous as a balloon-maker, possessed the secret of rendering taffety impermeable. When he arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, Lunardi went to him under a false name, and offered to purchase his secret, representing himself as a simple amateur anxious for information; but all his endeavours to become acquainted with Romain's methods and process were in vain. Meanwhile Pilatre, who was also at Boulogne, learnt the news of the preparations which Blanchard was making on the other side of the Channel. He became alarmed, and hastened to Dover. He consoled himself with a delusive hope, in consequence of the bad state of the machine prepared in England, and the labour necessary for its completion. His anxiety was at an end; he recrossed the Channel, and immediately proceeded to Paris to hurry on the finishing of the balloon which was to bear him, as he thought, triumphantly over the Strait. But Blanchard was still more expeditious; for, having made an ascent from London with Mr. Sheldon on the twenty-fifth of December, his apparatus was ready, and wooden supports to receive it were raised in the court of Dover Castle. The entire skill and talent of the town was generously volunteered to aid the departure, which was fixed to take place on the first of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five.

It had been agreed that Blanchard and Jefferies should perform the ascent alone, and that Lunardi should pass over to the French coast to receive them. On the twenty-eighth of December, accompanied by Lord Castlemain and several other eminent persons, he arrived at Calais, and remained there himself; but his travelling companions took up different positions, posting themselves at intervals from Boulogne to beyond Oye. Lord Castlemain installed himself at Wissant, with half a score persons. An inhabitant of the village is said still to possess the telescope which his lordship left as a souvenir at the inn where he staid. Mr. Sadler, a rich London amateur, had also projected a similar enterprise. He arrived at Dover towards the end of the month; but his balloon having been injured during the journey, he returned to London to have it repaired. Subsequently,

not being able to forestal Blanchard and Jefferies, he abandoned his project.

The first of January having been fixed for the departure of the aeronauts, a splendid entertainment, graced by the presence of Lord Chatham and the Mayors of Dover and Canterbury, was given to them the day before. Blanchard and Jefferies wisely refused to respond to the numerous healths that were drunk to them in any stronger liquor than water. After this banquet—which was protracted till the then late hour of nine o'clock at night—some experienced sailors were summoned, and they unanimously declared their belief that the east wind, then blowing steadily, would continue. Their prediction turned out to be accurate. At break of day, on the first of January, some pilot balloons that had been purposely launched, were rapidly carried away in the anticipated direction. It was impossible, therefore, for the ascent to take place. The same thing occurred every following day till the seventh, when, at two in the morning, the wind shifted to a favourable quarter, by blowing from north to south, with a few slight oscillations to the south-west.

As soon as M. Blanchard had determined to start, he called all his workmen (it was then five in the morning) and ordered them instantly to repair to the spot. When they were assembled, he launched another small fire-balloon, which went off in the direction of Calais. M. Blanchard, in a loud and firm voice, announced to the Governor of the Castle that, as the wind was favourable, he was preparing to take his departure. In order to give notice to the inhabitants, the Governor ordered three cannons to be fired at half-past eight. The whole population of Dover, together with a great number of strangers, who had purposely come from the neighbouring towns within the few preceding days, thronged down to the water's side.

At ten o'clock, Blanchard and his companion made their last preparations, by testing once more the strength of the cordage, which formed the net containing the balloon and suspending the car, and by proving, by compression, the whole and safe condition of the balloon itself. In the car, there were placed, in two rows, nine little bags filled with sand, a bladder containing letters, another bladder filled with rum, and a third with wine, fifteen sea-biscuits, a barometer, a thermometer, a compass, a little two-pronged hook, having in some degree the form of an anchor, a telescope, a whistle, two short cloaks, (one of them lined with fur), and lastly two magnificent flags emblazoned with the arms of France and England. The weight of these various objects, together with that of the sand, amounted to forty-five pounds; and that of the aeronauts, with their clothing, to two hundred and forty-five pounds. The car was therefore laden with two hundred and ninety-four pounds.

It was a quarter past twelve when M. Blanchard, perceiving that the balloon would soon be filled with gas, yielded to the Governor the honour of dispatching the messenger balloon. The aeronauts then lunched with the authorities of the Castle, the Mayor, and the principal inhabitants of the town. Their repast ended, they proceeded to the place of departure, in the midst of a crowd of inquisitive spectators. There, a touching scene occurred. Dr. Jefferies' eldest child, a girl thirteen years of age, threw herself weeping on her father's neck, with the hope of preventing him from starting. Mrs. Jefferies also entreated her husband to remain, with every mark of utter despair. These ladies might make a display of affection, but they by no means gave evidence of their good sense or judgment. A man on the eve of a hazardous expedition—and there are hazardous expeditions which *must* be executed, if the whole human race is not a crowd of cowards—a man starting on a service of danger requires more judicious and self-denying marks of attachment than were so unwisely evinced on the present occasion. Jefferies himself, overcome by such a strong appeal to his feelings, could not help bursting into tears, although he endeavoured, by words of encouragement, to dissipate the fears of his wife and children. The distressed and distressing females were at length led away into the apartment of the Governor of the Cinque Ports, where the utmost attention was paid them, and encouragement given, by assuring them of their relative's probable success, in spite of their exaggerated terrors.

Two vessels had started from the port of Dover, with orders to follow the course of the balloon to the opposite coast, in order to afford assistance to the aeronauts, in case of their falling into the sea. The precaution was certainly a prudent one; but if any accident had happened, it would probably have proved a useless measure. Each of these vessels carried eight picked men belonging to the port, and a lieutenant of the navy. Several other private vessels, having on board a great number of anxious beholders, set sail at the same time. At one o'clock precisely, Jefferies entered the car where Blanchard had preceded him, and sat down on the rope which served for a seat.

The two aeronauts were dressed alike, in a sort of brown woollen slop, waistcoat of the same material, knitted drawers covering the feet, and tight ancle-boots. They both wore leather gloves, and a scarlet woollen comforter twisted several times round their necks. Blanchard had a cap of light grey plush, covering his ears; Jefferies a thick sailor's cap. He also wore a tight girdle of silk, to which were fastened his watch and his handkerchief, and beneath which the form of his favourite snuff-box was evidently apparent.

Blanchard, in the most decided tone of

voice, then gave the order for starting. He waved his hand to the numerous spectators who encircled the apparatus. The balloon, when freed at last from its fastenings, oscillated feebly with a tendency to sink; but Blanchard altered the balance of power by getting rid of two bags of ballast, and the machine immediately made a movement of ascent. Till the last and actual start was made, all kept silence, and anxiety was stamped on every countenance; but the balloon had scarcely risen from the earth before there burst forth the most enthusiastic applause and every demonstration of joy which the excitement of the moment could suggest. It was in reality a most interesting spectacle to behold the two undaunted adventurers hovering in mid air over the immense surface of the waters. Witnessing from afar the delight of which they were themselves the cause, they bade farewell to the multitude by waving their flags, in order both to reassure the spectators, and to testify their gratitude for the prolonged shouts of approbation whose distant murmur reached their ears.

The actual ascent was made at a quarter past one. At forty minutes past one, the balloon was at a prodigious elevation towards the south-west. In spite of the clearness of the atmosphere, it only looked like a black point in the sky. A few minutes afterwards, it was seen to descend and then to disappear. The spectators could not help uttering a cry of alarm, which was repeated by Mrs. Jefferies in the accent of the most despairing sorrow. She had taken her position with several friends on the platform of the northern tower of the Castle. But the greatest joy was soon manifested, when the balloon rose again in the air, and resumed its horizontal progress with astonishing steadiness. Those persons who were provided with telescopes, could distinctly perceive that the aeronauts were throwing out ballast; one observer even declared (and the fact was subsequently confirmed), that they had lightened themselves by casting off their waistcoats.

Jefferies' letter, inserted in the Annual Register for seventeen hundred and eighty-five, gives the most interesting particulars respecting the course of the balloon, and the impressions experienced by the travellers. In this letter Jefferies styles Blanchard "his noble little captain," and mentions the reception he met with from M. Brounot of Hardinghem, and the family of M. Mouron of Calais. Colin Mackenzie's One Thousand Experiments in Chemistry also gives a complete account of the passage, considered in an aerostatic point of view.

It was guessed that they had reached the Continent at a quarter after three; and it was judged, as far as it was possible to determine from so great a distance, that they were over Cape Blanez, more in the direction of Boulogne than of Calais. The balloon had scarcely been perceived from the French coast, when all the inhabitants of Calais were on foot to enjoy so extraordinary a spectacle. A great number of boats full of inquisitive persons, and half-a-score fishing-boats, left the port and dispersed themselves on the sea to the extent of a couple of leagues. At Calais, as well as at Dover, public enthusiasm had been wrought to its highest pitch. Every child that ran through the streets launched a little paper balloon. The *mode des aerostats* became so much the rage, that the device of a balloon entered into jewellery, toys, and ornaments of every description. The journals of the day took great interest in aerostatic experiments. They are full of details of balloon ascents, which, from that time, were successively performed on every spot of the civilized globe. Next to political matters, which already began to weigh heavily on men's minds, ballooning was the fashion of the epoch, and the principal subject to engross attention. Among other compilations of the time, the *Mémoires Secrets* of Bachaumont are full of circumstantial details of the numerous aerostatic attempts which signalized the end of the eighteenth century.

The instant when Blanchard's balloon overhung the land, several cannon of large calibre, as had been agreed, were fired from Fort Rouge, to give notice of its safe arrival on the Continent. The sound was distinctly heard at Dover, where the whole town was in a state of festivity. From that moment Mrs. Jefferies and her daughter were in the highest spirits. They were conducted to the residence of the Mayor, where they received the compliments and congratulations of the principal persons of the place. The band of the garrison came and played during a couple of hours before the house.

At five-and-twenty minutes after three, the aeronauts alighted on the ground without the slightest accident, on the borders of the forest of Guines, not far from the village of Campagne. The balloon remained suspended between a couple of oaks, and the travellers were obliged to get out of their car by the aid of the branches. Two little boys, twelve years of age, were the only witnesses of the balloon's descent; and they were so frightened that they ran away, screaming terribly. Some inhabitants of the village, two of whom were women, immediately repaired to the spot, and volunteered their assistance to the new arrivals, who were suffering severely from cold. They were taken to the nearest house, occupied by one Sieur Pollet, where a great fire was lighted to warm them. Blanchard was famished with hunger. They boiled him half-a-dozen eggs, but he ate only a couple of them. Jefferies complained of his stomach, and asked for a little brandy; they went and fetched some for him, and he drank it in a cup of hot water. It was noticed that in less than a quarter of an hour, he took more than twenty pinches of snuff.

The excitement of these bold men, on alighting on the ground, was so great that, after having embraced each other, Jefferies shouted out, as if he were addressing a crowd that was jealous of the success of the expedition, "Oh, look, look! you have now standing before you the two most celebrated men in all France and England!" "The most celebrated men in the whole world!" added Blanchard, who was just as enthusiastically vain as his companion. Jefferies afterwards laughed heartily about this harangue, which was uttered in a place where the trees were his only auditors. He justified it, however, by recalling to mind that the English newspapers, which had tried to disgust him by overwhelming him with ridicule, had styled him the new Don Quixote de la Manche; and that a certain Mollien had written a pamphlet, in which he treated the aeronauts as a couple of madmen, and proclaimed the impossibility of crossing the Channel by means of a balloon.

Blanchard and Jefferies were soon visited by the officials of the place, and by a gentleman who took them to his château at Hardinghem. Then came deputations to congratulate them on the success of their perilous voyage, in the name of the population of Calais. At eleven o'clock they were conducted to Calais in a carriage and six, which the authorities had sent to fetch them. When they entered the town at half-past one on the morning of the eighth, they found the inhabitants lining the streets through which they passed, and crying "*Vive le roi! Vivent les voyageurs aeriens!*"—"Long live the king! Long live the aerial travellers!" Next day Lunardi and Castelmain rejoined them; but the two observers who had posted themselves at Oye were less fortunate. Believing that the balloon had landed at Ardruick, or at Ardres, they went on in that direction. The same evening they learned the actual place of descent: but the darkness of the night, and the libations which they had made along the road, prevented them from remounting their horses; and it was not till the next morning at day-break that they started from the *basse-ville* of Ardres. They intended to proceed to Guines; but the information which they received on the road from the driver of the St. Omer diligence caused them to make for Calais, where they arrived at nine o'clock, and found their friends installed at the house of M. Mouron, one of the municipal body.

In the morning the French flag was fixed over the door of their lodgings, the flag of the town was raised on the towers, and every vessel in the port, whether native or foreign, dressed itself in gala trim. Cannon were fired, and all the bells in the town were rung. The municipal body, and the two regiments composing the garrison, called on the strangers at ten o'clock, to congratulate them, and present them with the "town wine" in an enamelled cup. A dinner had been prepared at the Hotel de Ville; Blanchard and his fellow-traveller went there in procession. Before sitting down to table Blanchard received a gold box, on the lid of which was engraved a correct representation of the balloon, and containing the documents necessary to constitute him a citizen of Calais. It had been intended to offer the same tribute to Jefferies, but in consequence of his being a foreigner, longer formalities were necessary; and great regret was expressed at their inability to do him the same honour as his companion. On a shield conspicuously placed in the dining-room were verses prophetic of the future union of France and England, which subsequent events sadly contradicted. During the dinner a Calais painter caught the features of Blanchard; at the ball in the evening the portrait was displayed, accompanied by a complimentary stanza. The news of the extraordinary voyage excited the greatest curiosity in the capital. The queen was playing cards when she first heard of the event; she laid down a stake on Blanchard's account, and won a considerable sum of money, which was duly paid to him a few days after his arrival at Paris. On the sixteenth he dined with the Baron de Breteuil, then minister, who announced to him that the king had granted him a pension of twelve hundred francs, and a gratification of twelve thousand. Both the aeronauts met with the most flattering reception from all the distinguished persons of the capital, though the Frenchman, it must be owned, met with more than his fair proportionate share of favour. The flags which they had waved whilst crossing the Channel, were placed in the *salle* of the Académie des Sciences. The Duc de Chartres, afterwards Louis Philippe, presented Blanchard with a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. Among other strange events of that monarch's life, he had himself made a balloon ascent the previous year with the brothers Robert, being then only eleven years of age.

Considerable bets had been laid in England for and against the success of the enterprise. Lord Chatham, who won £1000 in that way, offered Jefferies and Blanchard to devote it to other aerostatic experiments. Jefferies' declining health compelled him to refuse the offer; but Blanchard, in his love for his favourite science, gladly accepted it. Returning to Calais, he took his departure for England on the twenty-first of February, and made an ascent from London, with Mademoiselle Simonis of Paris, the first Frenchwoman who went up in a balloon, though not the first of her sex who had done so; for an Englishwoman of the name of Tible had preceded her.

Blanchard presented the town of Calais with the balloon with which he crossed the strait. The car is still in the Museum there. The magistrates granted him a purse of three thousand francs, and a life annuity of six hundred, which was regularly paid him till

the Revolution. The balloon was at first exhibited in the church, but was afterwards transferred to the Hotel de Ville. The principal inhabitants of Guines voted the erection of a stone column to mark the spot in the forest where the balloon fell. It was inaugurated with great pomp by the civil and military authorities of Calais and Guines, and bore a Latin inscription, recording the fact in due form, and usual unintelligibility. The inscription is now gone; the Revolution, which swept so many things away, having made free with that likewise. The column still remains, and serves as an admirable point of rendezvous for the schoolboys of Guines, when they get a day's holiday.

From London, Blanchard went to Holland, where he made several ascents. Passing through Calais to go to Paris, he was conducted in procession to Guines, on the twenty-third of July. There, on beholding the monument erected to commemorate his aerial transit, he exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of his gratitude, as he addressed the inhabitants of Guines, "Thanks to God, and to you, Messieurs, I no longer fear either ridicule or calumny. It would require fifty thousand reams of libels heaped together, to hide this column on every side!"

James Jefferies was born at London. He died there in one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, of a pulmonary complaint, at the age of twenty-nine. Jean Pierre Blanchard was born at Petit-Andely in Normandy, in one thousand seven hundred and fifty-three. He applied himself to mechanics at an early age, and had always been haunted with the idea of mounting in the atmosphere. After having made many different kinds of apparatus which were unsuccessful, he attached himself to Montgolfier's system, flattering himself that he should be able to guide his balloons at pleasure. His first attempts were made with a balloon to which he had fitted wings. Although his efforts were unavailing, he still persisted in his idea. He modified his machinery in all kinds of ways, remaining, after all, as unlucky as ever. By the advice of Blanchard and Carnot, the *Ecole des Aérostiers* was established at Meudon, in one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, under the direction of Conté; and on the field of battle of Fleurus, in one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, ballooning was first applied to military purposes. A balloon, from which the movements of the enemy were watched, hovered over the two armies, and decided the victory in favour of the French. *Sous-chef de brigade* Coutel, and the engineer Bureau de Pussy, were in the car.

Blanchard made balloon ascents in France, England, America, Germany, and Holland. His most extraordinary one was performed at Rouen, where, on the fifteenth of August, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he ascended, taking sixteen persons with him. In February, eighteen hundred and eight, having made his sixty-sixth ascent near the Hague, he fell from a considerable height. By the orders of Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland, he received every attention which his condition demanded. The care bestowed on him temporarily restored him; but, on reaching France, he fell into a hopeless state, and died at Paris, on the seventh of March, eighteen hundred and nine, leaving nothing but debts behind him, after having received immense sums of money. In seventeen hundred and ninety-eight he made a claim upon the Council of Five Hundred for the arrears of the pension which had been granted him by the old Government; but his demand was ineffectual. He was then obliged to have recourse to his friends for the means of living. He was an unscientific and illiterate man, speaking his own language incorrectly, and ignorant of orthography. He left no documents except a few prospectuses, and an account, in twelve pages quarto, of his ascent at Nantes in eighteen hundred. In this work he assumes the titles of "Adoptive Citizen of the principal towns in the two worlds," "Honorary member of many foreign Academies," and "Aerial pensioner of the French Republic."

Blanchard married, in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, Marie Madeleine Sophie Arnaut, born at Trois-Canons, near La Rochelle, who became as famous an aeronaut as her husband himself. Her deplorable end is well known. She ascended from the Tivoli Gardens on the sixth of July, eighteen hundred and nineteen, at ten o'clock at night, in an illuminated car, from which fire-works were suspended. The balloon caught fire, and the unfortunate creature was precipitated from an immense height upon the roof of a house. Every assistance was rendered her, but she died ten minutes afterwards. It was the sixty-seventh ascent Madame Blanchard had made. The jug goes often to the well, but is pretty sure to get cracked at last.

SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN AT HOME.

"How long, O scribe!" I expect to hear an indignant public in a Catilinian manner exclaim, when the subject matter of this article is palpable to its gaze—"how long, O writer, is our propriety to be offended, our sensibility shocked, our gentility disregarded, by your irreverent and incorrigible recurrence to the vulgar subject of beer? Have you no shame—no reticence, no sense of decorum, no respect for your superiors? If you had lived a hundred years ago and in Grub Street, you would have starved; unless, indeed, you had secured the friendship of Mr. Thrale. If you were a Chinese literato, His Celestiality would bamboo you to death; if you had been one of Tippoo Saib's moonshees, he would have decapitated you; one of Sultan Mahmoud's poets, you would have been bowstrung. Be grateful then that you live

in the nineteenth century, under the merciful dispensation of wise and humane laws and increasing civilisation. Be thankful for the leniency which renders your immediate incarceration and deportation beyond sea illegal; and for that sagacious discretionary power placed in the hands (and eyes) of all classes of readers who, if they do not like your subject matter, need not read what you write."

In sooth I am almost ashamed, and am reluctant, and hang back, and blush—if one can blush in pen and ink—now that (a portion of my task being accomplished and the houses and drinkers for a time disposed of) it becomes my bounden duty to treat of beer itself. So I am fain to take heart, and gird up my loins to the task, catching at, nervously, and additional, though fragile, consolation, that my subject is, at least, not a dry one.

It is my present purpose to relate to you the particulars of a visit I paid not many weeks past, to a very worthy knight, a friend of mine, whose family has enjoyed great fame and consideration in the English country for upwards of five hundred years—Sir John Barleycorn.

This knight, though he has never aspired to any grade superior to that which his equestrian spurs confer on him, has been, time out of mind the boon companion of emperors and monarchs; yet, with a wise magnanimity, he hath not, at the same time, disdained to enliven the leisure moments of clowns and churls—yea, down even unto vagrants and Abraham-men. One of Sir John's panegyrists sings—

"The Beggar who begges
Without any legges,
And scarcely a rag on his bodye to veile,
Talks of princes and kynges
And all these fine thynges,
When once he has hold of a tankard of ale."

Ale being, indeed, the article for the confection of which and his many convivial qualities, Sir John hath, in times both ancient and modern, been principally celebrated. So highly esteemed was his ale of old, that another poetic eulogisor of our knight, in reverent station no less than a bishop, hath declared—as we previously set forth—his willingness that both his outward back and side should "go bare, go bare," provided that his inner man were irrigated with a sufficiency of "jolly good ale and old." And in our own days there have not been wanting bards enthusiastic in sounding the praises of Sir John Barleycorn and his ale, from him that writ the affectionate strophe commencing with "Oh, brown beer, thou art my darling," to that other lapwing of Parnassus, the democratic admirer of Sir John, who, in his lay, calls down fierce maledictions on those who would attempt "to rob a poor man of his beer."

It was with an honest pride that Sir John (a burly, red-faced, honest-looking country gentleman, in a full suit of brown and silver, with a wig of delightful whiteness) discoursed to me of these matters, when last stopping in town, at the coffee-house where he entertained me. "Yes," he said, "I and my ancestors have seen fine days, I can tell you. We have entertained more kings crowned and discrowned, than Monsieur Voltaire's Candide ever saw supping together at the Carnival of Venice. My father was a favourite (and rivalled it sharply with Prince Potemkin too) with Catherine of Russia. The Polish nobles delighted in him, and the Muscovite Boyards literally drank up his words. Nor was he less considered here in England. Queen Bess honoured my great grandfather; and it was with a foaming tankard of my great uncle's October brew that the serving-man soused Sir Walter Raleigh when, surprising him smoking a pipe of tobacco he, the servitor, thought his master to be afire. Down where I dwell the monks of the old abbey frequently chose their cellarer for abbot, so high a respect had they for even those remotely connected with the Barleycorns. But we have seen in our time evil days. We have been vilified, scandalised, made responsible for all the evils which an indiscriminate and immoderate use of our good gifts may bring upon intemperate persons. The last Sir John was indicted and tried for his life at Glasgow by a temperance poet; and had he not put himself upon his country and proved beyond a doubt that none of the genuine Barleycorns ever meant harm to the people of Scotland; but that it was an idle, intemperate, deboshed fellow, smelling terribly of peat smoke—one Usquebagh, who had formed an illicit alliance with a cast-off hussey of the Malt family—that had, through them, endeavoured to bring the Barleycorns to shame; had he not done this it would have gone hard with him. You may see the report of the case now in a Scotch poem, called The Trial of Sir John Barleycorn. I myself, as harmless a man (though I say it) as ever broke bread, have been treated in these latter days as something very little better than a muderer, a male Brinvilliers, and my ale as a sort of *aqua tofana*. 'Twas a French chemist did me this turn, thinking to annihilate me. You shall take coach with me to-morrow, and we will go to my ancestral seat, where the principal branch of our family hath had their habitat since Harry the Eighth's time. Sir, you shall do John Barleycorn the honour of a visit at his poor house at Burton-on-Trent."

Whereupon this jovial knight (he should be a baronet, for his title is hereditary, but he stoutly disclaims the bloody hand, and writes himself simple *eques*) called for t'other flaggon; which, being discussed, he paid the reckoning, and appointing a rendezvous for the morrow, swaggered off to bed, humming

same process as the draught, is bottled from the wood in London, without any connexion with or reference to Burton. The bottles having nothing to do with brewers.

Thus ends my experience of how beer in general, and pale ale in particular, is brewed for Sir John Barleycorn at Burton-on-Trent.

THE BOY MAHOMET.

They feign that Mahomet, the three years' child,
Would often wander, when the day was young,
Within a quiet valley, where the grass
Kept its Spring greenness always fresh and bright
Under the smooth, broad shadow of the rocks,
From whose cold chambers and dark hidden cells
Infinite rivulets came bubbling out
With a continual music, and passed on
(Weaving a silver net-work as they went)
Beneath old trees, through mingled gleams and glooms,
Into the caverns on the farther side.

The grave and gentle sweetness of the place
Pleased that young child; for, in his lightest sports,
Those who observed him closely could perceive
A hint of something awful and afar—
A depth beneath the surface—a veiled lamp
Burning down long, rich avenues of dark,
Like that prodigious meaning which looks through
The empty eyes of statues. Oftentimes
When his loud play-mates sought him he would be
Lying beneath some tree's far-reaching dusk,
Deep in this glen; and, on a certain day,
Two angels found him there.

Upon a crag
These angels had descended recently,
And down the slope side of the mountain came
Towards the boy, who, undisturbed by fear,
Received them as two bright dreams that had lost
Their way from out the Paradise of sleep;
And soon they floated over him and lull'd
His spirit with the fanning of their wings,
Until he slumbered. Then, with painless touch,
One of those angels opened the child's breast,
And took the heart out, and between his hands
Wrung forth all drops of bitterness and sin,
All black clouds lurking in that haven of red,
And filled it with the light of his own looks,
With living fire and radiance, till it glow'd
A deep interior crimson: all which time
The second of the angels sang this song:

"The cloud is slumbering in the sky,
The bird is sleeping on the tree,
And the winds go pausing by
With a murmur like the sea;
And the sea itself is calm,
And the beast is in its lair:
Sleep thou, too, beneath the balm
Dropping from the heavens bare:

"Day is young within the East,
And the night, not wholly gone,
Lingers still about the West,
Where the white stars mock the dawn.
Drowsy sounds are in the place,
And a constant whispering:
Sleep, fair child, and dream a space!
I am watching while I sing!

"As the sun, with lips eternal,
Drinks the darkness when he rises,
And with sudden light supernal
All the mountain peaks surprises;
As the moon-dawn cleanses heaven
From the sad stains of the night;
So we wring the dusky leaven
From thy heart, and make it bright.

"Unto Asia, sunk in shame,
Be a radiance seen afar!
Be an orb of fire and flame!
Be a glory! Be a star!
Be a crescent moon, whose sphere
Keeps dilating! Be a sun!
Now thy heart is close and near
In thy breast; and all is done."

And while the song yet murmured in the air,
Those angels rose on their sustaining wings,
And, like two doves moving in circles, went
Higher and higher through the golden blue
Of morning, till they vanished like white clouds
That die into the windy plains of space.

Then up rose Mahomet as from a dream,
And felt those angels in his heart, and knew
They were no dream; and on his visage lay
That brightness which proclaimed him through the land
A king of men—the Prophet of Allàh.

IN PRESENCE OF THE SWORD.

Doubtless I ought to be ashamed to own that I have spent many a pleasant hour in the Old Bailey. The Central Criminal Court is indeed a Yarrow of mine, a scene dear to the memory for its association with the crudities of youth. The civic royalty of the corporation of London is acknowledged in the City theatre of melodramas, by the existence of a civic box, by name the City Lands' Box, whereof every member of the City Lands Committee has a key. A friend and common councilman, and City Lands Committee-man, used many years ago to open for me with his key that box, and therein, victualled with a few sandwiches, I, a sallow boy, would take my seat quite early in the morning, and remain until the Judges rose for dinner. I had a taste for tournaments and Champions of Christendom; but there were no mailed knights abroad except on Lord Mayor's Day. By the degenerate nature of the times, therefore, I was reduced to the necessity of worshipping such men in brass as could be found at the Old Bailey. Out of Astley's there was nothing for me, but to witness the encounters of opposing champions in horsehair helmets, and to hang intent over the tournament of tongues. I knew the gentlemen of the Old Bailey Bar better, indeed, than I knew the horses and the actors (may I be excused for mentioning the horses first) at the Amphitheatre, to which stronghold of chivalry it was my own opinion that I was allowed to go too seldom. I had my cherished knights among the barristers. The boldest were the best. I liked to see the character and credit of a witness gallantly hacked to pieces; to observe what sparks of fun could, by a well steeled barrister, be struck out of hard villanies, at

which the angels are supposed to weep. It was a goodly thing to me to watch the lifting by some subtle champion of the burden of a crime from the sore back of the accused, and to see it shifted—under the name, perhaps, of "merely an hypothesis"—upon the whole shoulders of the accuser, or of some important witness. Of consequences I thought nothing, and my sense of right and wrong was rather blunted in that place by the prevailing humour into which I fell—more prevalent in those days than in these. The argument concerned me. Not the prisoner, and not my country represented by the judge. The only thing that interested me upon the bench, was the great Sword of Justice hung in state over the central chair. It used to occur to me that I should like to see it bare. I used to wonder whether the bright blade suffered neglect, and whether it might not lie covered with a great deal of rust within its decorated sheath. Some little misgiving upon that head lingers with me still.

So I spent pleasant hours at the Old Bailey, taking a child's view of the place; and, after years of absence, I have lately been revisiting my Yarrow. I have again wandered more than once among the victims and the witnesses of wrongs that have been done by man against his fellow, and among the stalls of apples, gingerbread, and Barcelona nuts erected for their consolation in the vestibule of Justice. Again I have sat in the presence of the sword, and seen misdoers brought to answer for their crimes to an offended nation. The Yarrow is the same; my eyes are different. Even "Memory's shadowy moonshine"—though there are few things that look ill by moonshine—can do nothing to soften down the ugliness of crime, or wash the dusky face of the Old Bailey with celestial Kalydor.

Let me set down in sober seriousness some of the observations I have lately made. Let it be understood that I am not about to abuse, condemn or ridicule, any high court of justice, to take by the hand any convict from the dock, by special choice and liking, as a man and brother, to illustrate by facts any foregone conclusion, or to moralise on any heap of skeletons (dry figures, which are skeletons of truth) dug out of the graves in which they have been decently interred by Parliamentary reporters. I shall simply tell what I have seen and thought of late, under the roof which is spread out above the awful sword.

How would it be alone at midnight with that Sword? No starlight could pierce through the windows stained by the old glass painter, Time, to sink into the solemn darkness of the room. One might dream of it that the sword was there shedding a dim radiance that displayed clearly its own outline—dimly all things else—the empty seats of the judges, the vacant benches of the counsel, and far away in the remote darkness of the Court, the solemn dock. At that dock, in the last twilight a murderer stood, watching the man who rose from a group seated on those benches to his left, and reading the unspoken word out of his face. The breath of the guilty man, and the breaths of the witnesses who told, and of the counsellors who urged the facts for and against him; of the judge who summed them up, and of the jury who considered them; of the people, and of the reporters for the people who will to-morrow make a proclamation to the world of all the secrets of the murderer, are mingled in a steam upon the walls. The air is close and has a taste of death in it.

Then the fresh dawn that is far away beyond rivers and valleys, capping with light the mountain-tops, and covering their sides with summer mist, makes every minute more defined the outline of St. Paul's, and the fresh light of the summer morning, filtered through the everlasting clouds upon the glass, makes day again within the walls of the Old Bailey. There enter women less fresh than Aurora; there enter dingy unshaven men, who beat, and sweep, and open ways by which the air that has blown softly over Smithfield, Newgate Market, and the great dome of St. Paul's, can enter also. They depart, and in due time the barristers may come in one by one, the crier may come to the performance of his day's work, and a suckling woman, and a seedy man or two, may take their places as spectators in the gallery. The jury are assembling, and the judges soon will take their seats for the performance of a pretty hard day's work. But nobody is thinking of the sword.

When I returned for the first time to the scene of my past recreations it was afternoon. I found a throng of people in the court and vestibule. There wait the witnesses till they are called, there, or about the doors, and in the recesses of the public-houses opposite. There are two ways into the Old Bailey. One is by a great front door opening from the street into a spacious vestibule like a box entrance; the other is by a door at the side, as one might say, a pit entrance, from a paved court attached to the building. Both doors lead, however, into the same great hall with snaky staircases coiled up its dingy and unwholesome walls and open jaws of galleries, through which they who are privileged can pass into the inner darkness of the place.

Any whim for regarding the Old Bailey as a theatre might have been fairly supported by the bills of the day's performances posted here and there, for the information of witnesses, on the walls of the vestibule or against pillars in the court. These bills represented what cases would be heard in each court, and the order in which they would probably be called for hearing. Witnesses therefore could guess in a rough way the time for their exits and their entrances. For trial in the New Court I saw that

there was a list of some thirty cases, all created by the same offence, the uttering of counterfeit coin. The performances in the Old Court were of a more miscellaneous character. The witnesses in waiting formed a more decided miscellany. For their use there were some benches provided, and several apple, ginger-beer, and cake stalls; very old establishments no doubt, for some of them I could almost identify, to a nut, as having formed a part of the Old Bailey twenty years ago. There were old women gathered in knots, young women in pairs, men single and in sets. There was a representative, I think, of every grade of London life between decent poverty and destitution; and there were many there assembled who were eye-witnesses of crime because they were its house companions, and who could when they liked be something more than only witnesses of evil deeds. Three bully men and a rough woman (witnesses there waiting to prove an alibi) were threatening with foul words and shaken fists a boy of thirteen who had evidence to give, against which their alibi would prove a weak defence. There were witnesses of all kinds. There was the surgeon who had stitched a wound got in a fray, and who had come too late, or was too modest, to obtain from the courtesy of the solicitor a seat within the court. He was well dressed, and lurked about the corners of the outside yard, pacing the flags until his name was called. There was the stout man who keeps a meat-shop, and had given nineteen and eightpence with a plate of alamode beef for a bad sovereign; he was offering a glass, at the Bull over the way, to the nurse who had seen an infant die, murdered with oil of vitriol poured into its mouth. There was a pale man, who carried his hand tied up in a white bandage, and looked as though he had exchanged heads with a corpse, getting the grave-clothes thrown into his bargain. He was of course come to give account of the mishaps that had befallen him. There were the clerk who had a forgery to swear to; and the countryman who had paid Swindle and Co. for a passage to Australia; the wife, who was no wife, but the victim of a bigamy; the Sandwich Islander who saw his countryman and brother seaman mortally ill-used on board a merchant vessel; the locksmith's daughter who saw her father half killed by her brother, and the locksmith's maid who picked up daintily the blood-stained knife and carried it in-doors in her apron. These, or such as these, with dozens of men and women, victims or witnesses of petty thefts and frauds, the whole crowd levened with a due admixture of policemen—many of whom were also there as witnesses—kept up a comfortless excitement, and ate cakes and drank gingerbeer, and talked through their adventures to each other in the entrance hall of the Old Bailey. The crowd had, as it has always, a distinctive character; it is made up of people little accustomed to control their emotions, all labouring under various kinds and stages of excitement, and brought together by just so much of a common purpose as induced them here and there to accost each other and to form quaint groups. Were I a painter and a humourist, I don't think I would miss (no not even for fancy dresses, and models that go the round of all the painters) such excellent material as is provided by the vestibule of the Old Bailey.

I glanced at a large board, on which is printed a command that nobody there waiting should fee persons connected with the place—a kind of no-fee-to-the-boxkeeper announcement. Then I observed by two other writings on the wall, that, by the stairs to the left, I should reach the gallery of the Old Court, and that the stairs to the right would conduct me to the gallery of the New Court; those galleries being the spaces set apart for the public, according to the principle of English law, which provides for every accused person an open trial in the presence of his countrymen. I turned to the left and went up many stairs, passing policemen who were posted, very much like check-takers, at certain points. They offered no obstruction to my progress. I was glad of that, because the principle of open trials cannot be too emphatically acted upon. Having reached the gallery door, I put my hand upon the lock, when promptly there came forward an official of three words: "One shilling, sir!" I felt the insult to the dignity of the whole nation offended in my person. Moreover, though I should gladly have passed through that door as one of the public, I had some personal distaste for the idea of sitting in the shilling gallery of the Old Bailey theatre. I turned my back on the official, and resolved to try whether the public had a right to pass into the New Court. So I went down again into the vestibule and up the right hand stairs. There was the very Pollux to the Castor on the other side—another dingy man with the same exclamation of "One shilling, sir!"

I turned again and went down stairs to the vestibule, from which I passed on to the Third Court, which is a smaller hall of justice on the same floor. It was crowded with policemen, as a hive with bees. Policemen clustered thickly upon all the benches in the gallery and in the jury box; policemen thickly covered the whole floor, and passed each other in and out of the hive door, with now and then a few exchanges of intelligence. Those who went out flew abroad; those who came in were lost in the general swarm. The attention of this little community seemed to be directed mainly to a table in the centre, upon which there was laid up a store, not of honey indeed, but of money; that is, the yellow store, sought busily by men who go out every morning, and making here a little, there a little, bring it back at evening in little bags attached to their thighs, or, to speak

humanly, pursed up in their breeches pockets. A gentleman at the table with a money-bag—sweet to them all as the thyme of Hymettus—was hovered about by this swarm, which consisted not only of the blue-bodied bees, although the policemen did so much preponderate that they at first seemed to have the place entirely to themselves. Mr. Hymettus at the table was in fact engaged about the payment of the witnesses, distributing three-and-sixpences and other sums, and edifying those about him with a comic story, in which a lord chancellor and a surgeon who had come that day for his attendance fee were interested. There were no cases then on trial in that court. It is brought into use towards the conclusion of a gaol delivery, when there is a heavy list of causes, and they cannot be got through by the two other courts within a reasonable time. The other two courts serve as the two ordinary pumps used for the emptying of Newgate. When by any delay, as during legal holidays, the flood has accumulated, or when there has been more than an average run of crime into the prison, a third pump is manned.

I had feasted my eyes for some time upon all these things, but I was not so young as to remain at the Old Bailey reckless of my dinner. The rest of my experience relates therefore to visits paid on subsequent occasions. A few days afterwards I again mounted to the door of the gallery of the Old Court, and was faced again by the Cerberus, with three words, who said "Two shillings, sir!" I thought he must have read the fable of the Sybil and her Books, and took me to be the man for succumbing to the classical device. I made the natural remark—not in the tone of an aggrieved Briton, but as a suggestion of a fact modestly thrown out—that "his price was a shilling when I saw him last."

"Ah, sir," he answered, "but we've interesting cases on at present. We charge according to the cases tried; sometimes it's one thing, sometimes another. Why, sir, sometimes you can't come in under a pound."

I went in and found the gallery an incommodious and dirty place, of which little more than the front row was occupied, and from which, behind the second row, to persons sitting down there was a view of the judges from the nose upwards and nothing else, except the sword suspended over them. From the second row, over the head of a doughy child quietly sucking at the mother's breast, and taking close Old Bailey breath into its nostrils, I could see the judges opposite, the gentlemen of the bar in the ring below, which from that point of view reminded me of the old pictures of cockpits, the white faced man with a head-dress of grave clothes in the witness-box; and, by leaning over, I could observe the phrenological development of the two prisoners who stood in the dock immediately below. To the right there was my old haunt the civic box, with the box for reporters under it, at that time empty. The court was occupied with Knife Cases, which, inasmuch as they are considered to be more attractive and agreeable than larcenies, were not to be so cheaply listened to. In the just opinion of the reporters, however, they had rarely sufficient public interest to be allowed to swell the space devoted to the Central Criminal Court in the newspapers. Not a tenth part of the cases heard at the Old Bailey are, or can be, reported in the daily newspapers; a selection must be made, and in making it the discretion of the reporter is exercised with wonderful dexterity. If you look down from the gallery upon the whole scene of Old Bailey business on an ordinary working-day, you see during a greater or less part of the time nobody in the reporters' box. And yet, whenever a case that presents any feature of public interest is being heard, or only for a few minutes talked about, a gentleman is to be seen, who appears simply to strip off an invisible coat as soon as there is need for him to go to work; a more than Argus, quiet as he looks, for he has the eyes of millions in his head, and carries with him millions of ears.

The case under investigation when I entered—a case not reported—was between the two prisoners at the bar and the witness then being examined in the box. One of the prisoners, as seen from above, appeared to consist of a long narrow head with weak light hair combed smoothly over it; the rest of him appeared to be made up of fustian and corduroy very much fore-shortened. He seemed, by his poll, to be a youth of about eighteen, and there was certainly no power indicated by the conformation of his cranium. He it was, Solomon Coward, who was charged with having used the knife; his brother Barney, who stood by his side, was charged with having aided and abetted him. Barney presented to those over him a small, dark, and very hairy head; he seemed to be a tall, thin man, and below his poll there was a foreshortening of decent clothes, a black cloth coat and trousers; one might set him down at a glance as a respectable mechanic.

The cadaverous accuser told how on a certain night, as he was going down Paradise Lane, at about twelve o'clock, Solomon leapt out at him and cried, "So here you are at last! I have been waiting for you," and upon that struck him with his fist. He, Bolikins, the accuser, thereupon returned the blow with interest, causing the enemy to stagger. There were people in the lane who stopped to see the row, and women close at hand looked out of their bedroom windows. There was also a gas lamp throwing light upon the scene. Barney, it was said, came out of his own door not many yards farther down the lane, and seeing that his brother

flinched, and shouted, "Barney!" called out to him in response, "Your knife! your knife!" Solomon thereupon drew his knife out of his pocket, and dug it half open into the face of Bollkins, who took flight, was pursued, and again wounded in the arm. Barney and Solomon retreated to their house, and the police appeared upon the scene.

"You can swear to the prisoner Barney?"—"I can. I know him."

"How was he dressed?"—"I think his coat was off, and he had on white trousers."

"White trousers? Are you sure of that?"—"Yes, he had on a white trousers."

"You have no doubt of that?"—"No, I am sure of it."

Another witness, who had looked on from the lane, corroborated this, but could not swear that it was the prisoner Barney who called out "Your knife! your knife!" Thought it was a shorter and a stouter man. Distinctly remembered how that man was dressed. He had a fustian coat on, and wore dark moleskin trousers. Could swear that he wore dark trousers, which he believed were moleskin.

A woman who had looked down on the hubbub from her window corroborated the account previously given, but thought the man who shouted out to Solomon to use his knife was a much taller man than Barney. He was not wearing white trousers. They were dark, and he had on a fustian coat. The man ran into the same house with Solomon, when the police came.

Policeman X went to the door of the house number twenty-seven, Paradise Lane, and found it locked. Said who he was, and was refused admission. Heard something said inside about poker and tongs. Broke open the door, and was attacked by the two prisoners with tongs and poker. With the help of another constable took them both into custody. Found the knife half closed and covered with blood. Produced it. Being produced it was seen to be a clumsy pocket knife, such as would be used by rustic Lubins for the cutting of their bread and cheese. There was blood on Solomon's clothes, about his pocket. Barney appeared to have been going to bed, had taken off his coat and trousers, and was in his drawers. He said that he had only used violence in defence of his brother, that he had been in-doors all the evening, and that the man who came in with Solomon, whose name he stated, had gone through the house and out at the back window. There was a back window opening from the staircase upon mud-heaps behind, and escape by that way, the policeman found, was easy.

That was the case. Against Solomon convincing, against Barney very doubtful. Witnesses to character declared Barney to be a steady workman, who had been employed for years in one great factory. He looked respectable, and with a deferential firmness, as I fancied, was awaiting his acquittal. Counsel argued. The presiding judge was summing up; there were three or four upon the bench—reverend looking gentlemen in robes and wigs—with the City Recorder, younger and brisker in his chain of office. The case was nearly over, when one of the venerable judges signified his wish to ask a question of one of the policemen. He was recalled.

"The prisoner Barney, you said, appeared to be going to bed, and had taken off his coat and trousers when you went into his room. Did you see the clothes that he had taken off?"—"Yes, my lord, they were lying on the floor."

"Did you observe what kind of clothes they were?"—"It was a fustian coat, and they were dark moleskin trousers."

Barney instantly and visibly broke down, exclaiming with much agitation that they were not his clothes. Two or three more questions proved that there was no one else to whom they could have belonged, and the venerable judge leaned back with the aspect of a man who had done a happy thing and knew it. He had secured a just verdict, which, unluckily for Barney, would ensure to him a term of prison discipline, or possibly a berth on board a convict ship. Barney and Solomon were found guilty together.

The evidence in that case curiously illustrated the great discrepancy of statement which may subsist among people—especially ignorant people—who narrate from memory the same occurrence. The accuser having observed everything under the influence of emotion, had evidently recognised Barney by the face, and as he himself said by the voice, but connected his recollection with a false though positive idea of his dress. Other witnesses showed by the testimony they gave what vague notions of size are to be had from people in the witness box, and as far as their ideas of distance they were even extravagantly vague. Every witness was asked how far the person was from the contending parties who called out to Solomon to use the knife. The answers assigned the most various distances; one said sixty, and another said three hundred yards.

Those prisoners ushered by the turnkey, withdrew to the back of the dock and retired by an underground way to Newgate. Out of the chasm stepped a woman who stood forward in their place, a wild untidy looking woman. A wretched accuser, another miserable woman, stepped into the witness box and received into her hands from the business-like usher of the court a book—of which she cannot read a syllable—of the contents of which she knows not much more than a Caffre—upon which she is to be sworn. In a loud, rapid, business-like tone the usher got her swearing over: "The-evidence-that-you-shall-give-before-the-court-and-jury-sworn-between-our-Sovereign-Lady-the-

Queen-and-the-prisoner-at-the-bar-shall-be-the-Truth-the-whole-Truth-and-nothing-but-the-Truth-so-help-you-God."

Between our Sovereign Lady the Queen, the best honoured woman in this nation, and the prisoner at the bar, accounted base, even among the fallen, a night wanderer among the kennels of Whitechapel. That was the cause. A woman of her own class accused her, for that she, at six o'clock in the morning, fell upon her with foul oaths at the door of a gin shop, stabbed her in the face and bosom with a knife, and hunted her with the fury of a tigress into the shop where she was taken. The knife was produced, contrasting curiously with the knife used by the man in the preceding case. It was a small, white-handled pen-knife, a woman's knife. The prisoner, who had no counsel to defend her, fiercely questioned her accuser and the buxom barmaid who came forward with corroborative evidence. She cried out that she never touched the woman, and denied, while she displayed, the wild jealousy that prompted the assault. Then she turned fiercely on the barmaid and asked, "What time do you say she ran into your shop and I came after her?" —"At six o'clock."—"Well then," shouted the prisoner, "you see she's telling lies, gentlemen; for how could I go in at six o'clock when it's well known that the shop don't open till half-past?"

The woman was found guilty, and at the word, her passion changed into a storm of sobs. The wild, fallen woman, full of wickedness, shaking with passion in the dock of the Old Bailey, not lowered an inch in reputation by the seal of guilt there stamped upon her, was a spectacle to stir emotion in the hearts of men who have ever knelt in innocence at mothers' knees, or seen their wives singing with light and happy hearts over their children. Womanhood never can sink by choice down to this level.

Between our Sovereign Lady the Queen, and such wretched prisoners, there is a justice that can be done out of the Old Bailey. There was a time when they or those who bred them into vice were honest people. How many of them were debased by ignorance before they were debased by vice? It is better worth while to prevent ten persons from sinking in a bog, than to pull one person out of it. It is better worth while to educate and guide the poor, so as to prevent honest men from falling by scores into crime, than to erect apparatus by which now and then a criminal may be hauled up again into the road of honesty.

The woman having been withdrawn, there arose a short discussion between the learned brethren of the bar and their brethren on the bench, concerning the arrangement of succeeding business. Some cases were postponed, mutual conveniences were discussed, and presently there was summoned to the bar a young man with a much oiled head, and at the end of his fore-shortened body, which seemed to be well apparelled, was a pair of delicate French boots. He was accused of forgery, and by advice of counsel, pleaded guilty, with the proviso that he did not write the violated name. Being made to understand that his proviso was useless and cumbrous, he withdrew it. His case had in it some points of public interest, and behold—there was a reporter in the box. I had not seen him enter. He was not there during the previous cause, but the question of commercial fraud had brought him up, as Zamiel might have been fetched up by any other potent incantation. The young man in the well-brushed hair and faultless boots, seemed to be little more than twenty-three years old; he was a clerk in a mercantile firm, and his story was, that at a time when he was labouring under great domestic embarrassment, he found, tossing about loose in the counting-house, a blank cheque, to which there was attached, ready for future use, the signature of his employers. The temptation was too great for his weak moral sense. He filled it up, and boldly too, with no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds, and taking it to the bank, signed by the firm itself, cashed it with ease. He thought that, as the signature was genuine, no imitation of his own, he had not been guilty of forgery. The legal wrong is, however, in this case co-extensive with the moral wrong. In the eye of the law he was a forger. His employers recommended him to mercy, because, except the loss of about a hundred pounds that he had spent in frippery, they got their money back. The crime was, however, not to be measured by the degree of the vindictive feeling it excited. The young man, therefore, was sentenced to ten years of transportation.

Another offender from the classes of the ignorant, which yield the bulk and mass of all the cases tried at the Old Bailey, was then placed at the bar, Another bandaged accuser, an old man, came into the witness-box, who, being deaf, was elevated to the Bench, that he might hear more readily the questions put to him. It was another knife case. The reporter had vanished silently, and I, weary of wretched details, also departed.

I had much more to tell, and many meditations to communicate. But it is not well or fair to speak too largely of the world, as seen from the Old Bailey point of view; one is compelled to look upon it, then, "with a sad, leaden, downward cast," not with the frank glances for which eyes were made. I will not dwell too long on the dark side of life, for it becomes me to remember, as a last wholesome meditation upon roguery, that there are thousands and thousands of houses in London wherein business of all kinds is conducted, and that in those houses there are thousands and thousands of men honouring faithfully the trusts reposed in them—that

amongst all those houses there is only one Old Bailey to which law-breakers are sent to trial from some half-dozen district police-courts—that among millions of people there are but a few hundred convicted criminals, and those nursed chiefly in the lap of Ignorance—bred blind. It is now many years since things were at the worst in England, and they have for a long time been mending. Every man of us, in the whole journey through life from the mother's lap, will have only his own ill mood to blame if he does not encounter friendly eyes, and feel the grasp of helping hands, and recognise a world of goodness in the men and women among whom he walks. It is a rare thing to get stung by a rascal. Of course, we may so choose our way as to be constantly environed by rascality, as in a country walk we may in mad perversity, if it so pleases us, wade through the nettles. But the country is no more a bed of nettles than town is fairly to be called a nursery of vice.

A LAST EMOTION.

Can there possibly exist a more *blasé* and used-up being than the newspaper shorthand-writer necessarily is. Robberies with personal violence, or debates about the budget; murders, or declarations of war; conspiracies, or diplomatic revelations; separate maintenances, or the law of divorce;—all is for him merely raw material to go to work upon. He has the *entrée* of private examinations, and he never avails himself of the privilege. The journals are not allowed to publish the scandalous details which such occasions might furnish them with, and he blesses the public sense of decency which gives him thus a day of respite. A day of respite, did I say? There is no real respite for him; he can only enjoy a change of judges, advocates, and means of torture. From the Assises he passes to the Correctional Police, where he colours the slang of a *titi*, paraphrases the discourse of a philosophic rag-picker, transforms for the amusement of chambermaids a finished vagabond into an old Austerlitz hero, and revises and corrects with considerable additions, a cap-pulling, kerchief-tearing scene, exactly as he will embellish bye and bye the speeches of the Deputies with the most perfumed flowers of parliamentary rhetoric.

Of all shorthand-writers in the world, M. Prisetout was the most disillusionised, the most disenchanted, the most hardened. When he was in the act of exercising his functions, had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would instantly have opened a parenthesis, and written—[*here, there falls a thunderbolt*]—without being more put out by it, than I am now. And yet, after twenty years' impassiveness and insensibility, M. Prisetout did at last experience an emotion.

When age had enfeebled the vigour of his legs, M. Prisetout went, the very day of the opening of the session, and chose a lodging not far from the Palais Bourbon; exactly like those peripatetic doctors, who quarter themselves in the neighbourhood of their patients. He hired, by the year, a bachelor's room at the top of the Rue St. Dominique, where, as he himself said, he annually went for six months to the galleys. The Peyronnets and the rest of the two-hundred and twenty-one forgive him! Our *stenographe*, on departing from each sitting, repaired to a restaurant of the Rue de Bourgogne, where he put a little order and clearness into his notes, sent them off to his journals, dined copiously, and then returned on foot to his cabin. The majority of the modest mansions of this quarter were inhabited at that time by old remnants of the French army, and particularly by those who, though riddled through and through with wounds, desired to prove that their courage did not lie in one line only, and had not even shrunk from facing matrimony during their declining days. In the house which M. Prisetout had selected, and which looked out upon the Esplanade of the Invalides, one of these brave and happy couples lived upon the same landing-place with himself. The only room which constituted their lodging had received them as their nuptial chamber, and still served for dining-room and kitchen. On entering this tranquil retreat, the first thing you perceived was a large canopied bed in good style, and of perfectly military cleanliness. Over the double pillows there were fixed, on the right a crucifix surmounted by a branch of blessed box; on the left, a sword and a sabre of honour, crosswise. Beneath the former trophy was stuck a print of *St. Thècle*, with the history of her life and sufferings; under the second, there shone a plaster bust of the Emperor, with a crown of laurel over his little historic hat. These two emblems denoted with sufficient clearness the place which each spouse occupied in the conjugal bed. Two state chairs, one on the right, the other on the left of the bed, completed the furniture, together with a large carved wardrobe for linen which many a budding curiosity-collector would purchase with a complete suite in mahogany.

The middle of the chamber was the dining-room, and was occupied by a handsome high-polished cistern, which shone like the lock of a regimental gun, and by an open buffet wherein plates, dishes, and a nice soup-tureen of pipe-clay, were carefully ranged along the shelves. On entering you would have said they were specimens of Bernard Palizzy on the *dunkerque* of a dealer in *bric-à-brac*. The dishes were to the right, the plates in the middle, and the saucers to the left, forming a very original chromatic gamut of crockery-ware. A table, on which they ate and played cards, stood in the centre of this dining-room.

The kitchen came next. A fire-place with a vast mantle-piece, a broad shovel, a strong pair of tongs, two majestic dog-irons, and a

copper lamp suspended from a hooked nail, formed the subject and accessaries of this *tableau d' intérieur*. Half within and half without the protecting mantel-piece were two large and deep arm-chairs—not those known as *à la Voltaire*, for they had been produced and sent into the world long before the author of Zaire.

The entire apartment being thus described, and the inventory drawn up at full length, the living occupants of the scene next demand our attention. The house had no porter belonging to it, and every lodger had a key of the street-door. Whenever M. Prisetout entered, he lighted his *rat* in the room of his excellent neighbours. Two knocks on the door, given in a particular way, announced his arrival. The signal had been agreed upon, to avoid disturbing this new Philemon and Baucis, who every evening, sentimentally reposing in their arm-chairs, awaited there the supper-hour. This supper was not extravagant. Three hundred and sixty-five times in a year it consisted of a couple of herrings, which were always cooked at the same minute on a gridiron placed in the centre of the hearth. After having opened the door himself by the aid of the key, which they did not remove even on going to bed, and without even saying "How do you do?" for fear of interrupting so charming a *tête-à tête*, M. Prisetout glided through the three chambers, separating the wicks of his slender *bougie* the least in the world; and once arrived close to the fire-place, he stretched his arm between the two venerable figure-heads, got a light at their lamp, drew his hand back cautiously, gave a double nod with his head, regained the door with wolf-like step, and then shut it after him.

The same thing happened regularly every evening. The fire shown upon the hearth; the lamp, suspended under the mantel-piece, illumined with its tempered light the silver heads of the aged couple. The two arm-chairs softly cradled their limbs, and a couple of herrings lay upon the gridiron.

When we say that nothing ever changed from day to day, we do not mean to be understood in the strictest sense of the words. Every year, when M. Prisetout was obliged to return to "the galleys," he used to send a charwoman in the morning to prepare his cabin: and at night, he always expected to find as during the preceding year, the perfect reproduction of the domestic scene which we have lately been describing.

The first sitting of the session of 1829 had just taken place. The cannon had announced the return of Charles X. to the Tuileries. The introductory scene of that new comedy had just been analysed with all possible care by M. Prisetout, who thought of his good neighbours as he reached his lodging. He mounted the staircase, knocked, and opened the door; every material object was in its usual place—the bed, the buffet, the lamp, the two arm-chairs, even the very gridiron itself. But, alas!—this time, one of the chairs was empty!—and on the gridiron, on the wife's side, there lay only a single herring.

Poor old lady! The *invalide's* seat was there, before her very eyes, as if for the purpose of recalling to her memory him with whom she had lived so long! The place of the second herring was also empty; for she would have considered it a sacrilege on her part to encroach upon the territory of the absent fish. These simple reflections compelled M. Prisetout to halt upon the threshold of the door. He dared not advance a step further. An extraordinary degree of emotion seized him. His knees trembled, his heart was full, his eyes grew dim, and his tears flowed as if bursting from an unexhausted fountain.

Let those who can explain all the mysteries of the heart, and the inconsistencies of human sensibility. The unimpassionable man, who had beheld with unmoved heart and dry eyes the most terrible spectacles and the most bloody dramas, felt his tears flow at the sight of an empty arm-chair and a half-filled gridiron.

But, patience! You have not yet heard the whole of the story.

M. Prisetout was roused from his reflections by a noise on the staircase. He turned round, and saw behind him the old *invalide*, who held between his finger and thumb his usual supper suspended by the tail.

The first herring had unfortunately fallen into the ashes, and the *invalide* had gone downstairs to replace it with another, while M. Prisetout entered the room to light his *rat* at the lamp in the mantel-piece.

Far from being delighted by this unexpected *dénoûment*, M. Prisetout was very much annoyed at it, as if some unlucky accident had happened. He had made a wasteful expenditure of sensibility; he had thrown away at least a couple of tears; he had been regularly robbed, and he promised for the future to keep a sharper look out over his emotions. Whenever he saw a raw stenographer pitying any misfortune, or grieving over any tragic event, he said, by way of consolation, "Dry up your tears, my worthy fellow; the herring will come to life again."

FISHING FOR TUNNY.

I WENT up one Sunday, during service, to the romantic little church of Bordighera, on the Ligurian coast of Italy. The whole congregation was assembled; the women inside, the men at the door. Suddenly there arose a screaming in the distance, and all the little urchins who had been left at home in the huts were soon to be seen scampering at full speed to the church door, shouting "Matanza! Matanza!" When

their cry became audible, a small bell began to tinkle from the steeple; the men, crying "Matanza!" before they had fairly risen from their knees, got up and hurried to the shore; the women ran out of the church, and the priest stopping in the middle of his mass, advanced in his clerical robes to the church door, looked abroad upon the glossy surface of the sea, and exclaimed aloud with great complacency, "Verily, a great Matanza!" Whereupon he returned to the altar, gabbled the rest of his mass rapidly to empty benches, and then followed his congregation to the beach.

Upon the beach the roar and bustle of the people was enormous. A roomy bark with high bulwarks—much larger than the usual fisher-barks—was filling rapidly with an excited crew, and in a few minutes was rowed swiftly out of the harbour into the bay. A little navy of small boats loaded with people followed it. There was a stout, sunburnt man at work upon the shore, who held in his hand an iron pole strung with counters, one of which he gave to each fisherman as he embarked. Utterly ignorant of the meaning of the hubbub, I shouted "Matanza!" lustily with all the rest, and jumped on board one of the boats.

"But," said I to a fisherman, as we were skimming through the harbour, "who is Matanza?"

The fisherman thought that I was half-witted to be forty years old and not to know what the Matanza was.

"Do you see yonder bark?"

"The fisher-boat with the little red flag at the top? yes."

"The little red flag, sir, is the whole thing. That is all we see. That is the watch-boat of the Mandrague."

"But I do not know what the Mandrague is."

The fisherman looked contemptuously at me, and explained that it was the great Tunny fish-net, spread in the bay.

"That must be a very great net," I observed, "if we have all set out to haul it." In reply I was informed by the fishermen that their Mandrague was more than a mile square, made of strong ropes, and fastened by anchors. There was only one other like it on the Ligurian coast, and that had been set up near Albergo. On the coasts of Sardinia and Sicily, where there is much tunny caught, there are many Mandragues. They are costly things. That of St. Hospice, towards which we are rowing, is fastened to the rocky bottom of the sea by nineteen heavy ship anchors, nevertheless violent under-currents or storms often rend off large pieces of the net, or so entangle it that it requires the hard labour of weeks to restore it into proper trim. A rate amounting to several thousand francs is paid to Government for the privilege of erecting such a net, while the repairs and refittings cost thousands of francs, and even the cost of setting in ar hauling out entails an annual expense of son few thousands of francs more. The litt fleet of boats with all their implements h to be kept in order; watchmen have to paid, and there is a salary due to the he fisherman by whom all the operations a directed, who is generalissimo and commande of the forces in the war of exterminatio waged upon the fishes in those seas. Th establishment of a Mandrague, therefore, is financial speculation of considerble ma nitude, the result of which is very much the nature of a lottery. In one year rich priz fall into the net, in another year there is a ru of blanks. I quite believe that the Italians the coast might acquire some means of pro nosticating the movements of the fish; bu except the general observation that the fi come more to the coast in those years whic are remarkable also for the abounding cockchafers, they have taken no pains think at all upon the subject. When the starve for want of fish, they live upon th philosophical reflection—Patience! Perhap we shall have better luck next time.

If I may be allowed to wander for a mi ute from the subject of the tunny fishery, should like to observe that in the course my travelling through Italy, I acquired complete hatred of that word patience, as is there eternally abused into a pious ma for laziness of mind. In the neighbourhoo of St. Hospice, near Beaulieu, the olive tre had been affected for twelve years with "th black disease," and during all that time ha borne no fruit. The trunks of trees so di eased look as though they had been bestrew with charcoal powder, the branches seem t be drenched in soot, and the under surface of each leaf is covered with a smooth powder that causes it to resemble a leaf cu out of black velvet. The disease is, of cours caused by the spreading of a parasitic fun gus; and, in that instance, must have bee doubly a disaster to the people, inasmuch a the olive was, in that district, the only usefu product of the soil. "Have you not at tempted any cure?" I asked of a proprieto who had been ruined by this blight. "Wha if you were to besmear the trees thickly wit quick-lime, to break down all the rotte boughs, and burn the diseased leaves?" "Ah Signor," said the poor man, poor in heart a in pocket, "that would cost much labour We must have patience; better days may come. We must be patient, Signor."

I was taken one day into the garden of neighbour, and shown the millions of cater pillars that were eating his artichokes—they were the caterpillars of The Painted Lady—and the field was separated only by a dry ditch from another, still healthy and in full growth. "My friend," I said to the careworn proprietor, "I would advise you to preven this plague from spreading. You should lose no time in pumping the ditch full of water

and you should throw down, or do what will be more effectual, tear up by the root all these damaged artichokes and burn them to ashes on large piles of wood. After that, I would recommend you to turn into the field a dozen hungry ducks to eat up the remaining insects." "Ah, sir," said the man, "to fill the ditch with water I must hire three men. As to the tearing up of the plants, the buying or the borrowing of twelve ducks —holy Maria, what a notion! No sir, patience is what we must have; we must have patience." In the evening the good peasant paid a handsome price to the priest and caused mass to be read against the caterpillars. A week afterwards, they had spread over the sound field, and were devouring it unhindered.

Now I come back to the Matanza, and the Mandrague, or, as they call it on the southern coast, Tonnaro.

I suggested to the fisherman with whom I rowed, that I supposed the watch-boat with the red flag, out in the bay, to be stationed over the Mandrague. They said, yes; and explained that the business was managed somewhat in this way:—the great net was so contrived as to present a wide mouth open towards the sea, into which fishes might swim unsuspiciously: once in, they would swim forward, and if they went aside, be guided forward by the sides of the Mandrague into a large square chamber of net at the end of it, called the death chamber, open only on the side by which the tunnies and the other fishes, caught, of course, incidentally in the same way, enter it. Over that part of the net the watch-boat is stationed, in which a few fishermen are employed to look down into the water, from early in the morning until late at night. They lean forward, protected against the distractions of the upper daylight by a dark cloth thrown over the head and body of each watcher, which hangs down to the surface of the water; a little oil also, sprinkled upon the surface, keeps the water smooth, and further assists in enabling the men to obtain a clear view down into the depths of the transparent sea. As soon as fishes worth a haul are seen to come into the death chamber, these men pull up a net which is so placed as to rise like a sliding pannel and make the net-work complete on all sides of the cube, from which the Matanza (the draught of fish on a large scale) has to be taken on all sides except, of course, the top, which is bounded by the upper air. A signal is then made by flag to the people in the village to come out and haul. A white flag summons only seventeen men, the smallest number by which the net can be lifted; a blue flag calls double the number; and a red flag sommons as many as can come; it denotes a very large draught and calls all hands to the ropes. We had been summoned by the red flag, and were all duly excited.

Every man had a personal interest in the adventure. Each fisherman would receive in return for his counter, in addition to hard money, a share of the intestines, hearts, gills, and necks of the fishes for his own consumption. The priest would get the belly—the choice part of a tunney—if the draught were large, perhaps even a whole fish. "And," said a fisherman to me, "Father Benatto, the owner of the Mandrague this year, is no niggard, and not particular to the exact cut of the knife, that we should get no bit better than our due." We were all, therefore, pulling with good will towards the watch-boat.

The tunny, for whom the huge trap had been set, need not be here described in any, detail. It is an uncouth fish, a little in the form of a perch, and belonging to the mackerel tribe. It attains a length of nearly five feet, and then continues to grow, not in length, but in thickness, so that as its bulk increases it becomes more and more unwieldy. It is a fish of prey, and is itself preyed upon by sharks and dolphins. The choice parts of its flesh are greatly prized. For my own part, I would as gladly eat tough cow meat as the finest bit of tunny. In the net the tunny fish behaves like a gentleman, and rarely conducts himself in an unseemly manner. "There would be no need of ropes," the head, fisherman told me, "if we caught nothing but tunny; spiders' web would hold them tight enough, for when they see resistance to escape they swim only round and round the net, as if they must needs go out through a door in a decorous manner. But there are the sharks. They are abominably stupid. A shark last year broke through the meshes, like a burglar as he was, robbed us of eighteen yards of net, and dragged away an anchor that it took us three days to recover. Dolphins we seldom catch, they are so clever that you would think they could smell the net at a thousand yards distance. Now and then one will forget himself in the heat of his chase after a tunny; but, when he does get into our death chamber, he examines coolly every mesh, and if he finds a damaged rope, or a place where the net is somewhat thinner or weaker than elsewhere, he makes a dash at it with his whole body, beats his way through, and escapes. So far as he is himself concerned we can afford to let him go. His flesh is bad, and he is useful to us when he has his liberty, for he will often hunt a tunny into the Mandrague."

We formed our little fleet of boats into two lines, so that we had the submerged death-chamber between us. One boat with high bulwarks took on board and held fast one end of the net while the men in a similar boat, stationed at some distance, began hauling at the other end, and bringing the caged fishes nearer and nearer to the surface. We in the two rows of boats, holding the parallel edges of the Mandrague, had also begun

hauling together at the word of command, and could see as the prison became shallower —at first only (I speak for myself) the purple deep, with a few indistinct shadows flitting in silent confusion through one another, while the imprisoned bonitos and the flying-fish were already tumbling and capering on the surface, leaping out of the water, and falling sometimes back into the prison, sometimes on board a boat, and sometimes, happily, over the edge of the net into the free waters of the open sea.

I have often been amused by the bonitos, and must look aside to tell an anecdote about them in the middle of my hauling. A great uproar, which sounded like the breaking out of a revolution among the seagulls, called me lately to my window, which commands a view of the Bay of Nice, as far as the lighthouse of Notre Dame de la Garde. There was a heavy swarm of seagulls scratching and fluttering about a certain spot in the water, which seemed to be boiling up and darting silver rays against the birds. By the help of my glass I perceived that the uproar was occasioned by a tremendous battle that was being fought between fish and fowl, between the seagulls and an army of bonitos. The fishes were too large for the birds, who did their best with beak and claw, frequently darting down from a height upon the faces of the enemy, while the bonitos, leaping up out of the water, struck at the agressors with their tails. The sea was boiling and foaming on the scene of contest, which was ended only by the people on the shore, who supplied—rather stupidly as I thought—a new shoal of combatants. The fishermen went out with a net to catch the bonitos, and some sportsmen put out in boats to have a few shots at the gulls. The birds however fled away, before a shot could touch them, with a doleful screeching; and the fishermen caught only a few sandelles.

I go on now with the account of my own fishing. The bonitos were the first things caught out of our death chamber. When they came to the surface they were picked by hand out of the water, or drawn out with hand nets and thrown into the boats. As the bottom of the net continued to be lifted, and the prison became shallower, the high back-fins and the upper points of the tail-fins of the large tunnies became visible. The tunnies were then circling rapidly along the side of their cage. When the bottom of the Mandrague had been raised to within one foot of the surface, the meshes were fastened to pins on the edges of the high boats, and the hands were released from the work of hauling. Then for the first time the tunnies became hasty in their movements, hurled themselves into the air, beat their tails, and bespattered copiously their enemies who were all busily endeavouring to seize them by the breast fins, the tail, and more particularly by *the throat*, for the purpose of dragging them alive on board the boats. The boats quivered under the struggle between men, and fishes not much smaller than the men. There were about thirty tunnies in the net, some of them more than five feet long. The fishermen screamed and clamoured; casting aside their caps and jackets, they pulled up their sleeves and flung themselves pell-mell upon their prey. The entrails of each fish belonged to him who first laid hold of it, and so there was begotten a fierce intestine war. No blood had yet flowed. The tunny yields a choice meat, and must not be hacked about or injured in the catching. One man running to the aid of another, each fish was dragged on board a boat, by main force, unwounded. The tunny has extremely spacious gills which soon dry when in contact with the air; so that when once taken on board, the animal is quickly suffocated. His death-struggle is, however, shortened by a common pocket-knife. The fishes having all been taken, the Mandrague was lowered and again adjusted, the men in the watch-boat struck the red flag, and resumed their office. The fisher-boats at the same time returned to shore as if there were a silver cup to be adjudged to the first whose keel should grate upon the beach.

Upon the beach there was assembled the whole population of the place that was not bedridden. The priest was there with folded arms, on the look out for his belly. The women were there with their tubs. The patron of the Mandrague was there also with a heavy bag of coper coin ready to pay the fishermen. Each fisherman on delivery at his counter received the few halfpence that constitute the wages of his day's labour. The fishes were then all turned out into the shallow water on the shore and eviscerated. The emptied body of each tunny was then cleaned and thrown into the boat by which it was to be taken to the market. When the draught is small, and the fish weigh less than a hundredweight, women carry the produce of the fishery to market on their heads in baskets. They carry it six miles along a rough and stony road round the bay of Villafranca for the payment of about a halfpenny a load.

Fresh tunny is cut into pieces and sold by the pound to the people of Nice and its environs, like other meat in butchers' shops. It is most delicate when pickled. For that purpose the brawny parts are especially valued, and pieces of the belly—which form the most delicate part of the pickled or marinated tunny—are preserved in Provence oil, and sent all over the world in long-necked bottles. The back and tail, which are in least esteem, are salted and eaten by the common people, as we eat salt herring.

The day's fishing just described wanted the animation sometimes given to the employment by a chance shark or dolphin in the

net. One evening, surprised by storm, I took shelter in a little village in the neighbourhood and slept there. At dawn I was aroused by the cries of "Matanza!" and soon found my way into a boat. We went out on that occasion to a small draught, with only seventeen men. The watchmen told us, when we reached their boat, that an enormous shark was in the net, scaring away the tunnies that approached it. The nuisance, therefore, had to be removed. As we lifted up the net, I noticed how cautiously the men put their fingers to the meshes as the outline of a great hammer-headed shark, fourteen feet long, became visible. As the water about him became shallow, the monster stirred up into fury flung himself on his back, opened his mouth to the full width, and showed his handsome pair of jaws. The lashings of his tail caused the boats to totter, and the foam flew about us so that sometimes, as we heard afterwards, we were invisible to the people on the shore, being, as it were, enveloped in a cloud. The creature's tail knocked off the hat of a man standing near me and shot it far away into the sea; a little lower, and he would have had his ears boxed very seriously. With much trouble we succeeded in slinging a rope round the shark's neck, and with our united efforts hauled him up into the main boat. The head fisherman then thrust a pocket-knife into his heart, and the blood flowed as from a slaughtered ox. In his last struggle his tail struck one of the oar benches and sent it up quivering into the sky. Inspection after death disclosed the existence in the shark's stomach of a young dolphin about as thick as a man's thigh, divided by clean bites into three pieces and half-digested.

THE LEGEND OF BUCHAREST.

Once upon a time there lived, in one of the seaport towns of Bulgaria, an Armenian merchant, celebrated for his riches in lands, houses, brilliant stuffs, and precious stones—but more celebrated still for the possession of a beautiful daughter, whose name was Guzla, known among the youths and maidens as the Star of the East. Her fame, from a very early age, spread throughout the whole country, and she had more suitors for her hand than Penelope of old. It is said even, that a Moslem prince offered to abjure his religion for her sake; but, as she is supposed to have lived before the time of Mahommed, we may question the truth of this tradition. Her father, Boukor, often talked of marrying her to some noble person of whom he could approve, and was delighted to count up the number of times he had been able to refuse what the world called advantageous offers; but, as refusal succeeded refusal, the public began to think that he had no mind to settle her after all. However, Guzla at length determined to choose for herself; and one night, when the winds blew and the dogs howled as if there were spirits in the air, she and Young Severin fled away into the storm.

Boukor grieved for his loss with the bitterness of aged grief; and, turning on himself, heaped reproaches upon his own head for his selfishness. Why had he not detected earlier what was passing in the mind of his gentle-spirited daughter? Why had he not understood the reason that had paled her cheek and made her eyes downcast? Why had he not guessed her thoughts of love, and won from her a confession by kind words? These questions came too late; but he determined to do what he should have done at first—namely, endeavour to overtake the young fugitive, and bring her back to her nest. The difficulty was to know in what direction she had fled. No neighbour could give him any information.

The old man was waiting, perhaps, for a revelation, when the neighing of a colt from the stable came to his ear. Kebir was complaining of the absence of its dam, Zarah. The truth now was manifest. Guzla had taken her father's favourite mare to bear her on her love-journey. She was most probably by this time far away; "but by St. Pacomo," so swore the old gentleman—"it would have been wiser for her and her lover not to have separated two parents from two children. The deserted infant shall aid the vengeance of the deserted father." The vengeance? Yes, old Boukor was making terrible vows in his own mind, and revelled in anticipated slaughter.

Boukor called his head-clerk, committed to him the management of his affairs, filled his purse with money, and mounted a good horse, not inferior to the stolen Zarah. This done, he gave orders to drive the colt out of the stables. What he expected came to pass. Kebir, after frisking about a little, began to snuff the air and paw the ground, and then, with flashing eyes, and ears thrown back, away he went towards the north. Boukor was after him in a moment; and, though at first left far behind, soon gained ground, and came up with the colt, which still continued its pursuit.

In this way they travelled five long days, during which they halted occasionally, beneath the shadow of trees, on the green grass, to rest and sleep. The colt took the management of these halts, and if its tired master prolonged them overmuch, reminded him of his duty by an anxious neigh. At length, the poor little animal's strength began to fail. Instead of galloping or trotting, it crept slowly along, pausing every now and then to look wistfully from the blue horizon to the face of the aged Boukor. On the sixth day it could scarcely move, and at last lay down to die. The merchant mourned over it, and, picking bunches of moist grass, endeavoured to make it munch them; but it would not. Then he

went a little apart to fetch water from a spring, and beheld a sight that filled him with emotion. A group of wild horses was careering through the wilderness, and passed near the prostrate colt. They seemed in a hurry; but yet a mare observed the fainting thing, and, detaching herself, came and offered it suck. Kebir accepted gratefully, and, when he was satisfied, leaned his nostrils against the nostrils of the mare, as if to kiss her or confide his sorrow. They communed for a moment; but then the stranger beat the earth with her feet, and went away to her old companions, which were careering impatiently to and fro in the distance. They had soon disappeared.

Thus refreshed Kebir went cheerfully along, still in the same direction, until he led Boukor to the borders of the Danube. Here, having stretched out his neck over the waters, he lay down to rest; and, evening drawing near, the merchant, seeking the shelter of a tree, was glad to sleep away his fatigues. In the morning he awoke. His trusty steed was still by his side; but Kebir—unfaithful Kebir!—had disappeared.

Boukor mourned the loss of his guide and companion bitterly. He examined carefully the banks of the river, but could find no trace of footsteps. Evidently Kebir had breasted the current, and had been punished by death for his ingratitude. The stream was broad, so that scarcely the opposite bank could be descried. How could a colt, enfeebled by fatigue, cross a current which no war-horse could breast?

It seemed now impossible to continue the pursuit with any chance of success. Yet how was it possible to abandon all hope of again seeing the truant Guzla? Whilst it seemed certain that she would be found, Boukor had cheated himself into the belief that he was in a most ferocious state of mind, that his pursuit was undertaken for purposes of slaughter. But now that the clue was broken, he was obliged to confess that all his terrible resolves were feigned, and that his furious ride was undertaken once more to kiss his Guzla on the temples, and to scold her with tears for her disobedience. So he sat with trembling lip on the dreary banks of the Danube.

A fisherman approached, and, seeing this man of sorrow, asked whence he came and what ailed him. Boukor gladly related his history. The fisherman, having listened attentively, advised him to continue his pursuit.

"But how traverse that mighty river, and who henceforward will guide me?"

"I have a boat. Let us cross: and I will be your companion."

They crossed in safety, and penetrated together into the country beyond. The land was marvellously fertile, the air pure, the hills and valleys beautiful. But no inhabitants showed themselves. It seemed as if they had discovered a new world. Boukor went on admiring, until he came to the borders of a river that watered a paradise of mountains, plains, and woods.

"What is the name of this river?" said he.

"The Dimbowrtza," replied the fisherman.

The merchant was pleased with the aspect of the place, and proposed that they should rest awhile. As he spoke he perceived a little hut amongst the trees; and the two together proceeded towards it. A trampling and brushing of boughs on one hand attracted their attention; and suddenly Zarah, followed by her colt, Kebir, came bounding towards them!

It was certain now that Severin and Guzla could not be far off. Boukor bade his guide proceed towards the hut, whilst he scoured the plain in the direction from which the mare and its colt had come. He did so in vain; and, after several hours, found himself once more alone, lost in the wilderness. This time he gave himself up to despair, and, throwing himself upon the ground, wept. As he lay he heard footsteps approaching, and presently this dialogue fell on his ears.

"Come under the boughs, love; the man admits that his companion is from the south. If it should be he we are lost."

"Nay, I hope it be not: and yet if it were—"

"He would slay us both."

"Perhaps he has already pardoned us."

"The aged are hasty, and strike before they think."

"But sometimes they kiss before they strike."

"Guzla, shall we return to the hut?"

"Nay! if he should not pardon *thee?* Let us fly, Severin."

The old man started to his feet. The first movement of the lovers was to press together, as if for mutual protection; and then they rushed into the old man's embrace, and mingled their tears of repentance with his tears of pardon. It is sweet to be forgiven; but it is sweeter still to forgive. The old man spent the pleasantest hour of his life, as he strolled, with Guzla on one side and Severin on the other—each supporting his footsteps—back through the woods and glades, towards the hut, where the good fisherman awaited their return.

The happy family spent some time together on that spot, but at length the fisherman wished to go back to his boat. "Nay," said Boukor, "let us not separate. I will found a city in this beautiful place, and spend my wealth in adorning it." So he brought all his fortune thither, and collected workmen from the surrounding countries, and they built a city, and called it Boukor Aske—the City of Boukor—and it is known even unto this day by the corrupted name of Boukarest, and has become the capital of Wallachia.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

If there be any moment in all the four-and-twenty hours of the nightless days of summer solstice, in which the traffic and turmoil of this mighty city of London may be said to cease—at which that turbulent stream, which is never quite run out, might seem to linger for the turn of flood—perhaps it would be found on the dial, not very far from the hour of two ante meridian. There is an interval of comparative stillness about that time, which any patient disciple of Bacon standing with watch in hand, might mark to a nicety. It is neither perfect silence nor intelligible sound. It is the momentary rest in the grand symphony of life, which, before the chords have ceased to vibrate, will gradually break again into the crash and rush of instruments.

Since the clocks struck two, I have walked through a full mile of streets where, in the day-time, I am jostled, elbowed, and bewildered by a noisy crowd, and have found them all deserted; for I do not count policemen for anything: nor an occasional proprietor of a breakfast stall going loaded to his stand; nor an Irish family sleeping on the church steps of Saint Andrew's, Holborn; nor a jolly angler whom I met trudging along an hour before daybreak, with rod and basket; nor a row of scavengers sweeping the wood pavement; nor the only cabman on the stand, dozing on his box, with chin sunk in his coat collar. All these, if I were about to compose, in imitation of the writers of the last century "A City Night Piece," I might use from their association with the "small hours" of morning, to prepare the mind of the reader for a picture of solitude and silence. Nor would I hold the drunken man, whom I encountered "tacking" in Middle Row—and with whom I came in collision, in spite of a careful attempt to adapt my steering to his—to be less suggestive of the hour. But Lincoln's Inn Field should be my culminating point. There is no sign of life there: not a glimmer of light at any attic window: not one policeman; not a sound but my own footsteps and the rustle of leaves in the great enclosure.

Great Queen Street, too, is silent; but I hear a noise, like the tic tac of a water-wheel, from a waggon crawling up Drury Lane, and confused sounds of carts and men greet my ear in Long Acre. A slow movement has already broken out in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market. Rows of carts and vans and costermongers barrows are beginning to form in the middle of the roadway in Bow Street. Lights are in the upper windows of public-houses—not of inhabitants retiring to rest, but of active proprietors preparing already for the new day. Files of horses, jingling chains at their heels, go down to stables in back streets. Women and men with hampers hurry on, all in one direction. The early bird is not awake yet, nor, perhaps, is the worm, but the preparations for the great market-day are already begun, and my friend Mr. Trench is at his post.

At his post! Mr. Trenche's waggons have been here since midnight. Speculators have been already negociating with him for the purchase of whole loads of cabbages for Spitalfields and the Borough Markets. Capitalists who buy vegetables as a stock-jobber will buy scrip, have been tempting him before daylight with offers to take upon themselves the risk of a fall in the market, by buying the whole of his stock at once: but he judges it better to hold it for the regular dealers. Many waggons, filled too high to go through Temple Bar, have been already sold in this way; their horses that had gone down to the stables for a quiet night, turned out and harnessed again to take their load away without "breaking bulk"; but the gaps they have left have been filled up again, and more waggons are coming in from every side. The roadway is already blocked up, and the by-streets are rapidly filling. Light vans are unloading in order to hasten home and to fill again. Florists' carts are setting down their pots in every nook and corner; and pavement and kerb and gutter blossom with balsams and geraniums. Work will begin in earnest at daybreak.

Four hundred years ago, bejore the battle between Town and Country gave any token of ever reaching as far west as this; when the struggle was so slow and spiritless, that kings and queens had not yet deemed it necessary to espouse the country cause, and endeavour by solemn Acts of Parliament to check the alarming increase of houses in this city, and restrain the number of the inhabitants thereof within reasonable

bounds, this spot was already famous for kitchen vegetables—not indeed, as the market where they were sold, but as a garden where they grew. Sturdy monks, who were the only cultivators of vegetables in those troublous times, doffed their gowns, and dug the ground, and planted here in their own rude way, radishes, skirrel, pompions, cabbages, and such things for the use of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster; whence this place was known as Convent Garden, or in French from the time of the Normans, Couvent Garden. But the monks were not allowed to enjoy their garden long after that. A terrible storm swept them, with all their costumes and properties, from the face of the land. The Crown took possession of the monks' garden, and afterwards gave it to the Duke of Somerset. The duke himself fell into trouble five years after, and Edward the Sixth revoked his gift and gave it to the Bedford family, who have kept it ever since. The new possessor built immediately a house upon his own ground; a modest wooden edifice beside the Strand from the back windows of which he looked across meadows to a long shady avenue of trees, called St. Martin's Lane.

About this time, our kitchen vegetables, which had so fallen into disuse in the times of the wars as to be almost totally unknown, bagan to come again into fashion. Peas and cabbages, grown stale and withered in a long sea voyage, fetched extravagant prices; until men sent abroad for roots and seeds no longer to be found in England, and began to plant them near London. "Master Samuel Hartlib," to whom Milton addresses his gigantic scheme of education, knew some old men (he says) in his time, who recollected the first gardener who came into Surrey to plant cabbages and cauliflowers, and to grow turnips, carrots, parsnips, and early ripe peas, all of which were great wonders then. These earliest of market gardeners looked about for certain convenient spots in London and Westminster, where they might be allowed to stand and sell their produce unmolested. A small space, just under the Duke's garden-wall, at the back of the new mansion, was one of these places; and thither the buyers, finding out on what days of the week they would be sure to find them there, soon began to come.

Convent Garden Market, like the English constitution, was not founded in a day. Many markets with spacious accommodation for any kind of trade have been planned and built; first stones have been laid and silver trowels wielded by lily hands; solemn grants of charters have been obtained; grand banquets and inaugural processions have proclaimed to the world, amid the beating of drums, that the great market was open. But the public will not come to a market, be it ever so grand. The market must come to them; consequently, the passages of these architectural marts sometimes fall into the hands of mangling-women, and cobblers, and working cabinet-makers. Lenders of trucks, and removers of goods in town and country, retailers of coals and greens, reside in their shops—"a world too wide" for them to hope to make a show there with their slender stock. Their pumps have been turned to alien uses: their great, half-finished public-houses, which were to do a roaring business for ever after the grand inauguration, have dwindled into wretched beershops; their "Bye-laws of this Market" have become a mockery and a bye-word. Not one of them has flourished like this Covent Garden? the monarch of green markets, whose inaugurator was the first market-gardener who approved of the spot, and set his burden down against the wall.

Soon after this, the proprietor of the land not caring particularly about the rural prospect from his back windows, determined to build a church, and a grand square with a colonnade around it, in the Italian fashion, to be called the Piazza—not the colonnade which has now monopolised the name, but the square itself—that word signifying, in the Italian tongue, an open place or square. For this purpose, he consulted Inigo Jones, who drew the designs. The church and the square were built soon after; although the colonnade was only finished on two sides. This was then the only square in London and was considered the very headquarters of fashion. Noble and wealthy families dwelt under the colonnade, and in mansions round about. Idlers of high degree of both sexes flocked thither; playwrights laid their scenes of intrigue and humour there; every comedy of town life had allusions to the Piazza; and so deeply had that word impressed itself on the minds of the parish authorities, that for nearly a century, as the church registers will show, all children found in the neighbourhood were christened John, or James, or Mary Piazza.

Meanwhile nobody noticed the progress of the obscure little market, behind the Duke's wall. No hardy gardener had dared to carry his wares into the haunt of fashion. Cabbages or onions had not yet been brought between the wind and their nobility. But, one day, the modest wooden edifice was pulled down; the brick wall was demolished, and surveyors with haughty contempt for vested interests began coolly to lay down plans for new streets upon the very ground of the vegetable market. The market gardeners were driven back into the very centre of the great square, where they turned and made a stand, and compelled the idlers to idle elsewhere. The wealthy and noble families fled farther west, never to return, leaving their houses to vintners, coffee-house keepers, actors, and artists. The triumph of the market was complete. There were, indeed, lovers of the sublime and beautiful who

grieved still over the desecration of the once fashionable Piazza—"a magnificent square," says Maitland, a hundred years ago, "wherein (to its great disgrace) is kept a herb and fruit market, two charity schools, one meeting-house, a parish workhouse, a cold bath, and a playhouse." Very offensive, indeed to a poetical eye! Nevertheless, the artists were content to dwell here. Under the colonnade, Sir James Thornhill kept his school for artists, and in his house immortal Hogarth (that terrible moralist) painted and exhibited gratis, his Marriage à la Mode. Somewhere in the square lived bearish Wilson, and money-getting Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, great in the portraiture of bâtons and flowing periwigs; besides Zoffany the actors' portrait-painter, and Lankrink, and Closterman, and a host of others less known to fame. The charity schools are gone. So are the meeting-house, and the workhouse. The playhouse has turned its back upon the place. The cold bath is not what it was; but the market, after being winked at in all its encroachments for a couple of centuries, has been finally recognised.

Daylight has come on since I have been musing here. The dissipated coffee-house down the street, whose painted blind is drawn up all awry, has just turned out its last customer, and shut the door. Objects at a distance are growing more and more distinct, and now a man with a ladder hurries on from lamp to lamp and puts the lights out. The illuminated clock of St. Paul's, Covent Garden waxes pale, and strikes three. Proprietors of waggons, who have been sleeping in public-houses and coffee-houses, in order to be in time for business, are out: the crowd, the bustle, the hum of Saturday morning have begun. "Business never stops here," says an old man at my elbow. "'Taint only the three regular market days, but every day, from morning till night—come when you will, something's a doing." From all the five inlets to the great square—choked to the throats with every description of thing that goes on wheels—costermongers with baskets, porters in knee-breeches, "hagglers," fruiterers, greengrocers, eating-house keepers, salesmen, and carters swell the restless multitude. They invest the building on all sides; they duck and bob under upturned shafts; they pour in, denser still, through narrow passages, and circulate in the maze of stalls within. Fruit-sellers, perched upon boxes, empty out their cornucopias on the crowd below. Sacks of peas and potatoes glide down from waggon tails upon the backs of porters, who grapple their burdens with hooks of steel, and plunge with them into the crowd. I see crews of boarders who dash into waggons and cast their cargoes overboard; men who clamber to the summits of towers of cabbages and begin to level them to the shafts; gangs—whom the crazy Spanish knight would at once have taken for robbers plundering a caravan—sacking spring-carts; wholesale buyers who commit tremendous ravages in the ranks of flower-pots; amazons in drab great-coats with metal buttons, and flattened bonnets, who lay violent hands upon hampers; brawny giants straining and bending under deal cases. How they swarm and jostle each other! How they dive into and cleave away through the multitude, regardless of every man's business but their own! "Now then! travel on" is the cry. What is this tall wicker column, like that terrible Saxon idol which the priests were wont to cram with living people and set fire to? This way it comes: four feet ten of human thew and muscle and fifteen feet perpendicular of circular baskets fitted one upon the other. Gone! and the furrow in its wake closed up in an instant. Hold, my friend Hindbad, with the one eye! Not Argus himself might hope to carry these fuchsias through this mob, without loss or damage to their delicate, pendent bells of crimson and purple: and wilt thou think to guide them scatheless, and to run too, O less happy than the Cyclops whose solitary organ of vision is conveniently placed in the precise middle of his forehead? Yes, he does hope to do it, and will do it; more dexterous than that waiter from the coffee-house near by, whose spoons rattle in his cups as the crowd buffet him here and there; whose saucers are flooded with coffee; whose white bread and butter has become a brown sop. He rears his tray aloft, and tries to balance it on the tips of the fingers of one hand, and vents angry words upon the crowd that heeds him not. Look at this grizzly black man with the strawberry-pottles under his arm. Easily he gets along, grinning with his rows of ivory teeth, because the sellers from their little fortified citadels call him Uncle Tom. Not a single one will he lose of those large "toppers," blushing under the dark-green leaves. Also at this cheerful old man, who has walked all the way from Croydon this morning, with a sweet-smelling basket of white flowers which he calls "double rocket," and all (as he tells me afterwards) for the sake of earning half-a-crown, less tenpence market fees for his stand under the church. Also at the thin young widow woman in a short gown, and with a baby under her shawl, who has come to lay out her miserable capital in some sort of vegetable stock to sell again—nearly all coppers—which she holds screwed up in paper in her hand. She wins her way along by meekly begging them "to mind her little 'un"—strong in her weakness. Not like that Irish giant, whom I saw just now pitch down and damage a load of cauliflowers, because the owner haggled about the porterage, and who now essays to force a passage through the crowd, by turning his sacks of peas crosswise, and knocking people down with them. A watchful officer of the market stops him, and warns him to carry

his wares according to established rule; whereon the Irish giant is fain to apologise and is absolved.

Thinner and less bustling is the crowd under the Piazza; as in obedience to custom, we are compelled to call it. Hawkers of account-books, dog-collars, whips, chains, curry-combs, pastry, money-bags, braces, tissue-paper for the tops of strawberry-pottles, and horse-chesnut leaves for the garnishing of fruit stalls; coffee stalls, and stalls of pea-soup and pickled eels; basket-makers; women making up nosegays; girls splitting huge bundles of water-cress into innumerable little bunches; and men who write with their toes, possess the Piazza from Great Russell Street to the entrance to the underground saloon of the superior Vocal Entertainment. The poor, light-haired, sunburnt young man with the broken boots and dusty appearance, whom I saw before daylight, sleeping with his stick and bundle in a blue handkerchief in the midst of the market, has been driven from his refuge, and has flung himself down upon the stone pavement here and gone to sleep again. Before, he had for neighbours a thickset, sturdy-looking beggar, with a black beard of three weeks' growth, and a pale, dirty gent, who sat back to back upon a heap of baskets, and dozed and nodded with their hands in their pockets: fondly trusting to a tradition of other times, that here the unfortunate might find a sure sleeping-place, without fear of disturbance. They too must have been driven out; but I don't find them here. I think I saw the beggar slinking down Tavistock Street in the direction of the Adelphi dark arches some time ago; but the gent is gone I know not whither—perhaps to wander about the great squares further west—feeling himself very much like Cain or the wandering Jew. The sunburnt young man is too fast asleep to hear anything of the noise about him, or to heed the row of water-cress girls; one of whom stops now and then from her task to tickle his ear with the point of a rush. I fancy he is dreaming of having enlisted in the army; being on a long march somewhere, and feeling very foot-sore, and anxious for the word to halt. Police inspector with the narrow waste and padded bosom looks at him and kindly passes on.

The clock of Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, is striking four; as, mindful of my appointment with the Clerk of the Market, I mount the granite staircase, towards the famed conservatories on the roof. That gentleman is in his little counting-house, giving an audience to a few old Irish women, all anxious to obtain a badge and number qualifying them to act as porters in the market. One shilling and six pence they have to pay for this, not as a fee, but by way of deposit, to be returned to them when the badge is given up. "When *we have got this* and satisfied ourselves that *they have given* a true address," says the Clerk of the Market, "we have some hold upon them. No one will trust them with goods without seeing a badge. There are some hanging about the market now unable to obtain a job, because they have left their badges as a deposit for drink at some public-house or beer-shop. We can't prevent that."

I am conducted higher up the granite staircase to the roof; whence, leaning on the stone balustrade, we (I and the clerk) contemplate calmly the bustling crowd beneath. This side (the eastern) is called the Essex side, to our right is the Surry side; the waggons from those parts stopping always at the nearest point. The crowd is busier here than at any other part. "But not so much confusion as there used to be," says my companion. "We compel the waggons in the markets, as well as the carts in the adjoining streets, to keep a passage clear, as you see, on each side of the roadway. A few years ago they would block up the way entirely, and dealers were often afraid to venture in far, lest they should be compelled to wait until the market was nearly over, to get released. For this reason, some would buy of the nearest waggons without troubling themselves to go further. When the buyers complained, and we proposed to introduce a better system, many of the sellers opposed it. They had a notion that the difficulty of circulation 'made good for trade' in some way. But I think they are beginning to be convinced now of the contrary."

"An old story, and very like an allegory in the history of two certain great political parties."

My conductor catches my sneering, and smiles. "As to Free Trade," he says, "it is a mere habit with our market gardeners to grumble at it. Perhaps it may hurt them a little in the bringing of early supplies. Our people don't get now such extravagant prices for the first lots sent to market; but these high prices were never paid for any great quantities. For the rest, business is better for all parties than it used to be. Now, we have fruits and vegetables from all parts of the world. Peas, and asparagus, and new potatoes not only from the South of France, but from Belgium, Holland, Portugal (though only a few years ago the English residents there had to send to England for their supplies), and the Bermudas: wherever, in short, they can grow them, if the distance or means of transit will allow them to be in time for the early markets. Speculators buy these alongside the steam-vessels at Blackwall or Southampton, and bring them to market here. Our railways, too, bring us tons from localities where people never dreamt of supplying the London market. Years ago we talked of Deptford onions and Battersea cabbages, Mortlake asparagus, Chelsea celery, and Charlton peas. So we do now; but immense quantities come to us from Cornwall and Devonshire, the Isle of Man, Guernsey and Jersey, the Kentish

and Essex banks of the Thames, the banks of the Humber, the Mersey, the Orwell, the Trent, and the Ouse. The Scilly isles, which are almost totally cultivated as market gardens, and produce excellent articles, and always very early, used to send their supplies no further than Cornwall, and barter them for what goods they wanted. Now, the Cornish people grow for themselves and London too; and the Scilly isles find it better to send their produce by steamer to Southampton, whence it comes here. Yet, notwithstanding all these new competitors, the market gardens around London are constantly extending. That carrier's waggon with the light iron wheels, which you see there just arrived, comes from the Great Western Railway station. Those long wooden cases are filled with new potatoes, and strawberries very carefully packed. The strawberries are from gardens round about Bath. The potatoes, if, as I suppose, they come from Cornwall, must have paid thirty-five shillings per ton carriage. But the Great Northern and other railways are beginning to see the new trade that may be created, and are lowering their rates. They must put on more night trains, too," adds my informant, "if they would be of service to us. The railway supplies are apt to arrive late, when trade begins to flag. I have known a heavy arrival after the first buyers are gone to bring the prices down fifty per cent. in a moment—an obvious hardship to the earlier buyers."

In answer to my inquiries about the fluctuations in prices at this market, of which I have heard some marvellous accounts, my informant tells me that these have become comparatively rare of late years. Except in a case such as mentioned above, prices are generally steady. The market gardeners on looking round the market know what is the supply of the morning, and fix their prices accordingly — rarely departing from them. They endeavour, moreover, by every means to fit their supply to the demand, so that a balance is generally well preserved. They watch for any circumstances calculated to create an extraordinary demand, and will even transmit a message by telegraph to various parts of England and France, to order or countermand a supply as events may determine. Potatoes, which are sold almost exclusively on the southern side of the market, have of course greatly fallen off in quantity since the ravages of the disease. It is calculated that not one-half the amount of the original supply comes now to market; although the extent of land cultivated with potatoes has been increasing every year since the appearance of the scourge. The potatoes that escape fetching higher prices than they used, the growers find their cultivation no less profitable than before.

My guide, with more peaceful intentions than a French statesman when he can't persuade his friends to his way of thinking, proposes to "descend into the street." Walking on, somewhat bewildered with the crowd, I notice objects in the shifting panorama which he points out, and listen to his remarks, until I know instinctively all he tells me. He seems to have gifted me with some subtle analytical power, by which, in smallest hints and signs, I read the secrets of all things about me.

I merely glance, for example, at yonder stout, ruddy-complexioned little man, and know him at once to be Mr. Squareit, of somewhere down Dagenham way. I know that he began life without a sixpence, and is not ashamed to own it, and that he is now the largest market gardener in England, perhaps in the world: for he has five hundred acres of land on the banks of the Thames, all in the highest state of garden cultivation. I know him to be filled with knowledge, mostly gathered by his own experiments, in the use of manures—using such odd out-of-the-way things for that purpose as no farmer or even market gardener thinks of using. I know, moreover, that he sends five times as much to this market as any other single producer, and that his things are always earliest and best.

That carneying old woman with the red nose, who is pulling Mr. Squareit by the arm, and calling him a "jewel" and "a dear boy," and many other tender things, all *apropos* of the price of a certain "junket o' carrots" about as big as marbles, I am able at once to recognise as the leader of that band of old women to whom the benevolent Marquis of Cristal in an unlucky hour gave half-a-sovereign; being induced thereto by a piteous story of "hard frost and nothink doin" your lordship." I know that the hard frost referred to never broke up, and that his lordship, being fond of a walk in the Centre Avenue, is now compelled to descend from his carriage in the Strand, and walk hither on foot. I know also that this stratagem has been discovered, and that the carneying old woman and her associates have means, little short of miraculous, for divining the moment of his lordship's arrival. Finally, I know that the benevolent marquis has appealed to the police for protection in vain; and that nothing but a high sense of his duty to society, and of his dignity as an English nobleman, prevents his offering to compromise the matter, by pensioning off the carneying old woman and her friends with a small annuity.

I know that yonder is the great pea grower, who will send to one firm in a single day four hundred sacks of from twelve to fifteen pecks each, besides four or five hundred sieves of a superior kind; and that there are other growers who will send to single dealers in one day seven or eight waggons of cabbages, or fourteen to fifteen hundred bushels of sprouts. I am reminded by this that six or seven hundred thousand pottles of strawberries; forty or more millions of cabbages;

two millions of cauliflowers; three hundred thousand bushels of peas; seven hundred and fifty thousand lettuces; and half a million bushels of onions, are sold here annually. And that the annual amount of money paid for fruits and vegetables in this market cannot be less than three millions sterling.

I became aware that all this part of the roadway, from the pit-door of the opera house to the corner of James Street is called Casualty Side, because the waggons pay for their standings here by the day; and that yonder they pay a yearly rent for a small frontage, whether they come every market day or not. I meet a peace officer, and know that there are eight such in the market; and that the regular police never come here unless called in to aid or to take a charge. He, I see, is thinking about the iron electro-plated florins, which he knows are in circulation this morning; for coiners bring such things here and dispose of them to utterers whom they know by sight to be "safe men." Unlucky sellers having no counter to ring them on, take them in the bustle and hurry of business; and, hastening home congratulate themselves upon the rapid disposal of their wares; until, staying at some halfway house for refreshment they tender a bright florin, which is rejected. They apologise and tender another, which is rejected also. Whereupon, as has happened before now, the unfortunate market gardener not being known, is detained and searched, and his pockets being found to be filled with the objectionable coin, is cast into a dungeon, and kept there until he can clear his character, to the great alarm of his family. My peace officer has just been cautioning some persons of these things; but they think 'emselves much too sharp for anythink of that, and won't heed what I say, till they're bit. Which is just how smashing flourishes.

I now begin to know, that a great deal of pilfering goes on in the market. Sacks and measures, as well as baskets worth four pounds ten shillings a dozen, vanish unaccountably when not looked after. Artful children, looking much too young to do anything wrong, are regularly brought down here to steal by parents and friends, who wait and watch their movements from under the Piazza. Their favourite plan is to carry a stick with a pin in the end of it, which they slily stick into apples and oranges, as they pass by, transferring them to their pockets with the dexterity of jugglers. They know very well that market people content themselves with cuffing, and rarely give a thief into custody, whether young or old, Which is why thieving flourishes.

Gazing upon high piles of strawberry pottles, I perceive that they are made by women and girls "down in Kent," who get *about a penny* a dozen, and earn good wages *at that rate*, while the season lasts; and I *also perceive* that a pottle of strawberries would be algebraically represented by any of the last three letters of the alphabet, being essentially "an unknown quantity." For there are strawberry pottles of all dimensions —from those which hold twelve ounces (the legitimate and traditional size) down to those that, having their slender ends stuffed with leaves will scarcely hold five ounces, which, I am sorry to know, are the most common. I know that it is at all times more satisfactory to buy my strawberries in round flat baskets called "Punnets," about two inches deep, and of various diameter, to hold a half-pound, one pound, and two pounds; for in these I cannot be tricked by tapering bottoms or leaves, or a few outsiders covering a quantity of trash below.

What is there in the face of that old man with the bare throat and loose handkerchief, who wears knee breeches and a jacket, and carries on his head a close-fitting cap with a small rim, turned up all round, like a pewter bowl, or the helmet of a Venetian soldier in a melodrama—which tells me that he may be taken as a type of the regular Market porter? I know that if I were to ask him he could tell me stories in which he devoutly believes, of the days when the Prince Regent would come down to the market very drunk, and in disguise, and submit to be rolled into baskets and carried about on men's shoulders, as all real gentlemen did in those days; of how Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox would drop into "The Finish" after a late debate. Of how, in that golden age, he could sometimes pick up a pound in a morning, though now "his jints is stiffer than they was, and the young 'uns gets the advantage of him." In these degenerate days, if I mistake not, he is glad of a fourpenny or sixpenny "turn" from the greengrocers—though some engage him at half-a-crown or five shillings a week to do all their work, much or little—and he is compelled to eke out a living by carrying home goods from the auction rooms, and serving as a scene-shifter at one of the minor theatres.

Of a different race is this man with the long greasy fustian coat with large-flapped pockets and gilt buttons, with the green and red-brown silk pocket-handkerchief round his neck, and the purple travelling cap turned up at the ears. I know him for a thorough costermonger. He dwells in some court within a court, some rookery's inmost core near Drury Lane, or Red Cross Street, Clerkenwell. Perhaps his father was a costermonger; or perhaps he don't remember his father or mother; in which case the market was no doubt his Alma Mater. Or it is possible that he followed some trade once, but, being out of employment, took to costermongering a little, and has remained a costermonger ever since. For I do not pretend to be more explicit than another clairvoyant. I know for a certainty that there are about three thousand of his

class who attend this market in summer time, and that they buy one-tenth of all that is sold here. I know that if each has a barrow or a basket, as he must have, it is not his; for why should he think of saving money to buy one, or even living otherwise than on the old hand-to-mouth eat-and-drink-in-summer-and-starve-in-winter plan of costermongers in general! If he wants a common barrow, or a barrow with a board, are there not five thousand of them to let on hire in London for a daily or weekly rent, averaging about a thousand per cent. per annum upon their value? If he wants a donkey, he may borrow that too. He might buy a donkey in Smithfield at any price between five shillings and three pounds; but why should he, when he can hire one for three shillings a week? He can have even his stock bought for him by the barrow-master; or from the same benevolent individual he can get the loan of a capital of ten shillings, for the moderate interest of sixpence a day. He can have a shallow basket worth a shilling for a penny a day; a battered pewter quart pot, or a pair of scales, for twopence a day; an honest weight for a penny a day, or a "slang one" for twopence. What occasion then has he for any property but his hands? What need of any revenue but his own good spirits?

In the matter of drinking, I only peep into one or two public-houses, and know at once that the old system of drinking strong liquors on market mornings to counteract the raw morning air has long been dying away. The very public-houses look like a dissolving view of a gin-shop slowly changing into the interior of a coffee-house. I observed that there is still a lingering faith in rum and milk as a morning draught; but it is fading, and I hear not the name of early purl. Market people order coffee, and bread and butter, and cold meat; for I do not confound with them a glassy-eyed young woman in the parlour, alone with a short thick little glass empty beside her; nor a pale shabby young man in spectacles who sits with his back to the wall, and his legs resting on the bench, and lingers there (having nowhere particular to go to) on the strength of having ordered something several hours ago.

Centre Row is awake and open now; but what may I find here that all the world does not know? I have been through Centre Row hundreds of times in summer and winter, and wondered who were the wealthy luxurious individuals who did not hesitate to pamper themselves with hothouse grapes at twenty-five shillings a pound, with pottles of British Queens or Black Princes at one shilling an ounce, with slender French beans at three shillings a hundred, peas at two pounds a quart, and new potatoes at four shillings and sixpence a pound; and never knew till now that they are mostly bought by kindly friends as a surprise for invalids and sickly and afflicted persons. It was worth walking through here to know that. I never knew till now that the fruiterers here (who seem to be always having tea or coffee, and to divide their time between mugs, account-books, gold fish, and the vegetable world) can pay four or five hundred pounds per annum for the rent of a little shop, and that their shops pass from father to son, or to their nominees by will, on payment of a fine, almost in the same way as copyhold property. I did not know that the late Mr. Jonquil—who did not know how to write his name, and was never anxious to learn—made thirty thousand pounds in one of these little ionic pens. I was not aware that one back shop keeps sixty persons during the season constantly shelling peas; nor that nosegay-making has been an art since the Duchess of Sutherland made it one; nor that girls who practise it skilfully can earn an easy living. Much less (sober bachelor that I am) did I suspect that a wedding nosegay will sometimes cost two guineas; or that those little bouquets in cut paper, which the *première danseuse* picks up and sniffs and smiles at, and presses to the rim of her corset, and feigns to guard as inestimable treasures, have cost from five to ten shillings each.

And now, having bid good morning to my guide, I find myself alone, and am sensible of nothing but of being very tired, and feeling as if I could even sleep in any of the hotels around the market in spite of the noise without. The shady burial-ground—behind the church (of which I catch a glimpse in passing a little grated doorway in Henrietta Street), where the author of Hudibras, Wycherley the dramatist, Dr. Arne, Macklin, and a host of writers still to be heard of in the Elegant Extracts, sleep under the sycamores—leaves a tranquil image in the mind after all this crowd and bustle.

CHIPS.

A DIGGER'S WEDDING.

A SUCCESSFUL Australian digger—successful, not merely in siftings and washings, but bearing the title, and its best credentials, of a "nuggetter"—came down from Forest Creek lately, and took up his abode in a low lodging-house in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne. The "nuggetter" had been a common labourer, and the house was full of men of this class; also of runaway sailors, some of whom had returned very successful from the diggings, and were spending their gold as fast as they could—in fact, they had come down for a week or two expressly for that purpose.

The woman of the house had an impudent, vulgar, fat, flashy daughter, who would have been downright ugly, but for a pair of great leering eyes of considerable brilliancy, with which she had already charmed half the gold away from several sailors in turn

each of whom had made sure of marrying her. But the "nuggetter" cut them all out. He displayed his bag of nuggets; and, next morning, showed his bundle of ten-pound Australian notes; and, after a brawl, a fight, and a drunken row of a few hours, he married the girl, and took her to furnished lodgings, nominally at only five guineas a week, but the people were sure of getting double or treble that sum out of the newly married pair. The lodgings were very little better than those of the house they had left; but in a better street, and they had a room all to themselves—a priceless advantage at this time, in Melbourne.

Here the digger began to lead a life surpassing anything he had ever seen in a dream. He was not a "new chum," but an old colonist—a Vandemonian; and some said he had had a free passage to Van Diemen, on account of unlawfully digging for gold in pockets at home. But perhaps this was only said by unsuccessful diggers of both countries. He had many old friends who came to renew his acquaintance, and to make merry on this festive occasion, and many new chums were also admitted to the orgies. In short, his object was to treat everybody who came near him, and would drink; and neither he, nor his wife, nor any of their circle, were ever sober from the day of their wedding. They ate, they drank, they smoked, they shouted, they brawled—they made riot half the night—they slept half the morning; and about noon they drove about the town in open carriages, for each of which they paid two pounds per hour. First, there was the carriage with the bride and bridegroom, and a male and female friend—the woman being dressed in the most expensive satins and silks, and flying ribbons, and the men in scarlet mining shirts, with short pipes in their mouths. Two other carriages followed, full of parasite friends and associates, several of whom had been "engaged for the occasion to amuse the company during their drive, and in the evening especially. They comprised fiddlers, dancers, ventriloquists, and sailors who could sing jolly songs; while the clown from the circus, in his clown's dress, sat in a fourth carriage, the back seat of which he had entirely to himself, partly as a mark of honour, and partly to give him room to perform an occasional antic or gesticulation as the procession rattled through the streets.

When the bride was sober enough to walk pretty well, she would go out shopping; and no silk nor satin that cost less than a guinea a yard was good enough for "the likes of her." As soon as she could get a new dress made up, she sallied out to market, and bought fish in red velvet, and went to the butcher's in lavender satin, or pale China crape. All this the writer has seen. How the lady dressed *in the evening* he does not know.

At last, the money was all gone, having lasted not quite a fortnight. The digger had come down to Melbourne with a good deal, but "somehow or another," he said, scratching his head, "there was an end on 't. But what matters?" He has now gone back to the diggings, and his wife has no place to go to. A common occurrence, all these mad weddings, believe me.

CORPORATION DREAMS.

I HAD been dining at the Mansion House. The dinner was gorgeous. For four estatic hours, we ate and drank. I felt all turtle and venison; and, when I put on my hat, I pulled it off again as if it were a dish-cover. Chance directed my uncertain steps down into the kitchen of his Civic Majesty. It was a large hall, crammed full of riches, like the robbers' cave in Gil Blas; only they were not cold, and stony, and indigestible riches; but riches warm, melting, and inviting, like the Lord Mayor's hospitality. Abundance was rolled up like a drunken man in every corner, and plenty was stretched at full length upon the floor, as if, surfeited, it had fallen prostrate. As for Want, there would have been no room for her whereon to place her shoeless feet, had she dared to present herself.

My heart was as full as a fresh-brewed loving cup, and I sat down opposite to the fire to enjoy its social companionship. Involuntarily I drew back my chair; for strange faces growled at me with their red-hot eyes. I raised the poker by way of Riot Act to disperse the unruly mob; but the sight of it only seemed to stir them into greater rebellion. The faces put their glowing heads together and scowled defiance as if they would wish to wither me into a cinder.

My eyes soon grew accustomed to the sight; and, one by one, the faces passed before me, as in procession. Some looked fierce and vindictive. Others cast up their eyes calmly and piteously; wishing before they wasted away, to appeal against the indignity that was consuming them. In the hollow features of one face I thought I could trace the expression of complaining poverty. Looking more intently, I fancied I could read the following story: "I am one of those who have paid for some of the good things you have been eating and drinking to-day. I have paid, for years, a penny upon every ton of coals that has come into the City of London; and I feel the hardship the more, now, as I do not live in the City of London, or even near it, but thirty miles away from it. This is too bad, and this it is that makes me burn with indignation." Then, giving a long hiss, the face turned back, and vanished.

Other faces advanced, and all of them had a large black "1d." stamped upon their grimy brows. Each face contained a petition against the same wrong. I could spell it out as easily as if it had been printed in a Blue Book.

Then, more faces defiled in front of the fire. I have seen faces at all kinds of political meetings, and in penitentiaries, prisons, and workhouses, and these were as unhappy-looking as any of them. They were pinched, haggard, desponding—almost without a ray of hope. They grinned, and scowled, and jeered; and, without saying a word, seemed to vow vengeance. But the quiet look of despair which was deeply sunk on the countenance of many, frightened me the most. One plaintive face spoke of the injustice of being subjected to a toll each time she ventured into the fortified precincts of the City. "The alderman's or nobleman's carriage," she appeared to say, "is never stopped and compelled to pay before it is allowed to go beyond the City barriers; but my little cart, with its weekly 'wash,' is sent back if I refuse to drop the toll into the hand of the City toll-keeper. The wealthy tradesman, who can afford to keep his Brougham, passes free; but the costermonger, who can barely pay the day's hire of his donkey-cart, must pull out so much every time his donkey's hoofs touch the ground of His Civic Majesty's dominions."

No sooner had this face finished, than another began. It was a sorrowful, hard-worked, half-starved countenance: from which the bones protruded, as if they longed to escape. Sighing, it spoke as follows: "I am the face of a poor tradesman. Because my shop happens to be situated inside the limits of the City, I am expected to pay as much for the permission of selling my goods there, as if I made thousands a year in my trade. This is called my Freedom; and, because it is a Freedom I don't choose to put up with, I am exposed to all sorts of persecution from the Corporation."

Other faces crowded to the front bar of the Kitchen Fire; each eager to speak and to tell its little story of individual wrong. I was leaning forward, the better to listen, when a heavy rap on the shoulder, given as I judged from its weight by no spirit-rapper, roused me. Had I fallen asleep opposite to one of the large fires in the kitchen of the Mansion House? There was no time to ask questions; for a majestic servant reminded me, with another slap on the shoulder, "That they was going to shut up, and they wished I would go." I obeyed.

A LITERARY LADY'S MAID.

The French have, at all times, been famous for their talent for letter and memoir writing: and the idle reader is not a little indebted to their agreeable egotism for some of the most entertaining works of that nature in any language. Amongst numerous clever lady-writers, esteemed in their day—that of *Le Grand Monarque*—a favourite was Mademoiselle de Launai, whose autobiography is extremely characteristic of the manner of the time. The scenes she describes are not unlike some of those which enliven the volumes of that gossipping and self-satisfied young lady, Miss Burney; especially those which display the mode of encouragement afforded to young women of talent by the ladies of Louis the Fourteenth's Court. We read of the same selfish disregard of every person or sentiment which did not contribute to amusement and unintellectual gratification; and of the same ignorance, pride, and airs of patronage, intended to impress the *protégée* with awe for their dignity, and gratitude for their condescension. Mademoiselle de Launai writes in a lively flowing style, which has been, by French critics, compared to that of Madame de Sevigny; but, pleasant as it is, it scarcely deserves so high an honour as that. Her anecdotes, however, are so amusing, that we leave off disappointed to find that, after her marriage, she gives us no more scenes; the drama terminating as most other dramas end, with the wedding.

Her father, M. de Launai, was an artist; who having been obliged for some political offence to quit France, established himself in England: the climate disagreeing with the health of his wife she returned; and her daughter was born in Paris. The mother soon became a widow. Poor and desolate, she was admitted from charity into a convent in Normandy; where, after her death, her child in due time found a continued asylum and received an excellent education.

"It happened to me," remarks Mademoiselle de Launai, "quite otherwise than what occurs in romances to the general run of heroines; who, having been brought up as shepherdesses, turn out illustrious princesses. I was treated in my early years like a person of distinction; and discovered afterwards that I was nobody, and that I possessed nothing in the world which I could call my own. My mind, however, not having in early life taken the bias that abject fortune usually gives, has ever since resisted the oppression and subjection which has been my lot." Nothing could equal the attention, kindness, and care which the little stranger received from the good abbess and nuns, under whose roof she was sheltered. As long as the two superiors, who watched over her education, lived, she was treated with all the distinction and tenderness imaginable; but at sixteen her position was altered by the death of her benefactresses.

Finding that she was now entirely destitute, she applied to two friends, the Abbé Vertot and M. Brunel, begging them to assist her in obtaining some situation. They sent her money, which she instantly returned; being resolved, at first setting out in her career, to accept nothing which she saw no chance of being able to repay. "I resolved," she says, "to suffer the extremity of indigence

rather than derogate from the character I desired to be; persuaded that nothing degrades us but our own actions. This first proof convinced me that we yield to temptation, less in consequence of the force of necessity, than by our own weakness."

She was received temporarily in a convent at Paris, where a sister—who is only casually named, no account of her having been given before—came to see her. This sister was an attendant on the Duchesse de la Fortè, and obtained for her the means of support:—"My sister told me that she had mentioned to her mistress, as they were in her carriage going to Versailles, that I had been singularly well educated in a convent in the country, and had recounted to her all my extraordinary knowledge and acquirements. There was no science which she did not assert that I was acquainted with; and, being herself entirely ignorant, the terms she gave to those sciences and accomplishments were somewhat original, and would have startled a lady more instructed than the Duchess: who, not knowing a bit better than my sister, took all for granted, and jumped at once to the conclusion that I must be a prodigy. On arriving at Versailles the Duchess made me the subject of her conversation with the ladies of the Court, glad, probably, of a new object. My sister sent for me, representing that it had become my duty to thank the Duchess for all the fine things she had said of me. I had no dress in which to present myself before so great a lady; but was able to borrow one of a boarder in the convent, who consented to lend it me for a couple of hours; and, after it had been properly adjusted by my sister, I set off with her on my expedition. We arrived in time for the hour when the Duchess rose in the morning. She was delighted to see me, and declared I was charming; for she was prepared beforehand to think me so. After having asked me a few common-place questions—to which I gave as common-place replies—she exclaimed, 'Really and truly, she speaks admirably! How fortunate! She is come just in time to write a letter for me to M. Desmarest, which he must get immediately. Sit down, child,' she continued. 'You shall have some pens and paper. All you have to do is to write.'

"'But on what subject?' I asked, quite confused.

"'Oh,' she replied, 'you can turn the phrases as you like; I want him to grant me a favour, so be sure it is well expressed.'

"'But I must first know what favour it is that you desire to ask of M. Desmarest,' I ventured to remark.

"'Nonsense,' she said, 'you will soon understand. I am going to tell you.'

"I understood nothing; but, finding I must *make an effort*, I sat down and, from the dis*jointed words* and interrupted remarks the *Duchess made* while she went on with her toilet, I contrived to make out pretty well what she wished to ask for. But, as I had not the least idea how to address persons of consequence, and saw plainly that she would confound a fault of ignorance with one of stupidity, I was, in fact, in the utmost perplexity. I went on at hazard, and at last gave her my composition, trembling for its success.

"'Well, to be sure!' cried she; 'how strange that you should have so exactly caught my ideas; it is perfectly admirable, and I could not have expressed it better. Henrietta, your sister is amazing! Now, since she does it so well, she must write me another letter for my man of business while I finish dressing.'

"There was no occasion to ask her the subject this time; for she poured forth such a torrent of words that I found it impossible to follow her, and was even more embarrassed than on my first trial. She named her steward and her two lawyers frequently; but as both these gentlemen were equally unknown to me, I mistook their respective names. When the Duchess read the letter she expressed herself perfectly satisfied with my manner of explaining the business: 'But,' she exclaimed, 'I am amazed how a person so clever as you are should make such a jumble as you have made of these two names.'

"She had evidently discovered the extent of my capacity; but, nevertheless, she did not withdraw her countenance from me. She was going to Versailles; I followed her to her carriage, and she had already got in, as well as my sister who accompanied her, the door was about to be shut and I began to breathe, when, all of a sudden, she exclaimed to my sister: 'After all, I am thinking that I had better take her with me. Come in, come in, child,' she continued. 'I shall show you to Madame de Ventadour.'

"I was petrified at this proposal; and above all, my heart sunk within me when I recollected the dress I had on; borrowed for a couple of hours; but in which I seemed destined to make the tour of the globe.

"There was nothing now left for me but to obey, and I had not then begun to oppose my will to that of others. With spirits oppressed, and a beating heart, I took my seat in the carriage, and we drove off. On the road she asked me numerous questions, without waiting for replies, and at last she said: 'No doubt, since you know so many things you know how to draw horoscopes; there is nothing in the world I like so much!'

"I was obliged to confess that I was entirely ignorant of that science. She appeared astonished.

"'What was the use,' she remarked, 'of learning so much that is useless, and how came you to neglect this?' She then fell into

a rapid eulogy of the sciences of astrology, chiromancy, and geomancy; told me all the predictions that had been made to her; assured me of their fulfilment, poured forth much of the experience of others on the same subject, and ended by relating to me the dream she had had the night before.

"At length the journey was over. I was presented to the Duchesse de Ventadour; who received me kindly, and spoke of my mother, who had been her daughter's governess. The next day I was taken to Madame de Noailles; and, no sooner had I entered the room, than my conductress called out, 'I have brought the person I told you so much about, who is so wonderfully clever, and knows such a number of things. Come, child, speak. You will hear how she talks.'

"I hesitated, and she began prompting me. 'Come, come, talk a little about religion, first,' said she, 'and after that go on about something else.'

"This absurd scene was acted over and over again at all the different houses to which she took me, and I was carried about like a monkey who does tricks at a fair!"

All this praise and patronage only led to Mademoiselle de Launai's promotion to be the waiting-woman of the Duchesse de Maine; and, as she had not, she declares, the slightest idea of the functions of such an attendant, the Duchess was ill enough served. She sewed her work upside down, and overturned the powder and rouge in handing it to her mistress. On one occasion having caught up a powder box by the top, of course it fell; but the Duchess merely remarked gently, that she ought always to take everything up by the bottom. The next thing she had to hand was a purse; and, following the direction given, she turned it upside down sending all the louis d'ors flying about the room. Perhaps Mademoiselle's pride exaggerated her own clumsiness, to show her unfitness for a menial office. The mistake of inferring that to perform humble offices ill is proof of ability to do greater things well, has often been made. It was once accidentally mentioned in the presence of a celebrated French statesman that his own mother had been a cook. "That is true," he replied; "my mother was a cook; but I pledge you my honour that she was almost the worst cook in France."

A chance letter, which Mademoiselle de Launai wrote to M. de Fontenelle, in support of a pretended prodigy in which he did not believe (something akin to, but not nearly so absurd as the spirit-rappings of the present enlightened day), drew the writer for a time from the obscurity into which her servitude placed her. The letter was read, admired, and talked of throughout Paris, and the Duchesse de Maine felt proud of her *femme de chambre;* without, however, changing her position in any way for the better. At length came all the troubles of the illegitimate children of the king at his death. She was in the thick of the plots, counterplots, struggles and defeats; in which the talents of the neglected dependant were made so useful as to involve her in the dangers of her mistress, and in the end to send her prisoner to the Bastille.

It was in that sombre retreat that the most romantic, and perhaps the happiest portion of Mademoiselle de Launai's life was passed. A Chevalier de Mesnil, implicated in the offence of the Duchess's husband the Duke de Maine, had been sent to the Bastille at the same time as the too accomplished chamber woman. He was placed in a cell close to her own, and the happy idea entered both their minds to form an attachment, although they had never met nor seen each other. It was enough that their prisons joined. They could converse, they could hear, and they could write; for the lieutenant of the prison was indulgent, and took charge of their letters.

This romantic intercourse went on for some time; during which the lovers agreed that they were happier in confinement than at liberty, and neither desired to be set free, dreading to lose the other's society. This ideal pleasure was, however, put a stop to by the release of both. The denouement was of the old sort:—Mademoiselle de Launai was faithful to her vows, but her lover forgot his.

M. Dacier—the widower of that learned and excellent classical writer, Madame Dacier, whose fame has survived her—became enamoured and proposed to Mademoiselle de Launai; but the Duchesse de Maine, selfish to the last, refused her consent and opposed the marriage with all her power. Indignant, disgusted, and wearied with her uncongenial occupation, the young lady then resolved to enter a convent. This was equally opposed; but, after much annoyance, inconvenience, and vain resistance, the ill-requited attendant at length consented to a proposed alliance which suited her mistress; and became the wife of Captain de Staal, an officer of the guards, and afterwards Maréchal de Camp. From this time Madame de Staal became a lady of honour to the duchess, ate at her table, and had a carriage at her disposal.

She thus speaks of her husband: "I was satisfied with his manners, for he possessed a certain natural refinement which belongs to a good heart and a benevolent mind. He had no evil propensities, and took the straight road to virtue, without an idea of swerving from what he felt to be right. He was unalterably calm; his temper was perfectly even, his views clear because unclouded by passion, with more judgment than variety in his thoughts. He had but little conversation, yet his remarks were always sensible. Although he was quite incapable of exciting enthusiasm, it was equally impossible for him to create disgust. I married him,

and discovered that he held a rank by nature to which study rarely attains."

Although it does not appear that Madame de Staal was particularly gifted with beauty yet it seems that her admirers were numerous and passionate, and many poems were written in her honour, which to an English reader appear the perfection of insipidity and false taste. Hyperbolic inanities in praise of beauty which did not exist, and of virtue and wisdom often entirely imagined, were the fashion of her time, and a fashion which lasted only too long in spite of Molière's wit. After her marriage she became very celebrated by her dramatic pieces and her verses; but her memoirs are far more entertaining and attractive than any other of her remains.

Madame de Staal died in seventeen hundred and fifty.

LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heavens
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earthward,
Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
And a warlike march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamour:
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leant in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done; and, lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labour,
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leant and listened
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain-top the angels
Slowly passed away.

HONOURABLE JOHN.

The friend of whose character and acts I am about to present an outline, is more commonly known (especially in the East, where his immense estates are situated), under the name of John Company. *He* prefers the title of Honourable John. I have known my friend for very many years, and confess that until quite recently I entertained a profound respect for his character, and a great admiration of his abilities. If my opinions have undergone a change, and now differ very widely indeed, the fault lies not at my door, but at his own huge stone portals.

Honourable John's ancestors were merchants of great repute, who amassed enormous fortunes by trading to the East. They began life in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and, by the middle of the last century—that is, a hundred years ago—were merchant princes by reason of having had a monopoly of trade from Great Britian to nearly the whole of Asia. I do not care to inquire too particularly into their private history, nor their commercial dealings of those days. I shall not ask whether they used the good old Dutch standard of weights when buying from native dealers, recorded by Mr. Knickerbocker in his excellent history of New York, namely:—a Dutchman's foot as equal to two pounds, and his hand for one pound; although I have heard it whispered that in each of my friend's factories a corpulent heavy-limbed Hollander was to be seen in close attendance on the scales: neither will I ask whether the cutlery they sold was made for sale or use; whether their Coventry ribbons were half cotton; or whether they sold their calicoes by good old English yards or by Flemish measure? I will let bye-gones be bye-gones, and simply state the fact that when my honourable friend came of age; which he did in April, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three; he possessed enormous landed property in the East, with a huge and costly oriental staff of servants, and two rather expensive establishments at home: one in Westminster, the other in the City. His ancestors had at various times borrowed considerable sums of money, the interest on which amounted to a large income; but, inasmuch as his rents covered all his outgoings, and left a yearly balance of a million and a half sterling, there really was not much fault to be found.

The will under which Honourable John came into possession of this vast property in eighteen thirty-three, expressly stipulated that he was no longer to engage in commercial pursuits, but stick to his land, and

attend to the interests of his tenants. By a short-sighted clause in this will it was provided that John should have an annual dividend of ten per cent. settled upon him, on the then value of his estate, without the least reference to what that property might yield. This yearly dividend was guaranteed to him out of the taxes of Great Britain. The arrangement was intended as a set-off against the loss of his monopoly of Eastern trade; but, whatever the object, the result has been most disastrous.

No longer having any stake in the prosperity of his estate, Honourable John committed many vagaries; and gave himself a number of absurd airs. At length he became involved in some very serious and expensive quarrels with his neighbours. By the end of eighteen hundred and thirty-eight the nett income of his property had diminished to half a million; and within eighteen months of that time, instead of lessening his expenditure, he had, by increased expenditure, entailed upon himself a deficiency of a million and a half. To make up this shortcoming, as well as to provide for current wants, John borrowed largely; and, when warned of the danger of incurring such serious liabilities with a yearly deficiency in his rent-roll, he laughed and observed that his debts did not amount to more than two years' income, and that as to the danger of the affair, what did *he* care? His ten per cent. dividend was guaranteed him. Nobody could touch that, and what did debt matter. This remark lowered Honourable John in my estimation very considerably; indeed it gave me so low an opinion of his principles, that I felt inclined to dispute his right to the title he likes to be known by. Soon after this he became involved in quarrels more complicated and extensive than ever. Quarrelling is always an expensive occupation; and the results of John's quarrels were large additions of debt upon his estate, and equally large drains upon his means; for, by some singular process, every new field which came into his possession turned out a losing affair; although it had been most profitable up to that period.

Hitherto he had led a very comfortable, jovial sort of a life, all sunshine and rupees. He resided partly in his City house, and partly in his West-end mansion, always very busy with unnecessarily long letters, to which enormously long and unintelligible replies were sent; for otherwise all his numerous clerks and messengers could not have been kept employed for one hour in the day. Rumours began to arrive at home respecting the unwholesomeness of his provinces, and the wretched condition of some of his farms. It was reported that there was scarcely any salt to be had in some parts of his property; that many of his servants had taken to opium-smoking and opium-chewing, and had become obtuse in their faculties, and were dreadfully in debt like himself; that the roads and drainage of all his farms were sadly neglected, and that none of his poorer tenants were fairly used; being compelled to pay double rents to greedy middlemen, to whom he had farmed a great deal of the land in perpetuity.

Far from being aroused by these reports Honourable John appeared to become more lazy and confident than ever. He grew impatient of the most friendly expostulations and accused his best friends of being interested agitators. When the state of his finances were alluded to, he invariably produced a Blue Book, full of the most confused masses of figures, which were so arranged as to add up to any sum that might be required. If people expressed doubts about their correctness, or about the future management of his property, Honourable John assured them that all would go on most favourably in future; that the most extensive reforms were in contemplation carefully tied up with red tape; and that it was really astonishing how many excellent changes were under consideration.

On more than one occasion I have ventured to express doubts about the prosperity and happiness of John's distant tenantry. In answer, he has read extracts from long letters written by his head-steward and his principal collectors of rents, all dwelling upon the happy, cheerful and contented condition of the people, and how much their position had been improved since they came upon his land. I inquired whether the writers of those letters were quite competent to form an opinion on such matters; whether they ever saw the people of whose bliss they gave such delightful pictures, or any more than the outside of their offices, unless in an easy carriage; and whether any one of them was likely to have exchanged a single word with his tenantry? Honourable John could not say much on the latter point; for he believed Englishmen never *do* talk to natives, such a habit being considered ungentlemanly and vulgar; but he knew that his head-steward was a capital fellow, and would not deceive him for the world. Besides he paid him so handsomely—not less than twenty-four thousand pounds a year—that he *must* know all about it.

There is no chance of convincing my friend against his inclination. If I mention his blunders, he takes shelter behind his good intentions. If I talk about deficiency of rents, he assures me that it is all fancy, and that if I will but allow his secretary to analyse his accounts for me, I shall find that there is in reality a surplus, but he never yet offered me the opportunity of auditing them myself. If I expostulate about bribery and corruption among his servants, he tells me that I am quite mistaken; for, that his tenantry, so far from objecting to such things, rather prefer them than otherwise. Bribing policemen, and being ground down by middlemen, is quite a passion with them.

It is my firm belief that the greater part of

the confusion and mismanagement apparent on my honourable friend's property, arises from his persisting in employing people who are in no respect capable of performing their work. Not only does he insist on engaging all grades and shades of idle incompetent cousins and nephews, but he shifts his people about from one employment of which they are masters to another they know nothing about in the most absurd and prejudicial manner. For instance, after keeping one of his people at ploughing for several years, he will suddenly transfer him to the dairy. Grooms are transmogrified into hedgers and ditchers, and gardeners are, without any sort of notice, placed upon the coach-box. The only justification he can offer for these strange and ruinous proceedings is that which was used by the great educational reformer, Dr. O'Toole:—"It is a part of his system."

Truth compels me to add a few features of his system which are extremely ugly.

At various periods in his career, Honourable John possessed himself of large tracts of land belonging to native proprietors, on various conditions, and under different pretexts. Sometimes he represented that he could manage the crops very much better than they could, although they had been accustomed to farming from their youth; which his people had not. At other times, he persuaded them that it would be immensely advantageous to them to allow him to manage their large establishments, placing his own inspectors and stewards over them, and giving to them (the tenants) all the emoluments, without any of the risk and trouble of farming. To this, many have consented; some not daring to offend him by a refusal; others, believing that the arrangement would save them a world of trouble: at any rate they relied upon the continued good faith of Honourable John, and believed that so far as income was concerned, themselves and their descendants need be under no sort of apprehension. For many years these stipulations were duly performed; though I regret to say, my friend, in taking possession of the lands assigned to him for farming purposes, seized a great quantity of personal property not included in the bargain, and resolutely refused to give it up. Letter after letter was written to him on the subject of these robberies; but he invariably had the meanness to shuffle out of any reply, by referring the complaints, first to one steward and then to another, and finally, by not vouchsafing any answer.

This is not the worst part of the affair. Many of the original parties to the land arrangements having died off, their children and families have been reduced to half the former stipulated allowance agreed to be paid to them by the original contract, and some of them to much less; so that, being in great poverty, they feel themselves degraded in the *eyes of their* followers.

So bad has my friend's conduct become, that his former admirers and supporters have been seriously thinking of taking all power of doing mischief out of his hands, and leaving him in the quiet possession of his guaranteed dividend. Failing rents, increasing debts, incompetent and corrupt servants, ill-fed and badly-housed tenants, roads and bridges out of repair, land imperfectly manured and drained, broken engagements with dependants, and an obstinate perseverance in wrong-doing, have roused the public; and Government has at length determined to check his career by seeing thoroughly into his future conduct. To cure what is past would be impossible; but I sincerely hope that the new partners Honourable John is now forced to take in, will give him a better title to that designation than he can just now show.

MARIE'S FEVER.

Prayers to the Holy Virgin, wax candles to Saint Joseph, rosaries and litanies for the poor little heretic, sick unto death! All the Quartier Saint Honoré was interested in the young English girl lying there so ill and lonely, without a friend, with no known finances, without a home in the world, and, as those Catholic hearts believed, without a home in the house of Heaven—Protestant heretic that she was! There was something, too, in the fever itself, that touched the French heart keenly. For, a certain romantic interest was connected with it which gave it just that amount of dramatic character, without which facts are dull and fevers tame in some countries.

Marie and her younger sister Emilie were orphans. Their mother had died when Emilie was a mere baby, and their father was taken off by cholera about two years before. They had not a relation in France. Mr. Maconnell had emigrated, on account of an unlucky bankruptcy, just after Emilie was born; and all intercourse with England had gradually ceased, although there were relatives there, rich and childless: especially an old uncle—Mr. Maconnell's elder brother—who had no one but a parrot and a housekeeper to leave his money to. However, for any good they did the orphans, all these relatives might have been buried in Brian O'Lin's cave, with his sheepskins and his turnips. Old Hugh Maconnell, especially, would have been as useful to his generation if lost among the "good people" as he was now, buried in his avarice and his wealth, with his screaming grey parrot, and his housekeeper, with cherry ribbons in her cap.

They were quite alone in France, these two girls of nineteen and twenty-one, with no one to protect, to guide, or to aid them; cast rudderless on the rough waves of the world, for storms to wreck and winds to perish. And, at the time of Marie's fever, they were even separated from each other;

for Emilie was at Marseilles as governess with Madame de Lamotte.

Marie had never been a favourite with her father. On the contrary, he disliked her. Emilie was a mild, gentle, tractable creature, the model "little lady," who would sit good for hours without stirring; and who, with a piece of embroidery or a book, would neither distract nor seek for distractions: while Marie, all life, animation, vehemence and restlessness, was like a caged hawk or clogged zebra when set to any still employment, or obliged to be quiet and well-bred. Her father used to punish her by making her sit on a chair near the door, sometimes for two hours, sometimes for three; and Marie's frantic paroxysms during the time were a little like madness. They used to frighten Mr. Maconnell sometimes; then, the rest of the sentence would be remitted, and another punishment substituted; but Marie took nothing to heart so deeply as this torture of the chair near the door. She was the prettier of the two sisters; but her large black eyes and long thick raven hair worked no spell on her father, who was never kind to her, and was sometimes really brutal. She teased him. She drove him nearly mad, and made him wish she was dead. Her wildness and restlessness were perpetual tortures to him—the stern cold man of secret passions and unexceptionable appearances—and her innocence and frankness nearly destroyed his reputation more than once. Marie was one of those terrible people who see everything, understand nothing, and speak of all; one, moreover, who practically apply the moral lessons they have received, and cannot seize the distinction between theoretical and convenient virtues. Anything which Mr. Maconnell wished to conceal—and there was much to conceal in his Parisian life—Marie was sure to discover and sure to publish, as innocently as a baby; not dreaming of the possibility of wrong, and detailing the most compromising circumstances as if she had been giving the recipe for a pudding. Miss Henrietta, their governess, was obliged to leave after a time, owing to Marie's mentioning such terrible facts, that their neighbours of the Quartier Saint Honoré were scandalised at the English father's want of "*convenance*." Marie never knew why her father beat her and called her a viper. Marie flung herself on her knees and asked pardon both of her father and of the governess; but as ignorantly as she had given offence, blundering through her sobs. She kept her sister awake all night, trying to find out what she had said that was wrong. Emilie at last told her, yawning, that she talked too much, and had better go to sleep. The next governess had managed better. She used to lock up Marie, as she would some dangerous animal. Consequently, those big black eyes saw nothing, and Madame Certost kept her place a long time. But then she was a French woman and very discreet.

Yet in spite of all this physical wildness, and energy of temperament, Marie was timid, shy, and loving; requiring indulgence and encouragement—guidance also, certainly. She was unfitted, above all things, for her father's harsh discipline. She was inquisitive because she was restless and unemployed, not because she was sly; frank because she was guileless, not because she was bold: she told all she knew because she never dreamt of evil, and could not understand the value of caution; for she could not understand the necessity of concealment. She desired ardently to be loved, and she lived under a ban; she desired earnestly to be good, and she was met by condemnation. Her younger sister was held up before her as her model, and was warned against her example. Blindly searching to know her sins, and in that search committing them, poor little Marie often wished that she was dead, and wondered how such a monster as herself was suffered to live.

From this unhealthy state, Marie, having completed her education at home, was sent to Madame Dupuy, as governess to her youngest child. Her first step of comparative freedom.

Madame Dupuy was a very fascinating woman; not pretty, but graceful and exceedingly well-bred. Rather too lithe perhaps in her gestures, and too flattering in her manners. Her morals were strict, and her ideas of female propriety exalted; yet her power of extracting confidence was something wonderful; for few who knew her had not made her the depository of their most dangerous secrets. But at heart she was cold and selfish, and never made a step in life without forecast and calculation: her own advantage was her only measure. Still, with her sweet manners, prudent principles, and great powers of attachment, she was an admirable person to take charge of Marie: and she promised Mr. Maconnell to reform her. Poor Marie! it was little enough of reformation that the heedless, innocent child needed.

Madame Dupuy kept her word. She worked a kind of miracle with the girl, and changed her into another creature. For the first time in her life, Marie heard the voice of affection and respect. For the first time, she was treated with indulgence; her nature was understood. Madame Dupuy played her part to perfection, and won all she played for. Conquered by love, Marie became her slave, and poured out the riches of her loving heart prodigally. She would have undergone an arduous self-discussion before refusing to commit a crime on Madame Dupuy's order; so nearly had she merged the landmarks of right and wrong in her wishes. How happy she was! No one, but a girl unloved at home, could rightly understand the excess of Marie's passionate happiness under the gentle treatment of her

mistress. It was idolatry. It was infinite devotion without name or term: the full perfection of that childlike effusion which comes but once in life, for the first friend, the first lover; and is never equalled again, even for husband or child.

M. le Comte Dupuy was an elderly man without moral perceptions; excepting one; the respect due to a demoiselle. Marie Maconnell was young, pretty, motherless, and confided to him; and M. Dupuy looked on her as a kind of religious deposit, which, if he lost, would leave him an uncomfortable time in purgatory. He was therefore very strict with her, both as regarded himself and every one else. He might have been the Saint Père of Rome, or a Carthusian Monk, for anything bordering on levity of speech or conduct to Marie, although he was known as a man with no more real virtue than Tartuffe. He might have been a gaoler of the Inquisition, and she its pet heretic, for any undue liberty allowed to her. Marie must have been clever indeed to have escaped the Count's care. He nailed down the jalousie blinds of her window so that she could not raise them; he locked the doors of the suite of rooms whenever he went out, and took the key with him, not trusting even the concierge. Her bedroom door was locked every night, and the key laid on Madame Dupuy's table; and she was never suffered to go even into the garden alone. Marie thought he was very harsh, and complained of him to his wife; but Madame Dupuy said he had reason and Marie must submit. Marie did so, grumblingly. But M. Dupuy was harsh; and uncertain, too. Sometimes Marie was a crow, a cow, a stick, a stupid; and then she was his dear little friend, his child, his little love of a saint; and, once or twice—but not often—his little cabbage, and his rabbit. Whereat Marie used to wonder, and ask Madame Dupuy why the Count was first so cross, and then so kind.

Madame Dupuy—a woman who never deceived herself by imagination, and never lost the clue to the truth by over indulgent interpretation—was a keen observer. She believed in virtue as little as in her husband. She saw clearly enough the riddle Marie could not explain, and read every letter of it as if it had been the nursery horn-book. But she was not jealous. At least not yet. Marie was useful to her for another year; then, she would require a more advanced governess for her eldest girl; at present jealousy would have been a folly—and Madame Dupuy committed more sins than follies. She told Marie it was M. le Comte's way and asked her if he did not treat her, his wife, even more unkindly? Which was true enough; for they led a most unhappy life, and quarrelled twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

While these two volcanoes slumbered beneath Marie's tread, her father died, and Emilie went down to Marseilles with Madame de Lamotte. Marie was then thrown entirely into the power of the Dupuys; who gradually assumed a control over her, scarcely inferior to her father's in harshness. Madame Dupuy changed the most. She became cold and severe, and scolded incessantly. If Marie worked, the stitches were called "cat's eyes," and must be undone; if she read, it was idleness—why could she not do something useful? If she went into the garden, it was an assignation; and if she sat in her own room, she was sullen, or perhaps writing a love-letter: although, as Marie said, lovers do not spring up like mushrooms, and there was no one at the château, or, excepting M. le Curé, for miles round. But it was Madame Dupuy's intention to be unreasonable. In truth, she was tired of Marie's wild, and somewhat tactless devotion, and she had gradually become jealous of her husband's evident love for her; although she knew that Marie neither returned nor suspected it. Marie tried not to see this change. She called herself hard names for even fancying that Madame Dupuy could be unjust, and said to the Curé that she was the most ungrateful creature under heaven. But the Curé, who had keen eyes too, told her that she ought to be more measured in her self-accusations, and that people must be just to themselves as well as to others. Advice which Marie thought not very good nor very true; being still too blinded to understand the real value of the marshlight glare that had bewildered her.

At the château where they lived in the country was a certain avenue on one side of the house; at the end whereof was an arbour hidden deep among the trees. This was Marie's favourite hiding-place: for, since Madame Dupuy had been so changed to her, much of her old savage love of loneliness, and many of her old wild, reckless ways, had come back. No threats and no coercion could keep her always in the house, now that her patrons were so trebly strict. One day she had been hidden in this arbour for a long time, when M. Dupuy and his little daughter Louise came in. It was a beautiful summer day, still and breathless, and the cool shade of the alley and the arbour made a very Eden under the glowing sky. Marie—her eyes fixed on the earth, and her raven hair flung from her face—sat lost in a state of dreamy feeling rather than of thought: a vague, half painful sentiment of something wanting, mingled with a delicious consciousness of happiness in youth, and beauty, and life, and hope. A state of feeling not unusual to girlhood; especially girlhood in the country.

M. Dupuy sat down by Marie. Louise seated herself on a stone by the entrance. A book was in her hand, and she appeared to read it.

"I have forbidden you to sit here alone,

Mademoiselle," began the Count with a bow and a shrug, and an apologetic wave of his hand.

"It was so hot, Monsieur, in the house; and the children made a noise. I wanted to be alone."

"It is not proper, Mademoiselle, for a young person like you to be alone."

"Why, Monsieur?" she asked dreamily.

"Because, Mademoiselle, some one might come in here to see you."

"My faith, Monsieur! There is no one to come!" cried Marie, with a half pout. "Perhaps I should like if some one did come."

"Mademoiselle! Do you know what you have said?"

"Yes," said Marie, shaking her thick hair, like a lion's mane. "I said I should perhaps be glad if any one had come in here to see me. Any stranger, I mean. It is so sad to see the same faces always!"

"Miserable child! Will you force me to lock you in your room like a criminal? Must you be chained like a slave to propriety?"

"Lock me up in my room again, Monsieur? What have I done? You locked me up yesterday because I talked to Monsieur le Curé by the water-side; although he gave me good counsel, and told me to obey you."

"You wish to ruin yourself, Mademoiselle. That wild English blood of yours renders you unmanageable, and makes you revolt against all laws of propriety. But I must step in between you and your own hand, and preserve you in spite of yourself."

The Count was sometimes seized with sentimental attacks. He had one to-day.

"Thank you, Monsieur," said Marie. "I can take care of myself."

"You are presumptuous, child."

"And you, Monsieur le Comte, vex me!"

"Do not vex yourself, my rabbit. You really become too beautiful!" There was a deep rich glow on Marie's cheek, and such a baby boldness of displeasure in her large eyes, that the Count could not scold her any longer. He took her hand. Marie, who regarded him as her father, suffered her hand to remain in his. The Count kissed it. Louise looked up. "How droll!" she said to herself. "I wonder what mamma would say!"

"I am sure I only wish to please you and Madame Dupuy," said Marie, gently. "If you are only kind to me you may lock me up in my room as long as you like; but if I am treated unkindly, Monsieur le Comte, I must go away and hide myself."

"When I seem anything but kind, my little cabbage," said M. Dupuy, "it is for your own good. Madame Dupuy is not so sincere, and does not love you so much as I do."

"Oh Monsieur!"

"Yes, my child! I tell you she is not sincere; to you especially not; although you have been ever devoted to her. My dear little friend, it is time you understood who are your real friends, as the day may not be very distant when you will need them."

"Monsieur, you terrify me! I cannot hear Madame spoken against. I cannot hear that she is not sincere—she, who is so good."

"I tell you she is not sincere! I tell you she is no true friend of yours. I have defended you against her suspicions more than once; you, who have always taken her part in our domestic differences. M. le Curé yesterday told her that you were in the direct road to paradise; but she said that you were not exactly what he believed you to be, and that you had a temper to subdue like others."

"I will go and tell mamma that papa is telling Mademoiselle Marie she does not love her, and that papa kissed Mademoiselle Marie's hand!" thought Louise, as she ran off.

And she did so very soon; Madame Dupuy walking down the avenue all the time.

When Madame and her daughter came to the arbour, they stopped. Not to listen. Of course not. Madame Dupuy, having sent the child away, stopped to gather a rose, which had a canker in its heart. She heard her husband say:

"You know that I love you, Mademoiselle Marie."

"But so does Madame, Monsieur."

"Child! Not as I do!"

"Yes, Monsieur; more than you do!"

"Ungrateful girl! I tell you Madame has never been your friend. It is I always who have defended you. I want you to hear reason and understand the truth; but you are so stupid—such a cow—there is no doing anything with you!"

"Don't be angry, Monsieur; and don't call me names. I am very much obliged to you for your kindness; but I cannot understand why you want me to believe that Madame does not love me, and that you do. Why, what am I to do if I do believe it?"

"You are to obey me, child."

"I do so, Monsieur, and I obey Madame also. Although she has been cross to me lately, sometimes;" said Marie in a dreaming kind of voice.

"And I, Marie?"

"You, Monsieur? You locked me up in my room, yesterday; yet you have been very amiable lately, and have not called me a cow, or a crow, or a stick; and I love you."

"More than Madame?"

"I don't know that, Monsieur. When you are kind I love you very much; but"—

She was going to add, "But I love Madame always," when Madame Dupuy gave a faint cry and stood before her.

Ungrateful! who destroyed the peace of the household and laid traps for M. le Comte? Who endeavoured to poison his mind against her, Madame Dupuy, in the hope of his ill-usage killing her, that she, Marie, might be Madame la Comtesse, and rule in the château? were the mildest of Madame

Dupuy's expressions. Harder words, harsher accusations, still poured like drops of fire on that bewildered head, till Marie seemed to be translated to another life; she knew so little what it all meant. Monsieur Dupuy endeavoured to shield her. But he was swept away like a reed in a torrent before his wife's strength of wrath. He was but a "miserable" and a "coward," and was too mean to be dealt with. It was only Marie who was to blame—after the mother's tenderness lavished on her!

Marie bore up for a short time. She hoped that the fit of passion would be exhausted next day, and that then Madame Dupuy would acknowledge herself in the wrong, and reinstate her in her love. But the next day came, and Madame Dupuy had not the smallest inclination to own herself in fault. She was as furious against Marie as ever, and threatened to send her to a convent—a threat she might have carried into execution if she liked; for Marie never seemed to imagine that Madame Dupuy had not her life, and death, and social disposition, all in her hand.

After many days of this agitation Marie began to feel very ill. She had a fearful headache, she lost her appetite, and could not sleep. Neither could she rest; but wandered about, feverish and distracted, more dead than alive. In about ten days she fell ill of a fever which an English doctor would have called a brain fever; but the Frenchman said it was an overturning of the blood with typhoid symptoms.

Madame Dupuy had certainly several children; and fever, with typhoid symptoms, in a house where there are several infants, is no light matter. Yet four years ago Marie had nursed Madame herself through the small pox, and her children through the measles, and had taken all the danger and trouble to herself, suffering no one to help her. For infants and invalids were Marie's specialities. She had, therefore, a claim upon Madame Dupuy now, in this her first illness, and an illness brought on by her injustice. For Madame Dupuy knew that Marie was innocent in all that concerned her husband; and that the Count himself had meant nothing but the folly of a vain man who wishes to possess exclusive influence, where he feels he has most affection. She was obliged to acknowledge to herself that it was but a pretext, and a cruel one, that she had made use of to disembarrass herself of Marie without the possibility of any blame attaching to herself, and with the delightful opportunity of administering a little revenge upon her husband. Therefore Madame made Marie's sickness a great point in reference to her children; talked sweetly of maternal obligations and unavailing regrets; and insisted on Marie being sent away immediately, wherever *she might* be best taken care of.

Fevered and delirious, Marie was wrapped up in a blanket, put into a carriage, and sent off to Paris, to live or die in a hotel in the Rue Saint Honoré, as it might happen. And there she was alone, without a relation in the whole world of Paris, and without an intimate friend; for she had been so long with Madame Dupuy, and had so gathered her life into that one focus, that she had lost all connection with the outlying world beyond the château; and in the very Quartier in which she had been brought up from infancy, was as much alone in all that regarded the obligations of intimate friendship as if she had been in Siberia.

When the people at the hotel understood that the young girl's fever had a typhoid character, they also took the alarm, as was very natural. They gave her notice to leave instantly. When asked where she was to be taken to, they said, to the Hospice Beaujon; and, indeed, there seemed to be no other place for the poor child, than the hospital, among the chiffoniers and "brigands."

It fortunately happened, that at this critical time, the apartments in which Marie had lived with her father and sister and which the sisters still preserved, were vacated by the tenants to whom they had sub-let them. So Marie was carried there, and a nurse and a doctor was sent for. The proprietor of the house took that on himself and paid the hotel bill too; but he put it down in his quarterly account, "because," he said, "young ladies should never accept presents from men." Marie had, however, some money—the balance of salary which Madame Dupuy had paid her.

And this was the little heretic sick unto death, for whom masses and prayers were so diligently said by the kind-hearted Catholics of the Quartier; the Curé saying one on his own account without being paid for it.

The sick nurse, the Sister Sainte Agathe, was nothing like the popular ideal of a Sister of Charity. She was old and cross, and an inveterate gossip. She was expensive and troublesome too in her habits: requiring very high living, and extreme punctuality—a thing almost impossible in such a small household, and with a patient so dangerously ill. And then she was obliged to leave Marie also, for two hours every day, for her religious exercises. Her wages were higher than the wages of avowed nurses; being six, instead of five, francs a day. But it was thought more proper, more *convenable*, that a young lady like Marie should have a Sister as a sick nurse. And *les convenances* are the altars of French society; commanding martyrs as well as worshippers.

M. Adolphe, the doctor with a thick brown beard and moustache, soon took a great interest in Marie—as, indeed, who would not?—in all her delirious distress, such a dear, good, loving child! And as his interest in his patient increased, his disapprobation of her nurse increased with it. He

became very cross and fault-finding, so that the Sister Sainte Agathe called him a great idiot—for which she had to say two aves, and the litany of Sainte Vierge at four o'clock in the morning, and to have only bread and vegetables—no eggs—on a Friday. He told her that she did not take enough care of Mademoiselle Marie; and that he was not always sure that his potions were given at the right moment, or his cataplasms taken off when he ordered. It was frightful and desolating, and he wished they had a nurse with a little less religion, and a little more good sense. He had a great respect and a high consideration for the Sisters of Charity; but the ecclesiastical exercises of some among them were sadly in a doctor's way. The Sister, who was a heavy woman, and who had become a sister more for a profession than from any religious conviction, promised to herself not to forget what M. Adolphe said; and, with true woman's tact, appeared to have buried everything in oblivion, but was watching eagerly for her hour of retribution.

Marie did not die. M. Adolphe's prescriptions did her no harm, if they did her no good; and Sister Agathe hung round her neck three little medals blessed by the pope; which she said would preserve her. And, when Marie was pronounced out of danger, she told her that the medallions had saved her, not the doctor. Marie wondered which it was, but the Curé said it was neither: the masses in St. Philippe had done all. Marie believed each in turn, and ended by a mixture of the whole.

"You are better, Mademoiselle?" said M. Adolphe. And Marie looked up and smiled. This was her second day of getting up.

"Yes," she said, "I am almost well."

"Not quite yet. You cannot dispense with my visits for some time to come. Unless you wish it, Mademoiselle?" He was rather pale as he spoke.

"I do not want you to leave me, Monsieur. When you have left me I shall be very dull and lonely." And Marie turned to him affectionately, like a child.

The Sister woke up from a doze. It was after dinner, and she had been asleep. The Sister always went to sleep after dinner—especially on meat days.

"Madame, your hour of prayer has come," said M. Adolphe.

The watch on the chimney-piece pointed to the hour. The one in M. Adolphe's pocket was half-an-hour behind.

"I did not think it was so late!" exclaimed the Sister, shuffling about the room. "And you, Monsieur?"

"And I remain with Mademoiselle."

The Sister Sainte Agathe was disturbed.

"And you remain, Monsieur?"

"Why yes, Madame! It is necessary."

"But not proper, Monsieur."

"Suffer me to attend to my patient according to my own ideas, Madame."

"Certainly, Monsieur; but I shall send in the servant."

M. Adolphe looked annoyed. But French *convenance* put its iron claw on him, and he was obliged to submit.

"Certainly, Madame. Send in Josephine."

So the Sister went away, and Josephine came in with her work. She was embroidering a cap, and doing it very well.

"Josephine, my child, is the dose of lime flowers prepared?" asked M. Adolphe. Josephine was a tall, elegant, black-eyed Parisian girl, a terrible thief, but very complaisant.

"No, Monsieur, but I will go and prepare it immediately."

Josephine retired from the room, with a glance at Marie from her broad bold eyes that told volumes. But M. Adolphe was looking at Marie, and Marie was looking on the ground, and neither of them saw her.

M. Adolphe was feeling Marie's pulse. The pulse was quick, and the bright fever spots in her cheeks were very red. M. Adolphe mixed some orange flower with sugared water, and gave it to her.

"You are still nervous, Mademoiselle."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And your head is hot."

He put his hand on her forehead.

"It does not ache now, Monsieur."

"Is my hand cool?"

She placed her hand upon his and pressed it against her brow eagerly.

"Yes," she said, "it does me good!"

M. Adolphe became suddenly eloquent and excited. "It does you good," he said, "because I wish to do you good: because I pour out my soul in every breath, in every word, in every look and touch: because I have transfused my life into your sinking heart, and made you mine by this gift of strength and health: because I love you better than my own soul. That is why I do you good."

"You love me, then!" half sobbed Marie, "and it is your love that has cured me!"

And for further expression of gratitude and joy the poor child—weakened and feeble in spite of M. Adolphe's boast—burst into tears, and sobbed as if she had been struck by a misfortune. The stone was cast into the water, and the still lake woke up into a stormy sea, where would be peace and quiet no more.

It was very imprudent of M. Adolphe to make this declaration to a girl lying on the outskirts of a bad fever, when a very small excitement would have thrown her back into the danger from which she had just escaped. But with all his goodness—and he was dearly good—M. Adolphe was both impetuous and unreflecting, and had never accustomed himself to command an impulse, whatever it might be. However, he did not work much mischief; for Marie's happiness buoyed her up over the dangerous excitement; and, although she suffered from a temporary

increase of fever, she soon got over it and was all the better afterwards.

Sister Agathe found it out. Marie, as a *gage d'amour*—the most sacred she possessed—gave M. Adolphe one of her little medallions. And the Sister missed it.

"Where has it gone to, wretched child? What has become of the blessed medallion? O, what a huge, enormous sin you have committed!"

"I gave it to M. Adolphe, Madame."

"A demoiselle give presents to a young unmarried man! Fie, then!"

"I gave it out of gratitude, Madame."

"My little one, you need show your gratitude only in paying M. Adolphe's bill. You need not give him medals."

"He wished it, Madame."

"Oh! he wished it, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Out of gratitude, also, Mademoiselle?" The Sister's voice was thickly satirical. Marie was silent.

"You love M. Adolphe, then?"

Still silent.

"And he loves you?"

Not a word.

"Mademoiselle, M. Adolphe must be dismissed."

"No, Madame."

"I insist, Mademoiselle."

"I cannot obey, Madame."

"Well! I shall go then to Madame, his mother, and demand his instant dismissal from her! I came to nurse a sick person, not to favour a courtship. Reflect, Mademoiselle, on my position."

"Oh Madame! my mother!—dear Sainte Agathe!—do not destroy me—do not quite kill me! Oh, Sainte Agathe, do not go to Madame Adolphe! she will take away her son, and that would kill me!" And poor little Marie wrung her hands.

But the Sister was a rigid person with severe notions of duty—in other people. No prayers were availing. She shook her head mournfully, declared she was in despair, but was none the less resolved. Off she went to Madame Adolphe to detail all she knew of her son's love-lorn proceedings.

Madame Adolphe was shocked—grieved—terrified—agonized. Being a woman of superstitious imagination she asked earnestly if Marie possessed any philtre, any charm, by which she had worked on M. Adolphe. The Sister considered the matter attentively; but told her "No!" for even if she had possessed any, those three blessed medallions would have nullified it. This silenced the suspicion effectually; and Madame Adolphe kissed the Sister on both cheeks, in joyful gratitude that she had hung the three medals round Marie's neck. However, Madame Adolphe had but one path to take, and it must be taken resolutely. She had other views for her son. Madame Dufour's daughter had twenty thousand francs, and Madame Dufour had been very amiable t them lately. Madame de Vigny had fifteen thousand francs a year, and a rich bachelo uncle, and Madame de Vigny had aske after M. Adolphe yesterday, and invite him to a party. No; Madame Adolph had other views for her Jules, and coul not possibly entertain the idea of a littl Mademoiselle Marie, Protestant, dowerless and, as far as she knew, without expecta tions. In France, as it is the mothers wh marry their sons, and not the sons wh marry themselves, Madame Adolphe's view were paramount, and Mademoiselle Mari must be forgotten.

Jules came home, and his mother welcome him stiffly.

"My mother, what has vexed you?" h said, eating his sorrel soup very hot. It wa a fast day, and they had a refreshing sou made of green leaves and milk.

"My heart is full, Jules."

"What has happened, mother?"

"The Sister Sainte Agathe, my son"—The blood came into M. Adolphe's face.

"Well, what of the Sister Sainte Agathe?"

"She has shown me my son's heart."

M. Adolphe attempted a pleasantry.

"I assure you, mother, the old Saint showed you a counterfeit. I possess my ow heart; she has not got it."

The pleasantry fell dead.

"We are talking of business, Jules," sai the lady severely; and M. Jules bowed a apology.

"You love your young patient, my son. The Sister has told me—worthy woman—that you have even committed the sin of giving or of taking a *gage d'amour* from her. You know, Jules, it is necessary that you should marry with money. Now, what marriage portion has this Mademoiselle Marie?"

"Her beauty and her virtue, my mother."

"Her beauty will not keep the house, my son, nor educate your children; for her virtu —that may pass. The less it is inquired int the better."

"Mother!—how can you, who are so good and kind, say such a cruelty—such a sin?"

"It is true, my son. Did not her friend and patroness Madame Dupuy dismiss her because of her incautious—you see I use mild words—conduct towards the Comte, her husband?"

"It is a falsehood, mother, indeed!"

"My dear Jules, you have lost your head. Take some medicine and go to bed."

"Mother! You speak as if I were still tied to your apron strings! I am too old to be treated as a baby, now!"

"At any rate, my dear Jules, I shall treat you so much like a baby as to use my legal power for your good. I forbid you to marry that girl. I will never consent to a ridiculous union, which will destroy our position and make my grandchildren beggars."

Madame Adolphe walked out of the room, and forbade her son to follow her.

You may marry in France, certainly, without the consent of your parents—you cannot marry in an ordinary way without that consent, if you are a man forty years of age and upwards—after three acts of *sommations respectueuses;* that is, supposing you are twenty-five years old. But, then, if you have recourse to these respectful summonses, you break with your family for ever; you make an open rupture, and create a public scandal; and no French father or mother will forgive you. M. Jules was in a terrible condition, therefore. He loved his mother tenderly, and he could not make up his mind to a respectful summons. He knew her too well to dream of her consent to a marriage which had only love and poverty for its foundation, now that she had unfolded before him her more ambitious projects. No; Madame Adolphe, with her beautiful toilette and pleasant manners, was a block of adamant in her will. Jules was forced to obey or to defy her; and good, soft-hearted, bearded Jules could not make up his mind to do that.

He went and told Marie, and Marie decided for him. They bade each other a sad adieu; Jules going back to his mother a sulky, peevish, irritable man, and Marie retreating into her little sorrowful apartments—her two rooms and a kitchen—as still and as retired as a veiled nun. Nothing could equal the melancholy of her life in her small apartments, four stories high, where she and Josephine lived. She very seldom went out; and all through the long winter sat, with her saddened thoughts and sorrowed love, wondering why she still lived, after having been so near death.

A letter in an unknown hand, and with a broad black seal, came to "Miss Mary Maconnell" one day. It was written on thick English paper, was unpaid, and cost her thirty-two sous. On opening it she read that her father's brother, Hugh, had died without a will, and that therefore his property had fallen to her and Emilie, as his next of kin, without any other claimants to interfere. The housekeeper with the cherry ribbons was not mentioned even in a codicil. Nor the parrot.

The news soon spread in the Quartier, and came in turn to Madame Adolphe.

"Here's a lucky circumstance!" cried Madame Adolphe, when the bath-woman in the Rue de Courcelles told her that Mademoiselle Marie had inherited an enormous fortune. "Behold us all content!"

Madame Adolphe was suddenly enraptured. That dear Marie: so good; so patient; so self-sacrificing. Madame Adolphe had never had any objection to Marie personally. It was only Marie's poverty. Rich, she became at once the most beautiful and charming young person of the neighbourhood; one whose acquaintance Madame Adolphe must really cultivate.

She caught up her petticoats on her left side in the marvellous manner of the French women, tripped away from the bath over the swimming gutters and filthy streets, without picking up a speck of mud, and hurried home. Just as Jules entered after a long day's work among hooping-cough.

"Jules, my child, do you know the news?"

"No, mother," said Jules, sulkily.

He had never been the same son as formerly—he ceased to be the affectionate, gentle, respectful person that most well-nurtured Frenchmen are—honour to them for it!—had grown cold, and sullen, and wayward, and led his mother but a poor life.

"And you do not know—the little Marie—your ancient friend and patient?"

"Why speak of her, mother?"

"Because I have news that will delight you."

"Delight *me!* Married, perhaps?"

"Perhaps so, my son," said Madame Adolphe, settling her cap. It was trimmed with violets, and was very becoming.

"Oh, mother, how cruel you are!" said Jules, the tears coming into his honest eyes. "I have obeyed you faithfully, and sacrificed my own inclinations to your wishes. You ought to spare me mockery and irony!"

Madame Adolphe's lips quivered, and tears came into her eyes too. From sympathy she put her arms round her son's neck and kissed him.

"Forgive me, Jules, for all the pain I have caused you. It was for your own good. But come with me to the little Marie. She is rich, and you can marry her now, without wronging her children and destroying yourself. Come! We will both ask her for her love; and she shall find a mother, and a fond one, on the day when she accepts you as her husband. Come, my Jules, let us make the little one happy, and let me take back my old place in my son's heart through the gentle mediatorship of his wife!"

That night a blessed soul shown brilliant with joy, like a star through the dark sky of life; a happy heart, freighted with love and hope, floated down the rushing stream of sorrow, to ascend it no more. Marie, kneeling in the moonlight, thanked God for the suffering she had passed, since by that suffering, she said, she knew better what was her present bliss.

After all the different formalities had been complied with, after the consent of mamma had been duly notified, and the certificate of birth and baptism had been obtained for the civil marriage; and after all the religious rites had been complied with, Jules and Marie were married. All the faubourg went to Saint Philippe to see the wedding. Marie was pronounced charming and perfectly dressed; and, to mark the public approbation of the whole affair, the *quête*—or collection for the poor made by one of the

bridesmaids—was larger than it had been since the great lady of the Quartier was married last year.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXV.

His Sowship would pretty willingly, I think, have blown the House of Commons into the air himself; for his dread and jealousy of it knew no bounds all through his reign. When he was hard pressed for money he was obliged to order it to meet, as he could get no money without it; and when it asked him first to abolish some of the monopolies in necessaries of life which were a great grievance to the people, and to redress other public wrongs, he flew into a rage and got rid of it again. At one time he wanted it to consent to the Union of England with Scotland, and quarrelled about that. At another time it wanted him to put down a most infamous Church abuse, called the High Commission Court, and he quarrelled with it about that. At another time it entreated him not to be quite so fond of his archbishops, and bishops, who made speeches in his praise too awful to be related, but to have some little consideration for the poor Puritan clergy who were persecuted for preaching in their own way, and not according to the archbishops and bishops; and they quarrelled about that. In short, what with hating the House of Commons, and pretending not to hate it; and what with now sending some of its members who opposed him, to Newgate, or to the Tower, and now telling the rest that they must not presume to make speeches about the public affairs, which could not possibly concern them; and what with cajoling, and bullying, and frightening, and being frightened; the House of Commons was the plague of his Sowship's existence. It was pretty firm, however, in maintaining its rights, and in insisting that the Parliament should make the laws, and not the King by his own single proclamations (which he tried hard to do); and his Sowshp wais often so distressed for money, in consequence, that he sold every sort of title and public office as if they were merchandise, and even invented a new dignity called a Baronetcy which anybody could buy for a thousand pounds.

These disputes with his Parliaments, and his hunting, and his drinking, and his lying in bed—for he was a great sluggard—occupied his Sowship pretty well. The rest of his time he chiefly passed in hugging and slobbering his favourites. The first of these was Sir Philip Herbert, who had no knowledge whatever, except of dogs, and horses, and hunting, but whom he soon made Earl of Montgomery. The next, and a much more famous one, was Robert Carr, or Ker, (for it was not certain which was his right name), who came from the Border country, and whom he soon made Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset. The way in which his Sowship doated on this handsome young man, is even more odious to think of, than the way in which the really great men of England condescended to bow down before him. His great friend was a certain Sir Thomas Overbury, who wrote his love-letters for him and assisted him in the duties of his many high places, which his own ignorance prevented him from discharging. But this same Sir Thomas having just manhood enough to dissuade the favourite from a wicked marriage with the beautiful Countess of Essex, who was to get a divorce from her husband for the purpose; the said Countess, in her rage, got Sir Thomas put into the Tower, and there poisoned him. Then the favourite and this bad woman were publicly married by the King's pet bishop, with as much to-do and rejoicing, as if he had been the best man, and she the best woman, upon the face of the earth.

But, after a longer sunshine than might have been expected—of seven years or so, that is to say—another handsome young man started up and eclipsed the Earl of Somerset. This was George Villiers, the youngest son of a Leicestershire gentleman: who came to Court with all the Paris fashions on him, and could dance as well as the best mountebank that ever was seen. He soon danced himself into the good graces of his Sowship, and danced the other favourites out of favour. Then it was all at once discovered that the Earl and Countess of Somerset had not deserved all those great promotions and mighty rejoicings, and they were separately tried for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and for other crimes. But, the King was so horribly afraid of his late favourite's publicly telling some disgraceful things he knew of him—which he darkly threatened to do—that he was even examined with two men standing, one on either side of him, each with a cloak in his hand, ready to throw it over his head and stop his mouth if he should break out with what he had it in his power to tell. So, a very lame affair was purposely made of the trial, and his punishment was an allowance of four thousand pounds a year in retirement; while the countess was pardoned and allowed to pass into retirement too. They hated one another by this time, and lived to revile and torment each other some years.

While these events were in progress, and while his Sowship was making such an exhibition of himself, from day to day and from year to year, as is not often seen in any sty, three remarkable deaths took place in England. The first was that of the Minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who was past sixty, and had never been strong, being deformed from his birth. He said at last that he had no wish to live: and no Minister need have had, I am sure, with his experience of the meanness and wickedness of those disgraceful

times. The second was, that of the Lady Arabella Stuart, who alarmed his Sowship mightily, by privately marrying WILLIAM SEYMOUR, son of LORD BEAUCHAMP, who was a descendant of King Henry the Seventh, and who, his Sowship thought, might consequently increase and strengthen any claim she might one day set up to the throne. She was separated from her husband (who was put in the Tower) and crammed into a boat to be confined at Durham. She escaped in a man's dress to get away in a French ship from Gravesend to France, but unhappily missed her husband, who had escaped too, and was soon taken. She went raving mad in the miserable Tower, and died there after four years. The last, and the most important of these three deaths, was that of Prince Henry, the heir to the throne, in the nineteenth year of his age. He was a promising young prince, and greatly liked: a quiet, well-conducted youth, of whom two very good things are known; first, that his father was jealous of him; secondly, that he was the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, languishing through all those years in the Tower, and often said that no man but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage. On the occasion of the preparations for the marriage of his sister the Princess Elizabeth with a foreign prince (and an unhappy marriage it turned out) he came from Richmond, where he had been very ill, to greet his new brother-in-law, at the palace at Whitehall. There he played a great game at tennis, in his shirt, though it was very cold weather, and was seized with an alarming illness and died within a fortnight of a putrid fever. For this young prince Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, in his prison in the Tower, the beginning of a History of the World: a wonderful instance how little his Sowship could do to confine a great man's mind, however long he might imprison his body.

And this mention of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had many faults, but who never showed so many merits as in trouble and adversity, may bring me at once to the end of his sad story. After an imprisonment in the Tower of twelve long years, he proposed to resume those old sea voyages of his, and go to South America in search of gold. His Sowship, divided between his wish to be on good terms with the Spaniards through whose territory Sir Walter must pass—he had long had an idea of marrying Prince Henry to a Spanish Princess—and his avaricious eagerness to get hold of the gold, did not know what to do. But, in the end, he set Sir Walter free, taking securities for his return; and Sir Walter fitted out an expedition at his own cost, and, on the twenty-eighth of March, one thousand six hundred and seventeen, sailed away in command of one of its ships, which he ominously called the Destiny. The expedition failed; the common men, not finding the gold they had expected, mutinied; a quarrel broke out between Sir Walter and the Spaniards, who hated him for old successes of his against them; and he took and burnt a little town called SAINT THOMAS. For this he was denounced to his Sowship by the Spanish Ambassador as a pirate, and returning almost broken-hearted, with his hopes and fortunes shattered, his company of friends dispersed, and his brave son (who had been one of them) killed, he was taken through the treachery of SIR LEWIS STUKELY, his near relation, a scoundrel and a Vice-Admiral; and was once again immured in his prison-home of so many years.

His Sowship being mightily disappointed in not getting any gold, Sir Walter Raleigh was tried as unfairly, and with as many lies and evasions, as the judges and law officers and every other authority in Church and State habitually practised under such a King. After a great deal of prevarication on all parts but his own, it was declared that he must die under his former sentence, now fifteen years old. So, on the twenty-eighth of October, one thousand six hundred and eighteen, he was shut up in the Gate House at Westminster to pass his last night on earth, and there he took leave of his good and faithful lady, who was worthy to have lived in better days. At eight o'clock next morning, after a cheerful breakfast, and a pipe, and a cup of good wine, he was taken to Old Palace Yard in Westminster, where the scaffold was set up, and where so many people of high degree were assembled to see him die, that it was a matter of some difficulty to get him through the crowd. He behaved most nobly; but, if anything lay heavy on his mind, it was that Earl of Essex, whose head he had seen roll off; and he solemnly said that he had had no hand in bringing him to the block, and that he had shed tears for him when he died. As the morning was very cold, the Sheriff said, would he come down to a fire for a little space and warm himself? But Sir Walter thanked him, and said no, he would rather it were done at once: for he was ill of fever and ague, and in another quarter of an hour his shaking fit would come upon him if he were still alive, and his enemies might then suppose that he trembled for fear. With that, he kneeled and made a very beautiful and Christian prayer. Before he laid his head upon the block, he felt the edge of the axe, and said, with a smile upon his face, that it was sharp medicine, but would cure the worst disease. When he was bent down ready for death, he said to the executioner, finding that he hesitated, "What dost thou fear? Strike, man!" So, the axe came down and struck his head off, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

The new favourite got on fast. He was made a viscount, he was made Duke of Buckingham, he was made a marquis, he was made Master of the Horse, he was

made Lord High Admiral—and the Chief Commander of the gallant English forces that had dispersed the Spanish Armada, was displaced to make room for him. He had the whole kingdom at his disposal, and his mother sold all the profits and honours of the State, as if she had kept a shop. He blazed all over with diamonds and other precious stones, from his hat-band and his ear-rings to his shoes. Yet he was an ignorant, presumptuous, swaggering compound of knave and fool, with nothing but his beauty and his dancing to recommend him. This is the gentleman who called himself his Majesty's dog and slave, and called his Majesty Your Sowship. His Sowship called him STEENIE; it is supposed, because that was a nickname for Stephen, and because Saint Stephen was generally represented in pictures as a handsome saint.

His Sowship was driven sometimes to his wits'-end by his trimming between the general dislike of the Catholic religion at home, and his desire to wheedle and flatter it abroad, as his only means of getting a rich princess for his son's wife: a part of whose fortune he might cram into his greasy pockets. Prince Charles—or as his Sowship called him, Baby Charles—being now PRINCE OF WALES, the old project of a marriage with the Spanish King's daughter had been revived for him; and as she could not marry a Protestant without leave from the Pope, his Sowship himself secretly and meanly wrote to his Infallibility, asking for it. The negotiation for this Spanish marriage takes up a larger space in great books than you can imagine, but the upshot of it all, is, that when it had been held off by the Spanish Court for a long time, Baby Charles and Steenie set off in disguise as Mr. Thomas Smith and Mr. John Smith, to see the Spanish Princess; that Baby Charles pretended to be desperately in love with her, and jumped off walls to look at her, and made a considerable idiot of himself in a good many ways; that she was called Princess of Wales, and that the whole Spanish Court believed Baby Charles to be all but dying for her sake, as he expressly told them he was; that Baby Charles and Steenie came back to England, and were received with as much rapture as if they had been a blessing to it; that Baby Charles had actually fallen in love with HENRIETTA MARIA, the French King's sister, whom he had seen in Paris; that he thought it a wonderfully fine and princely thing to have deceived the Spaniards, all through; and that he openly said, with a chuckle, as soon as he was safe and sound at home again, that the Spaniards were great fools to have believed him.

Like most dishonest men, the Prince a the favourite complained that the peo whom they had deluded were dishonest. Th made such misrepresentations of the treach of the Spaniards in this business of the Span match, that the English nation became ea for a war with them. Although the grav Spaniards laughed at the idea of his So ship in a warlike attitude, the Parliam granted money for the beginning of hostiliti and the treaties with Spain were publi declared to be at an end. The Spanish a bassador in London—probably with the h of the fallen favourite, the Earl of Somerset being unable to obtain speech with Sowship, slipped a paper into his hand, claring that he was a prisoner in his o house and was entirely governed by Buckin ham and his creatures. The first effect this letter was, that his Sowship began cry and whine, and took Baby Charles aw from Steenie, and went down to Winds gabbling all sorts of nonsense. The e of it was that his Sowship hugged dog and slave, and said he was qu satisfied.

He had given the Prince and the favour almost unlimited power to settle anythi with the Pope as to the Spanish marriag and he now, with a view to the French or signed a treaty that all Roman Catholics England should exercise their religion freel and should never be required to take a oath contrary thereto. In return for th and for other concessions much less to defended, Henrietta Maria was to becom the Prince's wife, and was to bring him fortune of eight hundred thousand crowns.

His Sowship's eyes were getting red wit eagerly looking for the money, when the en of a gluttonous life came upon him; and, afte a fortnight's illness, on Sunday the twenty seventh of March, one thousand six hundr and twenty-five, he died. He had reigne twenty-two years, and was fifty-nine yea old. I know of nothing more abominable history than the adulation that was lavishe on this King, and the vice and corruption th such a barefaced habit of lying produced his court. It is much to be doubted whethe one man of honour, and not utterly self-di graced, kept his place near James the First Lord Bacon, that able and wise philosophe as the first Judge in the Kingdom in thi reign, became a public spectacle of dishonest and corruption; and in his base flattery of hi Sowship, and in his crawling servility to hi dog and slave, disgraced himself even mor But, a creature like his Sowship set upon throne is like the Plague, and everybod receives infection from him.

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FLAGS TO FURL.

FLAGS, pennons, banners, bribery, beer, cockades, rosettes, brass bands and bludgeons being manifestly contrary and inimical to virtue, are to be abolished by the strong arm of the law. They are not in themselves, as things, essentially immoral; but they are vicious, when taken in connection with the election of members to the Commons House of Parliament. That assembly, confessed to be composed of the collective wisdom of the nation, has perhaps been held to include also the collective national virtue; and with this view, a Bill has been introduced, and is now before the House relating to expenses at elections, in which war to the knife is waged against every species of flag, banner, rosette, cockade, colour, or procession, which might dare to flaunt its drapery during, or immediately before or after, an election. The game is up. The flags must be furled.

Shade of George Crabbe, late of Aldborough, clerk; shade of William Hogarth, late of Leicester fields and Chiswick, painter, engraver, and moralist; shades of Gatton and of that deathless dead wall which once represented Old Sarum, and returned representatives to Parliament; shades of Wilkes and Luttrell, Fox and Queensbury; shades of all parliamentary elections past, present, and to come, gather round me while I meditate on this redoubted Bill! Elections expenses—like poor Scotland, as described by the Scotch gentleman in Macbeth—will not only not stand where they did, but be almost ashamed to know themselves. No banners! no flags! no brass bands! no bribery! no open public-houses! no party processions! Why not as well have no candidates—no voters—no elections! Ruthless legislators! would you give us a marriage without white satin favours, orange flowers, Malines lace, and bride cake? Would you have a funeral without gloves and feathers, cake and wine, and disconsolate mutes (at one shilling an hour) who, after the funeral, become liquids? In a few years, we shall have not only marriages without favours, funerals without crape and sherry, and elections without banners, but royalty without beef-eaters, public offices without red tape, Lord Mayors without sword bearers, Field Marshals without gold lace and cocked hats, and Judges without wigs. We only want the New Reform Bill with which we are threatened, and a man instead of saying, "I belong to the borough of Split-vote, or the county of Plumpshire," will say, "I have a vote for group No. 6, or for section D," or for some other tabulated nonentity; into which this unhappy and ruined, but formerly Conservative country has been subdivided. Peradventure, if an antiquary or a speculator does by chance rummage out from some town-hall lumber room, many years hence, a few tarnished banners, a few faded streamers, a few battered dingy fragments of electioneering paraphernalia, they will be looked at as relics of a curious past, like the dried fowls, old honeycombs, and tear bottles from the tombs of Thebes; or the winged lions and ivory thrones from the palaces of Nineveh; or the drinking cups and baker's loaves from Pompeii.

And not alone to the old school will the abolition and prohibition of these constitutional insignia be a source of melancholy, discomfiture, and foreboding. To them, furled banners, silenced bands of music, pocketed cockades, and absent streamers, will be merely suggestive of the impending decadence of Britain. They will not, however, drink one flagon the less, nor be a whit less jovial; for, it is a curious trait in human character, that a man bears the misfortunes of his country much better than he bears his own. The ruin of the agricultural interest by fatal tergiversation and heartless duplicity, &c. &c. on the occasion of the last complete destruction and final overthrow of Britain, has not, to my knowledge, affected the excellent *symposia* throughout the country known as farmers' ordinaries, or in any manner the appetites of the farmers attending thereat; nor, although it is well known that the repeal of the Navigation Laws has hopelessly crushed and annihilated the shipping interest, have I, in my experiences of shipping, ship-launches, and ship-launch-dinners, been brought into any disagreeable juxtaposition with sackcloth and ashes. On the contrary, I have more frequently met "'tween decks," with lively long-necked individuals tipped with tin foil by the name of Clicquot, Ruinart

Moët, and Sillery, hailing from the city of Rheims, or the province of Champagne in France.

What, will you be kind enough to inform me, is to become of Ozias Bridlegoose, Esquire, Attorney and Parliamentary Agent, of Horsenail Buildings, Derby Street, Peccable Squre? That estimable gentleman has, for the last twenty years, kept a Boroughs Engaged and a Boroughs Engageable book with as much method and regularity as a merchant keeps his double register of bills receivable and bills payable. He knows—he knew, at least—to a tittle what boroughs were safe, what counties questionable, what manufacturing towns "no go," as clearly as a bankruptcy assignee can distinguish between good and bad debts. Furl the flags, doff the cockades, silence the drums and trumpets, and Mr. Bridlegoose's occupation is gone. Electoral corruption is as the air he breathes. If he have it not, he dies.

And would you deliberately and in cold blood immolate one of the most respected of the legal profession, brother indeed to Mr. Serjeant Bridlegoose leader of the Souwestern circuit, who will be a judge when the right time comes; cousin to a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, and nephew to the famous old John Bridlegoose, of the no less famous firm of Bludget and Bridlegoose, the family, private, and confidential solicitors to that enormously wealthy but embarrassed peer, who, as he is said to owe thirty thousand pounds to his tailor, must be indebted at least half a million to his lawyers? Our Bridlegoose, the very emperor of parliamenttary agents; the Fouché, the Jonathan Wild of electoral police; shall he—in himself a Great National Institution—be utterly abolished? Has he not an army of satellites at his elbow, as numerous as the sands, as silent as death, as devoted as the affiliated of the Vehmgericht, or the myrmidons of Schinderhannes; as discreet as Pamela; as insinuating as Sir Charles Grandison; as hypocritical as Blifil; as ferocious as Blueskin; as great masqueraders as Vidocq or the late Charles Matthews; as accomplished linguists as Pergrade or Contenson; as impudent as Ferdinand Count Fathom; as ubiquitous as Esmond's Father Holt; as mendacious as George Psalmanazar: who lie like truth for his clients, and varnish truth over with lies for his adversaries?

These, Mr. Bridlegoose's merry men, scour all boroughs. They stand at his bidding on all hustings, platforms and scaffolds; in all balconies, committee, club, and assembly rooms. They parade all public-houses, taverns, gin palaces, and hotels. They have no master but him, no behests but his, no virtues save fidelity (on the Swiss principle of continuity in payment), no passion (to speak of) save drunkenness. As for Mr. Bridlegoose he is (or was, alas!) to the full as ubiquitous and accomplished as his acolytes. After a late dinner in St. James's Square, or Belgravia, where the wine has circulated pretty freely, where do you find Bridlegoose? In the drawing-room? Far from it. Ten to one his next appearance will be in the first-class carriage of a night express train, soberly scanning the second edition of the Globe; or, perchance, he will be tearing in a cab through the dirty streets of Bermondsey or Bethnal Green, or some out-of-the-way suburb, boiling over with instructions and packages for one of his merry men, there in hiding; or he will be in his own paper-crammed office in Horsenail Buildings, Derby Street, Peccable Square, giving mysterious orders to merry men not in hiding; but who yet loom hazily behind the collars of cloaks and great-coats, and from whom there seldom issues a sound more distinct than that of an asthmatic cough or the suppressed chink of half-sovereigns.

Else would you find the impetuous Bridlegoose darting into dingy chambers in the Temple—nailing some parliamentary counsel to his table with nails of reading-lamps, and old port wine, and golden fees. Presto, at almost the same time, you hear of him sliding mysteriously into some far-off country hotel late at night, ordering a private room and a bottle of sherry, and sending a note by the boots to the lawyer, or the parson, or the barber, or the head linen-draper, that a gentleman from Shropshire was waiting at the George, and wished to see him, if he pleased, directly.

What a man Bridlegoose is for cabs! Of all men, who has so much reason to bless Mr. Fitzroy's new Act? He has always a cab, and is always in a cab, and yet the cab seems always waiting at doors for him, and the cabman seems for ever to be discoursing familiarly to the policeman in the vicinage concerning "the sight of papers that old cove do carry with him, to be sure." And yet he has a brougham of his own, which he uses pretty frequently, and which, stuffed inside and out with parliamentary and legal papers and blue bags, you are pretty sure to see waiting at the Carnack Club, guarded by a weary groom, who yawningly complains to the Club page of "being so much up o' nights 'cause of the governor's Parliament-house business." It is impossible for any man to be in more than one place at one and the same time. That we know; reason says it; science proves it. Lord Bacon would have told us so if he had thought us such fools as not to have known it without telling; yet it was currently reported—and the evidence went far to prove—that at the very time last winter that Bridlegoose was managing the Ballygarret (county) election in Ireland, he was conducting the great Snolbury contest in Yorkshire; that he was canvassing the electors of the Itchingmuchty burghs in North Britain; that he was defending the Tippington election petition (which was successful,) before a

committee of the House of Commons; that he was appearing as a witness (and a remarkably unwilling one) before a committee of the House of Lords, respecting the great Shellout Bribery Case; that he was attending to the registration of Conservative electors before a revising barrister in a narrow lane in Clerkenwell; that he was new slating the roof of his cottage *orné* at Sydenham, in Kent; taking the chair at the Farmers' Friend Society's dinner at Marketpigton; rusticating with his family at Hastings in Sussex; and accompanying his eldest daughter to Nice for the benefit of his health. If he had lived eighty years ago he would have been hooted down as a Cagliostro or a Count de Saint Germain. But in these days natural magic has superseded necromancy; and to gas, steam, iron, and activity must be attributed the greater portion of Mr. Bridlegoose's ubiquity.

Now, I ask, what is to become of such a man as this if the standards of electioneering are to be furled? Remember! This is the man who brought in, in the year forty-three, the great nabob, Sambo Lack, Esquire, who was manifestly idiotic, who could not spell, and who got so tipsy on nomination-day, that he had to be wheeled from the hustings on a truck; yet Bridlegoose brought him in triumphantly, defeating the redoubtable Ironsides—the man of the people—by a tremendous majority, solely and purely by the force of his (Bridlegoose's) electioneering genius, and not—as was in a base and paltry manner asserted by the opposite party—by the brute cash force of Sambo Lack, Esquire. Remember, this is the man who gave to Parliament Lord Claude Wappentake, a nobleman of such strong Saxon lineage and tendencies, that in the excitement of his speech from the hustings he roundly told the mob that they were nothing better than base-born churls, fit only—with iron collars round their necks—to herd swine; which undoubtedly true, but imprudent words endangered his lordship's election, and drew upon him a shower of dead cats, brickbats, and oyster-shells, that endangered, and in some degree damaged, his lordship's head. Yet the undaunted Bridlegoose rescued him from this dilemma, and sent him in three days to Parliament, a knight of the shire at the head of the poll. It was Bridlegoose who strangled the Potbury petition; else Scrubby Hedgehog, Esq., would have been lost to the country. For what?—for treating twenty voters with a quart of egg-hot apiece. Hear it, Nemesis! There was, to be sure, a trifling accusation in addition, that Mr. Hedgehog had kept all the public-houses in Potbury open for nine days; but that was not proved. It was this same Bridlegoose who unseated the monster Billyroller, the flagitious profligate who gave a voter twopence to purchase a pint of beer with, at the corner of Brick Lane, Millington.

And finally, remember, Britons, it was Bridlegoose; Bridlegoose, the Bayard of Parliamentary agents; Bridlegoose, without fear and without reproach: Bridlegoose, the dauntless adherent of Church and State—who, when the Zerubbabel election was going clearly against Sir John Scribe and Longhorn Pharisee, Esquire, and when the Radical candidate, Sir Rabbitskin Syder, was two hundred votes ahead—suddenly hit upon, devised, wrote, printed, and published, that undying placard, declaring that Sir R. Syder, having owned to a short visit to Bombay—must necessarily be a Brahmin, a worshipper of Juggernaut, an adorer of Buddha's tooth, a disciple of Mumbo-Jumbo, an adept in fetish writes, an advocate of cannibalism, and an active member of the Stranglaboy Thuggee Society; and which immortal placard wound up with "Christian Husbands and Fathers, will you vote for this Iconoclast?" (which means, I rather believe, image-breaker and not image-worshipper, but it was a good word, and told immensely), and was signed "A Protestant." Was it not that stroke of Bridlegoose's genius which floored Sir Rabbitskin (who was as excellent a Christian gentleman as you would wish to meet); which drove him to leave Zerubbabel in disgust; and caused the Scribe and Pharisee party to circulate a report that he had left his bill at the Golden Gridiron Hotel to be liquidated by his committee?

What then, I ask again, is to become of Ozias Bridlegoose? To take away banners, bribery, and brass bands from such a man is to break the crutch of a cripple; it is to take the life-preserver from a burglar, to break the wand of Prospero, and to draw the false teeth of a beauty of sixty. What is such a man to do when the electioneering banner which has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years (more or less) has been furled? He cannot dig; to beg he is ashamed. Furl your flags, and you roll up Bridlegoose, the pride and ornament of the collective wisdom of his country! You pin him up, you label him as though he were an object of curiosity in a museum—you put him away on a dark shelf behind a glass; and twenty years hence you will say, "This is a sample of the thing called 'agent' who 'managed' elections when management was necessary to send two honest men to represent their countrymen in the great council of the nation." I have heard something in my time of justice to a neighbouring country; and I stand out for justice to Bridlegoose. The Palace Court people had compensation made them; Deputy Chaffwax has been ejected from office upon a splendid retiring fortune taken from the pockets of patentees; the Hounslow Heath highwaymen, if they did not get compensation, at least petitioned for it; now, I want to know what patriotic member will go down to the

House, and in his place, move for an inquiry into the claims of Ozias Bridlegoose, Esquire?

What is to become of the dim, mysterious legionary horde whom I have hastily alluded to, as the satellites of Bridlegoose? Take the celebrated Mr. Daggs for instance. Daggs was originally, I believe, a horse-chaunter, and is to this day a sporting character of considerable note. After he got over his little difficulties in the horse-chaunting line, which resulted in an appeal to the Cæsar sitting in Basinghall Street, he became a "frequenter of races," and described himself as "on the turf;" on which I have no doubt he very frequently really was, with very little to cover him. Some success in the conduct of the noble game, "red, black, blue, feather and star," emboldened him to take a public-house of the gladiatorial order, in the athletic town of Nottingham; and it was here, in his Bonifacial capacity, that his marvellous aptitude for electioneering was discovered by Mr. Bridlegoose, then down in Nottingham on a little business.

He became shortly afterwards the Murat of the Napoleon of the hustings. He gave up his public-house and rushed from the turf to the poll with an eagerness really surprising. Now, Daggs had, I believe, about as much faith in any political party as an artilleryman has in pea-shooters; this, added to a natural inaptitude for public speaking, rendered him averse to supporting by any demonstration of eloquence the particular candidature in whose favour he was enlisted. The strength of his genius lay in invention, in resolution, in rapidity, and in subtlety. He would turn an adverse voter's flank; bribe him or, if positively unbribable, hocus, kidnap, or mislead him, without ever offending overtly the law or the prophets. He was the sort of man who—if his chief told him in London, that such and such a party was short of such and such a number of votes, in such and such a town, and that such votes must be had within twenty hours—would put five hundred sovereigns into his boots or his umbrella, start off that minute by train without further luggage; and, within the given time, would bring his voters and their votes up to the poll booth, dead or alive. He had an art of ensnaring all the bill-stickers in a town, and leaving none to the opposite party; of tearing down that party's placards should they manage to get any posted up; of having mud thrown at their hotels; of getting the windows of their Committee Rooms broken. He had a hundred aliases: Blenkinsop, Mullington, Pots, Cheesewright, Barwise, Tollymore, Gutch, and the like. He had lodgings in every district of London, and in every town in the provinces, and had a name and a carpet-bag in each. His metropolitan landladies believed him to be "something in the City;" his provincial hostesses opined that he "travelled in some line"—which, in truth, he did. At the close of a successful election his intimates—who were few—declared that he would get silently drunk in a cab, driving slowly from one public-house to another, and being served in the vehicle. If, on the contrary, the candidates for whom he was employed were defeated, he would incontinently disappear, and be seen no more until, weeks afterwards, he was found in some far off town under an inscrutable incognito, working with misanthropical energy for some new candidate. Now, see what Reform and Revolution do! Daggs is to be done for. Does any constitutional man in his five senses, believe that this country can hold its present position among nations, without Daggs?

Tom Beazly, too. Such a fellow for energy! Such promptitude, such daring. Tom was worth ten pounds a week (and got it), from any party. He had a pictorial eye, had Tom; and no man knew better than he how to arrange a showy procession. There was, besides, something of a culinary turn in his genius. He knew exactly how and in what proportion to sprinkle the banners, the insulting placards, the libellous effigies of the rival candidates, the clap-trap of the mottoes, the gaudiest of the devices. He would give the candidates private lists of the streets in which to stand up in their carriages while passing through; of the doors they were to bow to; of the windows they were to kiss their hands at. He knew how to bring a drunken freeholder upright to the poll, and how to prop up a drunken flag-holder with a sober one. He was the best fugleman in England for the hustings on nomination day. The cheers and the hootings, the dead cats and the stale eggs, the loud crash of music while the rival candidate made his speech, the groans and the Kentish fire, the fight, and the screaming, were never better done than when Tom gave the signal. He was not, perhaps, a "good and safe man" like Daggs; but, as commandant of irregular horse, as a chief of free lances, as an able unscrupulous persevering partisan, he was positively unrivalled. If the flags are furled, what is to become of Tom Beazly, and what is to become of the country without him?

What is to become of the myriad swarms of the miscellaneous army of understrappers? What is to become of the "witness Buggles," who is ostensibly a small bootmaker somewhere in Northamptonshire; but who, it appears, has had an occult influence over elections for five-and-twenty years? What is to become of all the men in drab and brown and grey; of all the men in cloaks and macintoshes, who come like shadows at election times and so depart? What is to become of the innumerable small fry of flag-bearers, touters, and musicians? What is to become of the noble army of election crimps and election publicans, and of that intensely

reputable mob of voters (made corrupt by nobody) who sell their votes as they sell their chandlery and slops? What *is* to become of all these people thrown quite out of employment?

Furl the election flags, and furl the national standard! It is all one, believe me. England was great under Bridlegoose, England was great under Daggs, England was great under Beazly, England was great under the rest of the noble army whose occupation is to be destroyed. She really WILL BE ruined now, though you may doubt it.

LOUNGING THROUGH KENSINGTON.

THE beauty and salubrity of Kensington, its combination—so to speak—of the elegancies of town and country, and the multitude of its associations with English courts, wits, and literature, have long rendered it such a favourite with the lovers of books, that the want of some account of it, not altogether alien to its character, has constantly surprised them. The place is not only free from everything repulsive to the consideration (unless it be one hidden spot, which the new improvements will do away), but attention is fairly invited throughout. The way to it is the pleasantest out of town: you may walk in high-road, or on grass, as you please; the fresh air salutes you from a healthy soil; and there is not a step of the way, from its commencement at Kensington Gore to its termination beyond Holland House, in which you are not greeted with the face of some pleasant memory.

Here, to mind's eyes conversant with local biography, stands a beauty, looking out of a window; there a wit, talking with other wits at a garden gate; there, a poet on the green sward, glad to get out of the London smoke, and find himself among trees. Here come De Veres of the times of old; Hollands and Davenants of the Stuart and Cromwell times; Evelyn peeping about him soberly, and Samuel Pepys in a bustle. Here advance Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, Sir Isaac Newton; Steele from visiting Addison, Walpole from visiting the Foxes, Johnson from a dinner with Elphinstone, Junius from a communication with Wilkes. Here, in his carriage, is King William the Third, going from the palace to open Parliament; Queen Anne, for the same purpose; George the First, George the Second (we shall have the pleasure of looking at all these personages a little more closely); and there, from out of Kensington Gardens, comes bursting, as if the whole recorded polite world were in flower all at once, all the fashion of the gayest times of those sovereigns, blooming with chintzes, full-blown with hoop-petticoats, towering with top-knots and toupees. Here comes Lady Mary, quizzing every body, and Lady Suffolk, looking discreet; there the lovely Bellendens and Lepells; there, Miss Howe, laughing with Nanty Lowther (who made her very grave afterwards); there, Chesterfield, Hanbury Williams, Lord Hervey, Miss Chudleigh, not overclothed; the Miss Gunnings, drawing crowds of admirers; and here is George Selwyn interchanging wit with my Lady Townshend, the Lady Bellaston (so at least it has been said) of Tom Jones.

Who is to know of all this company, and not be willing to meet it? To meet it therefore we propose, both out of doors and indoors, not omitting other persons who are worth half the rest, Mrs. Inchbald for one. Mrs. Inchbald shall close the last generation for us; and Coleridge shall bring us down to our own time.

Not that we propose to treat the subject chronologically, except in exhausting one point at a time. The general chronological point of view, though good to begin with in order to show the rise and growth of a place, would not suit inspection into particulars. It would only end in confusing both place and time, by jumping backwards and forwards from the same houses for the purpose of meeting contemporary demands. The best way of proceeding, after taking the general survey, is to set out from some particular spot, on the ordinary principle of perambulation; and so attend to each house or set of premises by itself, as far as we are acquainted with it.

Our perambulation, however, must not be parochial. Parish geography is a singular confounder of all received ideas of limitation. Ely Place, Holborn, is in the county of Cambridge: there are portions of other shires, which are in other shires; and, parochially considered, Kensington is not only more than Kensington in some places, but it is not Kensington itself in others. In Kensington parish, for instance, are included Earl's Court, Little Chelsea, Old and New Brompton, Kensal Green, and even some of the houses in Sloane Street; while, on the other hand, Kensington Palace and Kensington Gardens are not in Kensington, but in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Taking leave, therefore, of the wandering imaginations of parish-officers, and confining ourselves to the received idea of Kensington, which is the same as that of the Post Office or Red Book, we shall consider the locality as circumscribed by Knightsbridge, Earl's Court, Hammersmith, Notting Hill, and Bayswater; and since Kensington is more visited from the London side than any other, with the London side we shall begin.

But first, for the brief survey before mentioned, and a word or two respecting the name of the place.

The meaning of the word Kensington is disputed. It is commonly derived from the Saxon *Kyning's-tun*—King's-town; though as it is written *Chenesitun* in Doomsday Book, and in other old records, it has been thought traceable to some landed proprietor of the

name of Chenesi—a family so called having been found living in Somersetshire, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Another ancient authority writes the word *Chensnetun*. Temptations to etymology are great; and as the Chenesi family was probably the same as the modern Cheynès or Cheyneys, and Cheyne comes from the old French word *chesne* (oak), and *Chensnet* might have been *chesne*-nut or chestnut (oak and chestnut—*chastain*—having possibly the same root in French, and their timber, of which London was built, possessing a good deal in common), Saxon and Norman antiquaries might be led into much pleasant dispute as to the regal or woodland origin of the word Kensington—whether the oak and chestnut trees, which still have representatives in the district, were the occasion of the name, or whether some Saxon prince—Alfred, for instance, who was the rebuilder of London—going some fine morning to look at his woodcutters, and considering how good the soil was, and how fresh the western wind upon his brow, chose to set up a summer-lodge there, in which to recreate his profound thoughts, and benefit the health which he was ruining for his country.

Whatever was the origin of its name, there is no doubt that the first inhabited spot of Kensington was an enclosure from the great Middlesex forest that once occupied this side of London, and which extended northwards as far as Barnet. The woody nature of a portion of the district is implied in a passage in Doomsday Book; and records exist which show that forest-trees were abundant in it as late as the time of Henry the Eighth. The overflowings of the Thames, to which Chelsea and Hammersmith were then subject, stopped short of the higher ground of Kensington; there was no great road through it till comparatively modern times, the only highway for travellers westward being the old Roman or present Uxbridge road, then bending southerly (as it still branches) to Turnham Green; and thus we are to picture to ourselves the future royal suburb as consisting of half-a-dozen rustical tenements of swineherds and other foresters, clustering about the homestead of the chieftain, or speculator, whoever he was, that first cleared away a spot in that corner. By degrees dairymen come, and ploughmen; then vine-growers; and the first Norman proprietor we hear of is a bishop—

"Albericus de Ver tenet de episcopo Constantiensi Chenesit(um)."

Aubrey de Vere holds Kensington of the Bishop of Constance.

So writes Doomsday Book. Constance is Coutances in Normandy; and the bishop, who was probably anything but a reverend personage in the modern sense of the epithet, but a stalwart, jolly fellow, clad in arms *cap-à-pie*, was also Grand Justiciary of England—that is to say, one whose business it was to *do injustice* to Englishmen, and see their goods and chattels delivered over to his countrymen, the Normans. Accordingly, to set a good legal example, the Justiciary seizes upon this manor of Kensington, which belonged, it seems, to one "Edward," a name which signifies Happy Keeper. So, Happy Keeper, (unless detained to keep the pigs), makes the best of his way off, blessing this delightful bishop and judge, whose office it is to oust proprietors; and he is perhaps stripped and murdered, somewhere about Notting Hill, by his Lordship's chaplain.*

The De Veres, however, who afterwards gave twenty Earls of Oxford to the English peerage, were not long in becoming absolute possessors of the manor of Kensington; and they held it, directly or indirectly, from the time of the Conqueror nearly up to that of James the First. It is doubted, nevertheless, whether they ever resided there; though there was a mansion belonging to them, which occupied a site near the present Holland House, and which is still represented by a kind of remnant of a successor. We shall have more to say of the family by and by.

But whatever was the importance of the district as the possession of a race of nobles, it obtains no distinct or certain image in the mind of the topographer, till Holland House itself makes its appearance; which was not till the reign of James the First, when it was built by Sir Walter Cope, who had purchased the estate towards the close of the reign preceding. A succession of noble and other residents, of whom we shall have to speak, and who have rendered it one of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of London, soon brought shops and houses about it; Campden House, the seat of Lord Campden, arose not long after Holland House; the healthiness and fashion of the place attracted other families of distinction; and its importance was completed when King William bought the house and grounds of the Finch family (Earls of Nottingham), and converted the house into a palace, and the grounds into royal gardens. Holland House, Campden House, Kensington House, the Square, the Palace, and the Gardens, are the six oldest objects of interest in Kensington; and lively and abundant are the memorials they have left us.

But newer creations possess their interest also, up to the latest period; and it may be said, without the usual hazards attending prefatory commendation, that in comparison with "Kingly Kensington," as Swift called it, every other suburb of London, however interesting in its degree, is but as the strip of garden before one of its houses, compared with Kensington Gardens themselves during the height of their season.

We begin our perambulation, as proposed, on the side next the metropolis; we should

* For the crimes and iniquities of the military churchmen who came over with William of Normandy, see Thierry's History of the Conquest—*passim*.

rather say, next Piccadilly; for the metropolis, alas! and Kensington, are now joined; though from Knightsbridge to the Palace the houses still occupy only one side of the way.

It is a very pleasant way, especially if you come through the Park. When we quit Piccadilly for Hyde Park Corner, we, for our parts, always fancy that the air, somehow, feels not only fresher, but whiter; and this feeling increases, as we find the turf under our feet and the fresh air in one's face. The road-way through Knightsbridge, with its rows of houses on one side, and its barracks on the other, is not so agreeable; though by way of compensation, you have the chance of having your eyes refreshed with a dignified serjeant of dragoons, too fat for his sash, and a tall private, walking with a little woman.

The long, and again unoccupied side of the road, in the Park, reaching from the Knightsbridge barracks to within a short distance of the Gardens, lately presented to the eyes of the world a spectacle singularly illustrative of the advanced character of the age, and such, we believe, as no attempts to bring back a worse spirit in Europe will deprive of its good effects, however threatening those attempts may appear. When it was determined that the structure in which the Great Exhibition was held should re-appear in another quarter, and this too with those improvements in point of size and treatment which the designer himself had longed for power to effect, we felt glad to have the old trees and (the hope of the old) turf back again, undisturbed, and rejoiced in a result, upon which, in fact, all parties were to be congratulated. We began to own, that there certainly had been a dust and a kick-up about the once quiet approach to Kensington —a turmoil of crowds, and omnibuses, and cabs, of hot faces and loud voices, of stalls, dogs, penny trumpets, policemen, and extempore public-houses—which for the sake of the many themselves one could hardly have wished to see continued, lest they also should ultimately have missed their portion in the tranquil pleasures of the few. Multitudes became somewhat too multitudinous. European brotherhood itself, now and then, felt its toes trodden upon a little too sharply. The most generous emulations, if they want elbow-room, are in danger of relapsing into antagonisms. A juvenile wit in the shape of a pot-boy, who appears to have possessed a profound natural insight into this tendency of the meeting of extremes, cried out one day to a couple of foreigners who were showing symptoms of a set-to, "Go it, All Nations!"

The road from Knightsbridge to Kensington, which the Great Exhibition looked on, is called the Gore—a word, which, with the surveyor as well as the sempstress, appears to mean a slip or graft of something in addition, and of the shape of a blunted cone; though the elegance to which the spot has attained must not let us forget, that the same word has been employed in the sense of mud and dirt, and that the road in this quarter used to be in very bad condition. Lord Hervey, writing towards the middle of the last century, describes it as shocking. And the royal roads through the Park were little better.

"The removing from Kensington to Saint James's for the purpose of facilitating the Queen's intercourse with Ministers, seems in our days" (observes the editor of his Lordship's Memoirs) "very singular; but the following extract from a letter to his mother, dated twenty-seventh of November, seventeen hundred and thirty-six, will explain it:—

"'The road between this place (Kensington) and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two roads through the park; but the new one is so convex, and the old one so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common one of being, like the high road, impassable.'" Vol. II., p. 189.

Kensington Gore commences opposite Prince's Gate with the mansion called Ennismore, or Listowel House, formerly Kingston House. It is now the residence of the nobleman who possesses those two first titles; was lately that of the Marquis Wellesley; and was built by the once notorious Duchess of Kingston, famous in the annals of bigamy.

The Duchess of Kingston—the Miss Chudleigh of whom we have had a glimpse by anticipation in Kensington Gardens—was an adventuress, who, after playing tricks with a parish register for the purpose of alternately falsifying and substantiating a real marriage, according as the prospects of her husband varied, imposed herself on a duke for a spinster, and survived him as his duchess till unmasked by a court of law. She was a well-born and handsome, but coarse-minded woman, qualified to impose on none but very young and very shallow admirers. Her first husband, who became Earl of Bristol, was at the time of his marriage a young seaman, just out of his teens; and the duke, her second husband, though he was nephew of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, appears never to have outgrown the teens of his understanding. Hating prolixity and mock-modesty, her ladyship's maxim, we are told, was to be "short, clear, and surprising;" so she concentrated her rhetoric into swearing, and dressed in a style next to not dressing at all. The wealth, however, which was bequeathed her by the duke, enabled her, in spite of the loss of his title in England, to go and flare as duchess abroad, where her jewels

made her the friend of sovereigns. And the Pope figured in her will.

Marquis Wellesley redeems Kingston House from the disgrace of its origin; for he was a highly refined personage. Some thought him too refined; and stories were told of the care which he took of his complexion. Fastidious he certainly was; fond of pomp and show, when he governed India; and a little too superfine perhaps in his tastes always. There was a curious difference in these, as well as in some other respects, between him and his brother, the great soldier. But we must not lightly believe stories to the disparagement of those who mingle infirmities with great qualities. What is certain of the Marquis Wellesley is, that with all his aristocratic drawbacks, he was a man of gentle and kindly manners in private; very generous; an energetic, judicious, and upon the whole singularly liberal statesman for an extender of empire; and that the passion in him which survived all others, was a love of the classical studies of his boyhood. This was so strong, that he directed himself to be buried at Eton College, where he had been brought up; a triumphant testimony surely to the natural goodness of his heart. It is affecting to our common humanity to see one of the most public of statesmen, and one of the most sequestered of poets (Gray, in his Ode) thus meeting on the same good old ground of boyish reminiscence.

> Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
> Ah fields belov'd in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd
> A stranger yet to pain!

Not in vain, however, if their influence thus accompanies us through life, and greets our approaches to the grave.

A curious local pre-eminence attends Kingston House, little suspected by those who pass it. It stands on the highest ground between London and Windsor Castle.

Next to this mansion is a row of new houses, each too high for its width, called Prince's Gate. They resemble a set of tall thin gentlemen, squeezing together to look at something over the way.

The old wall, containing their neighbour Park House, indicates the northern boundary of the once famous Kensington or Brompton Park Nursery, which figures in the pages of the Spectator as the establishment of Messieurs London and Wise, the most celebrated gardeners of their time. It commenced in the reign of Charles the Second; furnished all England with plants; and is only now giving up its last green ghost before the rise of new buildings.

We have said that Kensington Gore, in Red Books and Directories, is understood to begin at Kingston (or Ennismore) House. And such is the case. But, as the only rows of houses, till of late years—that is to say, of houses in actual conjunction—were that which you pass just before reaching the Cabinet Exhibition, and another lower down the road, the former of these rows is still inscribed Kensington Gore, and is the spot emphatically so called. It is, also, to distinguish it from the other, sometimes called the Upper Gore. We notice it the more particularly, because it is remarkable, among other respects, for its style of building. It consists but of five houses, four of which are faced with white stucco, all of them very small, and numbers two and three apparently consisting but of one room—a drawing-room—with six windows. Yet they have an air of elegance, and even of distinction. They look as if they had been intended for the outhouses, or lodge, of some great mansion which was never built; and, as if, upon the failure of that project, they had been divided into apartments for retainers of the Court. You might imagine that a supernumerary set of Maids of Honour had lived there (if Maids of Honour could live alone); or that five younger brothers of Lords of the Bedchamber had been the occupants—all being bachelors, and expecting places in reversion. The two houses, which seem to be nothing but one drawing-room, possess, however, parlours and second stories at the back, and have good gardens; so that what with their flowers behind them, the park in front, and their own neatness and elegance, the miniature aristocracy of their appearance is not ill borne out.

In the year eighteen hundred and sixteen, Mrs. Inchbald (of whom more hereafter) knocked at the door of one of these houses in hopes of getting the apartments that were to let; but the lodging-house lady was so fine a personage, and so very unaccommodating, besides reserving all the prospect for herself, and charging a round sum for the rooms which had no prospect, that the authoress of the Simple Story indignantly walked off. She says that the furniture was crazy; that she would not have accepted the first floor had it been offered to her for nothing; and that one of her big trunks would have taken up half the bedroom.

Since that day there is reason to believe that the furniture has much improved; for besides the air of taste which is diffused over all the little stuccoed houses, they have boasted divers inhabitants of worship; and at number five lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is publicly synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplishment, and who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted, as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled.

Number two, in this row, now called Hamilton Lodge, was the occasional residence of the once famous demagogue, Wilkes—a man as much over-estimated perhaps by his admirers for a patriotism which was never thoroughly disinterested, as he

was depreciated for a libertinism by no means unaccompanied with good qualities. "Jack Wilkes," as he was familiarly called—Member of Parliament, Alderman, fine gentleman, scholar, coarse wit, and middling writer—was certainly an impudent dog, in more senses than that of Jack Absolute in the play. Excess of animal spirits, and the want of any depth of perception into some of the gravest questions, led him into outrages against decorum, that were justly denounced by all but the hypocritical. Nevertheless the country is indebted to him for more than one benefit, particularly the freedom from arbitrary arrest; and the two daughters that Jack left behind him, illegitimate as well as legitimate, were models of well-educated, estimable women, as fond of their father as he had shown himself fond of them. The popularity to which he had attained at one time was immense. "Wilkes and Liberty" was the motto of the universal English nation. It was on every wall; sometimes on every door, and on every coach (to enable it to get along); it stamped the butter-pats, the biscuits, the gingerbread; in short, had so identified one word with the other, that a wit, writing to somebody, began his letter with, "Sir, I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you—"

Wilkes prospered so well by his patriotism that he maintained three establishments at a time; one in the Isle of Wight for the summer; another in Grosvenor Square, where his daughter Mary kept house for him; and the third at this place in Kensington Gore, where his second daughter, Harriet, lived with her mother, a Mrs. Arnold, who assisted in training her with a propriety that must have been thought remarkable. The first daughter, who was as plain and as lively as her father, died unmarried, universally lamented. The other, a very agreeable lady in face as well as in manners, we had the pleasure of seeing once in company with her husband, the late estimable Serjeant Rough, who became a judge in India, and who deplored her loss.

A Kensington memorandum by Wilkes will show what high visitors he had, and how well he could entertain them:—

"Mr. Swinburne dined with us last Sunday, with Monsieur Barthelemi, and the Counts Woronzow and Nesselrode. I gave them the chicken turtle dressed at the London Tavern, a haunch of venison, and was served by James and Samuel from Prince's Court, who behave very well. The day passed very cheerfully, and they all expressed themselves highly delighted."

Wilkes, who lived to a good age, owing probably to his love of exercise, was in the habit, to the last, of walking from Kensington to the City, deaf to the solicitations of the hackney-coachmen, and not at all minding, or rather perhaps courting, the attention of everybody else to an appearance which must always have been remarkable. Personal defects deprecate or defy notice, according to the disposition of the individual. Wilkes was not disposed to deprecate anything. He was tall, meagre, and sallow, with an underhung, grinning, good-humoured jaw, and an obliquity of vision which, however objectionable in the eyes of opponents, occasioned the famous vindication from a partisan, that its possessor did not "squint more than a gentleman should." Upon the strength of his having been a Colonel of Militia, the venerable patriot daily attired his person in a suit of scarlet and buff, with a rosette in his cocked hat, and a pair of military boots; and the reader may fancy him thus coming towards Knightsbridge, ready to take off the hat in the highest style of good breeding to anybody that courted it, or to give the gentleman "satisfaction," if he was disrespectful to the squint. For Wilkes was as brave as he was light-hearted. He was an odd kind of English-Frenchman that had strayed into Farringdon-Ward-Without; and he ultimately mystified both King and people: for he was really of no party but that of pleasure and a fine coat. The best thing about him was his love of his daughters; just as the pleasantest thing in the French is their walking about with their families on the Boulevards, after all the turbulence and volatility of their insurrections.

But an interest attaches to this house of Wilkes's, far beyond these pleasant anomalies: for here Junius visited. At this door, knocking towards dinner-time, might be seen a tall good-looking gentleman of an imposing presence, who if anybody passing by had known who he was, and had chosen to go and tell it, might have been the making of the man's fortune. This was Philip Francis, afterwards one of the denouncers of Hastings, ultimately Sir Philip Francis, K.B., and now, since the publication of Mr. Taylor's book on the subject, understood to be that "mighty boar of the forest," as Burke called him, trampling down all before him, the author of Junius's Letters. Mrs. Rough said, that he dined at Kensington frequently, and that he once cut off a lock of her hair. She was then a child. She only knew him as Mr. Francis; but she had "an obscure imagination that her father once said she had met Junius." He might so, in after days; but we feel convinced that Wilkes did not know him for Junius at the time. He treats the latter in his correspondence with a reverence which was not compatible with "Wilkes and liberty." He took Junius, we suspect, to be Burke or Chatham, probably the latter. He once, it is true, when Lord Mayor, invited the Great Unknown to a ball, adding, in a truly French style of classical allusion (then the tone of the day) how happy he should be to see "his Portia (Miss Wilkes) dance a graceful minuet with Junius Brutus." But Junius Brutus saw the absurdity of the conjunction;

answering that he acknowledged the relation between "Cato and Portia," but in truth could see "no connection between Junius and a minuet." His "age and figure" too, he said, "would have done little credit to his partner." In a previous letter Wilkes had said, that he did not mean to indulge "the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times, the author of Junius. He would not attempt with profane hands to tear the veil of the sanctuary. He was disposed, with the inhabitants of Attica, to erect an altar to the unknown god of our political idolatry, and would be content to worship in clouds and darkness." Upon which not inelegant comparison, Junius, still keeping his state, though smiling with condescending pleasantry, observes, that he is "much flattered, as Mr. Wilkes politely intended he should be, with the worship he is pleased to pay to the unknown god. I find," he continues, "I am treated as other gods usually are by their votaries, with sacrifice and ceremony in abundance, and very little obedience. The profession of your faith is unexceptionable; but I am a modest deity, and should be as well satisfied with good works and morality." This is admirable, and full of matter; but it is not the style that would have occurred between John Wilkes, Esquire, Sheriff of London, possessor of three establishments, and Mr. Francis, at that time clerk in the War Office, and in the habit of dining at his table. We must add, that we take Lord Chatham, Burke, and Earl Temple to have been in the secret of Junius's Letters; that the two former objects of his admiration stimulated his manner; and that not improbably they occasionally furnished him with remarks. Nor would it have surprised us, (before Mr. Taylor published his book) had Temple turned out to be Junius, himself. But this is not the place for discussing the question.

We take the opportunity of giving a variation of the story which Mr. Taylor relates respecting the behaviour of Sir Philip at the table of George the Fourth; (he should rather have said the Prince Regent; for there was no George the Fourth till after the death of Francis.) "Sir Philip," says Mr. Taylor, "was impetuous, and somewhat abrupt in manner. He once interrupted George the Fourth at the royal table (and we are credibly informed that he frequently dined there) in the midst of a tedious story, with a 'Well, sir, well!'" Our version of this anecdote, without meaning to impugn Mr. Taylor's authority, which, not improbably, is the same as our own, differently reported, is, that Sir Philip, being excessively tired, not only with the story in question, but with others of the same sort which he was in the habit of hearing at the same table, interrupted the royal narration *with* the politer, but not less significant *words*, "Well, and the result, sir, if you *please?*" The result was, that he was never invited more; and our informant added, that as such a penalty was certain, it is not improbable that it was deliberately incurred.

GARDEN-GAMES.

We entreat our juvenile readers—to whom this article is especially addressed—not to criticise the name "garden-games," too severely.

It simply means that class of game at which nothing is won save good humour, and nothing lost save an idle hour or two—which equally avoids the excitement of cards, the fatigue of boyish sports, and the perpetual kissing of "forfeits"—the sort of thing young gentlemen of twelve would term girlish, and which older young gentlemen of eighteen would call "slow." But why go on classing, when an example is so much clearer than a definition, and when we see that our young readers will exactly know what we mean, when we say we mean such games as Puss in the Corner, and Oranges and Lemons—games which, not requiring the space of the field, and having too much movement for the drawing-room, (save at Christmas, when our drawing-rooms become playgrounds) are eminently fitted for the garden?

Old, reflective readers may perhaps be interested in observing how the ancient French chivalry and gallantry are manifest in the sports of the educated French children of the present day. Our younger readers may be pleased to know how their contemporaries amuse themselves on the other side of the channel, and may perhaps use the information we give to increase their own store of "garden-games."

We begin with the game of *La tour, prends garde.* Here, the Tower which plays the defensive part is represented by two young ladies who hold each other by the hand as tightly as possible; for the separation of the hands constitutes the demolition of the edifice. Another stately young person represents the Duke; who is blessed with a son and heir, and is surrounded by a body-guard, which may be large or small, according to the magnitude of the party. Nevertheless, however few the soldiers, there ought to be two officers, a captain and a colonel; and these begin the game by accosting the Tower thus:—

Tower, Tower, here we are,
Come to knock you down.

The Tower gallantly replies:

No, no, we'll take care
Not to be knock'd down.

The Colonel remarks,

Then I will complain
To the mighty Duke Bourbon.

A threat which the Tower almost echoes by shouting,

Well, you may complain
To the mighty Duke Bourbon.

The Captain and the Colonel then prostrate themselves on their knees before the Duke, and the following dialogue ensues:—

Cap. and Col. Oh, my Duke, oh, my Prince,
We have brought a sad complaint.

Duke. Colonel, pray—Captain, pray—
What the mischief do ye want?

Cap. and Col. Will you please a soldier grant
Just to knock the castle down?

Duke. Yes, a soldier I will grant,
Just to knock the castle down.

The Captain and the Colonel, with the addition of a single guardsman, return to the Tower. The same process of summoning and defying takes place, and the officers go back to the Duke, repeating their demands for assistance, until all the guards are one by one granted by the august potentate. The Duke's son is then sent to make the attempt, the verses being slightly modified to suit the altered circumstances: and when this noble youth has failed like the rest, the Duke is requested to head the attack in person.

Cap. and Col. Will your Highness come yourself
Just to knock the castle down.

Duke. Willingly I'll go myself,
And I'll knock the castle down.

The attack now begins in good earnest, the invading party doing all they can to separate the hands of the Tower. Promotion from the ranks is the system in this game, as well as in the real French army; and the soldier who succeeds in breaking the tower is proclaimed Duke in place of his less efficient leader; so that if the great Bourbon would keep his place, he must show his qualification for it by superior strength or dexterity.

If this strange little game looks like an episode from some chivalric romance, very inartificially dramatized, another game, called *La Marguerite*, in which a lady in a castle is the principal personage, smacks still more of the days of Amadis and of Palmerin. The young lady who represents the fair Marguerite kneels down in the midst of several others. These young ladies, raising her frock over her head, thus form the castle in which she resides.—To this castle another child, representing the gallant cavalier, advances, singing:

Oh, where is Marguerite?
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
Oh, where is Marguerite?
Here comes the cavalier.

The group replies:

She's in her castle strong,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
She's in her castle strong,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Cav. But can she not be seen?
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
But can she not be seen,
By me, the cavalier?

Group. The walls are far too high,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
The walls are far too high,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Then the cavalier removes one of the surrounding young ladies, who, as the following dialogue informs us, is considered a stone of the edifice:

Group. One stone is not enough,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
One stone is not enough,
Thou gallant cavalier.

Cav. Then I will pull down two,
Oh gay, oh gay, oh gay—
Then I will pull down two,
Yes, I the cavalier.

And he does pull down two, and three, and four, varying his verse on each occasion, until at last only one stone is left, and she (the stone) holds the gown tight over the head of Marguerite, who now somewhat resembles a pudding in a bag.

Accurate symbol of life! As the ladies diminish, the poetry of the game diminishes also. The cavalier no longer singing, but, speaking in vulgar prose, asks the remaining stone:—

"What have you got there?" and receives the unromantic answer:

"A bundle of linen for the laundry."

"Then," says the cavalier, "I'll fetch my little knife and cut it."

The girl now lets go the frock, and Marguerite, being thus discovered, instantly takes flight, pursued by the rest of the party.

There is a meagre prose in the lame and impotent conclusion of this game; which, coming as it does after so stately a beginning, almost inspires a feeling of melancholy. It is like the chirp of a young poetical soul immured amidst the routine of a counting-house.

The following game, which goes by the name of *Promenons-nous dans les bois* (let us take a walk in the wood), has, if we mistake not, some kindred sport in England. One young lady of the party is the wolf, another is the deer, while all the rest constitute the deer's tail by a continuous holding of frocks. The wolf is concealed at first, and the deer, with her tail as chorus, saunters merrily about singing

Amidst the woods we'll roam about,
Until the frightful wolf comes out.

Then comes a bit of prose. "Wolf, wolf, are you there?" says the deer. The wolf answers, first, "No,"—afterwards, "Yes." They then again become poetical—

Wolf. I'm a wolf, and I will eat you.
Deer. I'm a deer, and will defeat you.

The rest of the game consists of the wolf's endeavour to snatch away the different joints of the tail, while the deer defends them by stretching out her arms, and repelling his advances.

In England the Mulberry tree, which is often a mulberry tree by name only, is the central point round which children successively imitate the various occupations of cobblers, tailors and sempstresses, winding up each imitation with a sudden dance and a shout of "Here we go round the mulberry tree!" &c. The French have precisely the same game, with the peculiarity that the supposed scene of action is the Bridge of Avignon. The song runs thus:

On the bridge of Avignon
All the world will dance away;
On the bridge of Avignon
All will dance about.

This is the way the dandies go,
On the bridge of Avignon;
All the world will dance away, &c.
This is the way the friars go, &c.

This last imitation shows that the young ladies of France carry their sarcasm into higher places than the sportive worshippers of the English mulberry tree.

As far as the poetical merits of the pastimes are concerned, the prettiest of all these young lady-like games is *Les Fleurs de Mai*, (the Flowers of May) for which some agreeable stanzas have been written by M. Edouard Neven. The person who sings them may represent a male or a female gardener—*jardinier* or *jardinière*—while all the rest of the party are supposed to be an assemblage of flowers, each of whom is to join the dancing circle as soon as his or her name is called. The only singer is the gardener him (or her) self, and the letters G or L, here affixed to each stanza, are put for the purpose of denoting whether the flower invited is a gentleman or a lady:—

Flowers of the season, come along all,
Quick, quick, attend to my call.

To L. Join the dance, my pretty Rose,
Not a sweeter beauty blows;
Proudly you should hold your head,
Fairest jewel of our bed.

To G. Here, my Lily of the Valley,
Stand no longer shilly-shally,
Give the Rose your finest bow.
You, my Rose, should curtsey now.

To L. Flower, you shrink from human sight,
Yet your odour gives delight,
Come, my gentle Violet, come,
Glad our fields with your perfume.

To G. So, you're there, my Poppy fine,
Special favourite of mine;
When you hear the cuckoo sing
Bring us news about the spring.

To L. You, who like a sovereign reign,
Let me not invite in vain;
Quickly say—a little faster,
What you think, Queen China-aster.

To G. You, too, Monsieur Dahlia, pray,
With your festal suit so gay,
Come and join our floral fête;
Never do we close our gate.

To L. Heart's-ease, here's a place for you,
Since you teach the maxim true,
Which descended from above,
Neighbours as ourselves to love.

To G. Ah! my small prince, Jessamine,
Who was early taught to twine;
You will be a comrade meet,
Hither bring your odour sweet.

To L. You, whom all the world admires,
Whom a corset black attires,
Tulip, join the floral throng,
Who for you have waited long.

To G. Then as for you, good Master Pink,
My nosegay you will make, I think;
Among the rest your place secure,
'Twill not be difficult, I'm sure.

Flowers of the season, come along all,
Quick, quick, attend to my call.

So far there is no great difficulty in the game, since each flower is leisurely called and can leisurely obey.

But when the following verse, which takes in the names of all, is sung, and every flower is expected to leave the round and join the gardener under pain of a fine as soon as his own name has been pronounced, there is ample work for sharp memories and nimble heels:—

Hasten, lovely Rose, to me,
Quick, my Lily, you must be;
Now, my gentle Violet—
Poppy, would you linger yet?
China-aster, pray make haste;
Dahlia, precious time you waste;
Heart's-ease, you're asleep, I think!
Hither, Jasmine, Tulip, Pink.
Flowers, come hasten, hasten all,
Be obedient to my call.

There is nothing very exciting, or perhaps very ingenious, in these games. But cannot you imagine that the groups formed by the

players would look very pretty on a grass-plot, on a summer evening, with a gay back-ground of flowery parterres?

PRIVATE BRIDOON.

It still wanted ten days of the actual formation of the camp at Chobham, when I proceeded, one merry day in June, to Chertsey by railway, very much after the manner set forth in a previous number of Household Words.* In the road outside the station-yard a jovial-looking, fair-haired, red-faced, farmer-like sort of man had drawn up his cart on his return to Chobham from Chertsey market, to invite wayfarers to be conveyed in his wooden conveyance to the Camp, for the small charge of three shillings. His offer had been refused by more than one person when I accosted him; and, after a very brief parley, I found myself tilting along the shady road and conversing amicably with my companion. He was a gentleman whose information did not extend far beyond the boundaries of his own parish; neither was he gifted with much imagination. Moreover, the faculty of eloquence appeared to have been denied him; but still he had something to say, and he said it. He had heard tell of the former camp "in the old king's time." He did not remember it, I supposed? "Lord bless you, no, 't happened afore I was born; I'm only five-and-forty, but my mother remembers it—she does. She went to see it once when my father and her was courting." Once! The great era of this old lady's life. "Why, she saw George the Third, and Queen Charlotte, and all the princesses, and a heap of lords and ladies come over from Windsor by nine o'clock in the morning; when the general, whose name she couldn't remember, but he was Duke of Something, rode on a white horse and had two running footmen, dressed in white, who carried his messages to every body about him. She would have been trampled to death, she would, only her young man (my friend's father 'as was') got her out of the crowd of men and horses, and took her safe back to Chobham. O! she remembers a deal more, as I've heerd her tell on, but I don't mind it now; 'cause you see," he threw in by way of apology for the brevity of his memory, "'t warn't no business of mine, you know."

But there was something that *was* his business. He was a copyholder, and, "like a many more in Chobham," had right of common, and what he wanted to know was, "what they (the Chobhamites) was to get in the way of compensation or something?" for the exact nature of his claim was not quite clear to him. "However," he philosophically observed, "the Court would soon settle that, and then he should have his rights, he supposed, whatever they was!" The jurisdiction to which he referred was simply the Court Baron at Chobham; which, in his estimation, appeared to rank with the celebrated Vehm-Gericht, whose mystic proceedings were held beneath the shade of the oak and lime-tree. Whatever opinion he held on this point, he did not attempt to enforce it by antiquarian illustration. Had he done so he might have plunged into a dissertation as entertaining as that of the county historian, who tells us that Chobham was originally written Cebeham, and belonged to the Abbey of Ceortseye, originally called the Isle of Cirotis, although, continues the candid narrator, "who Cirotis was is wholly unknown;" and that "a composition, called Mead Silver, was paid for many meadows in the parish, in lieu of tythe-pay, bearing one penny per acre," a payment "said to have been originally settled in consideration of the inhabitants feeding the Abbot's deer." Good old times those, when the perquisites of vert and venison were vested in the church! And yet the Abbot's successors—notwithstanding Mr. Horsman and the Ecclesiastical Endowments Commission—do not altogether, even at the present day, clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and forswear the haunch and the flagon. It was the monks who planted the vineyards of which England once could show a great many: one of these, placed on the top of St. Ann's Hill, half-a-mile out of Chertsey—was a cultivated, though not a wine-producing, "vinegarden, in the memory," says the historian, "of a gentleman now living" (one thousand eight hundred and four). Perchance, too, it was they who gave the name of Gracious Pond to a large pool or lake on the heath close by Chobham, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and covering an extent of sixty acres; they might have countenanced the belief, that by the miraculous interposition of Our Ladye of Godley—as the Abbey of Chertsey was also called—the springs in that district rarely freeze. But it must have been the superstition of the peasants, not theirs, which imagined, as old Aubrey narrates, that "on the top of the north side of the hill (St. Ann's), was a huge stone or conglobation of gravel and sand, which could not be moved, and under it lay great treasure," for the monks would scarcely have left the matter in doubt, or the stone undisturbed.

Instead of talking about the past, my charioteer discussed the present, dropping his sentences now and then, as if he felt their full value. He had a good word to say of most of the landed proprietors beside whose grounds we drove, but he was almost eloquent in favour of one, a gentleman (he named him) from London, formerly a sugar-baker or confectioner who came down into those parts about five-and-twenty years ago, and bought up "ever such a breadth of the old heath."

"Where you see them plantations," he continued, pointing to fine clumps and double-

* See Vol. vi. page 460.

lined hedgerows of fir and silver beech, "was nothing then but waste land; no road that you could call a road, not a house within two miles, nor nothing that you would care to look at. Now, you see, there's a church and a parish school where the labourers' children get edwicated, and a parsonage house, and a post-office—and everything comfortable all about. Ah! he's done a deal of good, he has. He lives down here altogether now and makes plenty of work for them that wants it.

At this point, when his communications were waxing more circumstantial, my companion suddenly checked himself; an obnoxious thought had intruded and froze the genial current of his soul. He turned round and abruptly said:

"I don't know who you may be, sir; but I haven't got no license for taking passengers in my cart."

Did I look like an informer? I put my looks to the test.

"What's your name?" I asked, pulling out my pocket-book, and moistening the tip of the pencil.

"Dipple," he answered with a forced, hysterical mock-merry bravado.

"Christian name?"

"John."

"John Dipple, of Chobham?" I repeated slowly, "not licensed to—"

"I say, master," he interrupted, getting very red—that is to say, much redder—in the face, "you don't mean to——." He could not bring the words out; but fixed his blue eyes on me and stared with all his might.

I laughed; and it then dawned upon Mr. Dipple's mind that I had been joking with him; but I still further relieved his anxiety, by confessing to a by-gone occupation, which furnished me with something like a reason for the errand I was now upon.

"And so, sir, you've been in the army," observed Dipple; "and in foreign parts, I dare say?"

I confessed to certain colonies, naming North America.

"Now, sir," said he—after having digested the question he meditated for full five minutes—"you can tell me whether they have any laws out there—I mean protected by 'em, as we are?"

John Dipple! John Dipple! The parish school which we have just passed was certainly not built when you were a boy. I strove to make it clear to him that the laws of England were of equal application in the colonies as at home—a fact which seemed to give him some trouble to comprehend; chiefly, I suppose, in relation to distance, or, it might be, colour—the popular notion at Chobham probably being that the American colonists are blacks.

With a few more brilliant queries on his part and satisfactory answers on mine, the remainder of the discourse was beguiled. Mr. Dipple deposited me on the common, and then turned his horse's head towards Chertsey, in the expectation—with no further dread of the excise—of picking up one or two more pedestrians bound on the same errand as myself.

The aspect of the heath, on the fourth of June was very different from what it has since become. Then there were only two or three hundred men—a few companies of Sappers and Miners, and drafts from two other regiments to furnish fatigue-parties. A civilian could have made nothing of the ground; the only signs of the forthcoming encampment being the half-formed cavalry stables to the right and left of the line, three or four wells dotted here and there, and the tents of the troops I have named, with a few hangers on, such as no camp can be without, let the regulations say what they please. But there were other evidences of something toward, in the waggons that leisurely toiled along the sandy road, laden with stable-roofing, pickets for the horses, and other necessary etcætera. The drivers of these waggons, when they took their receipts to be signed, invariably addressed the sergeant on duty as "general," a rank which it was not in military nature to repudiate; besides, it made the teamster a happy man for the rest of the day.

I traversed the ground in every direction, but as what further befel me on my first visit had little relation to the Camp as it now is, I pass over the pleasant remainder of the day, with the agreeable walk back to Chertsey by a different road through some of the prettiest lanes in England, and merely bestow a word of grateful acknowledgment on the cheap and excellent accommodation which the Old Swan affords. I may, however, observe, parenthetically, that this accommodation has its limits; for on an after-day, the eve of the Queen's first visit to the Camp, the demand for roadsters so far exceeded the supply that the aged ostler observed to me in accents of reproach: "Blest if I don't think that people fancies post-orses grows on happle-trees!"

A second expedition in July, performed by the road, showed me the Camp in full array. There is no necessity, perhaps, for beginning our inspection with the *reveillé*, nor for continuing it until *tattoo*. We will, therefore, imagine the first trumpet-call that has sent the cavalry to their stables, to the tune of "Nancy Haly," and the rouse and turn-out of the bugles breaking with less feminine pleading, the slumbers of the infantry, and mustering them for private parade in front of their respective companies' tents. Let us also imagine the morning parade over, the men dismissed, breakfast over, the guards mounted, and the various minor routine duties gone through which occupy all troops alike, whether in camp or in barracks. We will even suppose that there has been a heavy field-day the day before, and that the troops

are enjoying a day of rest: it will be more favourable for our purpose.

The Camp is of semicircular form, and covers an extent of ground, on the arc, of about two miles; the distance between the extreme points, in a straight line, being something more than a mile-and-a-quarter. The cavalry, facing the north, are on the right; the head-quarters, in front of which the Queen's tent is pitched, come next; the three infantry brigades, stretching nearly east and west, follow. In advance of the latter, but to the left of them, are the artillery; and the rifle brigade, in advance of these again, occupy the extreme left.

As the majority of visitors reach the ground at a spot called Long Cross, immediately in the rear of Magnet Hill, where the flag-staff is planted, the easiest way of seeing as much as can be seen is to enter the cavalry lines; and, having threaded them up and down, to complete the circuit of the infantry afterwards.

At a dip in the highway in front of the booths for public entertainment, is a path beside a turf wall which leads up to the Camp. This we follow, across a newly made causeway, over a swamp where the water has been dammed up to make a pool for various purposes. To this causeway a few Sappers and Miners are always giving a few finishing touches; for it forms part of the road which the Queen is obliged to traverse when she witnesses the evolutions; and, therefore, it cannot in their loyal opinion, be made secure or smart enough. Arrived at the summit of the first slope, a sentry challenges us, not for the ordinary parole or countersign, but for the "pass" from head-quarters or the Horse-Guards, without which the interior of the Camp is invisible. That shown, the stranger is free to go wherever he chooses.

We breathe freely now and begin to look about us. Having been taught by experience to walk at a proper distance from tent-pegs —which have a tendency to trip up unwary feet—we reach the cavalry quarters. A fluttering camp-colour informs us that we are in the midst of the Carabineers. Fine fellows, all of them. Jackets off, braces hanging loose, and shirt-sleeves tucked up to the elbows, they busy themselves with their own or their horses' accoutrements. There was heavy rain in the night, and many a bit, stirrup-iron, and steel scabbard must be freed from rust. But the burnished helmets are, thanks to the canvas bags in which they are kept, undimmed.

The men are very courteous, and desirous to explain all that a stranger wishes to know. Let Private Bridoon, of the B troop: a tall, handsome, young man, with a clear, blue eye, a fresh colour, and a long yellow moustache which does not conceal an engaging smile: be the exponent of his comrades.—Yes; there is plenty to do in Camp, off duty as well as on. More than the infantry? No doubt; look at the horses—they want as much tending as ourselves, and more too. We were badly off in stables at first—the horses were picketed (tethered is the civilian's word) too low, and some of them got staked. But there's one thing we can't altogether remedy; we can't keep out the wet. The canvas roof is too short for the framework [an universal complaint throughout the Camp], and the rain pours in as hard and as often as it likes. The canvas ought to have overlapped—it would be quite as pleasant to have the rain outside as in; however, we fill up the chinks as well as we can. Would you like to go through the stables? The horses are all quiet.

Private Bridoon leads the way. He has a general regard for the whole troop and a particular affection for the charger he calls his own. We observe that every horse is marked on the shoulder with the letter of the troop and its own number, and, on closer examination, discover that the marks are not branded, but clipped out with scissors, very neatly; the process, we are told, is repeated once a month. The interior economy of the stable is excellent. A careful watch is always kept for the prevention of accidents. The horses are well fed, well littered, and well groomed; and it is no wonder that we find them in such good condition. Private Bridoon is very well pleased with the compliment which, in his own person, he accepts for his troop, and having done the honours of his stable, volunteers the exhibition of his tent. It is a comfortable place, after all, though it does seem a little too small for the number that fill it; and how ten or a dozen men—the amount varies—contrive to stow themselves away within that small circumference, puzzles a civilian at first, as much as the apple-dumpling mystery puzzled George the Third. But when he has taken a careful survey of the interior, he finds that the thing is managed without difficulty. With their feet towards the centre, the men radiate with all the symmetry of the spokes of a wheel, and have plenty of room to turn on their straw beds; with space between for such garments as they cast aside during slumber, or require at a moment's notice when they wake. There is one thing in particular which excites the civilian's admiration, and that is the tent-pole. It is the dumb-waiter of the establishment, every pendable article hangs from it and every portable object is grouped around it: arms, accoutrements, mess-tins, haversacks, all a soldier's "havings." What confusion when the pole gives way! an event not infrequent when the midnight rain suddenly soaks the canvas, and when, unless the cords are quickly eased off, the apex of the tent is blown off, and the whole fabric falls—one universal ruin. Private Bridoon shows us his helmet, which, he says, is a great deal lighter than that which the regiment wore a few months back, when they themselves were

"heavy;" he speaks of it as if it were a mere feather-weight; and as to its being cumbrous —there—see how well it becomes him! The Carabineers have also had a new sword lately; it is a serviceable weapon, well poised, but the hilt is contracted; there are not a dozen men in the regiment whose hands are small enough to wield it with ease.

"And who," we ask the Private as we are about to take leave of him with thanks for his escort, "are those men in pink flannel so busy with spades and wheel-barrows? Do they belong to your regiment?" "Oh, yes," is the reply; "they are some of our officers. They are cutting trenches to drain off the wet from their tents." And we notice that they do their self-allotted task well and earnestly, without flinching. Fatigue-parties composed of rank and file usually satisfy the wants of officers in quarters; but, in Chobham Camp, the officers lay the men under no such contribution. When a party of officers can build their own mess-kitchen on the very day of their arrival in camp (as some of the Thirteenth Light Dragoon officers did), toiling in the mud like a party of beavers, they fairly earn the lobsters and chickens, the remains of which so plentifully bestrew the ground in this quarter of the Camp.

As we move along we find the same rough work everywhere as readily and cheerfully encountered. Good temper appears to be the universal set-off against hard labour and privation. The thing, on account of which the troops have been brought together, is to be done, and they do it. They take a pride, too, in their unusual occupations, and the *esprit de corps* is apparent throughout. In nothing more, for example, than in their impromptu kitchens. In one place a gigantic Life Guardsman, transformed into a cook, stands towering over a long file of flesh-pots, and proclaiming to all inquirers that the brick range over which he presides and which he and his comrades have constructed, is the best kitchen in the camp. As sedately satisfied is yonder Sapper that the skilfully built turf oven in which he is trying his first batch of meat-pies, can turn out pastry better than the best baker's oven. But more pertinaciously convinced than either is the careful Highlander, that his economical stove consumes barely half as much fuel as that of any of his neighbours. Some of the regiments of the line declare that there is nothing like the old circular peninsular kitchen, the chief advantage of which is the facility of its construction, and its chief defect unlimited exposure to the elements; and the riflemen, who have been well trained to out-door experience, contend that their under-ground establishment is unquestionably the best, as it certainly is the neatest, on Chobham Common. About one thing there can be no doubt, that in the article of provision for the women's comfort, the Riflemen take the shine out of the whole division. If you want a proof of this, go round the rear of the Camp, noting well the sheds and shielings in which the womankind of each regiment are housed, and you will see that Chobham Crescent—as the Gynecæum of the Rifles has been christened —at once establishes its claim to be considered the military Belgravia. It is built, as its name implies, in the form of a crescent, after a plan furnished by Captain Wilkinson. At a distance it has the air of a circular field-work; and, as you approach, you almost expect a shot from the loopholes with which the exterior wall is pierced. These harmless apertures are ventilators, so placed as to give an even current of air without creating draughts. The interior of each lodge is about six feet high, and each married couple have their own separate chamber and doorway, which admits the light as well as themselves. The sleeping-places are neatly curtained off, and exceeding snugness characterises the whole concern.

We have seen now how both "men" and women are accommodated; let us peep into one of the officers' tents. There is not very much to choose amongst them, although some perhaps are fitted up with a little less simplicity than others. To compress what is absolutely wanted into the smallest compass is of course the great secret. Under the shelter of a dog-cart, which—covered with damp cloaks and blankets—answers the purpose of a drying-ground on wheels, we remark a row of well polished boots, the handiwork of a tall soldier in a stable dress. The boots are not his; they belong to his "gentleman," Mr. Downy-beard of the Life Guards, who is absent to-day at Windsor. That's his tent opposite; the Guardsman will show it to us with pleasure. The bed and the toilette are the two principal articles. The first, contrived a double debt to pay, is one of those light, iron, long chairs, which make capital easy chairs by day, and pull out into excellent beds by night. The Guardsman runs it out and shuts it up again in a minute, without displacing a very pretty piece of needle-work, roses and lilies on a dark velvet ground, which somebody—we don't believe what we are told about Mr. Downybeard's sister—has sent for the gallant officer whereon to rest his wearied head. At present, this piece of furniture is a chair, but the materials for making a bed of it are being aired on the dog-cart outside, which is also the receptacle of the owner's helmet and cuirass. His sword, hanging from the tent-pole, is doing duty over the pretty piece of needle-work. The toilette table is somewhat elaborately furnished. Beside the usual complement of brushes, boot-hooks, and razors, we descry a bottle of Rowland's Kalydor, and another filled with "Bouquet de Chobham," the latest invention of Monsieur Somebody, of Regent Street, London, and the Rue St. Honoré, Paris. But the comfort and adornment of his person are not the only things that Mr. Downybeard has had in view.

The cultivation of the military mind has also been cared for. There is his library, ranged round—as well as it can go round—the all-absorbing tent-pole. The warlike Khâlif Omar, who hated books, could scarcely object to Mr. Downybeard's collection, for it consists of only two volumes—the Military Catechism, for severe study, and the Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp, for moments of literary recreation. A small pocket diary lies near the Kalydor; but that is sacred. The rest of the tent furniture is made up of a small lanthorn, a piece of carpet over an oil-cloth, an India-rubber "Victoria Regia" sponging-bath, a spider-legged bamboo-coloured wash-hand-stand, and a soda-water tumbler nearly a foot high.

Like the letter which La Fleur gave to Yorick, you have only to make one or two trifling substitutions, and the description of one interior will do for all the rest. The tents of officers of the line display perhaps less bouquet and more books; some are not lucky enough to recline on embroidered velvet; and others—these are mostly very young officers—solace themselves, if not their friends, with musical instruments.

With respect to external decoration, we observe that it is not generally considered. The Foot Guards are, however, an exception; they, accustomed to horticulture—at Chiswick and the Opera—indulge in gardens in front of their tents. As the space is limited to about the size of a hearth-rug, variety is the great desideratum, and this the Foot Guards have attained by stocking their flower-beds with scarlet geraniums and small fir-trees. We have been doubtful about gardening being a particularly successful experiment on Chobham Common, since we were told that when a shower of rain comes pelting down, the soil is instantaneously changed into black mud of the consistency of bird-lime, "just as if," said our military informant, "you had made a pulp of salad oil and charcoal tooth-powder."

A private soldier's day at Chobham, when no evolutions are to be performed, is nearly over when he has eaten his dinner: if his arms and accoutrements be in good order, and ready for immediate use, he may, within the limits of the Camp, enjoy his full swing of recreation. The commanding officers of regiments are no less solicitous for his amusement than his instruction, and every species of manly game is allowed and encouraged. During the afternoon and evening, those who are not anticipating a night surprise by laying in a good stock of sleep beforehand, may be seen playing at cricket, pitching quoits, putting the stone, and flying the garter, as carelessly as if it had never entered into their heads—and in all probability it never has—that at any given moment they may become food for powder. And who knows how soon? "Ah," said an officer of Rifles, who was our last guide on the ground, "I may yet smoke my pipe in Constantinople! But that," he added, with a sigh, "that is a dream!"

He thought he could promise, however, that, if ever the dream came to pass, the troops Lord Seaton has trained would be able to do something towards preserving the integrity of the Turkish Empire. And after what we have seen of them we think so too, but fervently hope that their intelligence, discipline, and courage, may never be put to the test.

WHIP AND SPUR.

Mr. Youatt tells us, that not only was the stirrup unknown to the Greeks and Romans, but that there is no evidence of its use earlier than the time of William the Conqueror. The Bayeux tapestry, worked at that period, contains a figure of a horse, among whose trappings are saddle, bridle, and stirrups; and it seems doubtful whether anything earlier, concerning the stirrup, is known. Among the equestrians of the Middle Ages, who fought with a spear or lance, many had either a projection or a loop of cord on the lance, about two feet from the butt end; this served at once for a firmer grasp of the weapon, and as a step by which the warrior could mount his horse; and, regarding stirrups as aids to mounting a horse, it is proved that their being done without did not arise from any manly superiority; for the horse was sometimes taught to bend his neck or his knees to ease the rider in mounting; sometimes a slave was at hand to assist his master. Some even made use of a short ladder; and it was part of the duty of the local magistracy, both in Greece and Rome, to provide convenient stepping-stones, or mounting blocks, at frequent intervals along the roads.

Stirrups have been the subject of the deepest investigations. Beckmann ferreted out all the little scraps which can be found in Hieronymus, Gruter, Lipsius, Pitiscus, Salmacius, Vossius, Polydore, Licetus, Montfauçon, Le Beau, and Berenger, illustrative of the manner in which the ancients mounted their horses, and maintained their seat when mounted. He found that no stirrups are observable in ancient coins, statues, or sculptures. That Hippocrates and Galen speak of a disease which in their time was occasioned by long and frequent riding with the legs hanging pendulous and unsupported. That Germanicus, the father of Caligula, availed himself of this very pendulosity by riding after dinner to strengthen his ancles.

The earliest form of spur was like some of those seen on the effigies in the Temple Church; a single-goad or sharp point. Such were the ancient spurs, and such those worn by the horse soldiers among the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans, and the Anglo-Normans. The shanks of the spurs were afterwards bent to suit the ancle. The rowelled spur is said by Sir Samuel Meyrick to have been invented in

the reign of Henry the Third. The dashing young knights of the feudal times had a great love for decorating their spurs with real or fictitious jewels. These, however, were holiday spurs, for tournaments, and not for the rough usage of war. Spurs of gold were occasionally talked about; and spurs garnished with diamonds. During the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Henry the Sixth, spurs with frightfully long spiked rowels were in fashion. They became longer and longer until they reached the length of eight inches. Henry the Eighth set the fashion of a closer rowel, one somewhat like a star, less penetrant and aggravating. During the tournaments in the reign of Elizabeth the spurs had frequently mottoes on the shanks. One such had "A true knight am I," on one side, and "Anger me and try," on the other. Ripon was a famous spur-making town in the sixteenth century.

There are some very odd usages respecting spurs. Five or six years ago a party of sappers and miners were engaged at Peterborough on the trigonometrical survey. An officer entered the Cathedral with his spurs on, and was immediately beset by the choristers, who demanded money of him for treading the sacred floor with armed heels. An inquiry was made of some of the dignitaries of the Cathedral: but they did not seem to be aware of any ground on which the claim could be made. Nevertheless, the boys insisted that they had right on their side. A query relating to this subject was some time afterwards inserted in Notes and Queries; and this elicited much curious information concerning what is called spur money. In the Memorials of John Ray occurs this passage, "July the twenty-sixth, sixteen hundred and sixty-one, we began our journey northwards from Cambridge; and that day, passing through Huntingdon and Stilton, we rode as far as Peterborough twenty-five miles. There I first heard the Cathedral service. The choristers made us pay money for coming into the choir with our spurs on." Mr. Markland says that, "In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to divine service occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by persons walking and transacting business in the Cathedrals, and especially in St. Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them called spur-money; the exaction of which was committed to the beadles and singing-boys." The late King of Hanover, when Duke of Cumberland, was once asked for spur-money in Westminster Abbey. He resisted the demand on the plea of possessing a right to wear spurs there, inasmuch as it was the place where they were put on him. One who has himself been a chorister and has tasted the sweets of spur-money, states that, after the claim was made, the person from whom it was sought to be exacted had the power to summon the youngest chorister before him, and request him to "repeat his gamut;" if he failed, the spur-bearer was entitled to exemption. The chorister confesses his ignorance of the origin of this curious supplementary custom; but Mr. Rimbault has since found an entry which throws light upon the matter. In the ancient Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal is an order or decree, made by the Dean of the Chapel Royal in sixteen hundred and twenty-two, to the effect "That if anie knight or other persone entituled to weare spurs enter the chappell in that guise, he shall pay to y^e^ quiristers the accustomed fine; but, if he command y^e^ youngest quirister to repeate his gamut, and he faile in y^e^ so doing, the said knight, or other, shall not pay y^e^ fine." This was no bad way of keeping the youngsters up to the mark in their musical practice, and was perhaps started with that very object. Mr. Rimbault states that the late Duke of Wellington once entered the Royal Chapel booted and spurred, and was called upon for the fine; but the shrewd old soldier, calling upon the youngest chorister to repeat his gamut, and the urchin failing, the impost was not persisted in. When spur-money was originally demanded does not seem to be known; but that it was a custom before fifteen hundred and ninety-eight is shown by a passage published in a book in that year:—"Wee think it very necessarye that every quirister sholde bringe with him to churche a Testament in Englishe, and turn to everie chapter as it is daily read, or som other good and godly prayer-booke, rather than spend their tyme in talk and hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole mindes, and do often abuse dyvers if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them." It is said that on the belfry wall of All Saints' Church at Hastings are written some verses, of which the following is one:—

> "If you ring in spur or hat,
> Sixpence you pay—be sure of that;
> And if a bell you overthrow,
> Pray pay a groat before you go."

The whip does not appear to be so knightly as the former. There is nothing about crusaders, and chevaliers, and tournaments, and queens of beauty, in connection with the idea of a whip. The whip, however, took part in several curious old customs. Drake mentions, in his Eboracum, that, in York, Saint Luke's day was known as Whip-dog-day, from the custom of boys going about the city and whipping every dog they could meet with. The tradition was, that a priest, once celebrating Mass in the Cathedral on Saint Luke's day, accidentally dropped the pix, which a dog suddenly snapped up and swallowed. This profanation occasioned the immediate death of that unlucky dog, and originated the practice of whipping the rest of his species in the town on that anniversary for centuries after. Nearly every association with whips is of a painful character. It recalls unpleasant

reminiscences of the nursery and the school-room, and of soldiers, and prisoners, of fanatical flagellants, and slaves. It is not always, however, an instrument of torture. A sport called Whipping-the-Cock is described by Grose as having been practised at fairs in Leicestershire. A cock was tied into a hat or basket, and half-a-dozen blindfolded players with carter's whips surrounded it; and, having turned round three times, commenced trying to whip it. Whoever struck so as to make the cock cry out won the game, and the cock became his property. The fun consisted in the blinded whippers constantly whipping one another. The game of Whip-top is very ancient; not only Persius, but Ovid, and Virgil, describe whipping-tops. The passage from the Seventh Book of the Æneid is thus picturesquely translated by Dryden:—

> As young striplings whip the top for sport,
> On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
> The wooden engine whirls and flies about,
> Admired with clamours of the beardless route;
> They lash aloud; each other they provoke;
> And lend their little souls at every stroke.

Poor Robin's Almanac for sixteen hundred and seventy-seven, sets down, in the Fanatick's Chronology, that it was then "eighteen hundred and four years since the invention of Town-tops." A large top was formerly provided in every village, that peasants, in frosty weather when farmers' work was slack, might be kept warm and out of mischief by playing at whip-top. The material for the whips was always dried eel-skins. In the Fifteen Comforts of Marriage we read—"Another tells 'em of a project he has to make town-tops spin without eel-skins, as if he bore malice to the school-boys."

Every sort of material has been used for keeping horses in subjection. One maker has produced riding-whips of black and white twisted whalebone. Another resolute person, nothing daunted by the thick hide of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, makes riding-whips of clarified rhinoceros hide, in various colours, together with green enamelled handles of hippopotamus-leather. There is much ingenuity and elegance in the mode in which strips of the ordinary material are disposed around a common centre; each leather giving strength to and receiving strength from the others. The nimble fingers of the whipster bend them over and under, and between, and around each other with a quickness that the sharpest eyes fail to follow. It is instructive to observe how, in a well-made whip, there is a steady gradation from rigidity to suppleness; we can scarcely tell where the handle ends or the whip begins, so gently do they blend into each other, and so neatly is the plaiting graduated from end to end.

The whip is the emblem of all charioteers, coachmen, cabmen, omnibus-men, waggon-men, cart-men, horse-drivers, donkey-drivers, pig-drivers, that ever have been or ever will be. In the ancient festivals of Bacchus and Cybele the whip was a distinguished performer; the priests made a kind of harmony with whip-cracks. The Cossacks handle their whips so cleverly that they can produce different musical tones from whips of different sizes; and Du Rozoir, a French writer, says that he has known a coachman in Normandy who can play an air by cracking his whip.

There must be something very pleasant in being whipped by proxy—all the sting taken out. Some of our early princes had a whipping-boy, to receive castigation as a substitute for the real delinquent. The father of a somewhat celebrated Countess of Dysart had been page and whipping-boy to Charles the First, in the boyish days of that Prince. There is an old play, published in 1632, in which a prince (supposed to be Edward the Sixth) holds a dialogue with his whipping-boy:—

"*Prince.* Why, how now, Browne; what's the matter?

"*Browne.* Your Grace loyters, and will not plye your booke, and your tutors have whipped me for it.

"*Prince.* Alas, poor Ned! I am sorrie for it. I'll take the more paines, and entreate my tutors for thee."

Perhaps Dr. Markham had some such proxy theory in his thoughts, when he asked George the Third how he would wish to have his pupils, the young princes, treated. The King promptly replied:—"If they deserve it, let them be flogged. Do as you used to do at Westminster." Whether flogging is good at Westminster, let the floggees decide; but it ought to be equally good at St. James's; and the King thus made a very sensible decision.

Hudibras tells us of a lady who whipped her own husband, because he had deserted the royal standard. In the good old times women were liberally whipped, not only by their own husbands, but by public functionaries. Thus the Corporation records of Worcester (and many others could make a similar display) tell us that male and female rogues were whipped at a charge of fourpence each for the whip's-man. In one entry there is a charge of fourpence for whipping a woman; and in another the charge is no less than half-a-crown; probably including the hire of the cart in which the lady was conveyed to the ceremony. As late as seventeen hundred and sixty-four, a woman was barbarously conveyed in a cart from Clerkenwell Bridewell to Enfield, and publicly whipped at the cart's tail by the common hangman, for cutting down wood in Enfield Chase. The record gives this further information; that she was to bear the infliction twice more, before the full measure of her punishment would be completed. One of the rummagers of old Corporation accounts has found an entry, in a town in Huntingdonshire, in which eight shillings and sixpence is

the charge for taking up a distracted woman, watching her, and whipping her next day; together with an extra two shillings to pay a nurse for the unfortunate creature. The constables of this town seem to have had a theory of their own about the sinfulness of being sick; for they paid eightpence "to Thomas Hawkins for whipping two people y^t had the small-pox." It was a cruel bit of satire to put down fourpence for whipping "Goody" Barry; either she was not goody, or it was not good to whip her. The constables of one redoubtable village paid fourpence "to a woman for whipping y^e said Ellen Shaw;" but, as if seized with a sudden mollification of temper, they expended threepence "for beare for her after she was whipped."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S LODGING.

"I am sorry, Monsieur Feelsone" (the Gallic form of my not uncommon English name), "that I cannot drive you to-morrow as usual, because I must go home to draw out my *billet de banque;* but if you can defer your journey till the day after to-morrow, which is Midsummer's Eve, I shall then be free for another three weeks, and we can start at whatever hour you fix."

"My friend," I replied, "if we do but reach the town of Moulins safely and pleasantly, it is all equal to me whether we depart a day or two sooner or later, or even next week, if you like it better. I shall have a few English bank-notes about me, and it seems you will keep me company with some French ones. I was already aware that you are a landed proprietor, but I did not know you had capital in the bank."

"Heaven defend me from such a folly!" answered Jules Lecoustre—a sly, whip-cracking French peasant of the neighbourhood, who had often served me as coachman, and whom many of his acquaintances reproached with stupidity, for no better reason than because he had the rare gift of holding his tongue. "I certainly have some small savings in my trunk, but the *billet de banque*, which I just now mentioned, is altogether a different thing. I am going to marry myself all of a sudden, at last; and I must therefore have my banns published by the Curé—which won't be of much use—and by the Maire which will. I want to go and speak to them both to-morrow. That's what we call the *billet de banque* in my country."

"Good; so be it then, Jules. We shall have plenty of time to get back for the wedding. Of course you will be a little impatient."

"Not I. You know, Monsieur, when one must, one must. Louise has been my sweetheart for more than eighteen months past. Though I should never have had any other wife, I own I marry myself now rather of a sudden."

That weighty, and yet seemingly indifferent point settled, we began to consider the road we should take as the best way of getting to Moulins. Most people would have preferred making a long roundabout, for reasons immediately to be stated; I decided on trying a short cut, believing that I knew more than I really did about the country we had to traverse.

What may be the comparative merit amongst themselves of the highways and byways of the south of France, I know not—or rather, I have forgotten, which comes to the same thing; but in the north, where the scene of my story is laid, the respective difference is incredible, and sometimes also unaccountable. A hitherto decent road sometimes becomes unexpectedly impracticable; or a Slough of Despond, without any warning of improvement, capriciously offers a firm and bearably smooth surface to your feet and wheels. The change of quality is quite as abrupt as if a cord, stretched from town to town, were here spun of silk, there of tow, next of iron wire, and further on of golden thread. However, this uncertainty about your ways only occurs on cross-country roads. On the national roads, the departmental roads, and the ways of *grande communication*, you roll along in ease and safety; no turnpikes to pay, not a pebble out of its place, but every difficulty instantaneously smoothed by a set of men who are constantly employed, and whose hats are faced with a thin plate of brass, on which are cut the capital letters that spell their office, CANTONNIER. All these first-class roads are down in your map; and, if it is on a large scale, so are the cross-roads, likewise. But no map can give an idea of their quality. Some are merely a deep scratch in the earth, as if a giant had dragged a heavy weight along it in wet weather; others are the beds of watercourses, which happen for the time to be empty, and where you never feel sure, if a shower comes on, that five minutes hence you may not be up to the axle-tree, or the waist, in water. A variety often to be met with in forests, is a pair of deep parallel ruts, which, being made by the powerful wheels of a wood-cart, are sure not to fit any private vehicle. In some, you have a bottom of slime, varying your transit over a bed of boulders. All these, and more, I had the pleasure of testing on the eventful eve of last Midsummer-day.

I wanted to go to Moulins: no matter for what special purpose. I thought I was well up in the topography of the district, and that I could pilot my way pretty nearly as the bird flies, instead of making an immense circuit, for the sake of sticking to the national and the departmental roads. So as soon as Jules's *billet de banque* was made out, my usual cabriolet with the little brown mare stood waiting before my door; my trusty driver sat in his place, ready to give the parting whip-crack; my carpet-bag was under the seat, my map of the Department lay in the

hood behind; but one little omission must be remedied; where—oh where!—are my *grelots?*

Everybody knows that all over the Continent every horse is adorned with bells—that is to say, every horse of respectability. But hirers of horses are sometimes indifferent what sort of figure their customers make along the road, and therefore turn them out in a bell-less state, reserving all their means of migratory music for their own selfish and special use. To remedy this a part of my private and personal property has lately consisted of a leather wreath of little round bells, which are the *grelots* just mentioned. As soon as my horse appears they are buckled round his neck; when his work is done, and he departs to his stable, they take their place on a hook in our kitchen, until their harmony is again demanded to enliven the progress of the way-worn traveller. I cannot help liking these bells; without them I hardly enjoy a drive. "She shall make music wherever she goes" is a pleasing nursery rhyme to think of. If you are journeying by night without lamps they save you from many a rude collision; and if you leave your carriage to walk up a hill, or to take a short cut through a wood, or to look round a corner, as inquisitive people will, the jingling of your bells from time to time reminds you that you are not altogether deserted in the world. You soon get to know the sound of your own jingle, just as you would the step or the voice of a familiar friend.

Crick! Crack! Jingle! Jangle!—Off we are at last, Jules. If the road would only continue like this, we should get to Moulins pleasantly enough. That can hardly be expected though; we must take the rough along with the smooth. Here is the point where we quit the departmental road to descend into that wooded valley; at least, so says my map; and it has never deceived me yet. Pretty country! Terribly narrow lanes! Who would have thought of finding a little castle, all covered with roses, nestled in that clump of elms? And look at the pea-fowl in the orchard opposite, up to their necks in the uncut hay. But softly, Jules! I think we had better get out and walk. The cabriolet will be pulled to pieces. Do I mind walking so far? I like it; especially now we are mounting the hill-side. I still think, however, that we ought to have taken the other turn instead of this soon after we passed the ford. No? You are sure? I wish at least we had asked the counsel of those labourers at the corner there. But, Jules, as we mount the heights what a rich and beautiful landscape lies before us! Out of the way and novel, too. I should like to know how many travelling English people have been delighted with the panorama we now enjoy. A solitary, still pastoral picture. In front, green wood-tufted hill and dale; to the extreme left those pudding-shaped domes, which are blown up by the winds to bank out the waves. The left wings of this extensive stage, on which you and I are the sole visible human actors, are the forest and the chalk hills that we know so well. In the middle distance, down below, lies the picturesque old town, whose merry-making amused us last Whitsun Tuesday, and from whose tall chimneys now issue black and white wreaths of smoke and steam. Then leagues and leagues away, far as the eye can follow it, stretches the dark blue line of the level sea. Let us wait here for two minutes to imbibe with our vision this lovely scene, and store its beauties in our memory. The mare has now had a breathing; and the map says we must cross that forest. It is not extensive, and of course there are roads.

If the mare and the cabriolet were out of the way, this forest walk would be pleasant enough. The carrion crows, croaking as we approach their tree; the cuckoos, chasing each other overhead, and stammering "cuck-cuck-cuckoo!" in fun; one wild strawberry, scarlet ripe; and the yellow-flowered runners of pale green moneywort; all this, Jules, is charming in broad sunshine. But what should we do, if it were now pitch-dark? I am sure we took the wrong turn at the bottom of the hill. Never mind; we are out of the forest. Worse and worse; more overgrown cart-ruts, and dried-up torrent-beds! It is impossible the cabriolet can proceed any further; and the road may be the same as this for another two or three leagues.

A council of war. We come to this conclusion. "I, being sure of the direction, will walk over hill and dale, through forest and plain, to Mambergue, on the national road, and sleep there, if you, Jules, do not catch me late in the evening. Retrace your steps, as the only way of escape from this labyrinth until you come to the departmental road which we left. Manage the mare as well as you can. Feed and rest her by the way; take the long circuit we ought to have made at first; and pick me up at Mambergue as soon as you are able. I shall be sure to get there first. We cannot miss each other. Let us open my carpet-bag, to get out my night-cap—all the luggage I need carry with me. I have my bank-notes here, which I thought to change to-night at Moulins, but I have no small coin about me. Lend me a franc, or two, and half-a-dozen sous. My pocket is already furnished with a couple of pieces of string, which you know I never stir without. That will do. Good bye, Jules."

"Good bye, Monsieur Feelsone."

As I had rightly anticipated, the rugged track to Mambergue was amusing, instead of offering any difficulties to a pedestrian; and I had done quite right in sending back Jules and the cabriolet. A little before sunset I reached my appointed destination. The map was correct in making the national road pass quite outside the village. The inn, clearly the best and most accustomed, stood by

the roadside, entirely detached. Within sight, but at a considerable distance, were a farm and an empty country-house. Both were so screened by rows of trees that the inn might be fairly called lone.

Could I sleep there? A tall, fine-looking woman, with a wicked—by which I mean a really false and bad—devil in her eye, at once answered Yes. I asked to see the chamber, and was shown to it through a back kitchen and another sleeping-room, both on the ground-floor. It was clean and dry, with pretensions to neatness; but something, nevertheless. prejudiced me against it. A long, narrow room, hardly more than six feet wide, with an uncurtained window at each end—almost filled with an unwieldy bed, over which hung curtains, after the French fashion, but so scanty as to leave great portions of the wall and ceiling visible from below—all this did not vastly take my fancy. But it was Hobson's choice until Jules could arrive, and was really all that a moderate-minded traveller had a right to expect at a road-side inn in France; so I returned to the kitchen with an air of content. The landlord, a tall, dark-visaged, wiry fellow, with the falsest grey eyes you ever saw, sat beneath the curtain which hung in front of the mantel-piece, seemingly quite occupied with gazing at some cutlets, which an intriguing-looking woman of forty was grilling over the embers on the hearth. He managed however, now and then, to catch a stealthy glance at me; and a younger man, lathy and lank, but with great elasticity and powerful leverage of limb, a sort of resident brother-in-law, did the same as he entered soon afterwards. Altogether, my new acquaintances gave me that antagonistic and repulsive impression which rarely fails to turn out true. Of course, after so long and anxious a walk, an evening meal was acceptable.

While my supper was getting ready, I strolled round the outside of the house and noticed the position of one window of my bed-room, which looked into the yard. A stable, or cow-house, was the apartment contiguous to mine. Over my bed-room was a granary, which was not accessible either from the stable, or the interior of the house; a short flight of wooden steps had to be mounted to reach its door, which was carefully fastened with a padlock and chain. There was little enough to amuse in all this, so I asked whether they had a garden, and where it was? Yes they had a garden; not just here, but a few steps off. What did I inquire about the garden for? Oh! nothing particular; I was fond of gardening and should like to take a stroll round it. To be sure, I was a little too tired to dig there just now: but a stranger, I said, might be amused by observing its plan and arrangement. Dig! what did I expect to find by *digging?* Did I think there was anything concealed underground in a kitchen garden belonging to respectable publicans? They had never been suspected in that way before. And they eyed myself, and each other, with strange and stolen glances.

A decent repast was set before me. The eternal cold roast veal with savoury jelly, a hot mutton cutlet grilled over the coals, some sweet slices of household bread, and a lump of fresh butter, constituted the solids. What would I drink? They had excellent wine, and not dear; only twenty-five sous for a bottle of Bordeaux. They reserved a particular bin for gentlemen travellers. A grin, and a twinkling eye, were the accompaniments to this offer. No; I could not afford wine to-night, unless they could change me an English bank-note for two hundred and fifty francs; otherwise, I should convert it into more convenient money as soon as I reached the town of Moulins. I wished to pay my bill to-night, before going to bed, as I expected to leave very early next morning. I would have some beer, out of the cask at the foot of the cellar stairs: the very same as they had just been drinking themselves. I must not exceed for my supper and lodging the trifling amount of small change which I happened to have in my pocket. Had Monsieur any gold about him? They could change either French or English gold. No; I had nothing smaller than bank-notes, as I had not anticipated being thus detained on the road. Other curious glances right and left. Never mind the want of change! They desired greatly that Monsieur should taste the wine. A bottle of good Bordeaux could do no harm, after so long a walk as he seemed to have taken. He would pay, the next time he passed that way.

I firmly resisted the offer thus pressed on me, but drank my pint of beer, and retired to rest. While undressing, I could not help thinking how curious it was, that all the time I had been eating my supper, different members of the family had been passing and re-passing through the room, never leaving me to myself half a minute to make my observations in quiet, but looking at me, during those transient visits, in an odd sort of way, much in the manner in which, in certain prisons, a new arrival sits for his portrait to the entire body of turnkeys successively. But my candle was soon puffed out. It had hardly been necessary; for both the windows were quite unshaded, and the moonbeams lighted up every object in the room. The only means of fastening the door, was by an iron catch, so slight that it was a mere formality and pretence of seclusion. The hook and eye of a lady's dress would be as useful in the way of bolts and bars. Such as it was, it had been duly arranged, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep.

I slept till about three in the morning, when I awoke cool and refreshed. The day was breaking, and the moon, just past the full, was shining brightly in the stable yard.

I was tempted to get out of bed, to open the casement and let in the fresh morning air, but did not. Looking, however, in that direction, which was also towards the foot of my bed, I saw a man in his shirt and trowsers and white nightcap, of the peculiar height and build of my landlord, pass in the yard before my window, as if going to the granary steps. It was nothing extraordinary that a farming innkeeper should rise at three in the morning, to look after his affairs. Some live stock, perhaps, required his attention. I lay motionless on my back, wondering how soon Jules would come, and hesitating whether or not to court the morning doze, which is often the most delightful part of a whole night's rest.

I have the habit, in summer, of sleeping with my eyes covered, and sometimes bandaged with a silk handkerchief, to do what eyelids cannot then do, namely, exclude the bright beams of the newly-risen sun. I was now blindfolded with no thicker covering than the simple screen of well-worn lawn, as thin as muslin, afforded by an old and treasured white pocket-handkerchief. It was, in fact, for want of another which I had left in my carpet-bag, nothing more than a transparent veil; and through it I was amusing myself with gazing at the planks of the ceiling overhead. A crack caught my eye; while looking at it, it became wider—and wider still! till an oblong hole, the breadth of the entire plank was opened into the granary above. The sliding portion of floor had been pushed back so noiselessly, that I should not have been aware of it, though wide awake, had I not happened to be staring straight at the very spot. At this hole, my landlord's face soon appeared, gazing intently down upon me. My veil prevented his seeing that he was seen, and I took care to simulate sound sleep in my breathing. His eyes glittered for a second or two, as he grinned with satisfaction, and smoothly closed the slide again.

"Heaven! what does this mean? What shall I do?" Before I had answered the question to myself, I had jumped out of bed, and dressed myself with a rapidity which was anything but habitual. My landlord passed the window again, in the direction of the house. Odd, that he never looked in, to see how matters stood, if he meant any harm! I don't even now know why I acted as I then did. Instinct during danger sometimes fulfils the office of reflection, bestows presence of mind, and takes the place of the inventive faculties. I snatched the nightcap off my head, pulled it tightly over one corner of the pillow, made a sort of neck, by means of a ligature of string —one of the pieces I had in my pocket— fastened to the lower end of the pillow another piece of string, which I passed under the sheets, to the foot of the bed, behind the scant curtain, and there took my station, after fashioning the effigy, as much as I could, to the likeness of a sleeping man.

A minute sufficed to look around me, and measure the difficulties of my position. What had seemed so plain and simple overnight now bore strong symptoms of being a cut-throatly trap. The treacherous peep-hole in the ceiling was bad enough, even if it were made only for the purpose of peeping and listening. A man's chamber in an inn ought to be his castle, so long as he does not set fire to the house: and an honest innkeeper, receiving honest guests, is bound so to consider it. But here the very circumstances that would be expected to insure safety—although they rather ran counter to the possibility of privacy—were converted to the very opposite object. The position of the room on the ground floor, and the window at each end, giving a thorough light, would lull all suspicion of evil intentions which might arise in the thoughts of a nervous tourist. No one could dream of being murdered almost in public. But, on the floor of the room, exactly at one corner beneath the window which looked into a little back yard, the light streamed in through an aperture in the wall, which might have been taken for a small rat-hole. It would occur to any one, that such an unnecessary opening must admit a strong draught of cold air in winter time. It struck me that the whole floor sloped slightly in that direction, and that there was a perceptible channel leading towards it, by means of which arrangement the apartment could be thoroughly and rapidly washed out, the washings being received on a spot to which nobody but the inmates of the house had access. Again; the wall of partition of the stable, against which the bed was placed, was composed of the mud and wood structure so common in the cottages hereabouts. Well; on inspecting the wall below the level of the mattrass on which I had slept, I perceived that a large empty space had been left, and merely filled up temporarily with sticks, straw, stones, and rubbish; so that by merely hitching the bedstead a little forward into the room, anything not exceeding the size of a full-grown man could easily be shoved away through the gap, into the stable, and carried off at leisure, without a single person in the house being a bit the wiser for the matter. What could I conclude from all these details? I had seen, not long since, the dungeons, the chambers of torture, the dry wells with what sounded like bones at the bottom when a pebble was cast down upon them, with a secret door leading from the torture-room to the mouth of the well;—all this I had seen at Tancarville Castle, on the Seine; and had thence, I think reasonably, concluded that torture, and murder, and secret disposal of corpses had been done there. Now, there were before my view so many means of evil practices combined, that I could not doubt that evil was intended and had been perpetrated, before my chance arrival.

But, I had no long time left me to speculate in. The slide again opened, and through it

descended a rope, with a slip-knot at the end, —a halter, in fact. The knot was held in the cleft of a long stick, by which it was slowly directed towards the head of my slumbering effigy. Hang me if this is not past a joke! A bold sort of hunting, this snaring of sleeping men. A villanous one, too, to lasso them thus in cold blood, without giving them a chance of escape. This time, cut-throats, don't be too sure! O, Jules, if you were but here, to make number two in my standing army. The halter approaches my very own night-cap. I gently draw the string attached to the lower end of the pillow, and the puppet follows the tug beneath the coverlid, as if it shrunk down to keep itself a little warmer. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" with a silent and an inward chuckle. The trick, however deficient in art, has taken. I am not to be hung; perhaps they'll drown me. The rope is withdrawn, and the slide is closed.

A couple of minutes more of suspense, and the landlord passes before the window. Not a suspicion that I am not fast asleep. A respite, until the second attack. Oh, Jules, Jules! what point of the national road have you reached? Hush! The landlord again, looking savage, flits past, like an angry phantom. I count the time required to mount the granary steps, to open the door, and steal to the vile spot overhead; and exactly as I count the seconds, the slide is withdrawn for a decisive blow. I can just see the barrel of a pistol, and part of a swarthy hand grasping the butt end of it—when, can it be he?—a faint tinkle steals on my listening ear, and in two seconds more, a still louder tinkle—the blessed sound of my own *grelots*. Their silvery tone has far preceded both the horse's footsteps and the cracking whip. Other ears than mine have heard it too, and do not care to proceed, while a traveller is approaching near. The slide is closed, and my innocent and unconscious representative remains unshot in his bed.

Jingle! jangle! crick! crack! trimp! tramp! It is Jules himself, and the little brown mare, or I'll be eaten alive by those cannibals! But they shall not have even my nightcap as a trophy. It is instantly taken possession of by the rightful owner; the window is thrown up with a sudden jerk; I leap into the stable yard; and in a moment stand on the national road.

"Ah, Jules! you are here just in time! I might have had an unpleasant struggle."

"Monsieur Feelsone, you do not know what pleasure it gives me to see you safe out of that house!"

"*Sacrée canaille!*" said I, rattling the *r*, with a better French accent than I thought I was capable of—"*Sacrée canaille!*" thrusting my hand into my pocket; "I will smash their windows with this handful of sous, *which* conveniently happens to be more numerous than usual, as a polite way of bidding them good-bye."

"Be sage, be tranquil, Monsieur Feelsone; do nothing of the kind, I pray you;" interposed Jules, putting the mare into a rapid trot, and soon carrying me off, far out of sous' throw. "You have saved your banknotes, and perhaps something of more consequence still; and I do not want to lose the benefit of having drawn my *billet de banque*. The trial will doubtless come on exactly at the time of my wedding; and, if anything happens to bring us in as witnesses, Louise will have to wait for a week or so."

"I do not understand what you mean by the trial."

"Listen, Monsieur Feelsone, and I will explain to you that; as well as how you happen to be sitting by my side at this hour, instead of defending yourself against the people there. I had not been long on the departmental road again, after parting with you last evening where we lost ourselves, before I came up to my cousin Josephine, who is married to one of the gensdarmes stationed half-way between that and Mambergue. She was walking home in a hurry to prepare Bravemouce's supper, so I took her up into the cabriolet. She asked me to stop and give good-day to her husband; and while there, I told them why it was I happened to be driving alone, and where you were going to sleep and wait till I called for you. Bravemouce looked uneasy, without saying anything at first; but Josephine at once told me that it was a very dangerous place, indeed. An Englishman, who was supposed to have robbed a bank, and then escaped to France, had lately been traced as far as Mambergue, and had never been heard of afterwards. They both informed me that, this very Midsummer's Day, a search was to be made in the house, and also in the garden, where it was expected strange things would be found; and that if I had any regard for your safety, I had better press on and join you as soon as possible, even if it were in the middle of the night, no matter how tired the horse might be. I assure you, Monsieur Feelsone, I did not loiter, and I see by your manner that something *has* happened."

"Something might have happened, Jules; though I cannot say exactly what. Whatever they may have intended to do, I should have a difficulty in charging them with anything they have done. Meanwhile, I am not sorry to be on the road again, although the little mare is almost done up. But I thought, my friend, you were in no hurry to be married?"

"Well. Yes. But not particularly so. Louise and her friends, perhaps, are getting impatient. If you want me three or four days afterwards, I shall be ready to drive you wherever you please."

"Be it so, as you are so much of a philosopher; and the next time we lose ourselves in the cross-roads of a forest, Jules, I will be cautious where I take up my lodgings at night."

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GONE ASTRAY.

WHEN I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the City of London. I was taken out by Somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connection with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended divine service in the temple of their patron saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted as a sort of churchwarden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner—in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop-grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from the steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded, inconvenient street over which the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my arrangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown, presented on the same anniversary by my godfather—a man who knew his duty and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the City for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, somehow, Gold or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious

everything. When I came to Temple Bar, it took me half-an-hour to stare at it, and I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold, I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan's! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at—still there, at this present writing, in a new form—and even when that enchanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul's arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or to take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected; but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life—with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the City. The place was just the same as when I fell asleep: no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker's shop, but I looked into a number of cooks' shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label, "Small Germans, A Penny." Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, "If you please will you sell me a small German?" which they did, and I took it wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I see before me but a dog, with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play—frisking about me, *rubbing* his nose against me, dodging at me, *sideways*, shaking his head and pretending to *run away* backwards, and making himself good-naturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying "Hi, boy!" "Poor fellow!" "Good dog!" and was satisfied that he was to be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German though it was delicious, (I knew nothing about highly-peppered horse at that time) as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milkwoman, of whom I bought a pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I began to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about it as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and

to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City, who is to do so many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to "throw himself" into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mosaic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing-case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner-tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course, the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals, casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Rocs' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts—in and out of yards and little squares—peeping into counting-house passages and running away—poorly feeding the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps—roaming down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it—ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops—I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on 'Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep off sea-sickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) "Cut away, you sir!" which frightened me so, on account of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to "one brace of pistols," thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep—he looked at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in doorways, and treated me quite savagely though I am sure I gave them no

offence. One boy, who had a stump of black-lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. MRS. BLORES, WOODEN LEG WALK, TOBACCO-STOPPER ROW, WAPPING. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think, upon the whole, that if I and the object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recal my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre—of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front—and waited, with a pretty large crowd, for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd, were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above, and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, headforemost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night—the benefit of the comic actor—a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished, by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, forty-seven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up, because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shown my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out—for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed him? Where was I to stable him? It was bad enough to have gone astray by myself, but to go astray with a donkey, too, was a calamity more tremendous than I could bear to contemplate.

These apprehensions took away all my pleasure in the first piece. When the ship came on—a real man-of-war she was called in the bills—and rolled prodigiously in a very heavy sea, I couldn't, even in the terrors of the storm, forget the donkey. It was awful to see the sailors pitching about, with telescopes and speaking trumpets (they looked very tall indeed aboard the man-of-war), and it was awful to suspect the pilot of treachery, though impossible to avoid it, for when he cried—"We are lost! To the raft, to the raft! A thunderbolt has struck the main-mast!"—I myself saw him take the main-mast out of its socket and drop it overboard; but

even these impressive circumstances paled before my dread of the donkey. Even, when the good sailor (and he was very good) came to good fortune, and the bad sailor (and he was very bad) threw himself into the ocean from the summit of a curious rock, presenting something of the appearance of a pair of steps, I saw the dreadful donkey through my tears.

At last the time came when the fiddlers struck up the comic song, and the dreaded animal, with new shoes on, as I inferred from the noise they made, came clattering in with the comic actor on his back. He was dressed out with ribbons (I mean the donkey was) and as he persisted in turning his tail to the audience, the comedian got off him, turned about, and sitting with his face that way sang the song three times, amid thunders of applause. All this time, I was fearfully agitated; and when two pale people, a good deal splashed with the mud of the streets, were invited out of the pit to superintend the drawing of the lottery, and were received with a round of laughter from everybody else, I could have begged and prayed them to have mercy on me, and not draw number forty-seven.

But, I was soon put out of my pain now, for a gentleman behind me, in a flannel jacket and a yellow neck-kerchief, who had eaten two fried soles and all his pockets-full of nuts before the storm began to rage, answered to the winning number, and went down to take possession of the prize. This gentleman had appeared to know the donkey, rather, from the moment of his entrance, and had taken a great interest in his proceedings; driving him to himself, if I use an intelligible phrase, and saying, almost in my ear, when he made any mistake, "Kum up, you precious Moke. Kum up!" He was thrown by the donkey on first mounting him, to the great delight of the audience (including myself), but rode him off with great skill afterwards, and soon returned to his seat quite calm. Calmed myself by the immense relief I had sustained, I enjoyed the rest of the performance very much indeed. I remember there were a good many dances, some in fetters and some in roses, and one by a most divine little creature, who made the object of my affections look but common-place. In the concluding drama, she re-appeared as a boy, (in arms, mostly), and was fought for, several times. I rather think a Baron wanted to drown her, and was on various occasions prevented by the comedian, a ghost, a Newfoundland dog, and a church bell. I only remember beyond this, that I wondered where the Baron expected to go to, and that he went there in a shower of sparks. The lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play—ship, donkey, men and women, divine little creature, and all—were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it.

It was late when I got out into the streets, and there was no moon, and there were no stars, and the rain fell heavily. When I emerged from the dispersing crowd, the ghost and the baron had an ugly look in my remembrance; I felt unspeakably forlorn; and now, for the first time, my little bed and the dear familiar faces came before me, and touched my heart. By daylight, I had never thought of the grief at home. I had never thought of my mother. I had never thought of anything but adapting myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and going to seek my fortune.

For a boy who could do nothing but cry, and run about, saying "O I am lost!" to think of going into the army was, I felt sensible, out of the question. I abandoned the idea of asking my way to the barracks—or rather the idea abandoned me—and ran about until I found a watchman in his box. It is amazing to me, now, that he should have been sober; but I am inclined to think he was too feeble to get drunk.

This venerable man took me to the nearest watchhouse;—I say he took me, but in fact I took him, for when I think of us in the rain, I recollect that we must have made a composition, like a vignette of Infancy leading Age. He had a dreadful cough, and was obliged to lean against a wall, whenever it came on. We got at last to the watch-house, a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great-coats and rattles hanging up. When a paralytic messenger had been sent to make inquiries about me, I fell asleep by the fire, and awoke no more until my eyes opened on my father's face. This is literally and exactly how I went astray. They used to say I was an odd child, and I suppose I was. I am an odd man perhaps.

Shade of Somebody, forgive me for the disquiet I must have caused thee! When I stand beneath the Lion, even now, I see thee rushing up and down, refusing to be comforted. I have gone astray since, many times, and farther afield. May I therein have given less disquiet to others, than herein I gave to thee!

SOMETHING DIVINE.

I DO believe that neither quinine nor saline draughts were so effectual in curing me of the marsh fever which prostrated me in Rome as the good little stories my excellent Doctor used to tell me. One of his best was about a servant-maid.

Maria, the heroine, was the daughter of a farmer; but became, at a very early age, the servant of a sculptor of some celebrity in his day, named Pulci, who had removed from Florence to Rome to court inspiration in the Metropolis of Art, for a great work. He was a grave, serious man; and, after having instructed Maria in the duties required of her, retired within himself, and allowed her to do

pretty much as she liked; so that she governed his little household in her own way. She was a comely girl, of quiet manners, and soon became a favourite with all Pulci's visitors. The engraver Savorini was struck with love at first sight for her, and offered to make her his wife; but she replied calmly that she had engaged with Signor Pulci to be his servant for three years, and could not think of breaking her engagement. "I will find a substitute," said Savorini. "I cannot be replaced," she replied. The engraver called her a Proserpine of pride; and his courtship ended for the time.

Master Pulci was busy with an important group; the subject being Religion leaning upon Science and Art—an allegory which Italians are fond of developing. Although not a first-class sculptor, he still occupied a sufficient rank to bring him in contact with all the celebrated artists of the day, who used to come from time to time to his studio. Maria was often called in for one purpose or another, and listened greedily to their animated discourses on genius and its consequent fame. From the very outset she began to feel yearnings after earthly immorality. A year, however, passed before a definite plan succeeded to her vague impulses.

One day Pulci invited some of his friends to dinner, Savorini amongst the rest. The meal was taken in the studio, and the conversation naturally turned upon art. All spoke enthusiastically; for all were Italians, and were deeply devoted to their various departments. Savorini, who still retained a strong sentiment for Maria, and perhaps wished to dazzle her (she was moving quietly to and fro performing her usual duties; but listening to all that was said with respectful attention) rather exaggerated the dignity and the privileges of the profession to which they all belonged. Kings and emperors, the Pope himself, he said, ranked below great artists; and it was better to have produced that Diana —pointing to a clay model, which Pulci had just finished—than to guide the councils of nations. "I place my art," he added, "not quite on an equality with yours, signori, but I own no superiors except you; for I also feel that I have a spark of something divine within me."

He talked much in this strain, being excited by the good Lachryma Christi and by the presence of Maria. Although the girl admired what he said, she in no wise set it down to his account in the way he would have desired. She looked upon him only as an interpreter of truth, and went about the room—and backward and forward between it and the kitchen—pondering whether she had not also a spark of something divine *within her.* "Yes, I have it!" she said at *length.* As she said this, she pushed against **Angela,** an old dame who had come in to assist her in her duties, let go the dish that held the stewed prunes, and broke it, splashing the rich red juice over her own white stockings.

"Are they quite spoiled?" inquired Savorini. She gave him a familiar push, as if she was removing one of her father's heifers out of her way. "Let her alone!" cried Pulci. "We must not punish her for her accident. She has not chipped a statue or a model since she has been with me."

"I would rather break one of my own limbs," she exclaimed. "Brava!" cried they all; and, after complimenting her, they went on talking of their art, as cheerily as if they had not been disappointed of stewed prunes. Meanwhile, Maria became more and more convinced that there was a spark of something divine within her.

From that time she began in secret—in her own little bed-room—to endeavour to produce some of the forms of beauty that filled her mind. The clay became life-like in her hands; and, in a very short time, she almost started with surprise at beholding a lovely countenance looking out from the unformed mass which she had placed on her window-sill. A natural fear of being ridiculed and repressed, prevented her from confiding her projects and her studies to her master. But her secret was too troublesome to be kept entirely to herself. At first she thought of the engraver Savorini; and possibly it would have been well had his honest love then found favour in her eyes. But the remembrances of his rough gallantries made her fearful of confiding in him. There was Caterina, the daughter of Angela; but, when she came to gossip of evenings, all her talk was about the handsome cavaliers who looked at her in church—impious men—and followed her home, trying to talk nonsense. This was not a proper confidante; so she chose my old doctor, Corona, who had attended her in an illness, and had won her confidence by his benevolent manners. She went to him, made him promise secrecy as if she had been going to confess a murder, and revealed that she felt the power to become a great artist.

"My fame will fill the world," said she.

"But will it fill your heart?"

"That is full already—of hope."

He saw that she did not come for advice but encouragement; and he encouraged her. He would have preferred had she told all to Master Pulci; but that artist, though good and kind, had something cold and satirical in his manner. "He will never believe in me," said Maria, "until he sees that I can do something. He is not a man of faith. Besides, who will admit genius in the person that cooks one's dinner? These hands that have made so many messes can do nothing but spoil marble, he will think."

"She must take care," thought Corona, "not to deceive herself as to the motive that makes her unwilling to communicate her

ambition to her master. If I mistake not, she hopes to dazzle him."

But the Doctor was mistaken. Maria's whole being was, from that time forward, devoted to art and art alone. It is true that she did not fail to perform her household duties; but she did so mechanically, and, if Master Pulci had been anything of a gourmand or a fidget, he would have found daily grounds of complaint. However, matters went on very well; and neither he nor any one else ever suspected that the girl had turned her bed-room into a studio, and that she was robbing herself of sleep in order to make up for the hours necessarily lost in the day-time. Savorini alone noticed that her cheeks grew pale, and that her eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy. "Her soul is wearing out her body, Doctor," said he to Corona. The doctor assented sorrowfully, without daring to betray the secret.

Maria afterwards said that her life seemed to have begun only from the time when she perceived the presence of the "divine spark" in her. All the former years faded from her remembrance. Her imagination became filled with beautiful forms. Her ears were ever open to catch words of instruction from her master or his visitors. Her eyes greedily devoured the models that surrounded her. She took Pulci's books, one by one, to her room, and learned all that they could teach her. Whenever she went forth, it was to some church, or to the Vatican, to admire the achievements of the schools.

At length she felt herself sufficiently prepared to attempt original productions, and she began to model a statue of Minerva. A practised hand would probably have produced a result as good as hers in a much shorter time; but she was ignorant of routine, and many accidents retarded her work. However, as time proceeded, the figure grew under her hands; and, day by day, the consciousness of her own genius increased within her. Her determination was to send the figure to the annual competition for the prize—secretly—in order that she might hear the impartial opinion of the judges. The difficulties in her way were immense. But she overcame them all; and, when one day Master Pulci was absent, some porters, sent by Dr. Corona, came and took away her model. Thus it was removed to the exhibition hall without accident.

Maria entered with the crowd on the appointed day, and contrived to place herself near to her statue. Her ambition did not extend to winning the prize. All she dared to hope was to escape ridicule. But her astonishment was indescribable on perceiving by degrees all the connoisseurs collect round her Minerva, and begin to speak enthusiastically in its praise. The judges stood before it in their turn. There was an unanimous cry of admiration. Her heart swelled mightily within her, and it was with difficulty she could repress her pride and exultation. These came to their height when the prize was unanimously given to her statue: and a crier began to exclaim, "Let the sculptor of the Minerva declare himself!" It then struck her—in her confusion—that a woman had no right to compete, and she hastened away unperceived.

Her object, however, was gained. She was now sure that she had not deceived herself by a false idea of her own merit; and she saw in the future a long series of triumphs. Doctor Corona, who had watched her, followed and complimented her. Even he had not dared to admire her work until public opinion had crowned it. He went with her to the studio of Pulci; and there she threw herself on her knees before her master, and confessed the truth. He at first thought she was mad; and it was not until Dr. Corona confirmed her statement, that he could believe that his servant-girl Maria had won the first prize of sculpture by the unanimous vote of the first artists of Rome!

The news soon spread through the city; and Savorini came hastily to compliment the young artist. She allowed him to embrace her, and listened gratefully when he said, "She must be at once raised from her menial capacity. It is impossible to deprive the arts of this wonder." He did not now repeat his declaration of affection; but he seemed to claim a right to watch over her future fortunes. Pulci at once agreed to look out for another servant; but Maria refused to quit his house. "I will superintend everything still," she said.

The three supped together pleasantly that evening; and Savorini began the well-known etching which represents Maria sitting at the feet of her Minerva, pausing in her work to admire it. Next day, all the élite of Roman art came flocking to hail their new comrade. For some months, indeed, the fashionable society of the city talked of nothing else but this pleasant story; and it became a popular opinion that Maria would equal or surpass the greatest masters. There was some exaggeration in this. The causes which would have made them refuse to acknowledge her talent, before her public triumph, induced them to magnify it now. It seemed so extraordinary that a servant-girl from the Campagna di Roma could do anything, that people began to suppose nothing was too great for her to perform. Even old Nosotti, Maria's father, undertook a journey to Rome for the purpose of seeing his daughter, and looked in at St. Peter's by the way. She received him with delight; but shook her head when he suggested that she might now marry farmer Raimondo. Savorini, who was by, ventured a hope on his own account, and he whispered something in her ear. She smiled faintly; and, giving him her hand, said: "If you ask me again in six months I will say yes!" He did not understand.

The truth was, that the divine spark was burning too fiercely within. In vain Dr. Corona exerted his art and endeavoured, moreover, to wean Maria for a while from the studio. The hectic flush and the brilliant eyes proved true prophets.

The Minerva was the only work of the servant Maria; who died on the twelfth of May, eighteen hundred and one.

WHY SHAVE?

There are misguided men—and I am one of them—who defile daily their own beards, rasp them away as fast as they peep out from beneath the skin, mix them ignominiously with soap-suds, and cause them to be cast away with the offscourings of the house. We are at great pains and trouble to do this, and we do it unwillingly, knowing that we deprive our faces of an ornament, and more or less suspecting that we take away from ourselves something given to us by nature for our use and our advantage; as indeed we do. Nevertheless, we treat our beards as so much dirt that has to be removed daily from our persons, for no other reason than because it is the custom of the country; or, because we wish (according to the French philosopher whom we largely quote in another paper in this number), because we strive to make ourselves prettier by assimilating our appearance to that of women.

I am no friend to gentlemen who wilfully affect external oddity, while they are within all dull and commonplace. I am not disposed by carrying a beard myself to beard public opinion. But opinions may change; we were not always a nation of shavers. The day may again come when "'T will be merry in hall, when beards wag all," and Britons shall no more be slaves to razors.

I have never read of savages who shaved themselves with flints; nor have I been able to discover who first introduced among civilised men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. Saint Paul, in the same chapter, further asks the Corinthians, "Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?" Pope Anacletus determined, therefore, to remove all shame from churchmen, by ordering them to go shaven altogether. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient. The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Ticinius, in the four hundred and fifty-fourth year after the building of the city. The Greeks, however—certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander—seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the beard, and of that ornament upon the upper lip which they termed the *mystax*, and which we call—using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted—moustache. In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard and a large flowing mantle were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is part in these days of the business of a publican. So there is a small joke recorded of an emperor, who having been long teazed by an importunate talker, asked him who or what he was. The man replied in pique, "Do you not see by my beard and mantle that I am a philosopher?"—"I see the beard and mantle," said the emperor, "but the philosopher, where is he?"

The idea that there existed a connection between a man's vigour of mind and body, and the vigour of growth in his beard, was confirmed by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers, earned preeminently the title of the bearded. Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely then to pluck them out, after the fashion of some northern tribes, as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China. In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which on the whole they have shown more readiness to honour. Among many nations, and through many centuries, development of beard has been thought indicative of the development of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling, the strength of Samson was made to rest in his hair. The beard became naturally honoured, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient), of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his independent energies. As years multiply and judgment ripens the beard grows, and with it grows, or ought to grow, every man's title to respect. Grey beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise king Numa, that he was grey-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. In our times among that people the growth of a beard, or at least of a good *mystax* or moustachio, had come by the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight to be regarded so much as a mark of aristocracy that after the revolutions of that year the

Germans took to the obliteration of the vain mark of distinction by growing hair on their own chins and upper lips. Hairs have been thus made significant in a new way. There are now such things to be seen on the Continent as revolutionary beards, and not long ago in a small German State, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court, wearing a beard of the revolutionary cut. Not only custom, but even to this day law regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England the chin and, except in some regiments, the upper lip has to be shaved; elsewhere the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven. Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however, those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who, in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honour on the beard, and others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarian, in which the honour of the moustache is particularly cherished. The moustaches of General Haynau were about half-a-yard long. A Hungarian dragoon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of moustachios for two years until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine nose tails so terribly burnt at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his companions, and to fortify the weak moustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Such freaks and absurdities are, of course, inconsistent with the mature dignity of bearded men. Let us have whisker, beard, and moustache, reverently worn, and trimmed discreetly and with decency. I am not for the cabalistic whisker, the Hungarian moustache, or a beard like that worn by the Venetian magnate, of whom Sismondi relates, that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eidam; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag. A beard like either of those is, however, very much of a phenomenon in nature. The hair of a man's head is finer, generally, than that on the head of women, and if left uncut, would not grow to nearly the same length. A woman's back-hair is an appurtenance entirely and naturally feminine. In the same way, the development of the hair upon the face of men, if left unchecked—although it would differ much in different climates, and in different individuals—would very rarely go on to an extravagant extent. Shaving compels the hair to grow at an undue rate. It has been calculated that a man mows off in the course of a year about six inches-and-a-half of beard, so that a man of eighty would have chopped up in the course of his life a twenty-seven foot beard; twenty feet more, perhaps, than would have sprouted, had he left nature alone, and contented himself with so much occasional trimming as would be required by the just laws of cleanliness and decency.

It has been erroneously asserted that a growth of beard would cover up the face, hide the expression of the features, and give a deceitful mark of uniform sedateness to the entire population. As for that last assertion, it is the direct reverse of what is true. Sir Charles Bell, in his essay on expression, properly observes that no one who has been present at an assembly of bearded men can have failed to remark the greater variety and force of the expressions they are able to convey. What can be more portentous, for example, than to see the brow cloud and the eye flash and the nostrils dilate over a beard curling visibly with anger? How ill does a smooth chin support at any time the character assumed by the remainder of the face, except it be a character of sanctimonious oiliness that does not belong honestly to man, or such a pretty chin as makes the charm that should belong only to a woman or a child!

Therefore I ask, why do we shave our beards? Why are we a bare-chinned people? That the hair upon the face of man was given to him for sufficient reasons it will take but little time to show. It has various uses, physiological and mechanical. To take a physiological use first, we may point out the fact that the formation of hair is one method of extruding carbon from the system, and that the external hairs aid after their own way in the work that has to be done by the internal lungs. Their use in this respect is not lessened by shaving; on the contrary, the elimination of carbon through the hairs of the face is made to go on with unnatural activity, because the natural effort to cover the chin with hair is increased in the vain struggle to remove the state of artificial baldness, as a hen goes on laying if her eggs be taken from her, and the production of hair on the chin is at least quadrupled by the use of the razor. The natural balance is in this way destroyed. Whether the harm so done is great I cannot tell; I do not know that it is, but the strict balance which nature keeps between the production of hair, and the action of the lungs, is too constant and rigid to be altogether insignificant. We have all had too much opportunity for noticing how in people whose lungs are constitutionally weak, as in people with consumptive tendencies, the growth of hair is

excessive, even to the eyelashes. A skin covered with downy hair is one of the marks of a scrofulous child, and who has not been saddened by the charm of the long eyelashes over the lustrous eye of the consumptive girl!

The very anomalies of growth show that the hair must fulfil more than a trifling purpose in the system. There has been an account published in the present century by Ruggieri, of a woman, twenty-seven years of age, who was covered from the shoulders to the knees with black woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. Very recently, a French physician has related the case of a young lady over whose skin, after a fever, hair grew so rapidly that, at the end of a month, she was covered with a hairy coat, an inch long, over every part of her body, except the face, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

There are other less curious accounts of women who are obliged to shave regularly once or twice a week; and it may be asked why are not all women compelled to shave? If beards and whiskers serve a purpose, why are they denied to women? That is a question certainly not difficult to answer. For the same reason that the rose is painted and the violet perfumed, there are assigned by nature to the woman attributes of grace heightened by physical weakness, and to the man attributes of dignity and strength. A thousand delicate emotions were to play about the woman's mouth, expressions that would not look beautiful in man. We all know that there is nothing more ridiculous to look at than a ladies' man who assumes femininity to please his huge body of sisters, and wins their confidence by making himself quite one of their own set. The character of woman's beauty would be marred by hair upon the face; moreover, what rest would there be ever for an infant on the mother's bosom, tickled perpetually with a mother's beard? Not being framed for active bodily toil, the woman has not the man's capacious lungs, and may need also less growth of hair. But the growth of hair in woman really is not much less than in the other sex. The hair upon a woman's head is, as a general rule, coarser, longer, and the whole mass is naturally heavier than the hair upon the head of a man. Here, by the way, I should like to hint a question, whether since what is gained in one place seems to be lost in another, the increased growth at the chin produced by constant shaving may not help to account for some part of the weakness of hair upon the crown, and of the tendency to premature baldness which is so common in English civilized society?

The hair upon the scalp, so far as concerns its mechanical use, is no doubt the most important of the hair-crops grown upon the human body. It preserves the brain from all extremes of temperature, retains the warmth of the body, and transmits very slowly any impression from without. The character of the hair depends very much upon the degree of protection needed by its possessor. The same hair—whether of head or beard—that is in Europe straight, smooth, and soft, becomes after a little travel in hot climates crisp and curly, and will become smooth again after a return to cooler latitudes. By a natural action of the sun's light and heat upon the hair that curliness is produced, and it is produced in proportion as it is required, until, as in the case of negros under the tropical suns of Africa, each hair becomes so intimately curled up with its neighbours as to produce what we call a woolly head. All hair is wool, or rather all wool is hair, and the hair of the negro differs so much in appearance from that of the European, only because it is so much more curled, and the distinct hairs are so much more intimately intertwined. The more hair curls, the more thoroughly does it form a web in which a stratum of air lies entangled to maintain an even temperature on the surface of the brain. For that reason it is made a law of Nature, that the hair should be caused to curl most in the hottest climates.

A protection of considerable importance is provided in the same way by the hair of the face to a large and important knot of nerves that lies under the skin near the angle of the lower jaw, somewhere about the point of junction between the whiskers and the beard. Man is born to work out of doors and in all weathers, for his bread; woman was created for duties of another kind, which do not involve constant exposure to sun, wind, and rain. Therefore man only goes abroad whiskered and bearded, with his face muffled by nature in a way that shields every sensitive part alike from wind, rain, heat, or frost, with a perfection that could be equalled by no muffler of his own devising. The whiskerless seldom can bear long exposure to a sharp wind that strikes on the bare cheek. The numbness then occasioned by a temporary palsy of the nerves has in many cases become permanent; I will say nothing of aches and pains that otherwise affect the face or teeth. For man who goes out to his labour in the morning, no better summer shield or winter covering against the sun or storm can be provided, than the hair which grows over those parts of the face which need protection and descends as beard in front of the neck and chest, a defence infinitely more useful as well as more becoming than a cravat about the neck, or a prepared hareskin over the pit of the stomach. One of the finest living prose-writers in our language suffered for many years from sore throat, which was incurable, until, following the advice of an Italian surgeon, he allowed his beard to grow, and Mr. Chadwick has pointed out the fact that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are all men with fine beards, are

almost entirely free from affections of the lungs and air-passages.

Mr. Chadwick regards the subject entirely from a sanitary point of view. He brought it under the discussion of the medical section engaged on sanitary inquiries at the York meeting of the British Association, and obtained among other support the concurrence of Dr. W. P. Alison of Edinburgh. We name that physician because he has since persuaded the journeymen masons of his own city to wear their beards as a preventive against consumption that prevailed among them.

For that is another use of the moustache and beard. They protect the opening of the mouth, and filter the air for a man working in smoke or dust of any kind; they also act as a respirator, and prevent the inhalation into the lungs of air that is too frosty. Mr. Chadwick, years ago, was led to the discussion of this subject by observing how in the case of some blacksmiths who wore beards and moustachios, the hair about the mouth was discoloured by the iron dust that had been caught on its way into the mouth and lungs. The same observer has also pointed out and applied to his argument the fact that travellers wait, if necessary, until their moustachios have grown before they brave the sandy air of deserts. He conceives, therefore, that the absence of moustache and beard must involve a serious loss to labourers in dusty trades, such as millers and masons; to men employed in grinding steel and iron, and to travellers on dusty roads. Men who retain the hair about the mouth are also, he says, much less liable to decay, or achings of the teeth. To this list we would add, also, that apart from the incessant dust flying in town streets, and inseparable from town life, there is the smoke to be considered. Both dust and smoke do get into the lungs, and only in a small degree it is possible for them to be decomposed and removed by processes of life. The air passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death, are found to be more or less coloured by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much; but surely we had better not make dustholes or chimney funnels of our lungs. Beyond a certain point this introduction of mechanical impurity into the delicate air passages does cause a morbid irritation, marked disease, and premature death. We had better keep our lungs clean altogether, and for that reason men working in cities would find it always worth while to retain the air filter supplied to them by nature for the purpose — the moustache and beard around the mouth.

Surely enough has been here said to make it evident that the Englishman who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious, and not merely useless, but actually unwholesome custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary ticdoloreux and toothache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now, if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague and irritate our skin no more as we now do?

I recommend nobody to grow a beard in such a way as to isolate himself in appearance from his neighbours. Moreover, I do not at all desire to bring about such a revolution as would make shaven chins as singular as bearded chins are now. What I should much prefer would be the old Roman custom, which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it entirely a matter of choice with him whether he would remain bearded or not. Though it would be wise in an adult man to leave off shaving, he must not expect after ten or twenty years of scraping at the chin, when he has stimulated each hair into undue coarseness and an undue rapidity of growth, that he can ever realise upon his own person the beauty of a virgin beard. If we could introduce now a reform, we, that have been inured to shaving, may develope very good black beards, most serviceable for all working purposes, and a great improvement on bald chins; but the true beauty of the beard remains to be developed in the next generation on the faces of those who may be induced from the beginning to abjure the use of razors.

LIGHTEN THE BOAT!

Shake hands, pledge hearts, bid fond adieus,
Speak with your brimming eyes;
To-morrow—and the dark deep sea
Will echo with your sighs.

To-morrow, and yon stately ship
Will bear to other lands
The kindred whom ye love so well;
Breathe hopes, pledge hearts, shake hands!

The Fairy Queen stands out to sea,
Each stitch of canvas spread,
Breasting the pearly laughing waves
With light and gallant head.

Her freight consists of human souls;
Her destiny, a land
Where scarce a human foot has trod
Upon the forest strand.

Five hundred souls she bears away,
To find a distant home

Where toil will give them daily bread,
And not a living tomb.

The ship speeds on; her sanguine freight,
A motley little world,
Revelling in the thousand scenes
By future hopes unfurled.

She creeps along 'mid cloudless calms,
Or dashes through the blast,
Till cheerless days and nights and weeks,
And weary months are passed.

At length the Captain shouts, "Stand by!"
The boatswain sounds his call;
"Trice up the yards and clear the decks
Secure against the squall."

Shipwreck and death! The doom is sealed,
A bolt has riven the mast;
"We will not die—we must be saved,
The ship shall brave the blast!"

Pallor is on the strong man's cheek,
Woe in the mother's heart,
For round her throb those kindred ties
No power but death shall part.

A rending peal, a shuddering crash,
A wail of agony;
The shattered bark, with many a soul,
Sinks headlong in the sea.

Morning breaks o'er the world of waves,
But finds no Fairy Queen.
One single, tiny boat is all
To tell that she has been.

A crowded remnant of the wreck
With naked life escape,
No land for twenty souls—all sea,
Relentless, vast, agape.

Lighten the boat! or every soul
Will perish suddenly:
Enquiring eyes and throbbing hearts
Ask all, "Will it be I?"

A boy sits silent in the bows
Bereft of earthly ties;
He must be told: "Say, friendless boy,
Are you afraid to die?"

"Why should *I* die? My father's dead,
Mother and sister too;
O! let me not be drowned alone,
But live or die with you."

He pleads in vain. "A moment then,
A moment longer spare!"
With fervent heart and lifted eyes,
He breathes his simple prayer.

Awe, deep and silent, struck each heart
As on that trembling tongue,
"Father in Heaven, thy will be done!"
In trustful accents hung.

He lightly steps upon the prow,
And, gathering up his strength,
Unblenched scans his yawning grave,
To feel its depth and length.

Who seals the doom? No hand is raised,
None hear the spirit knell;
A sudden plunge, a thrilling cry
Breaks in upon the spell.

They search the boat, they search the sea;
The noble boy is gone;
Gone, let us hope, where angels are,
Self-martyred and alone.

THE MIND OF BRUTES.

The Phalansterian publishers who give us their address Quai Voltaire, Paris, have this year offered to the world a second edition of L'Esprit des Bêtes, a passional zoology of the mammifers of France, by Monsieur Toussenel. Whatever may be its merits in other respects—on which we defer expressing our own private notions—it is certainly one of the most remarkable works on natural history which has appeared in any country for many years.

The author, now advanced in life, states that the title of his work explains the spirit in which it has been conceived. It is a treatise on *zoologie passionelle*, that is, a mode of zoologizing on which there are no lectures at the Sorbonne in Paris, or at the Royal Society of London. It is a conscientious and faithful abstract of the ardent duties of a sportsman who, after having lived for more than thirty years in intimate acquaintance with the animals of his country, and spent many pleasant hours with them, feels compelled to offer them a public testimony of his esteem and gratitude. Many writers have described animals; but no historian has hitherto regarded them in the special light of passional analogy, that is to say, in the point of their moral, intellectual, and physical resemblance to man. In consequence of which omission the world is burthened with such a number of incomplete treatises on zoology. Beasts, says their boon companion, are the images of men, as man is the image of God. Poets only have understood the veritable character of animals, and have now and then made them speak in suitable language. The author's object is to complete the work which poetry has begun, and to supply, he contends, an enormous gap in science. On this account he has thought it necessary to begin by a few indispensable considerations concerning the origin of animals.

One sole law, he says, governs the universe; love. Love is the divine irresistible motive cause, which attracts the earth towards the sun, the lover to his mistress, the sap to the extremity of the boughs, the professedly insensible metallic molecule towards the molecule of the same nature. Whether this power be entitled love, attraction, or atomic affinity, the name has nothing to do with the thing. It is one and the same;—the universal principle of motion and of life. It is a power proceeding from on high, and all created beings rejoice to yield to its influence. Wise men have called this power passion, from a part of the latin verb *pati*, to suffer, to express the idea of the passiveness of man, and his compulsory obedience to the superior law.

Passion, the principle of universal motion, is the eternal form of utterance by means of which the Deity reveals his law and his will to all his creatures. It impels man towards happiness. Happiness is, for every creature, the complete and continued exercise of all its faculties, of all its natural attractions. The creature is happy, when it is in its destined path. Liberty, which is the means of happiness, is obedience to the law of attraction. The satellite is thoroughly persuaded that it does nothing but follow its own will, when it circles in the orbit assigned to it by attraction. The Deity has proportioned attraction to the destiny of his creatures; and to guide them towards the pole of that destiny he has endowed them with a double compass: Pleasure, which informs them when they are in the right way, and Pain, which warns them when they are erring. Flowers and harvests, perfumes and joyous songs, bud and burst forth at the breath of love. Those endless joys, those ineffable harmonies, which, at the first kiss of the sun, are awakened from the bosom of sleeping nature, chant aloud the motto of love. God is our father; he, therefore, desires our happiness, for it is his own law which ordains that parents should strive after the happiness of their children. He is just; and, consequently, *every desire which he gives us is a promise which he makes us.* [Italics in the original.] For instance, if he had not chosen that we should be immortal, he would not have given us the desire to be so; he would have given us an inclination to the idea of annihilation. Thousands of volumes have been written in favour of the immortality of the soul, which do not teach so much on this consolatory subject as the immortal formula of attractions proportioned to destinies—a literal translation of the three words: God is good!

And how, asks M. Toussenel, is it possible to write a conscientious history of brutes, without prefacing it by an abridged notice of the creation—for which, unfortunately, there is no room here—except to state, with M. Toussenel, that human reason cannot doubt that the earth has passed through all the regular phases of the infancy of worlds? The history of the revolutions of the earth is written in large and legible characters, upon the stratifications of its mineral beds; wherein we find, cased and ticketed in order and with dates, the deposits of its various reigns—the world of forests (fossil coal) and that of gigantic saurians, of dragons and of bats, and finally that of the mastodons, of the elephant, and of the bear, who was the precursor of man. Let us skip over these uninteresting epochs to arrive at that in which the earth was called upon to take part in the solar system, in the character of the cardinal planet of Friendship. This epoch is not far removed. The earth is not, as Voltaire asserts, "an old coquette who tries to hide her wrinkles;" she is, on the contrary, a very young star; and the proof is that our planet is at this very moment passing through the most painful phase of infancy, the phase of dentition. At the present day, with M. de Voltaire's permission, the earth is just now cutting her teeth. The earth's teeth are called printing, steam, cotton-gunpowder, and aërial navigation, whose production causes her so much suffering; but which are so many instruments that humanity must necessarily employ, in order to effect the transit of civilisation to the superior social phases; just as the infant, when once armed with its canine teeth, whose growth has given it so much pain, makes use of them to pass on from soft boiled beef to solid beefsteak.

After this homœopathic sample of our author's philosophy, we will listen to what he has to say about a few "Animals which are not objects of the chase." It will be easily understood that M. Toussenel's Passional Zoology might almost as justly be called Zoological Metaphysics; that is, he illustrates man by the aid of brutes, quite as much as he explains brutes by the aid of man. For instance, one of the mottoes on his title-page is, "The best element of human nature is the portion of dog which enters it." Many readers, unacquainted with the writer's complicated system of thought, might often doubt whether he were in jest or earnest. It is not clear to us, that he always knows himself. His plan, in speaking of various beasts, is to find in them analogies with corresponding characters and classes of mankind; and to take the opportunity of firing off a series of satirical remarks and fanciful conceits, which a severe-minded man would hardly allow to be reasoning, still less induction, but which are very amusing samples of moralising, nevertheless, and are often far from devoid of truth. Our object will be to pick out some of these plums of philosophy to serve as a dessert to the plain pudding of the preliminary discourse.

The Mole is, perhaps, the safest animal to begin with, because no individual will be foolish enough to confess that he feels himself hit hard by its peculiarities, or that the analogical cap at all fits him.

Virgil has given a definition of the mole without knowing it. "*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*" "A horrid, misshapen, colossal monster, with very indifferent eyesight." The mole, in fact, is the most monstrous of all created beings. It is the most powerful of quadrupeds, in respect to muscular force, and the most sanguinary of all the carnivores. It is the most complete of all the mammifers, without even excepting man. It is the champion of all others; the best provided with the arms of war, of labour, and of love.

I have heard, says Monsieur Toussenel, a great deal of talk about the strength of the elephant, who carries on his back towers

filled with warriors. I have patiently listened to long accounts of the locomotive powers of the whale, who will manage to swim round the world in a fortnight. The Bengal tiger has been quoted to me as a blood-thirsty animal, whose appetite it is not easy to satisfy. But the prowess of the elephant and the whale are nothing better than child's play in comparison with the feats of the mole. The Creator has employed more mechanical genius in the construction of the hand of the mole alone, than in framing the skeletons of all other giants of land and water. The Bengal tiger is a lizard of sobriety and a lamb of gentleness, when considered side by side with the mole; for the Bengal tiger has never turned the point of its canines against its own flesh and blood. Send your friend a present of a couple of tigers shut up in a box; they will reach their address without accident or injury. Place two moles in the same position, and they will have swallowed each other completely up, before they get to the first baiting-place.

It is not a particularly difficult task to move, either like the elephant, on the surface of the soil, or as the whale does, in a fluid medium which causes you to rise or to sink, according to the compression or expansion of your lungs; but, for experiment's sake, just put an elephant or a whale fifty feet underground, and see what will be the result of the most desperate efforts of the cetacean or the proboscid! They will both perish in a minute or two, for want of pick-axes to cleave the earth, and of muscles strong enough to work them with. Give the mole the stature of the whale, or only that of the elephant, and it will turn the very world topsy-turvy. The muscular superiority of the mole to the elephant is one of those acknowledged truths which there is no disputing.

The jaws of the mole are furnished with forty-four formidable teeth. Its snout, the index of passionate sensuality, has attained to such a disproportionate size as to have almost completely obstructed the sense of sight (the sense, according to the author's theory, of charity). The mole moves its head, and the pulverised earth is thrown suddenly into the air, like sea-water spurting out from the nostrils of the whale. Its stomach is an ever-burning furnace, in which the most indigestible elements are instantly twisted up, melted, and made to disappear. Its hunger is a madness; its love an epilepsy. Its whole existence is a continued orgy of blood. Its fits of insane appetite recur three or four times a day. It dies of inanition at the end of a ten hours' abstinence.

The mole darts on its prey with a prodigious bound, seizes it under the belly, thrusts its long muzzle into its entrails, enlarges the wound with its hands in order to plunge more completely into the heart of its victim, and enjoy the carnage with every pore. Each murder it commits furnishes the occasion of a voluptuous ecstasy. A famished mole once darted upon the bosom of a young girl, and laid open her breast, before any one had time to run to her assistance. If the ancients had known the mole, it is more than probable that they would have consecrated it to Priapus, the god of gardens. The mole forms no exception to the common saying, that love is blind.

After all this, it is kind of M. Toussenel to comfort us with the remark that an animal like the mole cannot be the emblem of any individual human type. The mole, in fact, is not the emblem of a single character; it is the emblem of an entire social period, the period of the child-birth of industry, the Cyclopean period, the most dolorous and dark of all the periods of the limbic phase. The mole does not symbolise any single vice, it symbolises them all. It is the most complete allegorical expression of the absolute predominance of brutal over intellectual strength. It carries its characterial dominant written on its snout. And, observe here, the irresistible and fatal result and influence of the exaggerated development of the olfactory apparatus in animals. The elephant, naturally placed at the head of the category of proboscideans, is exclusively herbivorous, and would readily symbolise, by his frugality and reserve, the innocent and modest manners of the paradisiac period. Nevertheless, because he carries a trunk—because he is, in that respect, related to the tapir and the mole—the elephant is subject to outbreaks of temperament, which sometimes render his society so insupportable, that we are obliged to make use of fire-arms in order to part company with him. It is also notorious that he addicts himself to drink, without heed or remorse; and it is well known to what a state of moral degradation the passion of drunkenness reduces the unfortunates of whom it once has taken possession.

The mole is a vessel brim-full of impurity. Take equal parts of Bluebeard, Louis XV., Messalina, and the Marquis de Sade; bray them well together in a mortar, heat and distil them, and you will obtain the mole. The Titan who piles Pelion upon Ossa, Enceladus whose convulsions nauseate Ætna so terribly that it vomits torrents of burning lava, are the mole: who ever heaps mountain upon mountain, whoever disturbs and distresses the entrails of the soul, and who ever disfigures the verdant surface of the meadows with multitudinous earthly eruptions, is the mole. The mole is the one-eyed Cyclops who works underground, who opens subterranean galleries, who feasts on living flesh, who crushes Galathea's lovers under boulders of rock, and who looks upon every orgy as insipid, unless blood flows there in streams. Where, unless in the hideous Cyclops, can we find the portrait of the mole?

About the Rat M. Toussenel says he could write twenty volumes, if he were only suffered to have his own way. There is no richer subject than the rat; the rat of Paris especially. The rat tells of the invasions of barbarians, as the war-horse declares the grandeur and the decline of the aristocracy of blood. Like horde, like rat; every fresh occupation of the surface is followed by a corresponding occupation of the subsoil. The rat of the Goths, the rat of the Vandals, and the rat of the Huns have successively appeared. There is the Norman (English) rat, and the Tartar (Muscovite) rat. One might count the strata of barbarians which have been deposited one above the other upon the soil of France by the varieties of rats which that soil has, in turn supported. Here, certainly, is a new and important historic datum.

All rats are Ratophagi; that is to say, rat eats rat. Not only neighbouring races reciprocally devour one another, but even individuals of the same race. The fathers eat their children in the cradle, to spare them the pain of an initiation into existence; and the grateful children hasten, in return—after the fashion of the Messagetæ, the worthy ancestors of the Cossacks—to relieve their parents of the burden of life, as soon as they begin to fall into years.

The whole family of rats, endowed with prodigious fecundity, is the emblem of those miserable and prolific populations which now cover the face of the globe, and which are driven by hunger and the hatred of labour to make war upon, and to devour each other. They will all disappear, one of these fine days, simultaneously with war, the plague, and famine. The rat, like the barbarian, is a scourge sent by God, to warn the nations of *Civilisis*, and to punish them for the errors they are committing. The natural viciousness which impels the rat to turn its incisors against its own proper blood, is also the natural check and corrective of the "wolf," or raging hunger, with which it is insatiably possessed. Had it not been for the propensity of ratophagy, rats, by this time, would have eaten up all other inhabitants of the globe. And if barbarians had not also turned their arms against each other, where would "civilisation" have been at the present day? There are rats—for instance, the *campagnols* and the lemmings—which annually quit their own country to go and plunder the neighbouring territories, and then return home, as soon as their expedition is concluded. So did the Gauls, the barbarous ancestors of modern Frenchmen; so still do the pirates, the Arabs, and all the wandering tribes of Africa and Asia. There are others who, like the brown rat and the *surmulot*, abandon their native land without any intention of returning, but establish a permanent settlement in the conquered country, like the Norman in Great Britain and the Mongolian in China. Authorities abound proving the coincidence of the Norman invasion (of France) with that of the brown rat—the rat properly so called. The *surmulot*, the actually existing rat of Paris, is a thing of yesterday in Europe, like the Muscovite, whence it comes to us. The Norman, the honourable stock of the present English aristocracy, is the tribe which has left behind it the most fearful reputation of barbarity. The Norman pirate made men believe in the existence of the ogre. The French people, in their public prayers, used to implore God to deliver them from evil and the Norman.

The amount of wealth laboriously collected by the workers of France, and destroyed by the brown rat during the six or seven centuries that we have had to maintain it, is incalculable. It was also the period during which the labour of the serf fed the indolence and pride of the noble. A carnivorous and a plundering invader—such was the Norman rat. The fear of disturbing the cordial understanding which exists between the English and French Governments, prevents me from pursuing the analogy to the end. But in the last century, the Norman rat found his master in the Muscovite or Tartar rat, otherwise called the *surmulot*, the rat of Montfaucon. One day in seventeen hundred and sixty (not yet a hundred years ago), the town of Jaïk, in Siberia, was attacked and taken by storm by an innumerable army of rats. The attack took place at four in the evening; the conquered people yielded to their conquerors sovereign possession of a quarter of the town. These new rats, unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the same central plain of Asia, which sent forth those Hun and Mongolian cavaliers, who spread to the right and left of their meridian, and at one time took the west and Rome, at another the east, from Jerusalem to Pekin. The campaign being opened by the conquest of a town, the tide of invasion did not cease to flow. It soon became an actual torrent. The *surmulot* overflowed into Europe. It has penetrated, in fifty years, into the heart of every capital; and no one can now tell where the course of its subterranean progress will stop. Paris trembles lest she should furnish a new chapter to Pliny's history of cities overthrown by rats.

The first consequence of the settlement of the Muscovite or Tartar rat in France, was the complete extermination of the Norman rat; because there is a mortal antipathy between Norman blood and Muscovite blood. The extermination of the Norman by the Muscovite rat in France is contemporary with the annihilation of the privileges of the French aristocracy, and the accession of the *régime* of the sabre. The powers of destruction with which the Tartar rat is armed, his indomitable courage, and his fearful voracity, completely recall the style of the ferocious cavaliers of Attila and Tamerlane—those

pitiless exterminators, who amused themselves with building living pyramids, in which human beings served for stones, and who did not choose that grass should grow in places over which their horses had once passed. But the rat, the emblem of misery, murder, and rapine—the rat, the emblem of the Norman or the Muscovite hordes—cannot disappear from off our soil, till misery and murder have first been banished from it, and wise governments have put in practice the pacific theory which was placed in the mouth of the great conqueror of Isly, M. le Maréchal Bugeaud, when he gave as a toast at the Phalansterian banquet, on the seventh of April, eighteen hundred and forty, "To the abolition of war! To the transformation of armies of destruction into armies of production!"

The *ménage* of the Hamster is the perfect image of the divided household, and the cordial understanding existing between husband and wife amongst *Civilisés*. The male and the female agree admirably at first, while they are pillaging the public in partnership. Not one single dispute arises until the moment of dividing the spoil. The male, who has enjoyed the services of the female in filling his magazine to repletion—exactly as the civilised husband invests his wife's dower in extending his business—the gentleman, immediately winter sets in, begins by reducing the lady to a stinted allowance; and then, under some insulting pretext or other, he drives her away from the conjugal dwelling. But madame, who is aware both of her own rights and of the hiding-place where the treasure is stored, does not abandon her share quite so easily. Although turned out of doors by forcible means, she excavates a side-way to return to the place, and bleeds the niggard pretty freely. She does better; she calls in the assistance of an Egistheus, and the two together, taking advantage of their Agamemnon's slumbers, strangle and eat him up entirely while securely reposing upon his heaped-up riches. For it is the sure fate of the hamster to be devoured either by his female, or his partner, when he has not the good sense to take the initiative.

The Marmot is the animal who taught the chimney-sweep to climb between two walls of rock, or chimney. He also exhales a disagreeable odour, which is not without analogy with the smell of soot. He is the emblem of the poor mountaineer, stupified with wretchedness, who patiently resigns himself to the most disgusting tasks, all for the pleasure of more indolent mortals.

Dormice are the emblems of industrial parasites, who spend three-quarters of their time in doing nothing, and who make up for their idleness by living upon the labours of others. All the dormice marry late in life, like hedgehogs and ambitious people, who wait till they have made their fortune, and can settle down in suitable style.

But of all animals that are not objects of sport, the Bats have been the most unfortunate in their denomination. In the first place, they are popularly baptised with the absurd generic name of *chauve-souris*, or bald-mice, while they are neither mice nor bald. Science has not succeeded better with its latest title of *cheiroptères*, or hand-wings, seeing that their organs of locomotion are neither hands nor wings. *Vespertillons* and *Anthropomorpha* are, neither of them, a bit better or worse. If official science determined to honour these infamies with a Greek name at all hazards, it ought to have fabricated for them some better substantive, answering to their natural indications, such as *bird-mammal*, *fur-bird*, or *flying quadruped*. However, M. Toussenel agrees to accept the *cheiroptère*, both because of all the filthy things in creation the bald mouse was, without contradiction, the hardest to name, and because he fears to frighten his young-lady readers by restoring to it its real title. For the bat is the representative of Death—and of such a death! A false death. Real death is a flat-nosed thing; whilst bats have exaggerated noses, sometimes reaching down to their chest. One single name would suit it—Bugbear; unless Satanite would better become it. Persons unskilled in guessing the rebuses of nature, and who do not know what trouble it costs to make the dumb speak, must believe M. Toussenel on his word of honour, when he tells them that it took him ten years of continual acquaintance with the bat, and unheard of efforts of perseverance and importunity, to cause it to unclose its teeth, and make confession of all its vilenesses.

The bat is one of the few species which enjoy the singular privilege of inspiring a mortal antipathy at first sight, and of making nervous people faint away. It shares this melancholy faculty with the toad, the emblem of the beggar; the spider, the emblem of the shopkeeper; and the viper, the emblem of perfidy. Now, mark well this circumstance; the bat is an *innocent* animal! That is the solution of the whole enigma. The bat is innocent, and more than innocent—it is useful. It goes on with the services rendered by the swallow, when they would otherwise be interrupted by nightfall, and makes war upon all nocturnal insects and vermin which afflict humanity, and humanity's fruit-trees. But, since this hideous creature, which is gifted with supreme ugliness, and a supreme faculty of repulsiveness, is still nothing but an innocent, nay a useful animal; consequently the fear of death—of that disquieting transition—which has been instilled into our minds, is nothing but an atrocious pleasantry, by whose aid miserable impostors have disgracefully profited by human credulity, and made the most of purgatory. Happily, everything is discovered with the day (analogy). The bat, whom obscurant cheats had associated with their dark designs, would not have betrayed them, any more than their

human accomplices would be likely to peach.

The bat is a chimera, a monstrous and impossible being, symbolising nothing but chimeras; a goblin of the night, exclusively representing the phantoms of a sick imagination; the offspring of brains calcined by asceticism, fasting, and solitary meditations. The bat is imposture made beast, as M. de Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, was lies made man. The character of universal anomaly and of monstrosity which is observed in the conformation of the bat, those strange interversions of the senses, which enable the ugly brute to hear with its nose and to see with its ears, are explained by the subversion of ideas, by the intellectual disorders, which this fantastic type is commissioned to symbolise. The bat, moreover, ingenuously avows its complicity in the work of obscurantism. For sixty centuries it has been the most devoted auxiliary of superstition, for the simple reason that its natural sympathies are with the friends of darkness, that sunshine dazzles it, and that it cannot see a lighted candle without feeling the desire to blow it out. It would be impossible to charge the poor beast with these sympathies as a crime. Birds of a feather flock together. The bat only drags itself along by day; it neither flies nor walks. Soldiers of this kind cannot serve in the regiment of progress.

And besides; the fact is, that in excuse for the systematic obscurantism of the bat, as for that, of the bear—who does not pretend to be a bit too fond of light—there exists an extenuating circumstance of very considerable importance. All who are not aware of it ought to be told that the infancy of worlds is the reign of bats, as the infancy of man is the heyday of bugbears and black old men. The bat occupies in the scale of animality of a world, a position which is proportionally higher as that world happens to be nearer in age to its first hatching of animal life. Now, it was in high prosperity in the world which preceded this. Antediluvian history even records that it was one of the most finished types of animal life then existing. The bat still retains one remnant of the distinguished rank which it occupied in those remote times; namely, its teats are situated in the same part of its person as in the sphynx. It seems, then, that in the good old times of creation, number two (the one before the last), the domains of air indisputably belonged to two or three gigantic bats—a sort of aëriel ships whose membranous sails measured ten or a dozen yards from tip to tip. These model bats—which learned men call *pterodactyles*, to avoid repeating the word *cheiroptère*, but which means exactly the very same thing—these bats shared with the bear the enjoyment of an absolute tyranny. I have heard that these fur-birds, these hideous vampires, made nothing of tapping a poor megatherium or dinotherium, when he was lying fast asleep, and drawing from him a trifle of fifty quarts of blood.

Without being the apologist either of tyrants or of vampires, one can feel a little indulgence for fallen greatness. It would be too much to require that those who have lost their all by a revolution, should be violently in love with the new order of things. In every age, and on every planet, pretenders, that is to say the fallen—the bear and the bat—have joined hands with obscurants, or in plain words, with jesuits. But, exactly as the first rays of the sun, the centre of light and love, chase from the revivified atmosphere the spirits of darkness, the owl and the bat; so, false morality and superstition, the idea of a malevolent God, all fear and all imposture, will quit for ever the mind of man with the first glimmer of the dawn of harmony! The bat, which lost so much of its importance at the last creation, is destined to disappear completely at the opening of the next creation, number four.

We have not yet done with M. Toussenel and his strange anomalies.

DOWN WHITECHAPEL, FAR AWAY.

It is natural that a Metropolis so gigantic as the empress-city of Britain, should set the fashion to its provincial kinsfolk. It is, I believe, a fact not very much controverted, that London habits, London manners and modes, London notions and London names are extensively copied, followed, and emulated in the provinces. There is scarcely a village, not to say a town, in Great Britain where some worthy tradesman has not baptised his place of business London House, or the London Repository; where he pretends to sell London porter, London hosiery or London cutlery. There are few towns that do not number among their streets several whose appellations are drawn from the street lists of the London Post Office Directory, Regent Streets, Bond Streets, St. James's Streets, Pall Malls, Drury Lanes, Strands, Fleet Streets, Ludgate Hills, Covent Gardens, Cheapsides, and Waterloo Places abound in great profusion throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. There is sometimes a ludicrous incongruity between the appearance, class, and species of street familiar in London, and the synonymous street presented in a country town. A man, for instance, is apt to be puzzled when he finds a little greasy cube of ill-favoured houses, resembling a bar of soap just marked for cutting into squares, figured down as Belgrave Place or Wilton Crescent. He will not be quite prepared to recognise Cheapside in a series of basket-makers' cottages with small kitchen gardens; nor will a dirty thoroughfare, principally occupied by old-clothes-vendors and marine-store-dealers, quite come up to his ideas of Bond Street or Regent Street. Islington—composed of a long avenue of merchants'

warehouses each rejoicing in a plurality of stories, with gaping doors where there should be windows, and huge cranes from which perpetually balance sacks of meal or hogsheads of sugar after the manner of Mahomet's coffin —creates in the mind of the London-bred Islingtonian a curious dissociation of ideas. And when he comes upon a Grosvenor Street in the guise of a blind alley, or upon a Holborn fringed with pretty suburban villas, or a Piccadilly next to a range of pigsties, or a Fleet Street planted with flowering shrubs, he cannot fail to doubt whether a street is still a street "for a' that."

These topographical incongruities have lately been brought under my notice in the great commercial port of Liverpool. In Liverpool, which can show—its suburbs and dependencies included—a population not much under four hundred thousand souls, I found Pall Malls, Fleet Streets, Covent Gardens, Drury Lanes, Houndsditches, Islingtons, and other places all with London names, and all with a most opinionated want of resemblance to their London sponsors. Islington I found to be not a district, but a single street, the site of several public houses, one or two pawnbrokers', and numerous chandlers' shops. Fleet Street is without bustle, Drury Lane without dirt, and Covent Garden without an apple or an orange. Park Lane—the very sound of which is suggestive of curly-wigged coachmen, high-stepping carriage-horses, (jobbed mostly; but such is life) silver-studded harness, luxurious carriages hung on feathery springs, ostrich feathers, diamonds, Danish dogs, blue ribbons, the ladies' mile, the Grenadier Guards, and the Duke of Somerset's coronet-tipped gas-lamps; the whole pomp, pride, and circumstance of our glorious aristocracy—Park Lane I found to be filled with shops, pavement, and population; and devoted to the vending of marine stores, the purveying of fiery gin, the receipt of miscellaneous articles in pledge, and the boarding, lodging, and fleecing—with a little hocussing, crimping, and kidnapping included—of those who go down to the sea in ships: in short, a West Coast Wapping.

There is, however, no rule without an exception: and I came ultimately upon a street, which albeit possessing certain originalities of aspect and existence not to be found elsewhere, did nevertheless offer in its general character something approaching a resemblance to the London highway from which it has drawn its name. Whoever built this street was evidently a man impressed with a sufficient idea of the general fitness of things. He must have been a travelled, or at least, a well-read man; and he evidently had a keen remembrance of that great London artery which stretches from Aldgate Pump to Mile End Gate, London, when he called that Liverpool Street Whitechapel.

I am thankful to him for having done so; for had the Liverpool Whitechapel not resembled in some measure the London Whitechapel, and thereby become exceptional, I should—having walked down Whitechapel Way,* in London, one Saturday night in eighteen hundred and fifty-one—not have walked down this Whitechapel Way (two hundred and twenty miles away) one Saturday night in eighteen hundred and fifty-three.

Whitechapel in Lancashire is so far like Whitechapel in Middlesex, that it is passably dirty, moderately thronged by day, and inconveniently crowded by night; is resorted to by a variety of persons of a suspicious nature, and by a considerable number about whom there can be no suspicion at all: that moreover, it has a kerb-stone market for the negociation of fruit and small ware: that it is scoured by flying tribes of Bedouins, in the guise of peripatetic street vendors; that it is sprinkled with cheap tailoring establishments, cheap eating and coffee houses, cheap places of public amusement; and finally, that it is glutted with gin palaces, whiskey shops, taverns, and public-houses of every description.

Thus far, the two streets run in concert; but they soon diverge. The Liverpool Whitechapel is intensely maritime (or what I may call "Dockish"), intensely Hibernian—in its offshoots or side-streets almost wholly so—intensely commercial, and, during the daytime, not wholly unaristocratic; for it is intersected in one part by Church Street, the Eden of the haberdashers' shops and the pet promenade of the beauty and fashion of the City of the Liver. Lord Street the proud branches off from it, full of grand shops, and the pavement of which is daily trodden by those interesting specimens of humanity, "hundred thousand pound men:"—humble-minded millionnaires who disdain carriages in business hours, and in the humility of their wealth, condescend to pop at stray times into quaint little taverns, where they joke with the landlady, and ask for the "Mail" or the "Mercury" after you have done with it, as though they were nothing more than wharfingers or entering clerks. Nor are these all the high connections Whitechapel in Liverpool can claim. At the upper end branches off a short thoroughfare, leading into Dale Street, likewise patronised by the magnates of Liverpool. At its extreme end again is the confluence of streets abutting on the stately London and North-Western Terminus in Lime Street, and on the great open space, where stands that really magnificent building, St. George's Hall. The consequence of all this is that there is a constant cross-stream of fashionables mingling with the rushing river of the *profanum vulgus*.

It is half-past ten o'clock; for the early

* See Household Words, vol. iv., p. 136.

rstem—on Saturdays, at least—is not
t in Liverpool; and thousands have
purchases to make on Sunday morn-
fore we enter Whitechapel glowing
flowing from enormous jets, we are
by an extra blaze of light, by a
e of people, and by a confusion of
over which one strident and resonant
minates; all being gathered round
th of Messrs Misture and Fitt, to
ooth we must turn aside for a mo-

left hand centre of a piece of waste
ese gentlemen have boldly pitched
the potsherds, the dead cats, and
bottles—a monster marquee, gaily
d with pink and white stripes and
ed flags. Here Messrs. Misture and
e gone into the quack line of busi-
a Bohemian or travelling manner.
herb doctors, chiropodists, universal
vendors, veterinary prescribers, and
ore besides. A mob of men, women
ldren are talking, screaming, laughing
ng around the temporary laboratory of
edical sages, before a long counter
reaks beneath a bountiful spread of
oking preparations, pills, pots of oint-
ottles of sarsaparilla, cases of herbs,
plaisters and boluses. The whole
as the appearance of the stock in
half-a-dozen unsuccessful chemists
ggists, who had been burnt out or
ed to the backwoods, or set up
in Canvas Town, and here clubbed
ainder of their goods as a last effort
off under prime cost. There are
gaily decorated placards eulogistic
ire's Epileptic Pills, and Fitt's Con-
d Essence of Peppermint. Fitt is
ing his select auditory as we draw
His style of eloquence is some-
eyond the old hocus-pocus diatribes
old medical mountebanks. He is
road as Cheap Jack, not so lofty as
ara, not so scientifically unintelligible
uacks you see in the Champs Elysées
Boulevard du Temple, in Paris. But
tonishingly rapid; and mingles with
bit of sporting a snack of slang, and
enteel anecdotes of the nobility and
He has so fluent a delivery, such
jokes for the men and such sly leers
adies, that the former slap their legs
ak forth into enthusiastic encomiums
dialect of Tim Bobbin. The latter
and blush delightfully. Some of his
ply forcibly to the personal appear-
a select few of his auditory, and pro-
ars of laughter. A happy allusion to
hbouring church-yard, being close to
r's shop, tells immensely. At the
nd of the drug-heaped counter the
artner Misture—hard-featured with a
e; one of those men who will wear
lothes and white neckcloths, and
ver can look respectable in them—is
silently but busily engaged in handing over divers packets of the medicines his partner has been praising to eager and numerous purchasers. I see through Misture and Fitt in a moment. Fitt is the volatile partner, the fine arts professor. Misture is the sound practical man of business. Misture is the careful builder, who lays the foundation and gets up the scaffolding: Fitt does the ornamental work and puts on the fancy touches. Do you not remember when Geoffrey Crayon and Buckthorne went to the bookseller's dinner, that the latter pointed out the partner who attended to the carving, and the partner who attended to the jokes? They are prototypes of Misture and Fitt.

The busy throng tends Whitechapel way, and down Whitechapel we must go. So great is the number of orange-sellers and oranges in Whitechapel, that it would seem as if the whole of one year's produce of St. Michael's and the Azores had been disgorged into the narrow street this Saturday night. The poor creatures who sell this fruit —desperately ragged and destitute—were formerly much harried and beset by the police, who in their over-zeal made descents and razzias upon them, put them to horrid rout and confusion, and made so many of them captives to their bows and spears (or batons), that the miserable creatures scarcely dared to venture into the light for grievous fear and trembling. They offered oranges in bye-places and secret corners, as if they had been smuggled merchandise, prohibited under annihilating penalties. Latterly, however, some benevolent persons took their case in hand; and, demonstrating to the authorities that to obstruct a thoroughfare was not quite high treason, nor to offer an orange for sale was not quite sufficient to warrant a human creature being hunted like a wild beast, the dread taboo was taken off, and some small immunities were conceded to the army of orange-vendors.

My Uncle's counting-houses, which abound here in Whitechapel, are all thronged to-night. As per flourishing gold letters on his door-jamb, he proposes to lend money on plate, jewellery, and valuables; but he is not much troubled with plate, jewellery, or valuables on a Saturday night. If you enter one of these pawnshops—they are called so plainly, without reticence or diffidence, hereabout—and elbow your way through Vallambrosian thickets of wearing apparel and miscellaneous articles, you will observe these peculiarities in the internal economy of the avuncular life, at variance with London practice;—that the duplicates are not of cardboard, but of paper having an appearance something between Dock-warrants and Twelfth-cake lottery tickets, and that the front of each compartment of the counter is crossed by a stout wooden barrier; whether for the convenience of the pledger to rest his elbows on while transacting business, or

to restrain the said pledger from violently wresting from My Uncle's hands any article before he has legally redeemed it, I am unable to say. Furthermore, it will be not without emotion that you will become sensible that in very many of the pawnbroking warehouses My Uncle is for the nonce transformed into My Aunt—not simply figuratively, in the French sense—but substantially. The person who unites your package, names the extent of the investment therein by way of loan, fills up the duplicate and hands you the cash is a Young Lady; sharp-eyed, quick-witted, and not to be done by any means.

I have said that My Uncle is troubled with few articles of any considerable value on Saturday nights. This is ordinarily the case; but not unfrequently a young lady of an inflamed complexion bears down on My Uncle, laden with the spoils of some galleon from the Spanish Main; the watch, chain, trinkets, and clothes of some unfortunate sailor fresh from abroad, whom she has plundered. Sometimes this tight craft disposes successfully of her booty, and sheers off with all her prize-money, and with flying colours; but occasionally, suspicions being awakened and signals made to the Preventive, she is compelled to heave-to, and to tack, and to change her course, and even to proceed under convoy to a roadstead known as Bridewell; the harbour-dues of which are so considerable, that an overhauling before a stipendiary magistrate, and a lengthened sojourn in a graving dock near Kirkdale gaol are absolutely necessary before she can get to sea again. Sometimes, again, a drunken sailor (they are every whit as apt to rob themselves as to be robbed) will drop in with a watch, or a gold thumb ring, or even the entire suit of clothes off his back to pawn. One offered a five-pound note in pledge on a Saturday night; upon which My Uncle considerately lent him (he was very far gone) five shillings—taking care to ascertain to what ship he belonged—and the next morning, to Jack's great joy and astonishment, returned him four pounds fifteen shillings.

Here is a "vault:" it has nothing to do with pallid death. It is, indeed, a chosen rendezvous for "life," in Whitechapel. Such life as is comprised in spirituous jollity, and the conviviality that is so nearly allied to delirium tremens. The vault is large enough to be the presence-chamber of a London gin palace; but lacks the gilding, plate-glass, and French polish, which are so handsomely thrown in with a London pennyworth of gin. The walls are soberly coloured; the only mural decorations being certain and sundry oleaginous frescoes, due, perhaps, to the elbows and heads of customers reclining thereagainst. The bar-counter is very high, and there are no enclosed bars or snuggeries; but there is one unbroken line of shop-board. The vault is very full to-night. A party of American sailors in red flannel shirts, and bushy whiskers, and ear-rings, are liberally treating a select party of ladies and gentlemen; hosts and guests being already much the worse for liquor. One mariner, to my personal knowledge, had been regaling for the last ten minutes on a series of "glasses to follow," of almost every excisable fluid; taken without any relation to their chemical affinities or proper order of succession. He is now reduced to that happy frame of mind, common, I am told, in some stages of Bacchic emotion, which leads him to believe, and to state (indistinctly), that though he has spent his last sixpence, it is "awright;" and that things generally must come round and be as satisfactory (in a rectified point of view) as a trivet. Next to the sailors and their guests are a knot of Irish labourers, gesticulating, quarrelling, and all but fighting, in their native manner, and according to the custom of their country. Next are ragged women, and mechanics, who have already spent, prospectively, up to the Friday of the next week's earnings. Next, and next, and next, are sailors, and Irish, and women, and mechanics, over and over again.

We are arrested at the door by an episode of a domestic nature, which merits tarrying an instant to witness. A very broad Lancastrian chandler's-shop-keeper, speaking broad Lancashire, and of mature years, has been drinking in an adjoining apartment with a Sergeant and a couple of recruits of one of Her Majesty's regiments of militia. Arrived at that happy state in which the celebrated Willie may reasonably be supposed to have been when he had finished brewing the peck of malt, it has occurred to this eccentric tradesman to slip on one of the recruits' scarlet jackets, and to represent to the partner of his joys, (who, according to the Hymeneal Statute in that case made and provided, has "fetched" him), that he has "'listed;" at which she sheds abundant floods of tears, and beseeches him to "cast t' red rag off and coom awa." "Coom awa, Robert, coom awa," she passionately says, "yans nowt but jack-shappers (hangmen), yans nowt but 'shepstering rads' (whatever can *they* be?) coom awa! They'll crop 'te pow, lad. They'll mak thee shouther arms, lad. Dunna go wi' 'em, Robert." But her adjurations are vain. Her husband—who, however far gone he may be in liquor, is a long way too far North to 'list in reality—maintains the impossibility of violating the engagement he has recently entered into with Her Majesty the Queen. "I'se geattin byounty, las," he represents, "an I mun go wi Seargent!" At length, deeming further expostulation useless, she abandons the cause; "Go thy ways, thou fool," she exclaims, "Go thy ways and be hanged, thou *Plump Muck!*" with which last transcendant figure of rhetoric, she sweeps into the street. Whether the

appellation of "Plump-Muck" pronounced "ploomp-mook") has touched some hidden chord in her husband's bosom, or whether the best of his inebriety takes suddenly another direction, I could not discover, but he presently falls into a fit of grievous weeping, and to use his own words, "whips off t' shcarlet rag" and follows his spouse into Whitechapel, into which we emerge likewise.

More gas, more music, and more crowds. Wax-work shows, where Monsieur Kossuth, Queen Elizabeth, and Gleeson Wilson the murderer, may be seen for the small charge of one penny. Raffles for fancy articles on the Sea-side bazaar plan, with results nearly as profitable. Panoramas of Versailles, the Himalaya Mountains, and the City of Canton. Shooting Galleries (down cellar-steps), Dissolving Views, Dancing and Singing Saloons. These, with shops for the sale of chandlery, slop-clothing, hosiery, grocery, seamen's bedding, ships' stores, and cheap literature (among which, I grieve to say it, the blood and thunder school preponderates), make up the rest of Whitechapel. It is the same in the continuation thereof: Paradise Street, which, however, boasts in addition a gigantic building known as the Colosseum: once used as a chapel, and with much of its original ecclesiastical appearance remaining; but now a Singing Saloon, or a Tavern Concert, crowded to the ceiling.

As we wander up and down the crowded steaming thoroughfare, we catch strange glimpses occasionally of narrow streets. Some occupied by lofty frowning warehouses; others tenanted by whole colonies of Irish; ragged, barefooted, destitute; who lurk in garrets and swelter in back rooms, and crouch in those hideous, crowded, filthy, underground cellars, which are the marvel and the shame of Liverpool—warehouses and cellars, cellars and warehouses without end—wealth, the result of great commercial intelligence, rising up proudly amidst misery, hunger and soul-killing ignorance.

If I may be allowed to make a parting remark concerning the Lancashire Whitechapel, it is with reference to its astonishing elasticity. All the rags and wretchedness, all the huckstering merchandise, seem to possess a marvellous facility for expanding into gigantic commerce and boundless wealth. Not a cobbler's stall, a petty chandler's shop, but seems ready to undertake anything in the wholesale way at a moment's notice, and to contract for the supply of the Militia with boots and shoes, or the British navy with salt beef and tobacco immediately. Hucksters change with wonderful rapidity into provision dealers, brokers into salesmen, small shopkeepers into proprietors of monster emporiums. The very destitute Irish in this city of all cities of commerce, (the Great Liverpool runs even London hard in matter of fast trading!) after a preliminary apprenticeship to the begging and hawking business, become speculators and contractors on a surprising scale.

So may Whitechapel flourish all the year round, I say: may its dirt, when I next see it, be changed to gold, and its rags to fine linen, and its adjoining cellars to palaces. Although, to be sure, the one disastrous thing likely is, that, when the work of transmutation is completed, other rags, and cellars, and dirt, will take the place of what has been changed to fine linen, palaces, and gold. The ball must roll, and something must be undermost.

LILLIPUT IN LONDON.

At the ninety-fourth page of the third volume of this journal, that is to say, in our number for the nineteenth of April, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, will be found the substance of the tale told in connexion with the two stunted children, entitled Aztec Lilliputians. Their showman's career had then already been commenced at Boston in the United States. They appear now in this country after two years and a half of exhibition in America, during which no friends of Mr. Huertis "of Baltimore," or of Mr. Hammond "of Canada," have appeared to confirm any portion of the story, and Velasquez has remained a myth. We do not presume to decide with whom lies the offence of humbugging the public, but there is evidence both internal and external of the gross falsehood of the story. That we can undertake, and it is all that we can undertake, confidently to affirm. The English public has of late been distinguishing itself by astonishing excesses of credulity. If we do not soon grow wiser we shall get a reputation on the continent for eating camels—not beef-steaks.

We have been to see the dwarfed children called Lilliputian Aztecs, who certainly are as truly to be described as coming from Lilliput as from Iximaya. We may at once observe that as examples of arrested growth they are extremely interesting—as a cancer may be interesting to the physiologist. There is every reason why they should draw a concourse of the medical and surgical faculty; and since they have been falsely put forward as A New Race of People, there is just reason why the ethnologists should gather round them and examine them, and come to the conclusion that they represent no separate species or variety of man; that their peculiarity, as Professor Owen puts it, in a letter printed as a portion of the exhibition puff, "depends on an arrested development of the brain and brain-case." The interest shown in these children by scientific men is suggested by the showmen as a reason for exhibiting them to the nobility, gentry, and public generally. We object emphatically, and in the strongest way, to all such exhibitions. The removal of a bony tumour from the upper jaw, involving a most terrible dissection

of the human countenance, would very properly attract a full house in the theatre of any London Hospital. Would the interest excited among men of science justify a showman in engaging Mr. Fergusson or any other eminent surgeon to go through a course of deeply interesting operations before the public generally, attracted to the Hanover Square Rooms, or Willis's Rooms, by posters decorated with exaggerated pictures and tableaux? We all want to be taught more and more to honour human nature: we are too apt to detect what is intellectually small in the life that surrounds us, and can see and handle smallness enough without paying half-crowns to finger the heads of stunted little children suffering under arrested development of the brain and brain-case. An affliction, because it is curious, ought not the less to be considered sacred.

To increase the wonder and the curiosity in this instance a wild romance has been invented, built upon a hint found in Stephens's Central America. Mr. Stephens had his fancy fixed by a queer story—told him by a jolly padre—of a mysterious city, from which no man had ever brought tidings, and of which he yet somehow had learnt that the inhabitants kept their cocks underground to prevent the world outside the mountains that surrounded them, from being attracted inward by their crowing. Mr. Stephens liked to believe the story, and thought that two determined young men might reach the mysterious city. The romancer went to work and invented two determined young men—so at least we suspect—Messrs. Huertis "of Baltimore," and Hammond "of Canada." These fell in with Velasquez, a man of business, who was fired by the relation of their enterprise. Velasquez (whom nobody appears to have ever seen) finally came back after a series of adventures—evidently gone through with a view to tableaux upon posters—reported Hammond shot, Huertis sacrificed to the sun, a priest, Vaalpeor, from whom he got the children, dead "from the unaccustomed toils and privations of the journey;" a "faithful Antonio" also in some way disposed of; so that in fact every actor in the story was conveniently packed out of the world before the exhibition opened. Velasquez himself—having, we suppose, disposed of his interest in the children—seems to have retired into the clouds. Our belief is that he never did himself consist of anything much more substantial.

No confection can be coarser than the assumed journal of Velasquez. The writer has incessantly the exhibition-room before him, and is assuming candour, and forestalling objections to his tale among the audience. What can be more intensely ridiculous than this picture of the man of business, who has been bitten with enthusiasm for the discovery of the mysterious city, sitting on the top of a mountain some ten thousand feet high, pencil in hand; and, whilst the first view of the city is obtained, keeping a running comment in his diary in this fashion: "Antonio says the Pacific will be visible within an hour; more and more of the lower mountains becoming clear every moment. Fancy we already see the Pacific, a faint yellow plain almost as elevated as ourselves. Can see part of the State of Chiapa pretty distinctly. . . . Brave Huertis is in ecstasies with some discovery; but will not part with the glass for a moment. No doubt it is the padre's city, for it is in precisely the direction he indicated. Antonio says he can see it with his naked eye, although less distinctly than heretofore. I can only see a white straight line, like a ledge of limestone rock, on an elevated plain, at least twenty leagues distant, in the midst of a vast amphitheatre of hills, &c., &c. Still, it is—no doubt—the place the padre saw, and it may be a great city." Could any mortal on earth write a genuine diary in that way? Then, too, how obvious is the last quoted affectation of indifference and candour to prepare the mind of the reader for the succeeding burst of conviction: "All doubt is at an end. We have all seen it through the glass, as distinctly as though it were but a few leagues off, and it is now clear and bright to the unaided eye. It is unquestionably a richly monumented city, of vast dimensions, with lofty parapeted walls, three or four miles square, inclined inward in the Egyptian style; and its interior domes and towers have an emphatically oriental aspect." Obvious again, is this appeal to a weak point in the old women who are supposed to be especial patrons of such tales. Touching the domes, says the romancer, "Christian churches they cannot be; for such a city would have an Archbishop, and be well known to the civilised world. It must be a pagan stronghold. . . It may now be opened to the light of the true faith."

There is not a sound place in the whole story; but we waste time and space in a minute discussion of it. Let us turn to some authentic details.

We have before us a communication from a gentleman, M. de Waldeck, who has been at work for fifteen years as an antiquary in Central America. In the first place, concerning the truth that lies under the tale told to Mr. Stephens, M. de Waldeck says in the short account of "Picturesque and Archæological Travels in Yucatan," which he published in Paris in 1838, "There exists in the centre of the Cordilleras of Yucatan a considerable population, which I suspect to be the remains of the natives of Tulunqui, and which holds no communication either with the whites, or even with the civilised Indians. Hitherto, they have not been reduced, nor have their retreats been penetrated. They are so well fortified by nature and art, that nobody would entertain the idea of invasion. Many

of these Indians speak very good Spanish, and come *incognito* into the towns and villages to find a market for their tobacco. When they have got rid of their merchandise they disappear, and never come again to the same market. I have been told that they have whites among them. The place of their abode is known, but there is only one way of approach to it, and nobody has been bold enough to venture thither except a tax-gatherer," (the most all-pervading of all creatures) "who" (of course) "never reappeared. These men, whose life is surrounded by so singular a mystery, all carry fire-arms, and are thought, rightly or wrongly, to be very civilised. Of their religion nothing at all is known."

This race, no doubt, lay at the bottom of the story which the padre decorated a little; and which Signor Velasquez or his representative has decorated a great deal more by a little out of Layard's Nineveh, a little out of the old tales of the terror caused at the first sight of fire-arms, &c., a little out of the accounts of Copan, and a great deal out of his own head.

Fifteen years of antiquarian and traveller's experience upon the ground in question may qualify M. de Waldeck to give a somewhat decisive criticism on the Aztec story. In his opinion the courtesy of the Spanish merchant who neglected his business to go on a wild goose chase with a couple of Tudios—as the English and North Americans are called contemptuously by the Spaniards and creoles in those parts—is very wonderful. As for the Indians who marched to Iximaya with the three gentlemen, they must have differed greatly from their class; who cannot usually be got for money or even for spirits to undertake a journey upon unknown ground.

The Indians met with other Indians whose language they could not understand. Yet the Maya tongue and the Tehol (the remains of the language of the old Palenquiens) are spoken for more than eighty leagues south of Peten, and Velasquez is said to have known the idioms of the country.

The padre is said to have seen an immense plain from the top of the Sierra. The whole district is covered with thick virgin forest. "I myself," says M. de Waldeck, "searched unsuccessfully for the mysterious city in the situation indicated by the Indians" most likely to know something authentic about the place, namely, the smugglers who are engaged daily in the transport of prohibited merchandise from Belize to Peten, and thence (always through the thick forests) to Yucatan. "The priests throughout Central America take their information from the old and incorrect books written by other priests shortly after the conquest, and so perpetuate errors in which they firmly believe. I have been regaled with numbers of wild theories during my travels in Central America, wherein I believe no more than in the stone-swinging hammock of the ruins of Copan."

Such names as Vaalpeor given to a native, Kaanas to a set of idiotic priests, Cowana for intruders, stamp also, M. de Waldeck states, the whole story as an obvious fraud; since no such words could occur among people speaking—as the people of Iximaya were said to speak—a Mayan dialect. The letters r. s. w., for example, are altogether foreign to the Mayan language. As for the Aztec language, it must be remembered that the Aztecs were confined by the Chiapanec boundary to the south, and to the east by their natural enemies the Tlascaltecas, and could not pass to the coast without their permission, unless they went a great way round. The Aztec language has never been spoken in Chiapas, Yucatan and Tabasco. Those districts have their distinct idioms, which blend together as they border on each other. Malinche, the mistress of Fernando Cortés, was born on the limits of Tabasco and Anahuac; therefore she was enabled to be his interpreter to the Mexicans.

M. de Waldeck is not only acquainted with the Maya races; but dwelt also for six months in a village of pure Aztecs, who had lived without an admixture of strange blood since the time of Montezuma. The people of the village called Huichilaqué were induced to receive the traveller by a pressing recommendation to the Alcalde, though he was the first white man allowed to make a home among them. He there studied their language, and of their appearance he gives the following report:—Both sexes are firmly built; their features are severe, and rather of a handsome character, the hair coarse, black and very straight, beard very scarce, the external angle of the eye raised as in Asiatics. The height of the men five feet and four or five inches; of the women about two inches less. They lived chiefly on maize, with vegetables, fruit, and rattlesnakes. The Aztecs never got so far south as the imagined Iximaya. They came from a spot a hundred and seventy leagues above North California, and took more than a century to get to Mexico. In and before the time of Montezuma, the Mexicans used to cross the gulf to Yucatan in pilgrimage to the great deity of the island of Cuzamil (now Cosumul) and there was no other intercourse between the distinct nations. Aztecs, of course, would not speak any dialect of the Mayan language.

More we need scarcely say about the fable coined to heighten the attraction of the dwarf children. They are, doubtless, a couple of dwarf children, bought from Indians, and made into a show. When we went to see them a candid gentleman told to the assembled visitors the Velasquez story, in an artless and ingenuous way, that oiled its passage into our heads. He acknowledged that it looked here and there rather incredible, but there it was, just as it came to him: Velasquez might be a great cheat, but he hoped not; if he was, it

was a pity. All they knew was—there were the children.

A gentleman who seemed to be the guardian-in-chief then stepped forward, and with still greater candour and liberality began thus:—"Gentlemen and ladies, with the story just told to you, we have nothing at all to do"—at that we halted somewhat. Why then did you write Aztec Lilliputians on our tickets? Why did you placard London with coloured tableaux representing atomies on pillars being worshipped, desperate and picturesque assaults, and so on, all belonging to the story that has just been told? Why did not the flaming picture of the show outside correspond to the reality within? The gentleman disclaimed, however, all responsibility for the story. If it were false, what is the truth? As for him, there were the children. Account for them in any way, and still were they not wonders? If their guardians had meant to palm a tale upon the public they could easily have manufactured a Velasquez, and produced him. So on. Then the children were introduced; wonders certainly as dwarfs, and not the less—but all the more—unfit for popular exhibition. They began their performance by running very obediently together, like horses in a circus, round the long platform in the middle of the room. Then they were put upon the platform and played monkey tricks for the amusement of the public, which assembled round them very much as it collects about the monkeys at Regent's Park, and gave them cakes, and differed chiefly in its behaviour from the same public looking at monkeys, in the common manifestation of a desire to kiss them.

Next to kissing, the chief pleasure seemed to consist in feeling their heads. They are not themselves by any means so small as they are represented to be on the bills out of doors. In those bills they are shown as veritable Lilliputians, perched like sparrows upon columns, or "as exhibited before Her Majesty;" of dimensions that would allow them to stand comfortably in the hat held by one of the suite who is looking on. Bodily they are three feet high; but their heads are disproportionately small, instead of being disproportionately large, as dwarfs' heads usually are. They are like dolls' heads, and so of course it is agreeable to feel them.

Her Majesty's name was judiciously introduced into the entertainment; and it was dexterously suggested to us that many ladies come repeatedly to observe whether the children make any progress as the days roll on. Perhaps that was the case of an enthusiastic lady, who made the air alive with cries of "Kiss me, darling—Come, Maximo, dear—kiss me, dear—O (to her friend, another lady), he is very much improved." Some cheap toys had been put forward from a hand or two about the room—one of them a cat capable of squeaking. Maximo was causing it to squeak. "What's that?" asked the lady. "Isn't it a cat? Say cat. Say cat, de—ar!" Maximo at last was persuaded to obey. "It's the first time," said the lecturer, in an interested way, "that I have heard him pronounced the word—cat." We were all, of course, thrilled with interest.

Then there was a little boy who played with the children, and carried round the Illustrated History of the Aztec Lilliputians, price one shilling, with all the startling tableaux in it; and who seemed too much at home to be a page. He began walking round the platform with a "Daguerrotype picture of the Aztec Lilliputians, only half a guinea," and our ears deceived us if it was not the rapturous lady who told him that he was a silly fellow, and that it couldn't be sold to-night; certainly it was the rapturous lady's friend who scolded him *sotto voce*—we happened to stand close by—and told him, that if his father heard him he would be very angry. Nevertheless he went off to try a little unobtrusive bargaining in another corner.

We began to crumple up the paper upon which letters from Professor Owen and Dr. Latham (both discrediting the Aztec story) had been made into a handbill, for the sake of connecting the names of those eminent philosophers with the show. Maximo was being asked to sit down. Presently he squatted with his legs turned out in idol attitude. "O," cried the enthusiastic lady, "that's the way he was worshipped! I am sure of it. I am sure," turning to her friend, but speaking so that every one might hear her, though in a low voice, "I am sure he was worshipped as a god, sitting in that way." After a little more such entertainment we departed.

If these children had been exhibited as American dwarfs, (as, for example, the abnormal offsprings of a Hebrew father and a mulatto mother; which they are as likely as not to be), however much we might have deplored the taste of the town in gathering about them with sponge cake and kisses, we should have quietly submitted to the passing folly. We are disposed to think, however, that a great social topic is involved, whenever we observe success in any gross attempt to practise upon the public credulity. As for gullibility itself, that, we suppose, will last among us till the schoolmaster shall have his own. It is a vulnerable part that we cannot remove; nevertheless we may defend it from barefaced attack.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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BROTHER BRUIN.

"THE bear symbolises savage and primitive equality, and is therefore the aversion of the aristocracy." Such is the clue to ursine facts, according to Passional Zoology; which subject, and M. TOUSSENEL'S treatment of it, we now resume. It would appear that MR. SNEAK, in the Mayor of Garratt, had much reason in him, when he addressed the rough personage of the piece as Brother Bruin. Was he not a BEAR and a BROTHER?

Here again—M. Toussenel exclaims—is another poor, shamefully calumniated beast, respecting whom hatred and ignorance have imagined the wickedest tales! There is no sort of infamies which anecdote-mongers have refrained from using in order to defile the biography of this unfortunate quadruped. M. Toussenel read in a frightful book, published a century ago with authorisation and privilege of the king, the history of the acts and deeds of a brown bear of Jura, who had long been the terror of the country, by reason of his immoderate appetite for the flesh of young girls. It was not enough for human malice to attribute to the bear crimes and immoralities of which he is innocent; but it has been thought fit to turn the poor animal into ridicule, and to make him the butt of innumerable mystifications. The strife, amongst ancient and modern writers, is who shall hit him the most perfidious blows. Ælian, the Greek, a narrator of fables, and not less of a simpleton than Conrad Gessner and great Saint Basil, goes so far as to make the bear a murderer of the lowest grade, a mean assassin, killing for the pleasure of killing; all which is an atrocious calumny.

Once upon a time, he says, there was a lion and a lioness, who had a large little family, but who were not a bit the happier on that account. For one day, when they both were out of doors, a bear found his way in, and treacherously slew every one of their babes; a proof what an imprudent thing it is to leave children by themselves. The murderous deed was scarcely done, when a formidable roar announced the return of the masters of the house. Our bear, almost taken in the fact of infanticide, had only just time to jump up into a tree hard by. It is impossible to describe the fury of the mother, at the sight of her slaughtered offspring. It is uncertain which feeling predominated in her heart, grief or anger. She gave way at once to furious imprecations and sorrowful groans; and, in her burning thirst for vengeance, she described a number of mad paraboles in the air, thrust her thirsty canines into the sides of the tree on which the assassin had found a refuge, and tore its bark with her sharp claws. Vain demonstrations of impotent rage! The heartless monster only laughed at her from his fourth story.

But now behold the father lion trot off. It will not be long before he is back again; for he has just caught a bright idea, which he has duly communicated to his spouse. He is determined to request the assistance of man to avenge his wrongs. He knows where there works a poor woodcutter, of extreme leanness, whom he has long held in reserve as the morsel for a fast day. He addresses him in a manner which he strives to render as pleasant as possible. The man, whose limited comprehension prevented him from attributing the visit of the king of animals to any other motive than a violent appetite for human flesh, at first felt himself a little put out at the sight of the hairy gentleman, and in his fright let his axe fall. "Nothing of the kind," the lion seemed to say, as he politely raised the instrument, and returned it to the wood-cutter's hand. Then he gently pulled him by the skirts of his coat, and showed him how happy he should be to have his company for a short walk. The man—who understood at last from such an unusual display of ceremoniousness, that the beast had occasion for his services—yielded to the invitation and followed his guide. On and on and on they went. By walking quick, they at last arrived at the theatre of Bruin's crime. The lioness still continued to rend the air and to perform extraordinary leaps. The lion explained everything—by signs—to his travelling companion. He pointed out the butchered whelps. He glared at the assassin—now escaped to the highest branches of a colossal pine—and nodded to the inconsolable mother awaiting her revenge. The re-assured and sympathising wood-cutter set to to fell the tree at once. Then unanimous and roaring "bravos" burst forth from the leonine pair;

the husband, forgetting the expression of his sorrows, congratulated his wife on the happy notion which suggested his calling in a third person's assistance. What a different impression every stroke of the axe made upon the minds of the principal actors of the drama! How easy it was to see that at every fresh cut of the steel, remorse penetrated deeper and deeper into the tortured conscience of the guilty bear. Wouldn't he like to be off and away, as he despairingly munches his paws in repentance? What will become of him soon? And if the thing were to do over again, how he wouldn't on any account do it at all.

No doubt; but it is now too late. The crime is committed; blood calls for blood. The catastrophe approaches; the tree falls, precipitating the murderer upon the ground, without giving him time to recover from the agitation inseparable from a fall of thirty odd feet. Scarcely has he measured his length upon mother earth, when the lioness is down upon him. She seizes him. Vengeance satisfied, the lion and lioness divide the prey into two parts; and, offering the better share to the man, swear on their royal words, they will never forget the service he has rendered them. The story does not add whether the man and the lions did really live in friendly relations afterwards; for unfortunately the man did not write his memoirs.

M. Toussenel has read in the voyages of many credible navigators, a multitude of anecdotes about animals as droll as Ælian's, but not a bit more probable. I was lately (he says) told the following story by a young Parisian sportsman, fresh from America; but I would not be at all more ready to guarantee its authenticity.

"My companion and I were traversing the vast pine forests of California, so remarkable for the absolute silence which reigns beneath their vaulted shade. One day when we came upon the edge of one of the immense open glades which run through these sombre woods, and where resinous trees give place to other essences, we heard at a very slight distance a grunting sound, which seemed to proceed from over our heads, and which my companion, a Yankee sportsman of the old school, recognised at the first note as the music of a bear. We instantly shrunk ourselves up into nothing, and slipped through the bushes, endeavouring to discover where the animal was perched. A second grunt, in a more angry tone than the former, and which seemed to us to be followed by another grunt of inward satisfaction, attracted our attention towards a gigantic *alise* tree, about twenty paces in front of us; amidst whose branches and beneath whose shade a ridiculous scene was taking place. The two *dramatis personæ*, a few fragments of whose conversation we caught by the way, were a bear and a wild boar. The first, a personage of the tallest stature, was perched upon a leading branch of the *alise* (our cherry) tree, where he was earnestly employed in gathering *alises*. But as the fruit was excessively ripe, and adhered but slightly to its stalk, it happened that the reddest and most delicious portion fell on the ground as thick as hail, at the slightest disturbance which the bear made on his branch. The stupid animal lost all patience, and grumbled away with angry oaths; for the very same reason, the epicurean wild boar, posted at the foot of the tree, was in a state of delight, and testified his satisfaction with a knowing 'Good, good!' at every shower of *alises*. At the moment when we entered on the scene, the bear's irritation had already risen to red heat, and it was easy to see that it would not be long before it mounted to white heat. 'Oh! I have got such a capital idea,' whispered in my ear the spiritual child of Tennessee. 'If we were to profit by the awful temper in which these two brutes now are towards each other, to engage them in a deadly quarrel.'—'How is that to be managed? Show us, if you can.' 'The method is very simple; one of the barrels of your gun is charged with small shot; fire it into the softest part of that young gentleman's body;' and he pointed out to me with his finger through the leaves the part of the bear which I ought to aim at. 'I know the bear,' he added; 'and when he once has an idea in his head, nothing can drive it out of him. He has been in a great rage the last quarter of an hour, with the boar down yonder, and it would be impossible to prevent him from believing that the boar has hit him. You will soon see him rush down upon his supposed assailant, and take his revenge for the malicious joke. I promise you we shall have some fun.' No sooner said than done. I took good aim at the shaggy fellow, and fired. The bear had scarcely had time to feel himself pricked to the quick, when his fury rose beyond all bounds, and he fell like a bombshell upon the boar, who was as innocent of the trick as he was surprised at the aggression. The duel did not last long; the victorious bear laid his rival low. But he pretended not to be aware that his enemy, before he died, had ripped open his flank with a terrible stroke of his tusks. His own strength soon began to fail, and he tottered and sank down on the body of the slaughtered boar. I thus," modestly concluded the narrator, "gained the right to boast that I killed a black bear and a wild boar with a single charge of number sevens."

Fabulists and moralists have sadly contributed, according to their custom, to propagate an unfair estimate of the character of the bear, and M. Toussenel's mission is, he thinks, to correct their errors in his love for science and truth. For instance, the reproach most frequently addressed to the bear, is that he threw a homicidal

one at the head of one of his friends,
r by trade, under the pretext of
off a troublesome fly. He believes,
the story to be apocryphal, and
bear is not only incapable of
iece of left-handedness; but that
on the contrary, to be considered
of the most dexterous beasts in
ing creation. Awkwardness and
re two accusations made against
which are one just as good as the
he bear has also been selected as the
f misanthropy, taciturnity, morose-
ociability. He is nothing of the kind.
ar is the emblem of Savagery, or
as the elephant is the emblem of
or the period in the life of our
ich corresponds to the first phase of
e. His ruling passion is the love of
ence and the woods. The whole
the animal is comprised in that one

ell known that the savage is the
ty enemy of all unpleasant labour;
M. Toussenel does not blame him.
would refuse all the refinements of
civilization, at the price of an hour's
he loom or the plough. The case is
e same with the bear. The charms of
ball have never been able to seduce
he professes the most sovereign con-
the majority of civilised fêtes. The
which the savage has of happiness,
plete and constant enjoyment of
natural rights of hunting, fishing,
, pasturage, and so on. The same
ds with regard to the bear, who
notion of supreme happiness, be-
exercise of the two natural rights
g himself, and of freedom from
t that the bear is utterly insensible
leasures of the hunter's and the
rt. The white bear, for instance,
very much put out, if he were
of the latter privilege. I (we are
ting the bear's apologist) only
say that a vegetable diet is more
han any other to the bear's tem-
, fond as he is, above everything,
berries and indolence. The bear
shut his eyes to the fact that the
his person is better adapted to
ree than to hunt down a deer, and
s a line of conduct in conformity
aptitudes of his nature. His fru-
appetite being easily satisfied, he
this facility of living in good style,
during the autumn, a large provi-
at hair-adorning grease, with which
ecaries of the Rue Vivienne com-
precious cosmetic known to Parisian
les under the title of Lion's pomade!
of chemistry! All to persuade bald
at the king of animals entirely
thick and splendid mane to the
of the aforesaid cosmetic.
own that Brother Bruin, when once

provided with his due store of stoutness, retires into a den, where he passes the two worst months of the year in sleep. But fabulists and historians may talk for ever, before they will persuade me that an animal with such a character and disposition can possibly be the enemy of man. The animal which sleeps during the season of want and crime, and which prefers honey, sorbs, and other wild berries, to a quarter of kid, will never pass for an ogre thirsting after blood. The bear is a savage animal, M. Toussenel is willing to confess, but he is assuredly one of the most inoffensive carnivores that can be met with—that is to say, the civilised bear, the French or Russian bear, the bear of the Pyrenees or the Alps; but the grey bear of the prairies of North America, and the white bear of the Polar regions, devour whatever they light upon, when they are pressed by hunger.

In accordance with his being the emblem of the savage, the bear, of all the great flesh-eaters, is the one who ought to suffer most from the loss of his liberty. And such is the fact; for, of all captives, the bear is the most difficult to keep imprisoned. He is tamed, but without ever abdicating either his personality or his rights. He has been beheld exercising the trade of a juggler to gain a livelihood; but his master knows not what amount of tribulation and remorse the consciousness of his degradation costs him, and how much philosophy he is obliged to make use of, to gnaw in silence the bridle of his servitude. More than one bear, after having broken his chain, has been known to preface the exercise of his re-conquered liberty, by murdering his leader and all his family. In the history of popular vengeances, exist facts which were not without analogy to these revolts of the bears.

When the captive bear is not occupied in eating or drinking, he is meditating an evasion. The whole force of his imagination is directed towards that one single object. His perpetual agitation betrays the torments which consume his whole being. That head, whose monotonous and regular movement backwards and forwards fatigues your eyes, is the pendulum of a fixed idea, which is incessantly courted by the lover of liberty. If the Pyrenean and the Russian bear does not always sink under the wounds of sorrow, if he does not die suddenly of a fit of shame, when exposed in the public market-place, the reason is that the love of liberty is indestructible in his heart and that hope never deserts him. But the icy bear, which cannot, like his congeners, snuff the solid earth and the breezes of his native land, dies with us, at the end of a few months, of nostalgia and lukewarm water.

Conquered, persecuted, shelterless, without profession, wandering from rock to rock, the bear, like Mithridates, has been from the first obliged to accustom himself to eat all

sorts of things, and to train his stomach to resist all kinds of poisons. Arsenic, which acts as a most violent poison on the human species, is innocuous to bears. A dose of a quarter of a pound has no apparent effect at all; a pound acts merely as a slight purgative.

The preceding remarks are necessary to aid us in appreciating the story—which has made too much noise in Paris and elsewhere—of the *invalide*. One bright moonlight night during the last days of the first Empire, a veteran was watching, alone and silent, near the dwelling of the bear Martin, in the Jardin des Plantes. Illuminated by the deceitful light of Phœbe, the old warrior fancied that he saw a six-livres piece glitter at the bottom of the den. Immediately the demon of riches—who never willingly lets go the prey which he once has seized—instigated the ill-omened old soldier to desert his post. He fetched a ladder and descended into the den. Alas! he had reckoned without his host. Martin, who was dreaming about battles—suddenly awaked at an unseasonable hour by an individual with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance, and whose intentions naturally appeared suspicious—Martin seized the intruder by the throat, strangled him, and scalped him, according to savage custom; that is to say, stripped off his head of hair; not without slightly blemishing the skin to which the hair is attached. It was this specially characteristic trait, which ruined the bear in the minds of the people, and which made them say that the bear liked, better than anything else, ginger-bread cakes and veterans. The ignorant attributed to the sanguinary temper of the species the isolated act of one which the force of habit alone had inspired. The warlike nation which loved so well to adorn its leaders with the fur of bears, would not pardon a poor animal for having applied the law of retaliation to one of its warriors. But perhaps—now that the popular excitement is calmed—the public will have the kindness to re-consider its decided dislike to the bear, and will look upon things in a more healthy light. In fact, let an impartial judge calmly consider all the circumstances of the murder. The night attack, the storm by ladder, the exaggerated value which belonged to bearskin at that epoch, when the fur cap and its chin-strap took so high a position in society; and he will certainly admit, like me, a case of legitimate defence, and, like me, he will pronounce the bear, "Not Guilty." More than that; if it were proved that the old soldier in question wore at the time, as some one has suspected, a bear's-fur cap upon his head, then, indeed, the innocence of the bear can no longer be called in doubt.

When the bear is driven by hunger to declare war on animals and men, he willingly takes up an ambuscade in the lower branches of some tufted tree, or behind some rocky post commanding a defile, from which he rushes upon the victim he is watching, seizes it by the neck, and strangles it. The muscular strength of the bear is prodigious, and exceeds that of our most powerful wrestlers. Bears have been seen to kill a horse or a bull stiff dead with a single stroke of their powerful paw. If the bear rarely has the upper-hand in his duels with man, as would appear from the number of bear's-fur caps with which the grenadiers are ornamented, that only proves the superiority of the arms of man, and the complete ignorance of the animal in matters of scrimmage. The bear, having the habit of rising on his hind feet to attack the hunter, naturally exposes his flank to the enemy, who only requires a little coolness and address, to pierce his heart with a poignard or a bullet. The poignard is the best mode to avoid injuring the skin. There was a bear-hunter at Eaux-Bonnes in the Pyrenees, who stabbed in this way sixty bears during his life. Of course he missed the sixty-first—which did not miss him.

American travellers, who are well aware of the importance which the bear attaches to the least politeness or mark of consideration on the part of man, never omit, it is said, to salute him when they meet with him on their road. They accost him with "*Buenos dias, hombre.*" "Good day, man." Trustworthy persons have asserted that this simple piece of flattery was often sufficient to make the most ill-disposed bear forget his homicidal intentions and his hunger. The bear is not only polite, he is obsequious in the deference which he pays to constituted authorities. Every one has heard speak of the courtesy of the dancing bear who had taken his degrees at the school of mutual instruction in a certain commune, in the arrondissement of Saint Girons; and who, recognising one day, in the Palace de la Bastille, in the midst of the crowd who surrounded him, the Maire of that locality, suddenly interrupted his performance in order to offer to the honourable magistrate his devoted obeisances, and the compromising homage of his respect.

The bear, then, is not the enemy of man. He eats him sometimes; but almost always with regret, and in his own defence. When he is the aggressor, it is because hunger presses him, and because winter, that particular year, happens to have been unreasonably prolonged. Now, in this case, the rigour of civilised winter, and not the appetite of the poor beast, is responsible for the crimes of hunger. We ought to make the bear every allowance for the extenuating circumstance of famine, if we desire to be excused in turn; we reasonable creatures, who amuse ourselves with fancy murders, who now and then poison our fathers and mothers in order to enjoy a little sooner the fruits which their affection has gathered for us; we, who every day sell our daughters in marriage to aged dotards.

The bear is so little the enemy of man that he has never lifted a hand against him, unless in the exceptional cases of hunger and legitimate defence. She-bears, indeed, have often been seen to drive travellers violently away from the neighbourhood of their little ones; but who would dare to charge it as a crime against the mother, if she does exaggerate the perils which threaten her bearlings, and trembles for their skin, when she remembers the disastrous consumption of this article of goods which is caused by the single institution of Grenadiers? The bear is not less impatient than every other person of good taste, for the suppression of this ridiculous and too long-honoured head-dress.

The extreme fondness of the she-bear for her cubs is a text on which every writer has made his comment ever since beasts have been written about. The bearess has the habit of carrying one of her little ones under each arm, when it is required to clear any dangerous passage, such as a steep ravine or an impetuous torrent; and it is only in the midst of these perils that she displays a ferocious and unsociable character. Bear-hunters have equally assured me that they have more than once seen these creatures retiring peaceably to their homes, bearing away, without the slightest difficulty, a sheep tucked under each arm, exactly as a Roman augur carried his breviary. "But of this story," says M. Toussenel, "I only believe as much as pleases me."

The true enemy of the bear—the emblem of savage life and equality—is the horse—the emblem of gentlemanhood, and aristocratic disdain. There are not two known animals which detest each other more cordially than the horse and the bear. The hatred of the latter for grenadiers springs from less deep and more recent causes. The grey bear of California, the most dangerous and the strongest of all the bears in the world, has sworn, it is said, war to the death against the horse, and attacks him wherever he meets him, whether at large or mounted. It is stated that there are very few instances in that country of a cavalier's having to complain of the ingratitude or ill-behaviour of a grey bear after having previously made the sacrifice of his steed. Zoologists and hunters have long inquired, without being able to put their finger on the answer, the causes of the implacable hatred which the bear has vowed against the horse, and *vice versâ*. Analogy alone can claim the honour of guessing this rebus, and of explaining the famous story of the herd of furious bears, against whom grapeshot and cauldrons took no effect, but who were put to flight by a couple of rolls proceeding from a drum made of horse's skin. Analogy answers with the superiority of good sense and simplicity which characterises it;—"The animal which symbolises the love of independence and equality, is the born enemy of the animal which personifies the gentleman—the gentleman, that is to say, the oppressive and privileged class which makes use of the vanquished, and compels them to work." Then follows M. Toussenel's magnificent peroration:—"Thus true science tears and makes to fall, one after the other, all the veils of brass which Obscurantism interposes between the vision of Man and Nature!"

What is the cause of the hatred of man for Brother Bruin? This question our profound zoologist answers thus:—The bear, which incessantly retreats before the steps of man, and chooses the most uninhabited places as his dwelling, sufficiently testifies *his* pacific intentions, and his desire to avoid a struggle in which he is not sure of having the upper hand. But man, who wants a pretext for continuing his trade in fur caps and bear's grease, cannot, of course, appear to believe in the sincerity of these friendly wishes. He audaciously denies them in the interest of his business, and struggles hard to continue the hostilities, which will finish by and bye, alas! for want of combatants to carry them on. A great proof of the moderation of the bear's appetites, is to be found in the history of the sports of the circus at Rome. The Romans, who loved dramas well spiced with human blood, scarcely ever exposed Christians to the teeth of the bear, who was officially suspected of indifference to the Pagan religion. One of the favourite amusements of Heliogabalus consisted, as is well known, in intoxicating his guests of both sexes, and causing them to be awoke by the hairy arms of a bear; but history does not record that these jokes were ever attended with such serious consequences as those of the Emperor Nero, who stifled his friends under heaps of roses. They were, notwithstanding, great artists in horror, those Cæsars of Rome, setting aside the immoral and subversive portion of their imaginations.

Another proof which, in case of need, would testify to the gentleness of the bear's character, and the amenity of his manners, is his passion for music. You may read in the accounts of Olaus Magnus, the Buffon of Northern Europe, that when the shepherds of his country (where the bear is very common) find themselves hemmed in by a troop of those quadrupeds, they make believe not to be aware of the disagreeable visitors, and continue to enliven the wilderness with the sweet sound of their clarionettes. Then, selecting the moment when their ursine neighbours are completely under the influence of the melody, they suddenly let fly at their hearers so sudden, sharp, and harsh a howl, that the unfortunate amateurs start off at full gallop, never to come back again.

The bear does not like bloodshed; and those who accuse him of clumsiness, have never seen him at work. Nor is he, any more, the enemy of gaiety. Some have been known that were actually disagreeable through the excess of their amiability. The bear is

perhaps even, next to the cat and the ape, the merriest and the most waggish of quadrupeds. Like all clever folks, he is fond of idleness and dancing. He is a lounger, overflowing with humour, and a pattern of dexterity. These qualities are what have made him so popular with the *gamins* of Paris—a race of beings jocose by nature, and born enemies of all work. Keep on good terms with a bear, and you will find him full of assiduity and delicate attentions. His favourite exercises are wrestling and boxing; but if you make a match with him, he will never hug you more tightly than is absolutely necessary to carry on the pretence of a serious battle. If he throws you down in sport, he will take good care to tumble the first upon the ground, and serve as the mattrass to break your fall. Far from fracturing your skull with a paving-stone, to rid you of a fly, he will strip your shirt from off your body, without even touching your epidermis. At night, if you are keeping watch on the deck of a vessel, he will cheerfully offer you his warm and shaggy coat for blanket and pillow, to prevent the dampness of the night from giving you a terrible cold in the head. He will then abstain from making the slightest movement, for fear of disturbing your slumbers; and he will take good care that troublesome people shall treat you with becoming respect. The lieutenant of the ship De Flotte, who, at the age of five-and-twenty, had travelled something like thirty thousand leagues over the seas, and who as thoroughly studied the animals of every latitude and of both hemispheres, declares that he has reason to congratulate himself enormously on the sociability and friendship which he met with from the bear during his hyperborean peregrinations. Only, he remarked, that in order to continue in favour with the bear, and to maintain with him relations of affectionate cordiality, it was necessary to treat him on the footing of perfect equality. It would seem that the bear will not put up with those airs of superiority, which people so often give themselves with inferiors, still less with a disrespectful gesture or a stroke of a cane. The bear is the most ticklish of beasts on the point of honour; and his susceptibility is perfectly legitimate. The truth is, the bear enjoyed the pleasure of reigning in the world before man made his appearance on it, and, not caring to be reminded of his misfortunes, he refuses to accept our pity.

Of all the serious charges that are brought against the bear, the one of which he will find it hardest to wash his hands, is his passion for honey. Sometimes the reason is asked of this violent propensity, which drives the bear to pillage the treasures produced by attractive labour? The reason is simple enough. The bear is the emblem of savagery; and the savage is an idler, a non-producer, an enemy of work, and the right of out-of-door theft is one of the seven articles of his charter. He plunders the treasures of the industrious bee, to show that in every "limbic" society (whether Savagery, Patriarchate, Barbarism, or Civilisation), the fruit of the labour of the industrious is destined to become the booty of do-nothings and unproductives. He never, like the human savage, sets fire to a field of sugar-cane, simply by way of a little pastime.

THE LENGTH OF THE QUAYS.

To an Englishman whose chief knowledge of Ireland has been confined to what he has been able to glean from books and newspapers, and what he has gathered from the testimony of travellers, and from the conversation of Irishmen themselves, the first sight of the city of Dublin cannot fail to awaken in him an emotion of agreeable disappointment. From all he has read and all he has heard of the misery and destitution of Ireland; of her squalid poverty and utter prostration, physical and moral; of the decay of her commerce, the stagnation of her inland trade, the grovelling poverty of her people, the neglect of her aristocracy, and the mismanagement of her rulers; of the lamentable and pitiable state indeed to which she has been reduced by much misgovernment and more national indolence—from what, in fine, he has seen and may inductively argue from the raggedness and wretchedness of the teeming Irish colonies in London, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, he may expect, on landing on Dublin Quay, to find himself in a metropolis of hovels occupied chiefly by beggars and slaves trampled upon by a few foreign tyrants, and priest-ridden by a rampant clergy. He may expect to see such nobles as are not absentees in second-hand attire; their ruined gentry growing and selling potatoes for a subsistence; he might look in every street for a repetition of Church Lane, St. Giles's, or Fontenoy Street, Liverpool, with tattered mendicants in every street, a pig in every parlour, and a whiskey shop at every corner.

He lands. A magnificent city, numbering more than two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, stretches along the two banks of a bright and unsullied river, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Two magnificent lines of quays, broken by bridges (of which there are seven within the municipal boundary), and which equal in architectural elegance, though of course not in size, anything we can show on the River Thames; streets of palaces; a bank which is amongst the finest architectural monuments in Great Britain; a splendid palace of justice (the Four Courts); a sumptuous Custom-House; a noble university; two venerable cathedrals for the Protestant form of worship and one for Catholic rites, together with a crowd of churches and chapels for every species of religious denomination. Were I to state that he may walk

miles without being solicited for alms: that he may peep into scores of parlours without catching the remotest glimpse of a pig wrestling for potato-parings with ragged children: that he may sojourn in Dublin for days without seeing a drunken man: that no blackguard boys pursue him with ribaldry, or fling mud at him, or tilt tip-cats in his eyes: no gents puff cigar-smoke in his face: no man curses him for a Saxon, or insults him for a heretic: that the people are civil and obliging: that there are shops which would put the glories of Ludgate Hill and Regent Street to shame: hotels that for magnitude and splendour vie with the Adelphi at Liverpool and the Bedford at Brighton: and when I state that to crown all this there has been built in Merrion Square, on the lawn of what was once the Duke of Leinster's palace, a Palace of Art and Industry, elegant and tasteful in construction, vast in extent, and magnificent in contents, due solely to the genius and patriotism of Irishmen, and to which more than ten thousand persons resort daily:—were I to declare so much, I should be enumerating what may or may not happen to a stranger in Dublin; and I should bring forward sufficient evidence, I fancy, to support me in the assertion that an Englishman, well up on the Irish Question, and the Irish Grievance, and the Irish Ulcer, will have some cause to open his eyes on his first visit to Eblana; by which classical name I beg to state, for the information of my Saxon readers, Dublin was known to the geographer Ptolemy in the year of Grace one hundred and forty.

So many things that he expects to see the traveller does not see, that he is fairly puzzled and amazed. The pigs and the drivers whooping after them: the excited Hibernians brandishing shillelahs and whiskey bottles, and entreating passers-by to tread on the tails of their coats—where are they? Are the colonists in England more Irish than Ireland? I came to behold looped and windowed raggedness, and, behold! I find luxury and splendour; I came to see, in the words of the poet (a little altered)—

> "——Repealers spouting,
> And Lady Morgan making tay;
> A ruined city and a bankrupt nation,
> An abject peasantry on a barren sod:
> Fighting like divils for concillation,
> Hating each other for the love of God."

In lieu of all this I come upon Mr. Dargan and Sir John Benson's glories; the palatial drapery establishment of Messrs. McSwiney and Delany; a theatre nearly as large as Covent Garden theatre; a mechanics' institute like a West End club: railway stations handsomer and more commodious than the majority of English termini; second-class carriages glistening with French polish and plate-glass, and redolent of morocco leather; barracks much finer than Buckingham Palace; a bay vieing with the Bay of Naples, and a park (the Phœnix) that may compete with that of Windsor.

There, gentlemen and brigadiers of Ireland! have I put enough *couleur de rose* on my palette? Is the picture sufficiently gaily tinted for you? Have I omitted one spray of the feathers in your cap? I shall certainly expect after this to have a serenade of the brass band under my windows; to have something handsome in the way of rint transmitted to me weekly.

The more so, because I honestly aver that all I have stated of the splendour of the *first* aspect of Dublin is strictly unexaggerated and correct. The first! alas, the first! *C'est le premier pas*, they say, *qui coûte*; but *c'est le second pas qui achète*, the first step costs, but the second buys—experience, disillusion.

Philosopher fresh from admiring the river front of Somerset House, cross by the bridge and gaze at Somerset's sorry brick sides. Tell me what the back windows of stately New Oxford Street look upon—whether upon more stateliness or upon Church Lane. Tear up the granite of Regent Street and look into the sewers. Cut open the five guinea Pantheon doll that squeaks papa and mama, and take out the bran, and sawdust, and old rags. Go from the Venus de Medicis to the dissecting room of Bartholomew's. Remove my lady's false hair and paint; take out her false teeth; tear out her false eyes, and put Mortality to bed. I know a man once who had a vague chemical notion in his head that whatever in Nature was not oxygen or hydrogen or nitrogen was carbon; and who, whenever he had received an injury or a slight from any rich or powerful man, was wont to comfort himself by pointing to the coal-scuttle and saying, "Why, sir, after all he's no more than that."

Mind, I don't say that all this is the case with Dublin—that there must needs be dirt and wretchedness behind the granite splendour of the Post-Office, the Bank of Ireland, and Nelson's Column, or that King William's bronze doll in Dame Street is stuffed with sawdust and old rags. All this remains for after showing; but I have seen only the splendour of Dublin as yet, and if you please I would rather not search for the rags and dirt and sawdust to-day. For the sky is blue, and the sun shines brightly; so let us take a walk along, what Dublin has as good reasons as any to be proud of, the length of her quays.

The Dublin quays are nearly three miles long. The pretty little river Liffey, for its whole course throughout the city, is not hidden, like the Thames at London, by houses and wharfs. No hideous seven-storied warehouses, no rubbish crowded wharfs, no Phlegethonian fleets of frowning coal-barges, no factories with tasteless chimneys twisting out black smoke, no piles of rotting timbers, or dismantled half broken-up ships, or

unpicturesque stone-yards, or uncouth ship-building sheds, or tumble-down crazy houses, or slimy stairs, line the banks of Dublin river or obstruct the spectator's view. The stream is visible throughout; and you may travel on either bank by a broad well-paved road, running immediately between the houses and the river. In this and in numerous other instances there is a striking and agreeable resemblance between the quays of Dublin and the quays of Paris. The long unbroken lines of parapets and balustrades, and the shining river rippling and glistening at their feet. The numerous watchmakers, knic-nac, toy and curiosity or bric-à-brac shops, with the good humoured throng of well-dressed loungers—(it is astonishing what a number of persons in Dublin, male as well as female, seem to have nothing to do)—peering at watches, toys, and jewellery, turning over shells and bog-wood bracelets, and thrusting their fingers into parrots' and macaws' beaks. The numerous shops for the sale of fishing tackle, devotional books, and queer little pictures of the Virgin and saints, rosaries, scapularies, *agnus Deis*, and religious medals and ornaments. The short but handsome and often recurring bridges, the bent-double old women muffled in cloaks, who want but the coloured handkerchief twisted round the head to be completely French; the absence (above the Custom-House) of navigation, and of any very heavy traffic, save that destined spparently for the supply of the city with provisions; what street traffic there is being carried on in low, clumsy looking drays drawn by horses not inelegantly caparisoned, and notably resembling French *charrettes*. The military police (there is a municipal force as well), the abundance of soldiers of all arms, the continual trotting of orderlies, and dusky bands of infantry going to relieve guard. The noble public edifices, with bookstalls nestling under the lee of their porticos, and blind men basking in the sun on their steps. All these, with the sun and sky and genial atmosphere, are so many points of affinity between the quays of Eblana and Lutetia.

We set out on our ramble down the length of the Quays at the Royal Barracks, close to Arbour Hill, where is the great military hospital, and adjoining the Phœnix Park. We stand before a huge pile of stone buildings, calculated, so my information goes, to accommodate two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry. There is not much to repay curiosity in a barrack, wherever it may be—whether on Dublin Quay or the Quai d'Orsay, or the Birdcage Walk, or in Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. When we say that a barrack is a barrack, all is pretty nearly told. The same listless men, in apparently unimproveable slovenliness, lolling out of open windows; the same men on guard in as apparently an unimproveable state of neatness and disciplined dandyism; the monotonous lines of walls and chimneys pierced by windows and doors; the busy sergeants plodding past with parchment-covered books; the same sergeant-major with the same stick; the same weary parties at drill, looking very much as if they did not like it at all, which is very probable; the same slatternly women and children, with the unmistakeable baggage-waggon stamp about them; the officers with their clanking sabres and bored expression of countenance, lounging to or from parade; the dirty apparitions of men with dirty shirts and military trousers, baggy for want of braces, flitting across the level dusty square with baskets of coal, or wheelbarrows full of rubbish, or besoms worn to the stump; the privates in knots of twos or threes lounging in and out, twirling cheap sticks, or jingling their spurs; the equivocal hangers-on; the same one grave dog watching the sentinel on guard which evidently belongs to "ours," and seems to know the countersign and to be ready to fly at anybody who does not; the prevailing stillness, gravity, dulness, pigeon-holedness, ready to burst forth at a moment's notice with the blast of gunpowder, and the clang of steel, and alarums of drums and trumpets.

Down the length of the Quays beyond the barrack, past busy shops and through busy throngs, we find ourselves beside the oldest of the bridges. It is a grim grey structure of heavy frowning arches upon solid piers. This is called by the startling name of Bloody Bridge. Why, you shall hear. The first bridge was built of wood in sixteen hundred and seventy; but in the following year a great riot took place among a body of apprentices who assembled here for the purpose of pulling the bridge down. The soldiers were called out, and took some scores of the rioters into custody; but, in an attempted rescue, several were killed and thrown from the bridge, and their blood mingling with the water went purpling down the Liffey. The bridge was reconstructed, afterwards, of stone; but its evil name adhered to it, and it has been known ever since as Bloody Bridge. How many were hanged afterwards for taking part in this riot, besides those who fell by powder and lead, I know not; but those were cruel days, and many swung I have no doubt.

Two more bridges—the Queen's and Whitworth; but just ere we come to the latter we pause before the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Paul upon Arran Quay. Hither come on Sundays the Roman Catholic soldiers to attend mass. It is a sight to see them with their bright scarlet and brighter accoutrements. Pass Whitworth Bridge, and on the left bank of the Quays is a public building you have, I warrant, heard and read of many a time. On the side of a Dominican monastery called St. Saviour, was built, in seventeen hundred and seventy-six, a pile of buildings devoted to the judicature of the

Chancery, King's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, and known commonly as the Four Courts.

I have not the art of guide-book writing, or I would mention the exact dimensions of this noble structure, with full information in addition as to its friezes, entablatures, Corinthian columns, statues, &c. As it is, I am content to enter the great circular hall, with twelve windows, crowned by a dome. This during term time is open to all—serving, indeed, the purpose of Westminster Hall in London or the Salle des Pas Perdus in Paris; and here for a contemplative man is food for thought sufficient to last him for a month.

Suitors, witnesses, and idlers mingle with vendors of watch-guards, dog-collars, combs, oranges, hundred-bladed knives, memorandum-books, almanacks, and sponges; together with barristers, barristers' clerks, attorneys hard-faced and sleek-faced, all are mixed up in heterogeneous confusion. How many hundred million footsteps have been lost here, I wonder, since this hall was first paced? How much of the dust has been the dust of that death that Yesterdays have lighted fools to? Can the pavement of Hades show such a mosaic of good intentions as must be tesselated here? Surely, there must have been sighs breathed and curses muttered enough in this hall to bring down the ponderous dome; tears enough shed to evaporate to the lantern, and run down the sides. Fortunes made and fortunes lost; hopes deferred, and hearts sickened; fierce hatreds, undying loves, blasted happiness, lust, dice, wine, horses, every human virtue, every human passion, every human wish and aspiration, must have their silent chronicles lurking somewhere, now written in dust, and now in damp, and now in dirt—now notched in stone, now worn in staircases, now frayed from paint-denuded doors beneath the dome of the Four Courts of Dublin.

And still the pace goes on and the steps are lost. Affirmations, replications, and rejoinders, quillets and quibbles and quibbolets, affidavits false as dicers' oaths, faggot briefs, law calf, white faces, quivering lips, groans of impatience, curses of despair, shouts of triumph, malice, deceit, law-latin, law-logic, and law-justice; and so the pace goes on, and the cases on the paper are proceeded with. Who shall say when to end? Is not litigation older than King Solomon and all his wisdom?

How many lord chancellors that were to be have paced this hall briefless and in rusty gowns? How many chancellors that are to be pace it now in similar case? Here, in the good old times, how many an amicable arrangement has been made for a deadly duel next morning in the "fifteen acres?" How many ghosts must haunt this hall of barristers shot by barristers, plaintiffs shot by defendants? What blood as well as dust in the Four Courts? But *that* pace is ended, and hair-trigger footsteps are lost no more.

We pass Richmond and Essex bridges—the last named after an Earl of Essex who was lord-lieutenant here in sixteen hundred and seventy-six—and which is said to have been erected on the exact model of Westminster bridge. It is of course smaller, but considerably handsomer, than that infirm old structure which has been patched and cobbled so often, that, like Elwes the miser's worsted hose, scarcely any of the original fabric remains.

Opposite to Essex Bridge, on Essex Quay, is the principal Presbyterian church in Dublin; and, in the immediate neighbourhood, once stood one of the finest abbeys possessed by Dublin in the mediæval times. There is scarcely a vestige of it remaining now save a crypt in a sawyer's yard.

Yet more quays, and more bridges. There is the metal bridge, constructed in eighteen hundred and sixteen, and is one hundred and forty feet long, I am told, consisting of one bold elliptical arch. Another quay—still lined on one side by busy, bustling shops—and we approach the termination of our ramble. We stand upon Carlisle Bridge, the most crowded thoroughfare in Dublin, leading from Westmoreland Street, the Bank, the College, &c., to Sackville Street, the Post Office, and Nelson Column.

Here, traveller, pause and gaze on the stately Custom-House, the ships—too few, alas!—and the great port of Dublin. All lie eastward; and eastward, too, stretch more quays, lined chiefly with shipping and bonding warehouses, and shops for the sale of ships' stores. Southward runs the stream of life and motion:—jaunting cars and carriages; inside and outside cars; officers on horseback; parties of excursionists coming from the Exhibition; laughing children and comely peasants. Westward are the quays and bridges we have passed, and in the far-off distance rise, with purpling shadows against the summer's sky, the crumbling towers of St. Audeon's and the cathedral of Christ Church. The setting sun has bathed tower and spire, mast and cupola, water and quay, in one flood of golden light; and the river dances, and the diamond-flashing windows seem to laugh, and from the crowds on the quays and streets comes up a cheerful murmur.

From my window at home, in the twilight, I can still see the length of the quays, the houses, the bridges, and the people. Presently the twinkling lamps are lighted; and these, with the gas-lit shops, and the deep red glow from the chemists, mirror themselves in the water, which grows darker and deeper every minute. As I think of the fair sights I have seen, some thoughts begin to deepen with the deepening twilight. Amidst all the splendour of granite architecture and fluted columns I am constrained to remember many evidences of prosperity decayed and

glories departed. That the Custom-House is wofully too large for any purposes of Trade, and that the authorities have been compelled to utilise it for miscellaneous public purposes; that what should be a forest of masts is but a thicket; that the great Linen Hall is turned into a barrack; the noble Royal Exchange into a police-office; that everywhere and on all sides there are stately shells standing with but dry and shrivelled kernels; that, in a room in Henrietta Street, called the Encumbered Estates Court, from the time of its establishment up to the month of March last, there passed under the judicial hammer one million and a half acres of land, or something more than one-fourteenth of the entire arable superfices of the island (but it is a consoling reflection that these broad acres fetched unhoped for prices, and that the new hands into which they have fallen will be able to deal better with them than when they were hampered and encumbered). But what a history of year-long misery, and reckless extravagance, and desperation, seems to unfold itself at the bare enumeration of those figures? They seem to answer the whole question of Irish distress at once.

Bring in the lights, for the twilight has deepened into night, and the room is full of shadow.

LITTLE BITS.

Do we doubt that pictures and decorations, of a very graceful kind, depend upon little bits! Have we heard nothing about mosaics, and inlayings, and buhl, and marquetry, and parquetry, and niello, and pietre dure, and tesselated pavements, and encaustic tiles? All these are but so many applications of little bits—bits of enamel, bits of glass, bits of gems, bits of stone, bits of marble, bits of metal, bits of wood, bits of cement, bits of clay. Marked developments of skill and patience are connected with the working up of these little bits; and all the world knows what productions of great beauty result. Enamel, pebbles, marble, and clay, irrespective of metal and wood, form a very pretty family of little bits, as a brief glance will easily show us.

The little bits of enamel which constitute mosaic are the subjects of a most minute and tiresome routine of processes—perhaps more than the products are worth. A true mosaic picture consists of an infinity of little bits of enamel, disposed according to their colours, and imbedded in a frame-work prepared for their reception. Enamel is nothing more than opaque glass, the colours being given by the admixture of various metallic oxides. The number of varieties is quite enormous; for in order to produce all the hues of a picture, there must not only be every colour, but many shades or tints of each. The Pope himself is a mosaic manufacturer. He keeps up an establishment near St. Peter's; and, at this establishment there are, it is asserted, no fewer than seventeen thousand tints of enamel, all arranged and labled in boxes and drawers, whence they are selected as the compositor would select his type. The enamel is cast into slabs; and each slab, by means of hammers, saws, files, lapidary-wheels, and other mechanical aids, is cut into tiny bits; or else the enamel, while hot and plastic from the furnace, is drawn out into threads or small sticks; for some of the bits for a small picture are as thin as sewing-thread. A back or ground-work for the picture is prepared, in marble, slate, or copper; it is hollowed out to a depth varying from a sixteenth of an inch to an inch, according to the size of the picture. The cavity is filled up with plaster of Paris; and the artist draws his design with great care on the plaster. When the ground and the enamels are ready, the mosaicist begins. He digs out a very small portion of the plaster, in accordance with particular lines in the design, and fills up this cavity with a kind of putty or soft mastic, into which the little bits of enamel are pressed one by one. Thus hour by hour, week by week, and even year by year, the artist proceeds; guided by the design on the plaster in scooping out each little portion; and guided by the original picture or sketch in selecting the colours of the enamels. When the picture is finished, it is ground perfectly level with emery; and any minute defects or interstices are filled with a mixture of wax and ground enamel.

The works produced in this enamel-mosaic are in some cases really wonderful. When Napoleon was lord of the destinies of Italy, he ordered a mosaic copy of Lionardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, the same size as the original, twenty-four feet by twelve. Ten mosaicists were employed for eight years on this work, at a cost of more than seven thousand pounds. The Emperor of Austria, we believe, now possesses this extraordinary production. The face in a portrait of Pope Paul the Fifth is said to consist of more than a million-and-a-half of bits, each no larger than a millet-seed. There was exhibited in London, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a mosaic table-top, containing a series of beautiful views in Italy. Perhaps the most wonderful specimens ever produced were two which had no back or groundwork whatever, presenting a mosaic picture on each surface. They were formed of coloured enamel fibres fitted side by side, and fused together into a solid mass. One specimen was an ornamental device; the other was a representation of a duck; and both exhibited great delicacy of outlines and tints by the occasional employment of transparent coloured glass intermixed among the opaque coloured enamels. So minutely were the details worked out, that the eye of the duck, and the feathers on the

breast and wings, were imitated almost as exactly as could have been done by a miniature painter. It was one consequence of the mode in which these singular mosaics were produced, that the picture on one surface was a reverse of that on the other: the duck's head being to the right in the one and to the left in the other.

True mosaic pictures are not common in this country, being very expensive productions. In an artistic point of view, too, there is a limit to the excellence; for there must necessarily be a certain hardness of outline, unless the bits be almost infinitely small and almost infinitely varied in colour. If a mosaic be examined, all the separate bits will be readily seen, joined by lines more or less visible, according as the work is coarsely or finely executed. Like a young lady's Berlin pattern, the little squares are of many colours, but each square is of one definite uniform colour; indeed, we do not see why Berlin work should not be honoured with the name of mosaic.

The theory of little bits is as susceptible of practical application with humble glass as with imperial enamel. There is a substance known as Keene's cement, which becomes as hard as marble, and receives a polish very little inferior to it. An ingenious artist has contrived so to combine little bits of coloured glass as to form a mosaic adornment to articles fabricated in this cement; the white polish of the cement and the coloured brilliancy of the glass contrasting well with each other. Productions of a very fanciful kind have in this way been sent forth; one consists of a pair of twisted columns upon pedestals, six or seven feet high, and intended to hold lamps or vases; the columns themselves are made of the cement, and the glass mosaic is introduced around the spiral shaft of the column in bands of different patterns; while the pedestal exhibits the mosaic in a geometrical rather than an ornate style. The bits of glass are imbedded in the cement while wet, and the whiteness of the cement assists in rendering apparent the colours of the mosaic. It is evident that, if once this art should tickle the fancy and open the purse of his majesty, the public, an infinite variety of applications would be forthcoming—to walls, table tops, chimney-pieces, pilasters, and so forth. It must be admitted, however, that this sort of mosaic is a very humble competitor to that in enamel; it is upholsterer's mosaic instead of artist's mosaic.

There is an elegant kind of mosaic or inlaying practised by the Italians, and called by them *pietra dura*, or hard stone. It consists of little bits of pebble imbedded in a slab of marble. The stone is really hard, for it comprises such varieties as quartz, agate, jasper, chalcedony, jade, cornelian, and lapis lazuli; and the formation of these into a regular pattern calls for the exercise of much patience and ingenuity. The artist first takes a slab of black marble, level in surface, and very little exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness; he draws upon this the outline of his design; he patiently cuts away the requisite portions by means of files and saws; and he has thus prepared the ground-work on which his labours are to be afterwards bestowed. He then attends to the *pietra dura*, the gems, the little bits; every piece is, by lapidaries' tools, cut to the exact size and form necessary to fit it for the little vacuity which it is to occupy; and all are thus adjusted until the mosaic pattern is completed. The thin fragile tablet thus prepared would never bear the wear and tear of active service unless further strengthened; it is on this account applied as a veneer to a thicker slab of marble or other stone. This is an extremely difficult art to accomplish with any degree of success; for in the imitation of natural objects, or in anything beyond a mere geometrical design, it is necessary to exercise great judgment in selecting the colours of the stones, and in fashioning each to a particular shape. The Florentine artists are especially skilled in this elegant art; they generally use pebbles picked up on the banks of the Arno. The Russians also show a fondness for these productions, which they vary by applying the small pebbles in relief on the surface of a slab; but this is not properly mosaic—it is a sort of stone-modelling in relievo, or it may deserve the name of cameo-mosaic, which has been given it. The jaspers and other pebbles, found abundantly in Siberia, enable the Russians to imitate various kinds of fruits with surprising correctness, in this cameo-mosaic. But the Hindoos excel both Florentines and Russians in *pietra dura* work; their designs are more elegant, and their workmanship more minute and delicate.

If a variegated marble pavement be called mosaic—which may be done by applying the theory of little bits to big bits—then we have many mosaics in England. But even here, the Italians beat us hollow; for that is a land in which marble seems especially at home. The pavement of our own St. Paul's Cathedral shows how rich a design may be worked out by this application of marble. The artist, of course, sketches his design originally on paper; and by giving to each piece of white or grey or black marble the size corresponding with the proper ratio, the design becomes developed on the whole area of the pavement.

But there are other applications of marble approaching a little more nearly to the character of mosaics. As the pattern is made smaller, so can the details be made more delicate, more pictorial, more approaching to a work of art. Indeed, every one can see at a glance, that as stone can be cut into very little bits, so can these bits be combined in ornate or mosaic forms. Derbyshire is a redoubtable workshop for such productions, on account of the numberless varieties of stone, marble, and spar

which it possesses; most of them very readily cut. Devonshire is another of our counties in which this mosaic art is practised. Sometimes a pattern is cut, in intaglio, in a solid block or slab of marble, and the cavities are filled up with a mosaic of small coloured pieces; whereas in other specimens a thin veneer of mosaic is formed, and is then cemented upon a slab of inferior stone, or else is cemented down piece by piece without being previously formed into a veneer. The Derbyshire mosaics produced, until recent years, were scarcely worthy of the name, being little more than a jumble of bits, placed side by side because they differed in colour and shape, and imbedded in cement; but they now approach to the excellence of Florentine mosaic or *pietra dura;* and some of the works produced at Derby, Matlock, Buxton, Bakewell, and Castleton, are really beautiful. Chimney-pieces, table-tops, chess-boards, panels, caskets, and ornaments, are thus produced by a combination of British marbles in the natural state, stained marble, Sienna and other foreign marbles, malachite, aventurine, shells, and glass—forming a rich if not artistic kind of mosaic. There are not wanting, and are not likely to be wanting, those who can and will produce marble mosaics, if purchasers can and will pay for them. Three or four years ago, a German artist, Herr Ganser, a pupil of the distinguished sculptor, Schwanthaler, exhibited in London a mosaic which must have called forth a vast amount of time and patience. It was about a yard in length, and not much less in breadth. It represented the Gemini—Castor and Pollux—on horseback. The two naked youths were built up with little bits of marble, varying in tint to imitate the lights and shades of the nude figure, the whole having more or less a warm or reddish tinge; while the two grey horses were represented by numerous tints of grey and white marble.

Little bits of granite, of freestone, of limestone, and of such-like building materials, would be out of place; we should as soon think of setting an elephant to dance on the tight-rope, as to make a mosaic picture of such bits. Yet, can we imagine that houses, and terraces, and pavements, by a judicious combination of warm-tinted, and yellow-tinted, and blue-tinted stones, might have an effect given to them agreeable to the eye, without degenerating into meretricious tawdriness; all would depend on the taste with which this was done. Since the art of polishing granite has become better known and more practised, the dark varieties of this stone have been much used to give a pleasing contrast with stones of a lighter colour.

Little bits of clay have been formed into mosaics since the times of the Romans certainly—perhaps long before. We call such mosaics by the learned names of tesselated pavements and encaustic tiles. The red bits, at least, in the Roman pavements, are clay; but the majority of the pieces are formed of stone or marble. The best and costliest pavements (such as that still existing at the Baths of Caracalla) were made of coloured marbles of various kinds; but the inferior productions, such as those occasionally dug up into light in England and other parts of Europe, are usually made of such coloured stones as happened to be found in the vicinity. As there is no easily-obtained stone having so bright a red colour as burned clay, it was usual to employ the last-named material for this tint. In respect to the name, a *tessera* was a cubical piece of stone or other substance; a *tessela* was a smaller piece of the same shape; and thus a pavement of small cubical pieces came to be called a tesselated pavement. The pavement found at Woodchester, some years ago, had grey tesselæ of blue lias, dark brown of gritstone, light brown of hypiat limestone, and red of fine brick. The tesselæ, in the rougher specimens, had joints, exhibiting gaping vacuities, which were filled up with cement.

When our pottery-people, or (to be more respectful) our porcelain-manufacturers, began to make clay pavements and slabs, they were puzzled to decide on the best combination of materials. One plan was to inlay tesselæ of stone with coloured cement; another was to inlay tesselæ of terra-cotta (baked clay) with similar cements. But it was found that in such combinations the tesselæ and the cement were of unequal hardness, and that the pavement consequently wore away into holes. Another plan was to use tesselæ of cement coloured with metallic oxides; and a fourth consisted in the substitution of bitumen for the cement. At length, the experiments arrived at the method of employing clay in varying degrees of softness, and treated by very ingenious processes.

There are three methods, altogether different, now employed in producing these clay mosaics for pavements; we may call them the soft, the liquid, and the dry methods. In the soft method, clay of fine quality is coloured in different tints; thin slabs are formed in each colour; small cubes or other-shaped pieces are cut from each slab, and the cubes are cemented, side by side, upon any required ground-work. The surface of such a mosaic would wear well, because the clay tesselæ, after baking, would have equal density. In the liquid method, the pavement is built up of square tiles, instead of small tesselæ, and each tile is made by a combination of liquid clay with soft clay. A model of the tile is first made in stiff clay, with the pattern cut out to the depth of a quarter of an inch; a mould is taken for this, having, of course, the pattern in relievo. Stiff coloured clay (perhaps brown) is forced into this mould by means of a press, and there is thus produced a damp heavy square tile with a sunken pattern. To fill up this pattern, liquid clay is prepared (perhaps yellow), or

clay with a honey-like consistence; this is filled into the cavities with a trowel or knife; and the tile, after being very slowly dried, is scraped level and clean at the surface, baked in a kiln, and glazed—making its final appearance as an ornamental highly-glazed brown and yellow tile, which may be combined with its brother tiles in the formation of a pavement. The tact required in this art is, to select such materials that the liquid clay shall shrink in drying just as much as the stiffer clay, and no more: this is essential to the production of a sound and level surface. The third or dry method is a very remarkable one. When flint and fine clay are reduced to powder and thoroughly mixed, they may be brought into a solid form by intense pressure, without any softening or liquefying process. The ground materials are mixed with the requisite colouring substances—black, red, blue, yellow, green, and so forth—and are then forced into small steel moulds with such enormous force as to reduce the powder to one-fourth of its former bulk. Thus is produced an intensely hard and durable solid cube—or it may have a triangular or a hexagonal or rhomboidal surface. Having thus provided himself with an army of tesselæ, little bits, the maker unites them into a slab by a substratum of cement, and lays this slab upon any prepared foundation.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Far away there glide along
Streams with ceaseless murmuring song,
Glistening, as ocean-ward they run,
Their golden net-work in the sun.
For, from secret caves of earth,
In the mountains of their birth
Golden sand they bear away:
And I dreamed the other day
That each atom was endowed
With a voice distinct and loud,
That they sang as on they roll'd
Of the future fate of Gold.

Thus sang one: "I shall be seen
In the crown of some great queen,
And shall sometimes condescend
To the shouting crowd to bend.
Yet the circlet's leaden weight,
In the midst of pomp and state,
Shall, with an incessant pain,
Press upon the wearer's brain.
Prisoned in its golden cage,
The brow shall furrowed seem with age.

Sang another: "I shall gleam
In a bracelet's dazzling beam;
And its form shall be a spray,
Roses set with rubies gay;
And the bracelet's golden twist
Shall encircle beauty's wrist,
While, beneath her pulse shall measure
Seconds of a life of pleasure."

Sang another: "I shall shine
In a slender golden twine;
And a woman thin, and spare,
Shall embroider flowers fair
In a costly robe of state.
Yet that woman, desolate,
Has not seen a blossom wild
Since she was a prattling child;
But, with little pay or praise,
She has measured out the days
Of her life, so cheaply sold,
With the slender threads of gold."

Sang another: "I shall aid—
In the pummel of a blade,
Wielded by some valiant knight—
To win the well-contested fight;
Nor rest until the weapon's hilt
Blushes with blood of foeman spilt."

Sang another: "In the case
Of a watch shall be my place,
And its voice shall whisper low
Of the minutes as they go.
In the portly sheriff's hand
Scanning the hour with moisten'd eye,
I shall time his loud command:
'Bring the felon forth'—to die!
For the culprit's time is told
By the sheriff's watch of gold."

Sang another: "I shall shine
In the wedding-ring; the sign
That shall bind two hearts together,
To be fondly linked for ever."
Sang another: "I shall rest
On an aching human breast
In a locket; and, below,
A single silky auburn tress,
Shall the life-tide ebb and flow,
Of a heart dead to happiness."

Sang another: "They will mould
Me into a coin of gold.
Bartered oft for happiness,
Bartered oft for deep distress,
Buying joy and buying grief.
Surely money is the chief
Of the uses manifold
That mankind can make of gold."

Sang the last one: "As a pen
In the hands of mighty men
I shall rouse the world to wonder,
Keen as lightning, loud as thunder.
If the sword can win and keep,
'Tis the pen can rouse from sleep
Dormant spirits of a nation
To freedom and emancipation.

"Emblem of pomp, of pledges broken;
Trinket, sword, or marriage token,
Ye are metal vainly spent
Beside the pen omnipotent!"

GORE HOUSE.

The vicissitudes in the occupation of houses are curious. The first tenant we meet with in Gore House, Kensington, (we forget his name) is a Government contractor, who was so stingy that he would not lay out a penny to keep his garden in order. To him succeeded Mr. Wilberforce, famous in the annals of evangelism and the slave trade. The next distinguished name is Lady Blessington. Then comes Monsieur Soyer, who turns the place into an eating-house for All Nations during the Great Exhibition; and now it has been bought by Government, in connexion with the new views for the cultivation of art.

Wilberforce, whose head was not strong enough to keep him out of the pale of religious bigotry, but whose heart was most kindly, and his temperament most happy, contrived (though it is difficult to conceive how even the merriest of such theologians manage it) to combine the most terrific ideas of the next world (for others) with the most comfortable enjoyment of this world in his own person. He was a little plain-faced man, radiant by nature with glee and good-humour; very "serious" at a moment's notice; an earnest devotee; a genial host; a good speaker and member of parliament; now siding, and now differing with his friend Pitt, now joining in devotion with Lord Teignmouth; now laughing heartily with Canning; now sighing over the table-talk of the Prince Regent; but, above all, deep in tractarianism, and at the same time advocating the freedom of the poor negroes; which was by no means the case with all persons of his way of thinking, political or religious.

"About a year and three quarters ago," says this worthy, ultra-serio-comic person, "I changed my residence, and found myself in the habitation which my family now occupies and which we find more salubrious than Clapham Common. We are just one mile from the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner, which I think you will not have forgotten yet, having about three acres of pleasure ground around my house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, which I delight in doing, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature (remembering at the same time the words of my favourite poet: 'Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God,') as if I were two hundred miles from the great city."

This is excellent; and would have been more so, if Mr. Wilberforce could have allowed others, not quite of the same creed, to have the same right to a comfortable enjoyment of nature, and the same reputation for piety. He was of opinion that you must be continually thinking about God, otherwise God would be very angry. As if the Divine Father could not dispense with these eternal references to him from his children; or would burthen them with the weight of even too much gratitude. Our prosperous and lively-blooded saint, however, bore the burthen with singular vivacity, owing to a notion he had (hardly burthened with modesty, though he always professed to wonder at the circumstance) that he was a special favourite of God.

His meditations down Kensington Road were certainly very different from those of Mr. Wilkes. "Walked" (he says, in his diary) "from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the hundred and nineteenth Psalm in great comfort." This is the longest of the Psalms, extending to a hundred and seventy-six verses, full of pious self-congratulations, and of rebukes of its deriders.

The vicissitudes in the history of houses are curious. Here, in the grounds of Gore House, the Government contractor meditated how he could save himself a penny; Mr. Wilberforce meditated Psalms; Lady Blessington novels; Monsieur Soyer the composition of sauces, and how many dinners the place would hold; and now the district is to be occupied by the new National Gallery, its schools of art and science, and bowers for the exhibition of sculpture. A display of Cabinet-work, and of studies from the School of Art, has already commenced operations, and the public are re-admitted to the grounds. This, however, it must be allowed, is a good absorption of the antecedent individualities, pleasant as some of them were; though it is to be doubted, whether Mr. Wilberforce's ghost will be quite easy at the sight of the Venuses and Apollos.

England, a teacher of nations in so many respects, is but now discovering, what has so long been known to Italy, and partially known to France, that utility and beauty, instead of being antagonists, are friends; that the one without the other, besides being in danger of falling into the gross and the sordid, cannot thoroughly work out its purposes; form and proportion, and adaptation of means to ends, being constituent qualities of the beautiful; and finally, that as Nature, far from disliking the beautiful, thought fit to be the cause of it, and loves it, and deals in it to profusion often in the very humblest of her productions, so it becomes Art to imitate her great mistress, in the like impartiality of adornment, and show us what opulence and what elevation, in the scale of discerning beings, await the perceptions of those whose ideas are not limited to the commonest forms of the desirable. The use of use itself is but to administer to our satisfactions; and the use of beauty is to refine and perfect those satisfactions, and raise them by degrees, in proportion as we cultivate a true sense of it, to thoughts of the beauty and goodness of its great First Cause. To ask with a sneer what is the use of beauty, is to ask with impiety why God has filled the universe with beauty; why he has made the skies blue and the fields green, and vegetation full of flowers, and the human frame a model for the sculptor, and gifted everything in existence with shape and colour. The commonest piece of grass, with the straightness of its stem, the flowing contrast of its leaves, and the trembling fullness of its ears, is a miracle of beauty. So rich in grace and suggestiveness has it pleased Him to make the houses of the very insects, and the food of cattle! Is it not better to discern this, in addition to the other uses of grass, than to see in it nothing but those uses?—nothing but hay for the market and so much return of

money to the grower? Very good things both no doubt, and not to be dispensed with, but so much the more requiring the accompaniment of noble perceptions to hinder us from concluding that man was made to live by bread alone; that is to say, by the satisfaction of his material, as opposed to his spiritual wants. So little was that the conclusion of the good emperor and philosopher, Marcus Antoninus, that, with the uncontemptuous eye of a sage, and with a curious familiar anticipation of that sense of the picturesque which has been thought by some peculiar to modern times, he directs our attention to the outside of a loaf itself, as possessing something graceful and attractive in its ruggedness, or what an artist would call the "freedom of its forms." The whole passage in his Meditations is itself so beautiful, and in spite of his want of thorough artistic perceptions as to form and line, expands into such a comprehensive and noble sense of what has been termed the art of nature, that although we have already kept the reader standing much longer than we intended at the steps of Gore House with this prefatory digression on such matters, we are sure he will be pleased at having it laid before him.

"Such things as ensue upon what is well constituted by Nature, have something graceful and attractive. Thus, some parts of a well-baked loaf will crack and become rugged. What is thus cleft beyond the design of the baker looks well and invites the appetite. So when figs are at the ripest, they begin to crack. Thus, in full ripe olives, their approach to putrefaction gives the proper beauty to the fruit. Thus, the ladened ear of corn hanging down, the stern brow of the lion, and the foam flowing from the mouth of the boar, and many other things, considered apart, have nothing comely; yet because of their connexion with things natural, they adorn them, and delight the spectator. Thus, to one who has a deep affection of soul, and penetration into the constitution of the whole, scarce anything connected with Nature will fail to recommend itself agreeably to him. Thus, the real vast jaws of savage beasts will please him, no less than the imitations of them by painters or statuaries. With like pleasure will his chaste eyes behold the maturity and grace of old age in man or woman, and the inviting charms of youth. Many such things will he experience, not credible to all, but only to those who have the genuine affection of soul to Nature and her works."

Yes, most excellent Emperor. And the same might have been said by thee, and probably was said, of the commonest objects of Art round about thee, in thy home and thy goods and chattels, thy cabinets and caskets and chairs: for Art is nature's doing also, being the work of her workmanship; man, and all forms and graces, being referable to her suggestion. The chair, as well as the plant, has its straight and its flowing lines; the casket and the cabinet its ornaments of fruit and foliage, its efflorescence in metal or precious stone; some their figures of men, beasts, and birds; and all, more or less, their colours, proportions, and uses. Shall we not then observe, and as much as possible, spiritualize them accordingly, giving them the grace and beauty which nature suggests, and so rendering them assistants of our best perceptions against our worst? For effeminacy, the danger of delight, is not a consequence of enjoyments founded in truth and in the spirit of things, but of grovellings in the false and the gross; not a consequence therefore of good art, but of bad; of art lulling to sleep on the chair for the mere body's sake, and not of art awakening us to intellectual perceptions, and thus dividing the empire of body with that of mind. Luther was not the less prepared to hazard martyrdom, because he was a player on the organ. Socrates was not the less an actual martyr, and one of the greatest of men, because he had been a sculptor, and wrought figures of the Graces.

The collection at Gore House, besides tapestry, mirrors, and a few other things, consists of cabinet work in oak, walnut, ebony, &c., carved, sculptured, inlaid, sometimes with pictures, oftener in the Buhl style of ornamentation; in short, presenting all the reigning styles of treatment from the latter part of the fifteenth century to the close of the eighteenth. There are cabinets, coffers, commodes, buffets, chairs, tables, clocks, drawers, presses, couches, flower-stands, fire-screens, and even pairs of bellows. The rooms in fact are not big enough to hold them; so that the visitors are crowded; and as the materials are chiefly dark and ponderous, the general effect, notwithstanding occasional gorgeousness, is heavy, and even somewhat gloomy. You might imagine that the fortunes of half a dozen ancient houses had been suddenly ruined, and their goods and chattels despatched in haste to an auctioneer's to be sold. Better justice would have been done to the individual objects, had there been space enough to show them; for all productions of Art have so much to do with proportion, that the proportions even of the spaces round about them become of importance to their display. Perhaps, however, it was not easy to refuse offers from contributors; variety too was a temptation; and a liberal abundance is welcome after all, even at the expense of inconvenience.

The Government Commissioners, with great judgment, have drawn attention to these curiosities, not as models for indiscriminate imitation, but as illustrations of the taste of successive periods; as samples of merit on particular points, especially ornamentation; and in several instances as warnings against inconsistencies and bad taste. Foreigners, they say, can teach the English workman nothing in point of mechanical fitness and completion, but he may learn much from them in the art of decoration. This, no doubt, is true; and we hope and believe that foreigners and natives will benefit one another by these exhibitions; the Englishman learning to make his cabinets elegant, and the

Frenchman and Italian to make their keys turn smartly, and their drawers come forth without sticking. We cannot greatly admire such things as Buhl-work; elaborations of brass ornaments upon dark grounds. We prefer the inlayment of paintings, the additions of bas reliefs, and the quaintest old carvings of human figures, fruits, &c., provided they have any truth of expression. Buhl is no company, has nothing to entertain us with, but its unmeaning flourishes. Gilding is something, for it is a kind of sunshine. The jumble called Rococo is in general detestable. A parrot seems to have invented the word; and the thing is worthy of his tawdriness and his incoherence. We confess, however, to a sneaking kindness for the shepherds and shepherdesses of the times of the Pompadours and the Madame Dubarrys. They were the endeavour of no feeling to get at some feeling; to "assume a virtue, if they had it not;" to play at lovers, though they could only be gallants; nay, let us do our best for them, and say, it was the endeavour to conciliate the remnant of truth and simplicity lurking in their hearts, and to persuade themselves what a golden age kind of people they were intended by nature to have been, provided only they could have their own way, and luxurious suppers instead of bread and cheese.

Many of these extraordinary pieces of furniture are nevertheless excellent of their kind, those in the rococo style not excepted. There are cabinets and coffers truly worthy of holding treasure; tables, at which it would be an elevation of mind as well as body to sit; clocks, that symbolise the value of time (and not seldom its heaviness) by the multiplicity and weight of their ornamentation; and chairs which sometimes render the request "Not to touch" provoking; for how, otherwise, are we to test the smoothness of the "Genoa velvet," taste the pleasure of sitting as sovereigns and beauties sate, or comfortably contemplate the very objects before us, considering that there are no seats in the rooms for visitors, and that pleasure itself is fatiguing.

Some interesting memories also are attached to these costly moveables. There is a magnificent writing table, ostentatiously recording some of the projects of the famous busy-body Beaumarchais, author of the comedy of Figaro; a Buhl writing-table that belonged to the De Retz family; a grand cabinet in *pietra dura* (precious stones) made expressly for Louis the Fourteenth; a carved Venetian coffer, that was the property of Thomas, the first Earl of Dorset, the poet, the worthy precursor of Spenser; and another Venetian coffer, adorned in wonderful *alto relievo* with the story of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon, most life-like and masterly. The work is dated in the catalogue "about one thousand five hundred and sixty;" and the arms on the escutcheon (a lion rampant, and a head in a cap) are stated to be "unknown." We know not the arms of Cæsar Borgia, otherwise the story is just like one of the allusions of that energetic miscreant. Or might it have illustrated some lawless exploits of the Malatesta family, one of the most ferocious of whom was a great patron of art?

We have indulged ourselves at such length in these passing notices of art and manufacture, that we must dismiss with a somewhat unpatriotic brevity the other part of the exhibition, the copies from originals and from nature, sent in by students of the various Government Schools of Art established throughout the kingdom. Indeed, we could take no very long view of them, and therefore must not be understood as throwing any slur upon those on which we are silent, when we say that we were most struck with the Flamingo of Miss Olden (No. 10); the Madre Dolorosa (from Carlo Dolce?) by Miss Ganthorp (No. 24); the Magdalen, from Correggio, by Mr. Bowen (No. 27); Moneygetter — we know not from whom—by Mr. Collinson (No. 32); Fruit, by Mr. Gibson (No. 47); the study of Ornament in Colour, by Mr. Ellison (No. 101); and those after Cuyp and Crivelli—each wrongly referred—by Mr. Armytage. The Flamingo is admirably coloured; only we wish he looked less like an ogre, with that long beak of his, holding the eel. It is all true to nature, no doubt; but why need ornithological painters select only those moments? The Madre Dolorosa is very dolorous, and well done, but we have little faith in the permanent dolour of those cheeks. This, however, is the original's fault, and not the copyist's. For the real, natural grief, the amiable, surprised, and patient regret, in the face of Correggio's Madonna, we are most thankful, because we feel certain that it brings the original before us—which cannot be said of a late beautiful engraving of the subject, —very lovely, but not at all sorrowful. The Fruit is partly bruised with its own ripeness, —very true and beautiful. The Ornament in Colour is truly graceful and consistent; hangs charmingly together; and the Cuyp and Crivelli carry with them their testimony to the fidelity of the copies. These works are all upstairs; chiefly, we believe, in the garrets. They look as if a parcel of artists had fallen in love with the maid-servants, and hung their dormitories with evidences of their homage.

Little need be said of the grounds belonging to Gore House. Turf and trees are good things, with or without flowers; and the grounds are of unexpected dimensions, considered as appurtenances to a suburban residence; but, as Johnson said of a dinner, that it was a good enough dinner, but "not a dinner to invite a man to," so it may be said of the Gore House grounds, that they hardly sustain the dignified announcement of being "thrown open to the public;" especially too, as this "throwing open" is confined to the

visitors who have paid their way to the cabinet work. You must think of the late fair possessor, Lady Blessington, to give an interest to their pathways.

The estate purchased by the Commissioners for the site and grounds of the New National Gallery includes those just described, which consist of about twenty acres; and it will probably, when all the purchases are completed, approach to a hundred. It widens as it goes south and reaches to Old Brompton.

LICENSED TO JUGGLE.

About fifteen years ago a short iron-built man used to balance a scaffold pole upon his chin, to whizz a slop-basin round upon the end of it, and to imitate fire-works with golden balls and gleaming knives, in the public streets of London. I am afraid his genius was not rewarded in his own country; for not long ago I saw him starring it in Paris. As I stood by to watch his evolutions, in the Champs Elysées, I felt a patriotic glow when they were rewarded with the enthusiastic applause of a very wide and thick ring of French spectators.

There was one peculiarity in his performance which distinguished him from French open air artistes—he never spoke. Possibly he was diffident of his French accent. He simply uttered a grunt when he wished to call attention to any extraordinary perfection in his performance; in imitation perhaps of the "La!—la!" of the prince of French acrobats, Auriol. Whatever he attempted he did well; that is to say, in a solid, deliberate, thorough manner. His style of chin-balancing, knife-catching, ball-throwing, and ground and lofty tumbling, was not so agile or flippant as that of his French competitors, but he never failed. On the circulation of his hat, the French halfpence were dropped in with great liberality.

As the fall of the curtain denotes the close of a play, so the raising of the square of carpet signifies the end of a juggler's performance; and, when my old acquaintance had rolled up his little bit of tapestry, and had pocketed his sous, I accosted him—"You are," I said, "an Englishman?"

"That's right!" he observed, familiarly.

"What say you to a glass of something, and a chat?"

"Say?" he repeated, with a very broad grin, "why, yes, to be sure!"

The tumbler, with his tools done up in a carpet-bag closed at the mouth with a bit of rope, and your humble servant were speedily seated in a neighbouring wine-shop.

"What do you prefer to drink?" I inquired.

"Cure-a-sore," he modestly answered.

The epicure! Quality and not quantity was evidently his taste; a sign of, at least, a sober fellow.

"You find yourself tolerably well off in Paris?"

"I should think I did," he answered, smacking his lips, "for I was a wagabon in London; but here I am a artiste!"

"A distinction only in name, I suspect."

"P'raps it is; but there's a good deal of difference, mind you. In Ingland (I have been a'most all over it) a feller in my line is a wagabon. He don't take no standing in society. He may be quiet, never get into no trouble, and never give nobody else none; but that don't help him. 'He gits his livin' in the streets" they say, and that's enough. Well, 'spose he does? he 'as to work tremenjus hard for it?"

"His certainly cannot be an idle life."

"It just ain't; if they'd only let us alone; but they won't—them blessed Peelers I mean. How would you like it?" he continued, appealing to me with as hard a look in the face as if I had been his most implacable enemy, "how would you like it, if you had looked up a jolly good pitch, and a rig'lar good comp'ny was a looking on—at the west end, in a slap up street, where there ain't no thoroughfare—and jist as you're a doin' the basin, and the browns is a droppin' into the 'at, up comes a Peeler. Then it's 'Move on!' You must go;" he stared harder than ever, and thumped his hand on the table; "I say you *must* go and lose per'aps a pick up as 'u'd keep you for a week. How would you like that?"

"I should expostulate."

"Spostallate!—would you?" a slight curl of the lip, expressive of contempt at my ignorance of the general behaviour of policemen. "Ah! if you say 'bo!' to a Peeler he pulls you, and what's the consequence? Why, a month at the Steel!"—which hard name I understood to be given to the House of Correction.

"But the police are not unreasonable," I suggested.

"Well, p'raps some of 'em ain't," he remarked, "but you can't pick out your policemen, that's where it is."

"Do the police never interfere with you here?" I asked.

"They used to it; and I've had to beg back my traps more than once from the borough of the Police Correctionell, as they call it; but then that was 'cause I was hignorant of the law. When they see that I could git a 'onest living, an old cove in a cocked hat ses he to me, ses he, 'You're a saltimbanc, you are. Wery good. You go to the borough of police for public morals, and the minister (not a parson, mind you, but the 'ed hinspector), if he's satisfied with your character he'll give you a ticket."

"And did he?"

"Course he did; and I'm now one of the reg'lar perfession. I ain't to be hinterfered with; leastways, without I'm donkey enough to go on the cross and be took up. *That's*

the ticket," he exclaimed triumphantly, pulling out a bronze badge, "I'm number thirty-five, I am."

"And can you perform anywhere?"

"No; the police picked out thirteen good places—'pitches,' we calls 'em—where we can play. There's the list—thirteen on 'em all of a row—beginning on the Boulevards at the Place de la Colonne de Juilliet, and ending in the Champs Elysées." He unfolded a neatly written document that plainly defined the limits of Paris within which he, in common with his co-professors, was allowed to display his abilities.

With a small gratuity for the new light thrown upon the subject of street performances, I parted from my enterprising countryman, wishing him every success.

I have sometimes wondered whether—considering that we have all sorts of licensed people about us; people who are licensed to cram us upon steam-boats; to crowd us into omnibuses; to jolt us in ramshackle cabs; to supply us with bad brandy and other adulterated drinks; licentiates for practising physic; licentiates for carrying parcels; licentiates for taking money at their own doors for the diversions of singing and dancing; licentiates for killing game with gunpowder which other people have been licensed to make—it would not be wise to license in England out-of-door as well as in-door amusements.

WHAT MUSHROOMS COST.

In spite of never-ending talk about "perfidious Albion," the French cannot justly be reproached with being either a suspicious or a timid people. On the contrary, they often suffer individually, from placing too much confidence in those who really deserve it not; and nationally, from having no sort of fear or forethought; but rashly rushing forwards into all sorts of messes and disasters, which are as visible as the course of the highway under your feet to every living creature except themselves.

In one point, however, they carry distrust and wariness far beyond a heroic, or even a reasonable point of caution. They are not particularly afraid of facing their enemies; but they are ridiculously fearful of touching a fungus. They will often give credit to a plausible stranger; but they will have nothing to do with any member of the cryptogamic class, of whose antecedents they are not fully cognizant, and for whose future proper behaviour they have not the most trustworthy guarantees. A pair of lovers would as soon shut themselves up in an air-tight chamber, with a dish of burning charcoal for their entertainment, as sit down to sup off a mess of mushrooms which their most trusty friend had gathered in a meadow. The fool-hardiness of those insular experimentalists in *l'eccentrique Angleterre*, who feast themselves on inky toad-stools, cotton-woolly puff-ball and leathery morels, is to them sufficie proof that, droll as we are, we are by n means deficient in courage. "Ketchup" is British sauce, which many a Frenchma would label Poison; and it must be honestl confessed that we are not over-nice abou the ingredients which enter it. Unles mushrooms can be warranted as garde produce, it is in vain to set them before Gallic epicure. The mouth may water, an the palate may smack—for it is in huma nature to suffer temptation; but the hea will shake a firm negative, and the lips wi utter a decided "*Merci!*" A wild agari grilled ever so deliciously, bathed in butte and powdered with blended pepper and sal would have less chance of being swallowed i a *restaurant* than the very strange thing which, we are told, are not strained at i such places at all. But if only educated i an authorised seminary, mushrooms, serve as a side-dish, are forked up and devoure by ardent admirers before you have time t look at them twice.

We grow mushrooms in England, but o a much smaller scale. Any dark outhous or convenient cellar, of tolerably equable tem perature, will furnish a liberal supply; and they may be cultivated in the heart of a town just as successfully as in the midst of th purest country air. Hollow spaces, somethin like shallow wine-bins, of any size that may be judged convenient, from a yard or two square to larger dimensions, are made with boards upon the floor; or, they may be disposed, one above the other, after the fashion of shelves, only leaving between them a space sufficient for the gardener to introduce his head and shoulders. These bins are then filled with animal manure, beaten down firmly with a mallet, and covered an inch or two thick with a layer of garden mould. The object of having a multitude of bins or beds, is to insure a successional supply of mushrooms. The bed is suffered to ferment for a while, without anything more being done to it; but when the heat is reduced to the warmth of milk from the cow, (which may be known by thrusting a stick into the bed, and leaving it there for a few minutes before withdrawing it) morsels of what is known to nursery-men as mushroom spawn, about the size of a hen's egg, are stuck here and there in the coating of earth, which is again beaten down firmly and covered with straw. This spawn soon spreads itself through the mass of the bed, in the form of irregular filmy threads, much in the same way as a mouldy Stilton cheese increases in ripeness from day to day. The progress, however, of the spawn is very uncertain; sometimes it will lie dormant for weeks. Too much watering destroys the bed, while a certain degree of humidity is absolutely necessary. Symptoms at least become apparent that the capricious crop is about to burst forth into full bloom. The whole surface

of the bed breaks out with a violent eruption of innumerable little white pimples, at first not bigger than pin's heads. It is actually seized with the mushroom-pox, which has been communicated to it by inoculation, or to coin a more correct word, by the act of *mycelation*. The pimples daily grow bigger and bigger. As you watch them, you see they are coming to a head; but instead of odious boils and blains, the result is what you find in Covent Garden Market, neatly packed in tempting punnets. A mushroom-bed continues productive for a month or six weeks, or thereabouts, after which, you must make another. So far, about mushrooms in England: let us now return to those across the water.

Amongst the celebrities of the town of Lille is a restaurateur who entertains *Au Rocher de Cancale*, at the favourite sign of "The Rock of Cancale." The real rock is a hump-backed lump jutting above the surface of the sea, not far from St. Malo, and just visible from the summit of the famous Mont St. Michel. Why a granite rock should be thus selected as the symbol of good living, is explained by the very general belief that the choicest oysters of the Channel hold their rendezvous, or permanent session, there. Accordingly, the mere words, Rock of Cancale, are enough to make a gourmand's heart leap. But, as a great deal more genuine Champagne wine is drunk than ever was grown in that historic province; so, if all the oyster shells were gathered together, which have been opened as true and native *Cancales*, they would go a good way towards filling up the Gulf of St. Malo, if they were suddenly restored to their warranted home. There are hundreds of Cancale Rocks in France, all overhanging the same sort of benevolent establishment, but I doubt whether there be one whose master has undergone more than him of Lille in furtherance of his recreative heart. He merits therefore to be known by name; and I have little fear of giving offence, by recommending all whom it may concern to taste the good things of M. Puy, of the *Vieux Marché aux Poules*, or Old Chicken Market—which sometimes may have also served as a market for old chickens.

Everybody is aware that the *carte* of a *restaurant* contains a number of delicacies which are not to be had. They are not merely inserted to complete the number—like stuffed or painted supernumeraries on a provincial stage, or leather-backed blocks of wood in a choice but still deficient library. No! They are paraded with a refinement of art, to lash the appetite into a state of irrepressible keenness, so that what does come to hand at last, is devoured with as much esurient relish as if the eater had stood a seven-months' siege, or had just returned from a voyage round the world. The knowing reader is also cognizant that there is something which a *restaurant* always has ready; which is often the very best thing you can get, the foundation-stone of the reputation of the house, and of which if you do not speak in terms of respect, you must not be surprised to be shown the door. You have seen a Professor of Legerdemain fool a grass-green spectator into the idea that he had chosen a card from the offered pack, when it was a Hobson's choice impudently forced upon him. In like manner, the *restaurant* waiter contrives, that while you fancy you are ordering a dinner—you being still in crassest ignorance—the very things for which the place is noted should be the prominent points of your impromptu feast. This is well, and I do not grumble at it, provided that the delicacy be not tripe. To avoid swallowing the dose, whatever it may happen to be, is quite a culinary impossibility. If the dish goes against the grain, the guest had better rush out of the house at once. One of the best cooks in France that I know compels you to eat chitterlings (*andouillets*) and roasted lobster, if any are to be had within twenty miles round. That, however, is a species of martyrdom which will be quietly submitted to with a little practice.

At Puy's, somehow, you find before you fillet-of-beef steak, with mushroom sauce. Other things, to be sure, are there, all exceedingly good of their kind; but what between the merits of the *plat* and the insinuating influence which pervades the place, it would not be easy to dine there often and refrain from the steak and its mushroom garnish. You sin, too, in the midst of a crowd. The gentleman on the left hand, nearest your table, acts like a spoiled child with a lump of plum-cake. He picks out the plums, or "buttons," one by one, and gobbles them up to the very last, leaving the vulgarer material, the every-day viand, to shift for itself, and be consumed or not, as appetite may allow. It is necessary now to make the statement that this interminable mushroom feast is entirely the result of skilful culture, under circumstances which may be designated as "very peculiar."

M. Puy is a man of energy. At Lezennes, a village a little to the south-east of Lille, he has a garden which produces an abundance of dainties. Tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, and all sorts of forced vegetables start from the earth as if they were escaping for their life. They find a refuge under glass, when the open air gives them too cold a reception. But it is useless to look for mushrooms there. And yet they are nearer than you might imagine.

Besides his garden and his fields above-ground, M. Puy is lord of a subterranean realm. Other potentates have found their dominions so vast and straggling, as to become in the end unwieldy and dangerous. Exactly such is the fact with M. Puy. Suppose, to bring the case home to yourself, that any kind benefactor were to bequeath to you as

an inheritance, the Catacombs of Paris. Pray what would you do with them, sir? M. Puy has the catacombs, or *carrières* of Lezennes, and he applies them to mushroom growing on a large scale. Permission granted, they are curious to see; but—and I now write in serious warning—if you do go to see, Beware! Do not dare to visit them after a Champagne luncheon, nor in company with people who like to play the fool, and who mistake bravado for wit and spirit.

You are conducted to a village inn, to which inn belongs a cellar. In the side of the cellar is a little door, through which you descend by wooden steps to the caverns below. The depth is nothing, and varies scarcely at all; you are only six-and-thirty feet beneath the surface. You are furnished with a little hand-lamp, and a guide of course accompanies you. There can be no harm or cowardice in requesting one or two others to join the party; and the man who should resolve never to enter these underground quarries without a store of lucifers and wax-lights in one pocket and of biscuits in the other, ought not to be set down as either a fool or a poltroon. I am ashamed to confess to having thrust myself into what might easily prove a fatal dungeon, without the least precaution of the kind.

The spot to which you first descend is the centre of a series of irregular ramifications, extending hither and thither beneath the earth, running off to the right and left, interlacing and starting away afresh for four or five leagues, no one knows whither and is not a bit too anxious to ascertain. They are three or four yards wide on the average, and about as many high, cut through the soft limestone rock (which now and then falls in, in places), but are really of quite irregular dimensions, sometimes so low and so narrow as only to allow the passage of a single person. There are cross-ways, branching roads, and blind alleys leading to nothing. As far as the mushroom culture is carried on—a very considerable extent of cavern—there are now and then (rarely) gratings to the upper air, through which the necessary manure is let down, and also serving as ventilators, without which the workmen could not continue their labours. Beyond the mushrooms not a ray of light enters; but even amongst them, and with a light, I should be sorry to be strayed and left to find my way back again in the course of four-and-twenty hours.

Instead of any bins, or shelves, the mushrooms here are grown on ridges about a couple of feet high, and of the same breadth at foot, containing manure and covered with earth flattened close by the back of the spade, like miniature ridges for the preservation of beet-root. No straw is used to cover them, nor is needful in such an invariable condition of moisture, atmosphere, and darkness. They follow the windings, and run along the course of the caverns, which are made to contain one, two, or three ridges, according to their breadth of floor, leaving a convenient pathway between each ridge, for the labourers to walk and gather the produce. At the time of my visit, the growth was slack; I had been told beforehand there were no mushrooms: but I found ridges in all the intermediate states between the first pimply symptoms of the mushroom-pox, to full-sized buttons as big as crown-pieces. Other ridges, again, were exhausted; and were soon to be removed, to be replaced by fresh materials for the generation of fungi. Only a small proportion of the crop is consumed in the *restaurant*, although the demand there must be to no trifling amount; the bulk is sent off to distant towns, and is even purchased by "the stranger."

Seven or eight men are constantly employed in mushroom growing in the *carrières*. They receive higher wages than their friends above ground, and they well deserve every *sou* they earn. "But," said a daylight-er who walked by my side, "*I* like sunshine, Monsieur; so I stick to the garden, though I don't get quite so much pay as they do." The ruddy bronzed complexion of the speaker contrasted strangely with the wax-pallid face of our guide;—and delicate ladies ought to know how good it is for the health to be well tanned in the sunbeams at least once or twice a year. The men work twelve hours a day; consequently, in winter they never see sunlight, except on Sundays and fête-days, which they have to themselves. They are more subject to illness than field-labourers are, not only in consequence of losing the stimulus which light affords to the constitution, but also from chills, and the imperfect ventilation of the place and the gases emitted by the fermenting dung intermingled with those from the sprouting mushrooms.

On the tenth of January, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, M. Puy entered his caverns, to plan the arrangement of his future crop. He went on and on, thinking of business, without discovering that he had lost his way. On attempting to return he found that he was traversing paths hitherto unknown to him. Sometimes he was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees, to proceed in what he believed the right direction, but still he could not hit upon any beaten and recognisable portion of the interminable grotto. At last, his light went out, and further progress, any way, if not impossible, was perfectly useless. He sat down, determined to wait, knowing that he should be missed, and that search would be made for him. It was the wisest, in fact, the only thing he could do.

There he remained in the dark all night, seated on the floor of the cavern, he knew not where. Next morning, Madame Puy, his mother—for M. Puy is still a single man—finding that he did not return home to Lille to sleep as usual, felt sure that he had

wandered too far in the *carrières*. Madame Puy is still living, and in health, but she "well remembers that day, and those which followed it." She immediately called upon her friends and neighbours to assist the workpeople in making a search. They readily answered to the appeal, incurring themselves no slight danger. The man who guided me through the mushroom beds, in his zeal to find his missing master lost himself for thirteen hours, although well provided with lights.

Another day elapsed, and no M. Puy. The whole population of Lille was filled with anxiety. The authorities were called upon to lend their aid. The troops were ordered down into the caverns. Drums were beaten, and guns were fired; but it is singular that, in those horrid recesses, the most powerful sounds make but little way. *Douaniers*, or customs-men, were sent for from the frontier, bringing with them their powerful, keen-scented, and well-trained dogs. But instead of the dogs finding M. Puy, they themselves narrowly escaped being lost. One magnificent brute got so completely strayed, that he must have perished had he not been at last discovered. Parties tied one end of various balls of string to frequented portions of the cavern, and then went forward in opposite directions, unrolling them as they proceeded, in the hope that the lost man might stumble upon the clue. Others penetrated as far as they dared, bearing with them bundles of straw, a single one of which they laid on the ground, at short intervals, with the head or ear pointing the way to go in order to escape from this den of horrors. No fear there that the wind, or an animal, or a human passenger, should disturb so slight and frail an index! Everything, in short, was done that courage and friendship could suggest; but for three days the benevolent hunt was fruitless.

After M. Puy had disappeared for three whole days, he was found at last by a bold young man, in the place where he had determined to remain till sought for. The spot is just under a mill in the neighbouring village, and is a long, long way from the point of starting. His first inquiry was, how long he had been there? for he had no means of measuring the lapse of time. He was astonished to learn that three days had been passed in that lone concealment, without either food or drink. It was well for him, perhaps, that he was obliged to remain in that state of ignorance. As the hour of his deliverance became more and more delayed, he might otherwise have fallen into a fatal despair. As it was, in spite of every care, six months elapsed before he recovered from the consequent illness; and it was probably at least a twelvemonth before he was exactly himself again.

This, then, is the cost of Mushrooms in France, in consequence of people refusing to eat wild ones, even if gathered by persons competent to distinguish the wholesome from the poisonous kinds; namely, the constant deterioration of health, and the occasional risk of life, on the part of those whose profession it is to cultivate them.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Baby Charles became King Charles the First, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Unlike his father, he was usually amiable in his private character, and grave and dignified in his bearing; but, like his father, he had monstrously exaggerated notions of the rights of a king; and was evasive, and not to be trusted. If his word could have been relied upon, his history might have had a different end.

His first care was to send over that insolent upstart, Buckingham, to bring Henrietta Maria from Paris to be his Queen; upon which occasion Buckingham—with his usual audacity—made love to the young Queen of Austria, and was very indignant indeed with Cardinal Richelieu, the French Minister, for thwarting his intentions. The English people were very well disposed to like their new Queen, and to receive her with great favour when she came among them as a stranger. But she held the Protestant religion in great dislike, and brought over a crowd of unpleasant priests, who made her do some very ridiculous things, and forced themselves upon the public notice in many disagreeable ways. Hence the people soon came to dislike her, and she soon came to dislike them; and she did so much all through this reign in setting the King (who was dotingly fond of her) against his subjects, that it would have been better for him if she had never been born.

Now, you are to understand that King Charles the first—of his own determination to be a high and mighty King not to be called to account by anybody, and urged on by his Queen besides—deliberately set himself to put his Parliament down and to put himself up. You are also to understand, that even in pursuit of this wrong idea—enough in itself to have ruined any king—he never took a straight course, but always took a crooked one.

He was bent upon war with Spain, though neither the House of Commons nor the people were quite clear as to the justice of that war, now that they began to think a little more about the story of the Spanish match. But the King rushed into it hotly, raised money by illegal means to meet its expenses, and encountered a miserable failure at Cadiz in the very first year of his reign. An expedition to Cadiz had been made in the hope of plunder, but as it was not successful it was necessary to get a grant of money from the Parliament, and when they met—in no very complying humour—the King told them, "to make haste to let him have it, or it would be

the worse for themselves." Not put in a more complying humour by this, they impeached the King's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, as the cause (which he undoubtedly was) of many great public grievances and wrongs. The King to save him dissolved the Parliament without getting the money he wanted; and when the Lords implored him to consider and grant a little delay, he replied "No, not one minute." He then began to raise money for himself by the following means among others.

He levied certain duties called tonnage and poundage which had not been granted by the Parliament, and could lawfully be levied by no other power; he called upon the sea-port towns to furnish, and to pay all the costs for three months of, a fleet of armed ships; and he required the people to unite in lending him large sums of money, the repayment of which was very doubtful. If the poor people refused, they were pressed as soldiers or sailors; if the gentry refused, they were sent to prison. Five gentlemen, named Sir Thomas Darnel, John Corbet, Walter Earl, John Heveningham, and Everard Hampden, for refusing were taken up by a warrant of the King's privy council, and sent to prison without any cause but the King's pleasure being stated for their imprisonment. Then the question came to be solemnly tried, whether this was not a violation of Magna Charta, and an encroachment by the King on the highest rights of the English people. His lawyers contended No, because to encroach upon the rights of the English people would be to do wrong, and the King could do no wrong. The accommodating judges decided in favour of this wicked nonsense; and here was a fatal division between the King and the people.

For all this, it became necessary to call another Parliament. The people, sensible of the danger in which their liberties were, chose for it those who were best known for their determined opposition to the King; but still the King, quite blinded by his determination to carry everything before him, addressed them when they met in a contemptuous manner, and just told them, in so many words, that he had only called them together because he wanted money. The Parliament, strong enough and resolute enough to know that they would lower his tone, cared little for what he said, and laid before him one of the great documents of history, which is called the Petition of Right, requiring that the free men of England should no longer be called upon to lend the King money, and should no longer be pressed or imprisoned for refusing to do so; further, that the free men of England should no longer be seized by the King's special mandate or warrant, it being contrary to their rights and liberties and the laws of their country. At first the King returned an answer to this petition, in which he tried to shirk it altogether; but, the House of Commons then showing their determination to go on with the impeachment of Buckingham, the King, in alarm, returned an answer, giving his consent to all that was required of him. He not only afterwards departed from his word and honour on these points, over and over again; but at this very time, he did the mean and dissembling act of publishing his first answer and not his second —merely that the people might suppose that the Parliament had not got the better of him.

The pestilent Buckingham, to gratify his own wounded vanity, had by this time involved the country in war with France, as well as with Spain. For such miserable causes and such miserable creatures are wars sometimes made! But he was destined to do little more mischief in this world. One morning as he was going out of his house to his carriage, he turned to speak to a certain Colonel Fryer who was with him; and was violently stabbed with a knife, which the murderer left sticking in his heart. This happened in his hall. He had had angry words upstairs, just before, with some French gentlemen, who were immediately suspected by his servants, and had a close escape from being set upon and killed. In the midst of the noise, the real murderer, who had gone to the kitchen, and might easily have got away, drew his sword and cried out, "I am the man!" His name was John Felton, a Protestant and a retired officer in the army. He said he had had no personal ill will to the Duke, but had killed him as a curse to the country. He had aimed his blow well, for Buckingham had only had time to cry out, "Villain!" and then he drew out the knife, fell against a table, and died.

The council made a mighty business of examining John Felton about this murder, though it was a plain case enough, one would think. He had come seventy miles to do it he told them, and he did it for the reason he had declared; and if they put him upon the rack, as that noble Marquis of Dorset whom he saw before him, had the goodness to threaten, he gave that marquis warning, that he would accuse *him* as his accomplice. The King was unpleasantly anxious to have him racked nevertheless; but as the judges now found out that torture was contrary to the law of England—it is a pity they did not make the discovery a little sooner—John Felton was simply executed for the murder he had done. A murder it undoubtedly was, and not in the least to be defended: though he had freed England from one of the most profligate, contemptible, and base court favourites to whom it has ever yielded.

A very different man now arose. This was Sir Thomas Wentworth, a Yorkshire gentleman, who had sat in Parliament for a long time, and who had favoured arbitrary and haughty principles, but who had gone over to the people's side on receiving offence from Buckingham. The King, much wanting such

a man— for, besides being naturally favourable to the King's cause, he had great abilities— made him first a Baron, and then a Viscount, and gave him high employment, and won him most completely.

A Parliament, however, was still in existence, and was *not* to be won. On the twentieth of January, one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine, Sir JOHN ELIOT, a great man who had been active in the Petition of Right, brought forward other strong resolutions against the King's chief instruments, and called upon the Speaker to put them to the vote. To this the Speaker answered, "he was commanded otherwise by the King," and got up to leave the chair—which, according to the rules of the House of Commons, would have obliged it to adjourn without doing anything more—when two members, named Mr. HOLLIS and Mr. VALENTINE, held him down. A scene of great confusion arose among the members, and while many swords were drawn and flashing about, the King, who was kept informed of all that was going on, told the captain of his guard to go down to the House and force the doors. The resolutions were by that time, however, voted, and the House adjourned. Sir John Eliot and those two members who had held the Speaker down, were quickly summoned before the council. As they claimed it to be their privilege not to answer out of Parliament for anything they had said in it, they were committed to the Tower. The King then went down and dissolved the Parliament, in a speech wherein he made mention of these gentlemen as "Vipers"—which did not do him much good that ever I have heard of.

As they refused to gain their liberty by saying they were sorry for what they had done, the King, always remarkably unforgiving, never overlooked their offence. When they demanded to be brought up before the Court of King's Bench, he even resorted to the meanness of having them moved about from prison to prison, so that the writs issued for that purpose should not legally find them. At last they came before the court and were sentenced to heavy fines, and to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. When Sir John Eliot's health had quite given way, and he so longed for change of air and scene as to petition for his release, the King sent back the answer (worthy of his Sowship himself) that the petition was not humble enough. When he sent another petition by his young son, in which he pathetically offered to go back to prison when his health was restored, if he might be released for its recovery, the King still disregarded it. When he died in the Tower, and his children petitioned to be allowed to take his body down to Cornwall, there to lay it among the ashes of his forefathers, the King returned for answer, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." All this was like a very little King indeed, I think.

And now, for twelve long years, steadily pursuing his design of setting himself up and putting the people down, the King called no Parliament, but ruled without one. If twelve thousand volumes were written in his praise (as a good many have been) it would still remain a fact, impossible to be denied, that for twelve years King Charles the First reigned in England unlawfully and despotically, seized upon his subjects' goods and money at his pleasure, and punished, according to his unbridled will, all who ventured to oppose him. It is a fashion with some people to think that this King's career was cut short; but I must say myself that I think he ran a pretty long one.

WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the King's right-hand man in the religious part of the putting down of the people's liberties. Laud, who was a sincere man of large learning but small sense—for the two things sometimes go together in very different quantities—though a Protestant, held opinions so near those of the Catholics, that the Pope wanted to make a Cardinal of him, if he would have accepted that favour. He looked upon vows, robes, lighted candles, images, and so forth, as amazingly important in religious ceremonies; and he brought in an immensity of bowing and candle-snuffing. He also regarded archbishops and bishops as a sort of miraculous persons, and was inveterate in the last degree against any who thought otherwise. Accordingly, he offered up thanks to Heaven, and was in a state of much pious pleasure, when a Scotch clergyman named LEIGHTON, was pilloried, whipped, branded in the cheek, and had one of his ears cut off, and one of his nostrils slit, for calling bishops trumpery and the inventions of men. He originated on a Sunday morning the prosecution of WILLIAM PRYNNE, a barrister, who was of similar opinions, and who was fined a thousand pounds, who was pilloried, who had his ears cut off on two occasions— one ear at a time—and who was imprisoned for life. He highly approved of the punishment of DOCTOR BASTWICK, a physician, who was also fined a thousand pounds, and who afterwards had *his* ears cut off, and was imprisoned for life. These were gentle methods of persuasion, some will tell you: still, I think they were rather calculated to be alarming to the people.

In the money part of the putting down of the people's liberties, the King was equally gentle, as some will tell you: still, as I think, equally alarming. He levied those duties of tonnage and poundage, and increased them as he thought fit. He granted monopolies to companies of merchants on their paying him for them, notwithstanding the great complaints that had, for years and years, been made on the subject of monopolies. He fined the people for disobeying proclamations issued by his Sowship in direct violation of the law. He revived the detested Forest laws, and took

private property to himself as his forest right. Above all, he determined to have what was called Ship Money, that is to say, money for the support of the fleet—not only from the sea-ports, but from all the counties of England; having found out that, in some ancient time or other, all the counties paid it. The grievance of this ship money being somewhat too strong, JOHN CHAMBERS, a citizen of London, refused to pay his part of it. For this the Lord Mayor ordered John Chambers to prison, and for that John Chambers brought a suit against the Lord Mayor. LORD SAY, also, behaved like a real nobleman, and declared he would not pay. But the sturdiest and best opponent of the ship money was JOHN HAMPDEN, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, who had sat among the vipers in the House of Commons when there was such a thing, and who had been the bosom friend of Sir John Eliot. This case was tried before the twelve judges in the Court of Exchequer; and again the King's lawyers said it was impossible that ship money could be wrong, because the King could do no wrong, however hard he tried—and he really did try very hard during these twelve years. Seven of the judges said that was quite true, and Mr. Hampden was bound to pay; five of the judges said that was quite false, and Mr. Hampden was not bound to pay. So the King triumphed (as he thought), by making Hampden the most popular man in England, where matters were getting to that height now that many honest Englishmen could not endure their country, and sailed away across the seas, to found a colony in Massachusetts Bay in America. It is said that Hampden himself and his relation OLIVER CROMWELL, were going with a company of such voyagers, and were actually on board ship, when they were stopped by a proclamation, prohibiting sea captains to carry out such passengers without the royal license. But O! it would have been well for the King if he had let them go!

This was the state of England. If Laud had been a madman just broke loose, he could not have done more mischief than he did in Scotland. In his endeavours (in which he was seconded by the King, then in person in that part of his dominions) to force his own ideas of bishops, and his own religious forms and ceremonies, upon the Scotch, he roused that nation to a perfect frenzy. They formed a solemn league, which they called The Covenant, for the preservation of their own religious forms; they rose in arms throughout the whole country; they summoned all their men to prayers and sermons twice a-day by beat of drum; they sang psalms, in which they compared their enemies to all the evil spirits that ever were heard of; and they solemnly vowed to smite them with the sword. At first the King tried force, then treaty, then a Scottish Parliament, which did not answer at all. Then he tried the EARL OF STRAFFORD, formerly Sir Thomas Wentworth, who, as LORD WENTWORTH, had been governing Ireland. He, too, had carried it with a very high hand there, though, it must be frankly admitted, to the benefit and prosperity of that country.

Strafford and Laud were, of course, for conquering the Scottish people by force of arms. Other lords who were taken into council recommended that a Parliament should at last be called; to which the King unwillingly consented. So, on the thirteenth of April, one thousand six hundred and forty, that then strange sight, a Parliament, was seen at Westminster. It is called the Short Parliament, for it lasted a very little while. While the members were all looking at one another, doubtful who would dare to speak, MR. PYM arose and set forth all that the King had done unlawfully during the past twelve years, and what was the position to which England was then reduced. This great example set, other members took courage and spoke the truth freely, though with great patience and moderation. The King, a little frightened, sent to say that if they would grant him a certain sum on certain terms, no more ship money should be raised. They debated the matter for two days; and then, as they would not give him all he asked without promise or enquiry, he dissolved them.

But they knew very well that he must have a Parliament now; and he began to make that discovery too, though rather late in the day. Wherefore, on the twenty-fourth of September, being then at York with an army collected against the Scottish people, but sullen and discontented like the rest of the nation, the King told a great council of the Lords, whom he had called to meet him there, that he would summon another Parliament to assemble on the third of November. The soldiers of the Covenant had now forced their way into England and taken possession of the northern counties, where the coals are got: so, as it would never do to be without coals, and as the King's troops could make no head against the Covenanters so full of gloomy zeal, a truce was made, and a treaty with Scotland was taken into consideration. Meanwhile the northern counties paid the Covenanters to leave the coals alone, and keep quiet.

We have now disposed of the Short Parliament. We have next to see what memorable things were done by the Long one.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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WANT PLACES.

I CAREFULLY peruse every day the Want Places columns of the Times newspaper. As I shall presently show, I happen to know every one of the advertisers, and intend to introduce them to public notice. The ladies first:—

AS HOUSEKEEPER to a nobleman or gentleman, a respectable middle-aged party, fully conversant with her duties. Unexceptionable references. Address —K. G., 3, Preserve Street, Piccallily Gardens.

Mrs. Barbara Blundy is the "party." She is fond of mentioning, casually, that she was born in eighteen hundred and ten: but she is at least fifty; stiff, starched, demure. Two bands of well-pomatumed brown hair, and two thin pendants of corkscrew ringlets are perpetually on duty, on either side of her severe cap, caparisoned with grey ribbons of price; Mrs. Blundy's keys and key basket are her inseparable companions. She carries the one, she jingles the others with an inflexible rigidity of purpose. Her dress is of iron grey; and in it, with her iron keys she looks like the gaoler, as she is, of the pickles and preserves; the Charon of the still-room, the Alecto of the linen-chest, the Megæra of the house-maids, the Tisiphone of domestic economy. From her waist descends a silken apron of rich but sober colours, supposed to have been originally a genuine Bandanna handkerchief; one indeed of a set presented to her by General Sir Bulteel Bango, K.C.B., formerly colonel of the old hundredth regiment (raised by Colonel Sternhold in sixteen hundred and ninety-one, and known in the low country campaigns as Hopkins's foot). Mrs. Blundy wears a spray of ambiguous transparencies, accepted by a great exertion of faith by those who pay her court to be Irish diamonds; but which bear a stronger resemblance to the glass drops of a bye-gone girandole. Afternoon and evening she wears a black, stiff, rustling silk dress—like a board, as I have heard ladies say. None of your fal-de-ral lavender boots; but rigid, unmistakeable shoes of Cordovan leather, with broad sandles, and stout soles. No gewgaws or vain lappets, for Mrs. Blundy, when it pleases her to walk abroad; but a severe, composed, decorous, comfortable grey plaid shawl, a real sable muff (how the cook envies it!), a drawn silk bonnet, black kid gloves of stout Lamb's Conduit Street make, and the keys in a reticule like a silken travelling-bag. On Sunday evening she sweeps round the corner to chapel, and "sits under" the Reverend Nahum Gillywhack (of Lady Mullington's persuasion); and afterwards, perchance, condescends to partake of a neat supper of something warm at Mr. Chives'; formerly a butler; but now a green-grocer (and a widower) in Orchard Street.

When Mrs. Blundy is "suited" in a nobleman or gentleman's family—as she was at Lady Leviathan's in Plesiosaurus Square—she is a fearful and wonderful sight. She moves down the back stairs with the dignity of a duchess who had come that way by mistake. Yet she is profoundly humble. She hopes (oh, how humbly!) that she knows her place. To see her curtsey to Lady Leviathan, you would have imagined she was wont to stand on a descending platform instead of on a square of the carpet—so low did she bend. Mrs. Blundy considered Miss Poonah (governess to the Honourables Bovina and Lardina Lambert, her ladyship's eldest daughters) as a very well-behaved young person, highly accomplished, no doubt; but with a "want of moral fitness;" an ambiguous expression which told immensely with the schoolroom maid, who stated that it exactly tallied with her opinion of Miss Poonah; who was, *she* should say, a "stuck up thing."

Mrs. Blundy left Lady Leviathan's in consequence of a "difficulty" with the lady's maid respecting Mr. Chives.

Mrs. Blundy is not "suited" just now, and she is temporarily residing at a serious butcher's, in a narrow court, behind a great church at the West End, where Mr Cuffe, the beadle, not unfrequently condescends to insert his gold-laced person, and to purchase a plump chump chop, or a succulent lamb's fry. When Mrs. Blundy is "suited," (which will be soon, for her references are unexceptionable,) she will rule the roast as completely as ever. She practises, perhaps unconsciously, Frederic Barbarossa's maxim—"Who can dissimulate can reign." She will bully the still-room maid and the footman; and Heaven only help the housemaids! The terrible lectures they will have to endure on the sinfulness of ribbons, the unloveliness of

love-locks, the perdition of jewellery! The dismal anecdotes they will have to endure of errant housemaids who, disregarding the advice of their pastors and friends—the housekeepers—fell into evil ways, and were afterwards seen walking in the Park on Sunday, with fourteen flounces one above the other, and leaning on the arms of Life Guardsmen. All this will be, as it has been before, when Mrs. Blundy is "suited."

To be housekeeper to a duchess is the culminating point of every Mrs. Blundy's ambition. To dine with the groom of the chambers, and my lord duke's steward—to have her own still-room footman behind her own still-room chair—to hear the latest Court news from her grace's lady's maid, or from Monsieur Anatole, the hair-dresser, invited in to partake of a glass of particular Madeira. These, with the comfortable perspective of a retiring pension, or of a stately superannuation at his grace's great show-house in Hampshire; with rich fees for showing Claudes and Petitots, Sèvres porcelain and Gobelin tapestry to visitors. Any duchess, therefore, who may want such a person, will know where to apply.

AS HOUSEKEEPER to a Single or Invalid Gentleman, a Single Person of experience. Can be highly recommended.—Address, Alpha, at Mr. Mutts, 72, Kingsgate Street, Holborn.

Attached relatives and friends of Sir Dian Lunes, Bart.—who, beyond occasional aberrations and delusions respecting his head being a beehive and himself being heir to the throne of Great Britain, is a harmless, helpless, paralytic, bed-ridden old gentleman enough—may be safely assured that Alpha is the housekeeper for him—Alpha, otherwise represented by Miss Rudd.

Mr. Mutts, trunk-maker, of Kingsgate Street, Holborn, knows Miss Rudd. Does he *not?* Ugh! Who but a meek, quiet, little widowed trunk-maker, with three daughters (grown up, and all inclined to redness at the nose), would have known that terrible female half as long as he has done. She lodges with him in the frequent intervals between her situations. "Hang her, she *do*," says Mutts to himself as he is busy at work. And, as he says it, he gives a nail which he fancies has a Ruddish appearance such an exasperated rap, that Grapp, his apprentice, begins rapping at *his* nails, in professional emulation, harder than ever; and the two between them engender such a storm of raps, that Mr. Ferret, the surly attorney opposite, sends across with his compliments, and really he shall be obliged to indict Mr. Mutts for a nuisance—indeed he shall.

Miss Rudd—she is tall, lank, and bony! She has some jet ornaments in heavy links about her neck; but, resembling the fetters over the gate of the Old Bailey, they have not a decorative effect. She wears a faded black merino dress, the reflections from which are red with rust. Her feet are long and narrow, like canoes. Her hands, when she has those hideous black mittens on, always remind me of unboiled lobsters.

When Judith Jael Mutts, aged twenty-three, tells her father that Miss Rudd—having left Mrs. Major Morbuss's family, in consequence of the levity of Miss Corpus, that lady's niece—is, pending her acceptance of another engagement, coming to stay a week in Kingsgate Street, the poor man breaks out into a cold perspiration—yet his daughter Judith always adds, "Really Miss Rudd is such a superior person, and has so strict a sense of her moral mission, that we should *all* be benefitted" (a glance at Mutts over his Sunday newspaper) "by her stay." Mutts knows that it is all over with this same newspaper during Miss Rudd's stay; which, though announced as to be only of a week's duration, he knows, from sad experience, will very probably be indefinitely protracted. Miss Rudd's moral mission ordinarily involves an unusual tartness of temper in Mr. Mutts's three amiable daughters; it makes—on the general question of theology at meal times and extra exposure to being "worretted"—Grapp, the apprentice's life a temporary burden to him. There is no rest for Mr. Mutts while the single gentleman's housekeeper is good enough to lodge with him. He is in daily perturbation lest Miss Rudd should take his state of widowerhood as a state of sin; and, willing or not willing, marry him severely. With what alacrity he carries the notification of Miss Rudd's wishes to Printing House Square! How devoutly he hopes that the advertisement will be speedily answered!

Not only to Sir Dian Lunes, but to Thomas Tallboys, Esq. (known when in the House from his taciturnity as "Mum" Tallboys), Miss Rudd would be a most eligible retainer. That stiff, stern, melancholy, silent man would find a treasure in her. Trestles, the footman, who is more than half brother to a mute, would have a grim and silent respect for her. Her lank canoe-like shoes would go noiselessly about the stairs; into Mr. Tallboys' ghastly dining-room, where there is a Turkey carpet, of which the faded colours seem to have sunk through the floor, like spectres; into the study, where there are great book-cases filled with vellum bound volumes, which seem to have turned pale with fright at the loneliness of their habitation, a neat view of the Street of Tombs at Pompeii, and a model of an ancient sarcophagus; where every morning she would find Mr. Tallboys in a dressing-gown like a tartan winding-sheet, with a bony paper-knife cutting the pages of the Registrar-General's returns, which he will have sent to him weekly: into the silent kitchen, where an imposing and gleaming *batterie de cuisine* (never used but twice a year) blinks lazily at the preparations for his daily chop: into the mournful housekeeper's room, garnished with unused sweets and condiments; into

the strange crypts and vaults of the silent cellar would Miss Rudd roam noiselessly, gloomily. Mr. Tallboys will, after she has served him for a year, have the highest respect for her. "She is a person," he will write to his friend Colonel Vertebra, judge advocate of the colony of Kensalgrenia, "of singular discretion and reticence." When he dies he will leave her a considerable sum in those mortuary securities, South Sea annuities. Then, perhaps, she will espouse the grim Mr. Trestles, and conduct a dreary lodging-house in some dreary street adjoining an obsolete square; or adhering to celibacy, will retire to a neat sarcophagus cottage in the Mile-end Road, or the vicinity of Dalston.

It is a mistake to suppose that a single gentleman's housekeeper proceeds uniformly to her end—which is naturally connected with the probate duty—by means of coaxing, complaisance, and general sycophancy. Such means may be employed in certain cases, where the patient—like a man who has been addicted to opium-eating—cannot be kept up to the mark without doses of his habitual medicine, flattery. But in nine cases out of ten, the successful treatment is tyranny and intimidation. A proper impression once implanted in the mind of the single gentleman that his housekeeper is indispensable to his health and comfort, and she is safe. Her knees need be no longer hinged, her neck corrigible, her tongue oiled. The little finger of the domestic becomes a rod of iron, with which the celibatarian may be scourged, or round which he may be twisted at will. How many fierce major-generals there are, once the martinets of garrisons, who are now the submissive Helots of cross old women who cannot spell! How many Uncle Toms crouch beneath the lash of a female Legree, whom they feed and pay wages to! This is human nature. We know that we can turn Legree out of doors and break her cowskin over her back, to-morrow; but we don't do anything of the sort.

There are many other housekeepers who want places just now. There is Mrs. Muggeridge, who is not too proud to seek a domestic appointment in which the high art of the housekeeper is joined to the more homely avocations of the cook. As cook and housekeeper Mrs. Muggeridge will suit genteel families in Bloomsbury and Russell Squares, Gower Street, Mornington Crescent, or Cadogan Place. She would be just the person for the upper end of Sloan Street. She has a neat hand in cutting vegetable bouquets, for garnishing out of carrots, turnips, and parsnips; also for the decorated frills of paper round the shankbones of legs of mutton and the tops of candlesticks. She can make gooseberry fools, custards, and jellies; but, if trifles or Chantilly baskets are in question, they must be referred to the pastrycook; for Mrs. Muggeridge is genteel, but not fashionable. She is a stout, buxom woman, very clean and neat; and to see her going round to her various tradespeople in the morning with her capacious basket and store of red account-books, is a very cheerful and edifying spectacle. Mrs. Muggeridge has a husband—a meek little man with a grey head and a limp white neckcloth—who is head waiter at a large hotel; but he is seldom seen at home, and is not of much account there when he is.

Then there is Mrs. Compott, who is desirous of obtaining a situation as housekeeper in a school or public establishment, and who would not object to look after the linen department. Mrs. Compott is a very hard, angular, inflexible woman, with a decidedly strong mind. She is not exactly unfeeling, but her sensibilities are blunted—not to say deadened—by the wear and tear of many boys; and such a tough integument has been formed over her finer feelings as might be supposed to be possessed by a Scotch assistant surgeon in the navy after a sharp sequence of cock-pit practice. At Mr. Gripforth's academy for young gentlemen, Hammersmith, she would be an invaluable scholastic housekeeper and matron. The little maladies to which school-boys are liable;—such as chicken-pox, hooping-cough, chilblains, ringworm, boils, chapped hands and cuts—all of which ailments she classes under the generic term of "rubbage"—she treats with sudden remedies, generally efficacious, but occasionally objected to by the patient. Mr. Patarr, the visiting apothecary—a fawn-coloured young man in a shiny macintosh, very harmless, and reputed to sustain nature by the consumption of his own stock of cough lozenges, humected with rose water—has a high opinion of Mrs. Compott. "I will send Tumfey," he says to the principal, "another bottle of the mixture: and that, with Mrs. Compott's good care, will soon bring him round." Have you never known a Mrs. Compott? In your young days, at Mr. Gripforth's academy, at Miss Whalebone's preparatory establishment, or Doctor Rubasore's collegiate school; where it was so essential that the pupils should be sons of gentlemen, and where you had that great fight with Andy Spring the pork-butcher's son? Can't you remember your sycophancy to that majestic woman for jam and late bread and butter? You could not crawl lower, now, for a Garter or a tide-waiter's place. Don't you yet feel a sort of shudder at the remembrance of Mrs. Compott's Saturday night's gymnastics with the towel, the yellow soap, the hard water, and—horror of horrors—the small tooth comb?

Mrs. Compott is always a widow. Mr. Compott was "unfortunate," and had "a house of his own, once;" but what his misfortunes or his house were is as mysterious as a cuneiform inscription. Mrs. Compott very often contracts a second marriage and becomes Mrs. Gripforth or Mrs. Rubasore, the more so as otherwise it is inexplicable to me what

that rugged, inflexible, terrible personage, the schoolmaster's wife, could originally have been; or how indeed schoolmasters themselves find time and opportunity to court wives. I never knew a young lady who kept company with a schoolmaster, nor was I ever at a scholastic wedding. Others may have been more fortunate.

The schoolmaster's housekeeper would not mind undertaking the superintendence of a public establishment, which may mean Somerset House, an union workhouse, a female penitentiary, or a set of chambers in the Adelphi. But she is not to that manor born: the orthodox public housekeeper is a widely different functionary. Such public establishments as chambers, public offices, warehouses, &c., are peculiarly adapted to Mrs. Tapps, married, but without incumbrance; entertaining, indeed, a small niece, but who is so far from being an incumbrance that she does, on more or less compulsion, as much work as a grown-up housemaid. Mrs. Tapps is a cloudy female, with a great deal of apron, living chiefly underground, and never without a bonnet. What her literary attainments (if any) may be I am unable to say; but for all catechetical purposes she is profoundly ignorant. She knows positively nothing upon any subject holding with the external world: less (if that were possible) about any of the lodgers or occupants of the house she dwells in. "She can't say:"—"she don't know, she's sure:"—"she's not 'aweer,'" and so on to the end of the chapter. "She'll ask the landlord." The landlord is her Alpha and her Omega. The landlord is the Grand Thibetian Llama of her creed—as mysterious and as invisible—the Cæsar to whom all appeals must be made. The landlord is all Mrs. Tapps knows or seems to know anything of. Her niece Euphemia is also naturally reserved; of a timidity moving her to violent trembling and weeping when addressed, and afflicted moreover with an impediment in her speech. All you ordinarily see of her is a foreshortened presentiment as she is scrubbing the doorsteps or the stairs—all you hear of her are the slipshod scuffling of her shoes about the house, and her stifled moans in the kitchen when being beaten by her aunt for black-leading her face instead of the stove. Mr. Tapps is a postman, or an *employé* in the docks, or a railway porter, or engaged in some avocation which necessitates his coming home every night very dirty and tired. He smokes a strong pipe and studies yesterday's newspaper till he goes to bed; but how ever Mrs. Tapps, and her niece, and the gaunt grey cat, and the long lean candle with the cauliflower wick, pass their time during the long winter evenings in the silent kitchen in the empty house is beyond my comprehension.

There is another public establishment which boasts a housekeeper—I mean a theatre. Spruce visitors to the boxes, jovial frequenters of the pit, noisy denizens of the gallery, little deem of, or did they would care as little about the existence of, a dingy female, "Mrs. Smallgrove, the housekeeper," a personage well known to the stage doorkeeper and the manager, and the chief of that sallow, decayed, mysterious band of women called "cleaners," who poke about the private boxes and pit benches with stunted brooms and guttering candles during rehearsals, who are dimly visible in dressing rooms and dark passages. The people behind the scenes, actors, musicians, workmen, are conscious of the existence of these functionaries, but scarcely more. They are aware of Mrs. Smallgrove; but they do not know her. It is a question, even, if they know her name. She superintends the lowering of the grim brown holland clothes over the gay decorations after the performances. Where she lives is a mystery—somewhere underneath the "grave-trap" in the mezzanine floor, or high in the tackled flies, perhaps. No man regardeth her; but when the last actor is descending from his dressing room at night; when the last carpenter has packed up his tools to go home, the figure of the theatrical housekeeper may be descried duskily looming in the distance—covering up the pianoforte in the green-room, or conferring with the fireman amidst the coils of the engine hose, or upon the deserted stage, which an hour ago was joyous with light and life and music. When the Theatre Royal Hatton Garden has a vacancy for a housekeeper it is through some occult influence—some application totally independent of the three-and-sixpenny publicity—that Mrs. Smallgrove is induced into the situation. She may have been a decayed keeper of the wardrobe, a prompter's wife fallen upon evil days, a decrepit ballet mistress. But what her antecedents have been is doubtful: likewise the amount of her salary.

AS NURSE in a Nobleman or Gentleman's Family, a Person of great experience in the care of Children. Can be highly recommended by several families of distinction. Address P., care of Mr. Walkinshaw, Trotman's Buildings, Legg Street Road, South.

As nurse! For what enormous funds we can draw on the bank of Memory, on the mention of that familiar word. With her are connected our youthful hopes and fears—our earliest joys, our earliest sorrows. She was the autocrat of our nonage. Her empire over us commenced even before memory began. When Frederick the Great tempted the soldier on guard to smoke a pipe, adding that he was the king, what was the reply of the faithful sentinel? "King," he said, "be hanged—what would my captain say?" So, when even the parental authority winked at our infantine shortcomings, the dread thought, "What will nurse say?" shot through our youthful minds; and the parental wink, though it might be urged in alleviation, could not purchase impunity.

Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful essays, says, that if he were not an independent gentleman he would like to be a beggar. Alexander of Macedon expressed a somewhat analogical wish in reference to Diogenes in his tub. Thus, to come farther down, and nearer home, I may say that next to being the Marchioness of Candyshire, I should like to be the Marchioness of Candyshire's nurse. I will not enlarge on the gorgeous estate of the monthly nurse in an aristocratic family, on her unquestioned despotism, her unresisted caprices, her irreversible decrees, her undisputed sway over Baby, her familiarity with the most eminent of the faculty, and the auriferous oblations offered to her in the shape of guineas in the christening cup, because the lady of Trotman's Buildings is the nurse I propose to sketch, not a lunar but a permanent nurse, one of the arbiters of the child's career, from its emancipation from the cradle to its entrance into the school-room.

And surely, when we hear so much of what schoolmasters and mistresses have done towards forming children's minds; when old Fuller bids us remember "R. Bond, of Lancashire," for that he had the "breading the learned Ascham," and "Hartgrave in Brundly school, because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker," and "Mulgrave for his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews;" when we are told what influence this first schoolmistress had towards making Hannah More a moralist, or that governess L. E. L. a poetess, should we not call to mind what mighty influences the nurse must have had in kneading the capacities, and after-likings and after-learnings of the most famous men and women? What heroes and statesmen must have learnt their first lessons of fortitude and prudence on the nurse's knee—what hornbooks of duty and truth and love and piety must have been first conned under that homely instructress? On the other hand, what grievous seeds of craven fear, and dastardy and rebellion, and hypocrisy and hate, and stubborn pride must have been sown in the child's first nursery garden by the nurse? Shakspeare, who never overlooked anything, was mindful of the nurse's mission: you may turn up a score of quotations on the nursery head without trouble; and (most ludicrous descent of analogy) even that American showman had some shrewd knowledge of the chords that are respondent in the human heart, when he foisted an old black woman on his countrymen as Washington's nurse.

Mrs. Pettifer, now desirous of an engagement in a family of distinction, must have been originally, I take it, a nursery-maid; but if ever lowliness were her "young ambition's ladder," she now decidedly—

> —looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which she did ascend.

Between her and nursery-maids there is a yawning gulf as impassable as Niagara in a cock-boat. "Bits of girls," "trumpery things," thus she characterises them. She overflows with the failing by which angels are said to have fallen—pride. There is no humility, real or simulated, about her. She knows her place thoroughly; but she knows that place is to command, to imperate, to overawe high and low, from the Marchioness of Candyshire to Prue the smallest maid, who is the slave of her gunpowder tea-pot and a bond servant to her arrowroot skillet.

At the Marchioness of Candyshire's (where we will suppose her, for the nonce, to be installed), at that imposing town house in Great Gruffin Street, Brobdignag Square, about which Messrs. Gunter's myrmidons are always hanging with green boxes; where the clustered soot from bye-gone flambeaux in the iron extinguishers on the area railings is eloquent of entertainments past; and where the harlequinaded hatchment of Goliath the last Marquis (a sad man for chicken-hazard, my dear) hints what a great family the Candyshires are. Here, in this most noble mansion, from the nursery wicket to the weathercocks over the chimney cowls, Martha Pettifer is Empress and Queen. The lower suites of apartments she condescendingly concedes to the Marquis and Marchioness for balls, dinners, and similar trifles; but hers are the flight of nursery stairs, both back and front; hers the airy suite of upper rooms; hers the cribs, cradles, and tender bodies of the hopes and pride of Candyshire.

The youthful Earl of Everton, aged four, Lord Claude Toffie, aged three, Ladies Dulciana and Juliana Toffie, aged two years and eight months, respectively, are her serfs, vassals, and villeins. Over them she has all rights of soccage, jambage, free warren, turbary, pit and gallows (or rather corner and cupboard) and all other feudal and manorial rights. Lord Candyshire—a timid marquis with a red head, manifestly afraid of his own footman, who was expected to do something great in the House on the Bosjesman Bishoprics (additional) Bill, but did not—is admitted to the nursery on sufferance; and gives there his caresses with perturbation, and his opinions with deference. Lady Candyshire—a majestic member of the female aristocracy (you remember her portrait by Flummery, R.A., as Semiramis), and whom her cousin and former suitor, Lord Tommy Fetlock, frequently offers to back in the smoking-room of his club as "game" to "shut up" any number of ladies in waiting in a snail's canter—is subdued and complaisant in the nursery. She has an uneasy consciousness that she is not quite mistress there; and though Mrs. Pettifer is not at all like Semiramis, and no Flummery, R.A., ever dreamt of taking her portrait, she defers to her, and bears with her humours, and bends to her will. As for the Candyshire carriage, sleek horses, tiger-skin hammercloth, coachman's wig, footman's batons, and herald painting, they are quite as

much Mrs. Pettifer's as her ladyship's. If the youthful scions of that illustrious house are to take, according to her sovereign will, an airing in the Park, and the Marchioness is desirous of attending a meeting of the ladies' committee of the Penitent Cannibals Society, she may take the brougham; Martha Pettifer must have the great body vehicle. If, on the other hand, a visit is to be made to Mr. Manismooth, the dentist's, Martha boldly usurps the close carriage, and, bleak as may be the day, and lowering the clouds, leaves her mistress to shift for herself —even when Lord Candyshire (whose silent services at the House of Lords involve the carrying about of a huge mass of papers) has bespoken the curly-wigged coachman and the horses for the conveyance of himself and blue-books to Westminster. As to poor Mademoiselle Frileuse, the thin Swiss governess, with her charge, Lady Ariadne Toffie, aged eleven, she may take what vehicle she can get.

Martha Pettifer, notwithstanding her high estate of carriage, and curly-wigged coachman and batooned footman, does not ape the apparel of an aristocrat. There is no mistaking her for a marchioness: she is above that. She towers high among the youthful Candyshires, erect and stately, comfortably clad in woollen and stout silk. At shops and exhibitions, at the gate of that favourite resort of the juvenile aristocracy, the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, you may see the great Candyshire carriage standing; or you may watch it rolling leisurely through Hyde Park, the Candyshire children looking as beautiful and as delicate as only British children can look. Aristocratic mammas roll by in their carriages and remark, with languid complacency, how well the dear children look, and what a treasure Lady Candyshire must have in her nurse.

Which is best, think you, Mademoiselle Frileuse, to be—after a tedious intellectual training which may fit you to become a duchess, inasmuch as you are expected to impart it to a young lady who may be a duchess some day—a governess with forty pounds a year "salary," or to be Mrs. Pettifer, a nurse, with fifty pounds a year "wages"? Have you a tithe as much authority over your pupil as she has over her nurslings? Can you command the footmen, and make the nursemaids tremble? Does the Marchioness defer to you, and say, "Pettifer, I dare say you know best, therefore do as you like." Can you contradict the doctor, the mighty Sir Paracelsus Powgrave, and make poor little Mr. Pildrag, the apothecary, tremble in his cloth boots when he comes to lance the children's gums? Is all your lingual skill, your drawing, your painting, your harp and pianoforte cunning, your geography, your use of the globes, and your rudiments of Latin, held as of half so much account as Mrs. Pettifer's experiences in the administration of a foot-bath, in the virtues of lambs' wool socks, in the efficacy of a Dover's powder? You are to teach the children the learning which is to fortify their minds, the graces which are to adorn their persons for the tournament of the world; but yonder illiterate woman who gives the children their physic, superintends their washing and dressing, and cuts their bread and butter, thinks and knows herself to be infinitely superior to you, "a bit of a governess, indeed!"

There are nurses in all grades and conditions of life who want places just now, but they all, on a correspondingly descending scale, are fashioned after the Pettifer model. Some are temporary and some permanent; some ready to take the child from the month, some preferring the care of children of more advanced growth. Then there is the transition nurse—half nurse, half nursemaid, and not averse to subsiding into the anomalous position of a "young ladies' maid." There are nurses of tender hearts apt to conceive an affection for their charges greater than that a mother ever had for her own children; who grieve as passionately when they are separated from them as those good Normandy women do who take the babes from the Foundling Hospital in Paris. Such nurses will, after lapses of long years, and from immense distances, suddenly start up looking as young, or rather as old as ever, and shed tears of delight at the sight and speech of their nurse children, grown men and women with children of their own to nurse. Woe is me that there should be found, among this apparently simple-minded and affectionate class, persons who make of their once state of nursehood a kind of prescriptive ground for future claims. "Nurses!" says my friend Brown, with a groan, "I've had enough of 'em. My mother had thirteen children, and I have had seven of my own; and every now and then I am beset with importunate old women curtseying, hang 'em, and saying, 'Please, sir, I nursed you,' or, 'Please, sir, I was master Tommy's nurse;' and expect five shillings and a pound of green tea."

Then there is Mrs. Crapper, whom I may characterise as the "back streets nurse," who is strictly temporary, and whose connection lies chiefly among small tradesmen and well-to-do mechanics. She dwells somewhere in Drury Court or Carnaby Street, Golden Square, or Denmark Street, Soho, in a many-belled house, over a chandler's shop, or a bookstall, perhaps. The intuitive prescience of being wanted possessed by this woman is to me astonishing. She never requires to be "fetched" like the doctor—apparently so, at least. She seems to come up some domestic trap. There she is at her post, with a wonderful free-masonic understanding with the doctor, and the Registrar of Births, and the undertaker, and the Sexton, and all the misty functionaries, whisperingly talked of but seldom seen, connected with our coming in

and going out of the world. For Mrs. Crapper is as often an attendant upon the sunset as upon the sunrise of life.

There is also the Indian Nurse, the Ayah, a brown female in crumpled white muslin, who comes over, with her nurse child, or *baba*, with Mrs. Captain Chutney in the Puttyghaut East Indiaman, or with the widow of Mr. Mofuzzle of the civil service overland. Her performances in England are chiefly confined to sitting upon the stairs, shivering and chattering her teeth pitiably, and uttering heart-rending entreaties to be sent back to Bengal. Back to Bengal she is sent in due time, accordingly, to squat in a verandah, and talk to her *baba* in an unintelligible gabble of Hindostanee and English, after the manner of Ayahs generally.

There is a lady of the nurse persuasion who does not want a place in the Times, but who is not above wanting nurse children. The custom of putting children out to nurse is decidedly prevalent. The present writer was "raised" in this manner. I have no coherent remembrance of the lady, but I bear yet about me an extensive scar caused by a humorous freak of hers to tear off a blister before the proper time. She also, I understand, was in the habit of beating me into a very prismatic condition, though, to do her justice, she distributed her blows among her nurse children and her own with unflinching impartiality. The termination of my connection with her was caused by her putting me into a bed with two of her own children who were ill of the measles; following out a theory she entertained, that it was as well that I should catch that complaint then as in after days; on which occasion I was rescued from her and conveyed home, wrapped up in blankets. I have also an indistinct remembrance of having been, in some stage of my petticoathood, introduced to a young gentleman in a trencher cap and leather breeches, on the ground that he had been my foster-brother. Carrying memory farther back, and remembering sundry cuffs and kicks, and mutual out-tearings of handfuls of hair, I had some faint idea that I really had been acquainted with the gentleman at some time or other.

The person who takes children out to nurse resides at Brentford, or at Lewisham, or Sydenham. Her husband may be a labourer in a market-garden, or a suburban omnibus driver, or a river bargeman. She may be (as she often is) a comely, kindly, motherly woman, delighting to make her little knot of infants a perfect nosegay of health, and beauty, and cleanliness; or she may be (as she very often is, too) an ignorant, brutish, drunken jade; beating, starving and neglecting her helpless wards, laying in them the foundation of such mortal maladies, both physical and moral, as years of after-nurture shall not assuage. And yet we take our nurses, or send our babies to nurse, blindfold, although we would not go out partridge shooting with a gun we had bought of Cheap Jack, or adventure our merchandise in a ship of which we knew not the name, the tonnage, and the register.

One more nurse closes my list—the hospital nurse. Mrs. Pettifer's high-blown pride may have, from over distension, at length broken, and the many summers she has floated "in a sea of glory" may, and do, find a termination sometimes in the cold, dull, dark pool of an hospital ward. Yet power has not wholly passed away from her; for, beyond the doctors, to whom she must perforce be polite and submissive, and the students, whom she treats with waggish complacency, she is *prima donna assoluta* over all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Pettifer, formerly feared and obeyed by the Candyshire vassalage, is here Nurse Canterbury or Nurse Adelaide, still feared, still obeyed in Canterbury or Adelaide Ward. Controller of physic, of sweet or bitter sauce for food; smoother of pillows, speaker of soft or querulous words, dispenser of gall or balsam to the sick, she is conciliated by relatives, dreaded or loved by patients. I often think, when I walk through the long, clean, silent wards of an hospital (nothing, save the lower decks of a man-of-war, can come up to hospital order, neatness, and cleanliness) watching the patients quietly resigned, yet so expressively suffering, the golden sunlight playing on their wan faces, the slow crawling steps of the convalescents, the intermittent cases sitting quietly at their beds' foot, waiting patiently till their time of torture shall come, hearing the monotonous ticking of the clock, the slow rustling of the bed-clothes, the pattering foot of the nurse as she moves from bed to bed, consulting the paper at the bed-head as to the medicine and diet, and slowly gurgling forth the draught: I often think of what an immense, an awful weight of responsibility hangs in this melancholy abode upon the nurse. The doctor has his vocation, and performs it. He severs this diseased limb, and binds up that wound. The physician points out the path to health, and gives us drugs like money to help us on our way. But it is for the nurse to guide the weary wanderer; to wipe the dust from his bleared eyes and the cold sweat from his brow; to moisten his parched lips; to bathe his swollen feet; to soothe and tend and minister to him until the incubus of sickness be taken off and he struggle into life a whole man again.

Sometimes the hospital nurse is not an aristocrat in decadence, but a plebeian promoted. Often the back streets nurse, at the recommendation of the doctor, changes the venue of her ministrations from Carnaby Street to Saint Gengulphus's or Saint Prudes. The hospital nurse is ordinarily hard-working, skilful, placable, and scrupulously cleanly; but she has, too frequently, two deadly sins. She drinks, and she is accessible to bribery;

and, where bribery begins, extortion, partiality and tyranny to those who cannot bribe soon follow. I wish I could acquit the hospital nurse of these weaknesses, but I cannot. And this is why I hail as excellent and hopeful the recent introduction into some hospitals of superintendent nurses, called Sisters, superior in intelligence and education to the average class of attendants.

As nursery-maid; as nurse-girl; as wet nurse ("with a good" &c., a lady generally sensitive as to diet, and whose daily pints of porter are with her points of honour); as schoolroom-maid: all these "want places" speak for themselves. They are buds and offshoots and twigs of the nurse-tree proper, and as such are highly useful, each in their distinctive sphere, but beyond that they do not call for any detailed notice here.

SICK GRAPES.

For two years the country round Naples has been suffering from the Vine Malady. Not only husbandmen but proprietors have become indigent, and there is no hope of improvement. The promise in spring was good. Many vines, it is true, had died off during the winter, but those which remained, as if last year's attack had not impaired their vigour, gave out their leaves as gay and green as ever, sent forth their branches long and strong, and hung out their wealth of fruit most tempting to the eye. The aspect of things is now, however, entirely changed; and so thorough is the ruin, that, whilst people, sober as well as thirsty, are considering what beverage to substitute, the priests declare that it will be necessary to send out of the country for pure wine; the very purest being required for the right performance of the offices of their religion.

Looking out from my windows as I now do on most lovely scenery, and on land which generally at this season of the year is teeming with the rich promise of the grape, nothing can be more melancholy than its present appearance. Winds from the Dead Sea might have swept over it and blasted it, so withered are the trees. But instead of dealing in generalities, I will enter into details as to the origin and progress of the malady. The first perceptible symptom of the coming disease was a certain loss of vigour in some of the vine leaves, they hung down like so many pieces of green silk, so flaccid had they become: my impression at first was that they were suffering from a hot sirocco; but, as there was no revival, it was very evident what had come upon them. From tree to tree the malady extended with incredible rapidity of infection: so rapid, that one could almost see its progress, until whole plantations appeared as if they were suffering from dearth of water. About the same time, the backs of the leaves became white, as if covered by a *fine* cobweb or finer flour; and then they withered up like a scroll, and I plucked them from the vines and crumpled them into powder with my hands, like a last year's leaf which had been spared by the storms of winter. The next phasis of the disease was a change in the surface of the new shoots, which were marked like the marks on a human face of the small pox; small brown and red pustules covered each branch, and will no doubt remain; as they do upon the old wood which was similarly affected last year.

No sooner had the grapes attained the size of a pin's head than many of them lost all vigour, and dried to a powder. Such as remained had just strength enough to blossom —at all times a very trying season for the grape—and then for the most part withered, whilst the bunches which still struggled on are covered with what to the naked eye appears a very fine flour. Flip them, and a cloud falls off, without, however, in the slightest degree relieving the plant. Their fate will be doubtless that of the fruit which lingered on last year until the end of the season. As they attain their natural size, the juice will all flow out; leaving nothing but the skin and seeds; which become as hard as stones. There is, therefore, less reason for hope this year than there was last. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the produce of wine was one-seventh or one-eighth of what it usually has been, and that was above the average; this year it will be much less, and will probably fall to zero. One most provoking feature of the disease is, that it will force itself upon the attention of more than one sense; for so strong and offensive is the odour, that the air around a vineyard is impregnated with it. As all the wine made last year was made—even the best—of infected grapes, and was therefore of an inferior quality, great fears were entertained at first that it might prove prejudicial to public health, and orders were issued to destroy the most diseased grapes; but, as the malady spread more rapidly and extensively than was expected, the precaution, I suppose, was deemed the greater evil of the two, and people were permitted to poison themselves if they chose. The wine, however, has proved perfectly innocuous. I do not know whether the following facts will have any novelty in them; yet, as they are the result of close observation during the last two years, I will communicate them, if only to swell the mass of information which has been gathered on so widely interesting a subject.

It has been a common prejudice in this neighbourhood—che l'aria la porta—that the air brings the malady—and whilst some have placed their hopes of relief in heavy rains, others have as confidently prayed for hot suns. I have never, however, perceived that any change of wind, or weather, or temperature, has arrested the malady. It has ever pursued its sure and silent course, unaffected by climateric influences, and baffling all speculations

as to its character. Then, as to the vines themselves, an interesting question has arisen as to which species have suffered most, and in what position. With us, near Naples, the black grape has been damaged much more than the white, and especially the rich and deeply coloured grape, called here the "Alianico." In conformity with a great law of Nature, the old vine succumbed the soonest —many of my older trees have died, and many are dying, whilst the young plants are, by comparison, looking tolerably vigorous. Position has much affected the condition of the vines: those which grew on high grounds—very nearly all of them—escaped last year's attack, whilst those in low grounds not only have suffered the most, but have been attacked the first. Ventilation, in fact, has much to do with the health of the plant; yet it is a contradictory fact, that the fruit on the lower branches, and nearest the ground, has invariably preserved its healthy state the longest, and in many instances has survived the malady. Either it found there more shelter, and a cooler atmosphere, or it imbibed more moisture from the soil.

The vines in "terra grassa," in a rich soil, have suffered much more than those which grew on a scanty and stony soil. When their roots have had an opportunity of twining themselves around rocks, they have continued in a much healthier state, and have produced some small quantity of wine.

A paper on the vine malady might perhaps, not unreasonably, be expected to treat of remedies; but the Italians of the south of Italy, at least, are a 'lascia fare' people—as fatalistic as Turks. Practically, they throw all thought for the future on Heaven; leave everything to their Saints, as if it was no business of their own. Thus, in a firm belief in Divine Providence, they find excuses for their indolence. Tell them that the harvest has failed: they answer, *Lascia far Dio*; or hint at approaching starvation, they lift their finger to Heaven and, with impassible resignation, exclaim, *Dio ci pensa*. Of remedies, therefore, I have nothing to say. A priest close to me, more enterprising than the rest, has burnt sulphur and pitch under his trees without any perceptible good effect. I have barked mine, and cut the roots near the surface. I have thrown ammonia and the refuse of stalls strongly diluted, and lime-water, over the leaves and the fruit; yet they fade and die; so that having exhausted the vine pharmacopœia, I am half inclined to become Turk or Italian myself.

Of course so great a physical change in the vegetable world must necessarily produce corresponding effects on agriculture, and on the character and the habits of the people. Already the vine can be said to have perished from the earth. Landlords have been planting the mulberry largely; it brings a speedy and safe return; and, as its history shows, is adapted to any clime or soil. Moreover, it entails no expense in the cultivation. Italy therefore—already a large silk-growing country—will, in those districts where mulberry plantations are so much more extensively introduced, grow much more silk; and thus, if a new art be not introduced, an old one will be much more extended. Great agricultural changes will be effected, too, in seeking to find a substitute for wine. Some have talked of introducing hops, but the experiment in this climate would, I think, be more than uncertain. It is more probable that, if the malady continues, the apple and pear will be more widely cultivated; and that the Neapolitan, before long, will be drinking his bottle of cider or perry. At present, however, there is a pause in the drinking of the people. They are by necessity a large Temperance Society, much against their will, and ready to violate their pledges as soon as ever they can get anything to drink. Not that the Italians are an intemperate people, although, to say the truth, they often hover about the frontiers of drunkenness, especially on a Sunday afternoon, when, as it is prohibited in the little place where I am now staying, to fish or gain a supper for their families on Saturday evenings or Sunday mornings, they dissipate ten suppers in the wine shop in drinking and gambling; which latter vice is carried to a great extreme.

SIR GRAELENT.

A BRETON LEGEND.*

I.

The lady of Sir Graelent,
That noble Breton knight,
Hath to her lord presented
An infant fair and white.

Sir Graelent stands beside her.
And speaks out cheerfully:
"Say what thou most desirest,
And I will bring it thee.

"A roebuck from the forest,
Or a fowl from the moorlands bare,
Or fish from out the water,
Or a bird from out the air?"

"Dear husband, to my thinking,
A roebuck's flesh were good,
If thou thyself would'st hunt it
Within the gay greenwood."

Sir Graelent took his oaken spear,
And mounted on his steed,
And forth into the forest glooms
He galloped at full speed.

And soon he saw a stately buck
Leap out like flash of light:
Sir Graelent followed hard and close;
It was a breathless sight.

* This Legend already exists in several ballads current in Bretagne and Scandinavia. Literal translations of three of these—from which the incidents of the present narrative are derived—will be found in Keightley's Fairy Mythology.

The birds within that dreamy wood
Rose fluttering, half aghast
To see the crashing branches reel
As in a south-west blast.

And ever and aye, with spur and whip,
Sir Graelent held his way;
Yet neither with arrow nor with spear
Could he the roebuck slay.

So far he chased it, that at length
The day was nearly done,
And, burning through the dusky trees,
He saw the round red sun.

And down beside a silver brook
That loitered through a glade,
He sat, to rest himself awhile
Within the murmuring shade.

God wot, it is a fearful thing
That sits beside him there—
A thing with glimmering eyes that move
Beneath a weight of hair!

Is it a phantom of the woods?
Is it a ghost from out a dream?
It throws no shadow on the trees,
It casts no reflex in the stream!

She sat upon a grassy bank,
And combed her locks of gold:
Her very loveliness was such
As made the warm blood cold.

She sat and combed her golden locks,
And a golden comb used she:
She looked like something that had lived
Far down within the sea.

Oh, golden hair! oh, golden comb!
Oh, fingers white and long!
Your movements all kept measure
With the measure of her song!—

"Knight, I have a shining house
Underneath the brook,
Wherein neither sun nor moon
Nor the stars can look.

"But the great round eyes of pearls
Light the crystal spaces
And the flushing coral chambers
Meant for our embraces.

"And the brook goes singing, singing
Overhead, for ever, ever;
Into wavelets breaking, falling,
As it slides towards the river.

"Plight thy faith and pledge thy love,
And press thy warm lips upon mine;
For loveless life is cold and sad,
And in my empty bowers I pine."

Sir Graelent started to his feet
When he saw what thing was near;
But she stayed him with her murmuring
voice:
He was constrained to hear.

He looked into her ghostly eyes
That were so fair to see:
He said, "Thou art a living lie!
No love thou get'st from me."

Up then leapt the elvish maid,
And breathed upon the knight;
"I curse thee with a pestilent curse!
Be dead ere morning light!"

Sir Graelent climbed upon his steed,
And through the wood he past;
But ever the faster as he rode,
The curse it rode as fast.

II.

"Oh, mother, kiss me on the mouth,
My life is flitting by!
Oh, hold me softly in your arms,
For to-morrow I shall die!

"Oh, mother, see my bed prepared,
My sand is almost run;
I shall be heavy and cold as lead
Before the morning sun.

"Oh, I am sick, and very sick,
And weary to the bones,
And soon must lie all white and dumb
Beneath the church-yard stones!

"A water-witch within the wood
Has wrought my early death:
Because I met her love with scorn,
She slew me with her breath.

"Good sister, make my pillow smooth,
And let the mass be said;
I feel already within the earth,
And the long grass over my head.

"Alas! that I should die so soon,
And my wife no more should see!
Alas! that I must leave my child
Before he knoweth me!

"The night it cometh on full fast,
And the dark fills either eye.
Oh, there is but a little step
Between the earth and sky!

"When I am gone, take care of her
Whom I leave to weep and rue;
But let her not know all at once,
Or her heart will break in two."

III.

"Good mother-in-law, I pray thee tell
Why my husband keeps away."
"My child, he has ridden into the town,
And must awhile there stay."

"But why, oh mother-in-law, but why
Do the priests their dirges sing?
And why do the bells in the windy tower
So sadly rock and ring?"

"My child, we succoured an aged man
Last night; and this morn he died."
As she spoke, her tears burst out like rain,
And her head she turned aside.

"Dear mother-in-law, when I go to church,
What coloured gown shall I wear?"
"My daughter, in church all people now
In nought but black appear."—

As they past into the old churchyard,
She saw a grave new made:
"My mother, who of our family
In the ground has here been laid?"

Out then burst the mother's heart
Betwixt a groan and a cry:
"Oh, daughter, thy husband lieth here
With dead and closed eye!

"My child, I sought to hide the truth
Till you had stronger grown.
Oh, I have played a weary part,
And all must now be known!"

The young wife sank upon the grave,
And lay as though in sleep:
Of all who gathered about her there
Not one could cease to weep.

They took her back into the house,
And laid her on the bed;
But long before the night had come,
They saw that she was dead.

EQUINE ANALOGIES.

The Horse, even more than Literature, is the expression of the society in which he exists. "Tell me what sort of horse a people have," exclaims M. Toussenel (whom we continue to quote), "and I will tell you the manners and institutions of that people. The history of the horse is the history of the human race; for the horse is the personification of the aristocracy of blood—the warrior caste; and all societies of men, alas! have been obliged to pass through a period of oppression by the warrior caste. I strongly advise all Professors of History to open their ears attentively. There is only one horse in the world—that is to say, one real horse, the Arab horse. I am aware that the world is full of ambitious quadrupeds, which unlawfully assume the title; but the place of the majority of these usurpers could be easily supplied by steam or the camel."

The real horse is the emblem of the true gentleman. So perfect is the resemblance between the two types, that there can be no dispute about their analogical relationship. Either the Arab horse signifies the cavalier, or he has nothing at all to say for himself. Observe, in fact, how the animal seems to pant for war in every movement of his body and every aspiration of his soul. His burning nostrils expand and smoke; his impatient feet tear up the ground; his ardent eye darts lightning, and devours space; his mouth champs the bit, and whitens it with foam; his elegant and dishevelled mane undulates and rises as his passions boil; his tail expands into a fan-like plume. He displays self-adulation and pride before the eyes of the crowd, and prances at the sound of his own praises. Listen to the shrill neigh which is the declaration of his jealous fury; hear that voice, which is more warlike than even the trumpet itself. It is ever a provocation to combat, a menace of death. If you cannot recognise in these features the legendary knight, the hero of the crusades, the cavalier with glittering arms and floating plumes, anxious only to shine and to please—thirsting for tournaments, perils, pomp, and din—M. Toussenel will not waste words upon you.

The wild horse, who is still master at the present day of a good third of the terrestrial surface of the globe, also bears the haughty character, the warlike habits, and the chivalrous manners of the Arab courser; but it would be unfair to require of him that exquisite grace of carriage, that courtesy of behaviour, that richness of condition, that elegance, in short, which education alone and contact with the great world are able to communicate. Speed itself is a quality which is completely developed in the horse, only under the influence and care of Man. It is well known that the entire space which stretches from the banks of the Danube to the frontier of China—that is to say, all the central plain of Asia, and the region of the steppes, belong to the horse in complete sovereignty; and that in America his domains embrace the immeasurable solitudes of the prairies in the North, and of the pampas in the South—from the banks of the Amazon to the fields of Patagonia; and that, not content with reigning over so vast an extent of territory, the ambitious animal has lately planted his foot on the lands of Australia and Polynesia. The sun never sets on the present empire of the horse. This empire, greater than that of Charles V. or Genghis Khan, greater than those of England and of Rome, is cut up and parcelled out into a myriad of little aristocratic republics, authority in which—the source of endless combats—lapses by right to the strongest for the time being. So many cantons, so many chiefs; exactly as, during the feudal system of the Middle Ages, so many manors, so many states. There, young stallions who aspire to power strive to render themselves worthy of it by brilliant actions, and ordinarily commence their career of glory by the slaughter of a wolf. In the steppes of Russia it is not rare to see a two-year-old colt rush singly to attack a band of four or five wolves, kill one or two of them, lame the rest, and spread the terror of his name throughout the country. The wild horse strikes with his fore feet, like the stag, and not with his hind legs, as is popularly believed. He draws himself up to his full height against his enemy, pounds him beneath his murderous pestles, then seizes him between the shoulders with his formidable incisors, and tosses him to his mares to make sport for themselves and their offspring. The mare herself requires very little pressing to fly to the combat whenever danger looks impending. War is the element of the species.

It is impossible to deny the identity of the passional dominant in the gentleman and the charger, when we remember that, of all animals, the thoroughbred horse is the only one, till very lately, possessing a genealogical tree;—when we see a horse parading himself on public occasions, like an Austrian

chamberlain in the exercise of his functions. The pride of the animal is sometimes carried to such an excess, as to degenerate into disdainfulness. Bucephalus, according to Plutarch's account, when once caparisoned, would condescend to speak to no one of lower rank than Alexander. The Arab poet Eldimiri also relates that the caliph Merouan had a horse who would not permit his own *valet de chambre* to enter his apartments without being called. One day, when the unfortunate groom had forgotten the rule, the horse, indignant at his want of respect, seized him by the back, and crushed him against the marble manger. But, without invoking further testimony to demonstrate a truth which is clearer than daylight, the book of Job, composed three thousand years ago, under the cover of a tent in the open Arabian desert, overflows with magnificent allusions to the warlike and chivalrous nature of the courser. Here our enthusiastic zoological psychologist is obliged to hint, "in a subdued whisper," that the thorough-bred horse is slightly carnivorous. M. Toussenel wrote, too, in ignorance of an anecdote which has been recently circulated in the English newspapers. A Doncaster stallion, having some violent objection to being taken out to exercise, cunningly allowed the jockey to get upon his back; but, when his master approached to adjust the stirrups, the animal suddenly seized his thigh between his teeth, turned him over and began to worry him as a cat worries a mouse; throwing the jockey over his head unharmed. Perhaps the gentleman between his teeth thought at first that the noble thorough-bred was only in play; but, when stripped of his coat, shirt, and a few other garments, the joke, he felt, was becoming serious. The victim's son, however, came to the rescue and used a stable-fork so effectually over the brute's head and face, that the victim was saved from being eaten up alive, with only a few bruises on the head and teeth-marks in his thigh.

The Town Council of Athens had to make their choice between Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and Neptune, the god of the waves; who warmly contested the honour of becoming patron saint of the new parish. The goddess of peace, when requested to display her talents, caused the earth to send forth the olive tree, the emblem of toilsome but profitable labour;—a dull-looking plant, with hard-knotty wood, and harsh, intractable fruit; but capable of producing, if labour be bestowed upon it, an abundant supply both of light and riches. The god of the sea then took his turn. He vehemently struck the earth with his trident, and out there sprung from it a fiery horse, who instantly exhibited his qualifications by kicking and neighing viciously, very much after the prompt and stormy fashion of the boisterous raiser and ruler of tempests. The wise and liberty-loving people of Athens had the good sense to prefer the symbol of emancipative industry—of free trade, in short—to that of oppressive aristocracy; and they were fortunate in their choice. Who can doubt that Rome would have voted for the gift of Neptune?

If you want thoroughly to understand the character and institutions of the patriarchal world, you have only to put a few questions to the horse. Amongst the patriarchs of the Arab tribes, the horse, the companion of the glory and the perils of the chief, stands the first in his affections; his wife and children only hold a second place. Coquettish attentions, tender caresses, and poetical praises are his by right. His genealogical tree is better kept than that of the family, just as his mane is more artistically brushed and polished than the raven tresses of the wife. The reason is, that in the patriarchal world the warrior caste is everything; and the barbarian father has the right of life and death over his wife and children. It is a sorrowful fact that the oppression of the weak, and the misery of the labourer, are always in direct proportion to the prosperity of the horse. Every revolution which exalts the people abases the horse. This profound remark has escaped the sagacity of historians in general.

If we follow the fortunes of the horse, the panorama of the successive phases of the human race will unfold itself before our eyes. The horse is the first conquest of the dog; he is one of the pivots on which the very existence of a patriarchal tribe hinges. One day or other the tribe appears in the character of conquerors, and deserts its tents for the palaces of Babylon. That is the transition from the patriarchate to barbarism. The victorious horde is soon obliged to organise itself, in order to insure a firmer settlement upon the conquered territory. The first step it takes, is to ennoble the services of the horse, who has contributed his share in the achievement of success. The dogs and the horses of the Gauls in every battle sided with their masters. The ennobling of the horse is, properly speaking, the institution of the feudal system. The highest functionary of state, next to the king, is called Constable (*comes stabuli*, or Count of the stable); then comes the Marshal (maréchal, or shoeing-smith and veterinarian); then the Grand Esquire (first footman to the horse), and so on. The apogee of the horse's splendour tells of the flourishing times of ennobled feudality and chivalry. The horse is mentioned, in the songs of the poet, side by side with the noblest horses. But fortune changes after a time. Gunpowder has killed both the horse and feudality at one blow. The spirit of inquiry rises, and protests; the dawn of popular liberty is breaking on the horizon. The war-horse has told us of days that are past, of the patriarchate and barbarism, of Abraham and Semiramis, of Athens and Rome; it will just as easily explain to us the spirit of the present time, and perhaps, if we

entreat it earnestly, the spirit of the time that is yet to come. Let us look to the present of England and France.

In what country of Europe does the thorough-bred horse still enact the most brilliant part? It is in England, undoubtedly, that he takes the lead. If we were not previously aware that an inordinate love of the perpendicular, and a horror of the ellipse, were the most striking traits of the English character, the treatment which the Arabian horse has experienced would be quite sufficient to demonstrate that truth. The Arab horse, as he came from the hands of his Creator, was an admirable animal; a harmonious compound of suppleness, vigour, and lightness; taking rank, in the list of creatures that are eminently graceful, immediately after woman and the cat. The contour of his chest and croup respectively rival, in their delicacy and purity, the sweetest outlines of the feminine form. The system of elastic curves, which succeed and correspond to each other over the whole extent of the creature's body, from the crown of his head to the extremity of his limbs, had been contrived for no other purpose than to save the rider from all possibility of shock, and to convert the movement of the gallop into a gentle oscillation. Hence, also, the secret of the infinite smoothness of the paces of the Arab horse, the grace of his gait, and the sureness of his foot.

M. Toussenel writes of English horses with a very hard pen. He declares that his British admirer thought fit to improve these points, and to model them after his ideal type of beauty—the right angle—which his imagination delights to revel in. England has spent thousands upon thousands of pounds, and two whole centuries of pains-taking, to obtain the marvellous result called the race-horse, which recalls, to all those who have yawned over their geometry, certain charming details of the square of the hypothenuse. It has atrocious action, a hard mouth, and a perfidious foot. For this last reason it is never suffered to run except on perfectly level ground, which must not be in the least slippery, but entirely free from stones and pebbles. It has to work three or four times a year, for three or four minutes each time, and is in other respects completely useless, either for war, sport, or for taking an airing. Such preposterous steeds require a special race of riders. By means of elaborate chemical processes, England has succeeded in creating the genus "jockey"—an intermediate race between the Laplander and the jockoo monkey, deriving its name from the latter quadruman. The race-horse, in fact, is not a horse; it is a pure piece of abstract speculation—a betting machine—and nothing more.

France, with her hundred million acres, cannot produce a sufficiency of chargers, even to supply the miserable demands of her cavalry. That fact alone is enough to indicate that the French nobility have passed away, and have undergone the great change from life to death. Privileges, parchments, rights of lordship, and other tinsel trappings of human vanity, were all burnt together, in one night, sixty years ago; and the castles of the last descendants of crusaders have been sold by auction, to become the property of the heroes of the treacle-tub and the spirit-cask. The yoke of barbarous conquest is broken; but France is none the freer for that. For, if the territory of France no longer produces the war-horse, the emblem of feudal nobility, it makes up for the deficiency by abundantly producing the diligence horse, the emblem of mercantile feudality. France is (or rather, was) in the hands of stock-jobbers, bankers, and monopolists of the public ways. The only horse, therefore, which is heartily cherished, is the transport horse, the beast of draught and burthen. The other was the handsomest, but his loss need not be regretted.

Paris is the mirror and the focus of France. The capital gives its tone to the provinces. The horse which plays first fiddle at Paris and throughout the rest of the Empire; the horse which is the most frequently talked about, is the stagecoach-post-diligence-and-omnibus horse. The statistics of the administration prove that this burdensome quadruped lames, in Paris alone, two persons and a fraction per day; and that it costs the Parisian population the life of exactly two victims monthly. But it is not entirely the fault of the animal. In the metropolis of France, the abode of opulence and happiness, there exists a number of individuals who have no other means of livelihood than to cast themselves under the wheels of a carriage, to get a limb or two broken, in order to receive a compensation from the owner which shall find them in bread for the rest of their days. Some are successful; others fail; whilst others, again, are cut in two—they don't mind it; it is all in the way of the profession they have voluntarily adopted.

The most inoffensive of all horses, but not the least estimable, is the *fiacre* or hackney coach horse, a modest race of Breton or Ardennaise extraction, and which does not pant for war, with flaming nostrils. It is the emblem of the humble workman, who is incessantly goaded by the spur of want, and who is obliged to rest wherever he happens to find himself, without any friendly shelter to protect him from the rigour of the seasons; whilst his unhappy head, weighed down with fatigue, sorrowfully droops towards the ground. The brutal driver, who scourges him, scarcely gives him time to stop and eat. But, alas, the driver himself is tortured by the lash of a master more barbarous and pitiless still—competition, the fury of civilisation. The cabriolet horse, and the *coucou* horse, speak eloquently of the diverse phases, the unexpected falls, and the eclipsed splendours of equine existence.

What gave rise to the mendacious proverb that Paris is the Hades of horses and the paradise of women, is not known. If ever two destinies ran parallel to each other, it is surely that of the Parisian belle and the Parisian horse, considered both as objects of luxury. The Boulevart and the Bois de Boulogne are their common paradise, as long as beauty, health, and youth endure. The hackney coach, and public disdain, are afterwards the Erebus of each; and lovely creatures, which had been endowed with so many faculties to please, arrive at last at the fatal goal — at Montfaucon and the hospital — after having run through the very same career. Paris consumes annually nearly fifteen thousand horses. About the same number of young girls are every year sacrificed there before the Minotaur of vice.

Yes! The horse is fallen in France; and so is gentlemanhood. The offspring of Bayard are dragging the tumbril; whilst the peer of France murders his wife, or traffics in mining and railway shares. The son of heroes sells the shield of his ancestors to serve as a sign for the stalls of Judah. If the proud Gallic horse, so terrible in battle, who fought himself, by kicking and biting, as fiercely as his cavalier—if both he and his noble rider have perished, because they knew not how to make a worthy use of the precious gifts with which they were endowed;—at least let their ruin be a lesson for the future to all others of the same race. Ye horses, and gentlemen, be warned by the avenging voice of revolutions, and learn that the duties of individuals are in direct proportion to their faculties: that the more we can, the more we ought to do, to increase the happiness of our brothers in God: that the indolence and parasitism of those who are neither idiots nor paralytic, are veritable robberies committed against society—and strive, henceforward, to conform your conduct to these principles.

A step lower amongst the varieties of the genus Equus is found the Ass, the primitive emblem of the peasant, the thorough despiser of finery and fine words; and who, in return for board and lodging, is content to put up with anything. The water-carrier, fellow-labourer of the ass, and native of the mountains of Auvergne, is not at all his superior in the Atticism of his language, the elegance of his manners, and the niceness of his gastronomical tastes. There is the same kindred between the ass and the Auvergnat as there is between the gentleman and the Arabian horse. Asses, and analogies, have been understood before to-day. Some thousands of years ago history and fable have placed them in close relationship.

The spirit of obscurantism, and of systematic repulsion to new ideas, is the passional dominant of the donkey; and he is very fond of boasting of it. But the spirit of obscuran*tism has* never constituted wisdom; quite the *contrary*. The donkey, who is the emblem of the coarse peasant and of the conservative boundary post, specially sins through his sluggishness of intellect. It is not so much the love of ancient usages and customs which retains him in the wheel-rut of routine, as the horror of new ones. Our author is good enough to give cheerfully both to the ass and to his image, the peasant, full credit for the virtues which they possess in common;—for their sobriety, their perseverance in toil, and their resignation in indigence; but he declines to make virtues of their vices. "As I well know," he continues, "that it is only through default of elevation of thought that the ass and the peasant support so patiently the yoke of tyranny, I will not look upon their patience as a merit. When their odious provincialisms grate upon my ear, I cannot begin a panegyric upon the sonorous energy of their masculine accents. Erasmus, who is unable to conceal his sympathies with the ass, confesses, nevertheless, that the cruciferous quadruped has very little taste for music; but he tries to bring forward in favour of his *protégé* the extenuating circumstance, that if the ass, during his lifetime, but slightly contributes to harmony, he makes ample recompense after his death, by furnishing the best leather in the world for drum-heads, and the best *tibias* for clarionets."

A very slight knowledge of the language of animals, and a limited appreciation of the peculiar style of each, is sufficient to show that three quarters of the proverbs of Sancho Panza were whispered in his ear by the donkey he rode. No more complete identity between beast and man exists than that between Don Quixote's squire and his steed. On both sides you find the same coarse good sense, the same selfishness, the same absence of feeling, the same propensity to jeer at just principles and generous ideas, the same contempt for right, and the same respect for fact. It would not take longer than a week to draw up a complete treatise on morals and politics without using an atom of any other material than the donkey's most popular aphorisms. With practical men, Don Quixotism is the proper word for devotion, delicacy, and faithfulness. But let us not deceive ourselves. The ass, like the Auvergnat, is a great deal more cunning and ignorant than foolish, and history has made a large collection of his incontrovertible sayings; notably this, "Our enemy in our master;" proving that the awkward-tempered brute can speak plainly enough, when he chooses. The essential folly of the ass is, never to vote in conformity with this opinion, but always to bestow his suffrage on him who ill-uses him the most brutally. This strange contradiction between his *bon-mots* and his votes demonstrates that the ass's opposition is only an opposition of temperament, which in most cases goes no further than epigram and restiveness.

We have measured the interval between

the horse and the ass, the gentleman and the clown. It now remains to speak of the intermediate race—the hybrid resulting from the alliance of the two species—the wealthy *bourgeois* or burgess, the Mule.

The mule is the sad emblem of the feudalism of money. The mule, or rather the muless adores, like the horse, all sorts of bells, plumes, embroidered caparisons, and pompous galas. In like manner, the vain *bourgeois* hunts after decorations and titles, and his spouse aspires to figure in the crowd that haunts the ante-rooms of princes. The muless loves to be harnessed to the chariot of popes and queens, peaceable royalties. The *bourgeois* is not a bit less mean in his interested adulation than the real gentleman and the courtier. The muless steps high, and sounds her bells as she walks along. The big-bonnetted burgess of little towns, the copple-crowned cock-o'-the-walk on 'Change, loves to talk of his riches and jingle his purse.

Unfortunately for the mule's reputation, that ardour for the fight, and that boiling courage, which poetise the tyranny of the aristocratic caste, are not to be found in him. In vain will the wealthy *bourgeois* try to give himself an imposing air, by covering his military representative with the fur cap. He strains after the majestic and only reaches the ridiculous. The martial head-dress, instead of aiding to conceal the tips of the ass's ears (it is a Frenchman who says this, remember), only seems, on the contrary, to display them in undue and gigantic proportions. One of the unfortunate passions of the trader, the manufacturer, and the officer of the National Guard, is the passion for horses. But there is an unsurmountable antipathy between the two species. Consequently, it is exceedingly rare that the forced marriages which now and then take place between them, do not speedily come to issue in a separate maintenance.

The generous horse, like the true gentleman, is always ready to fly to the assistance of the state in danger; the mule (read *bourgeois*) is equally fond of finding a substitute to fulfil that very displeasing function. The mule (always read *bourgeois*) is heartily delighted to abuse all the privileges of manorial rights, such as hunting, fishing, and all the rest of it; but he would like at the same time to escape the charges. He prefers to pay for the defence of the land—to maintain order by coming down with his cash—rather than to burden his own dear self with the duty. Moreover, this brave and worthy monopolist, who has got thousands out of society by the exercise of the corn and flour trade, only asks of society one thing in return; namely, to insure him the peaceable enjoyment of his rights, the fruit of his LABOUR. He is the friend of peace and order at any price; he regularly subscribes to the journal of Judah, and is exact in his payments.

The mule takes much more after the intellectual faculties of his father the ass, than of his mother the mare. Although less adventurous and more deliberate than the horse, he is much more headstrong and obstinate. In respect to literature and public performances, like the ass and the peasant, he relishes above all things melodrama and the guillotine. The mule, the emblem of mercantile feudalism, of the obstinate, vain, and timid *bourgeois*, the mule has not been destined to leave a posterity. Heaven be praised!

QUICKSILVER.

HALF the world knows that the quicksilver mine of Almaden, sixteen miles north of Seville, is the finest that exists. Its annual produce is twice as great as that of all the mines of the same kind in Carniola, Hungary, the Palatine and Peru put together. Almaden therefore is worth visiting. The place has its own traffic, and no other. There is no high road in its neighbourhood, and the quicksilver raised is carried by muleteers to the Government stores of Seville, where only it may be distributed; not being delivered at the mine to any purchaser. The muleteers take to Almaden wood, gunpowder, provisions and all necessaries; and thus the town lives and supports its eight thousand inhabitants. It is built chiefly in the form of one very long street, on the ridge of a hill, over the mine, which in every sense forms the foundation upon which it stands. It used to be under the care of a sleepy old hidalgo of a governor, but it is now controlled by a scientific officer, entitled the superintendent, and there is a good deal of vigour and practical sense displayed in the arrangements of the place. There is a town-hall in Almaden, a well-endowed school, and a hospital for the diseases of the miners.

The diseased forms of the men working as excavators belong only too prominently to a picture of Almaden. You meet men in the street with wasted faces, fetid breaths, and trembling hands; blind, paralytic. The heat in the lower workings of the mine is very considerable, the ventilation is imperfect, vapour of quicksilver floats upon the air, and condenses on the walls, down which it trickles in little runlets of pure liquid metal. Even visitors are sensibly affected by it, and retain for some time the metallic flavour in their mouths. The miners—who number more than four thousand—are divided into three gangs or watches, working six hours each, and leaving the fourth six hours of the twenty-four—from ten at night until four in the morning—as an interval of perfect rest. On account of the heat, and the deleterious nature of the vapour, summer is made the idle time, winter the great period of activity among the population. As the winter closes, the appearance of the miners begins very emphatically to tell its own tale, and great

numbers hasten to their native plains and mountains to recruit.

Their homes are chiefly scattered about Estremadura, Andalusia, and Portugal. Crowds of Portuguese, after harvest, flock to obtain employment at Almaden, selling not their labour only but their health. The most robust cannot work in the mine longer than for about fourteen days in succession, generally eight or nine days make as long a period of such labour as can be endured without rest. Those who exceed that time are obliged eventually to give up work and breathe unadulterated air for perhaps two months together. If they work without due precaution, and almost inevitably if they indulge in wine, miners at Almaden aged between twenty-five and thirty waste away, lose hair and teeth, acquire an insufferable breath, or become sometimes afflicted with tremblings that render them unable to supply their own wants; they have to be fed like infants. If the disease be not checked vigorously, cramps and nervous attacks of the most agonising kind follow upon these symptoms and lead on to death. They who work within due bounds, and live moderately, using a good deal of milk, if they take care always to cleanse their persons thoroughly after each six hours of work—the full day's labour—live not seldom to old age. These diseases afflict the miners only. The men engaged upon the ore and quicksilver outside the mines, in smelting and in other operations, do not suffer.

Storehouses, magazines, and workshops, are the leading features of the little town. Everything manufactured that is used—even to the ropes—is made upon the spot; and the workshops, like the whole engineering details of the mine itself, are planned in an unusually massive way, and carved out of the solid rock. The quicksilver mine belongs to the Crown (under which it is let out in four year leases to contractors rich enough to pay a very large deposit), and its details are all somewhat of a legal character. There used to be disasters frequently occasioned by the sinking of the works, and by fires. The last fire raged for upwards of two years and a half. The employment of wood, except for temporary purposes, has therefore been abandoned, and magnificent arched galleries of stone are built through every one of the new cuttings. The deposits are almost vertical; and great pains are taken to supply the void left by the removed ore, with a sufficiently strong body of masonry. Half the ore is, however, everywhere left standing as a reserve in case of any future accidents; and the whole yearly supply drawn from the mine is limited to twenty thousand quintals. This supply is drawn by mule power from the bowels of the hill through a grand shaft constructed on the usual impressive scale. There is not much trouble given by water in the mine. What water there is has to be pumped up by means of an engine built for the place by Watt himself, which would be a valuable curiosity in a museum.

The ore lies, as I have said, in a lode, almost perpendicular. There are three veins of it, called respectively St. Nicholas, St. Francisco, and St. Diego, which traverse the length of the hill and intersect it vertically; at the point where they converge galleries connect them all together. The thickness of the lode varies between fourteen and sixteen feet; it is much thicker where the veins intersect, and seems to be practically inexhaustible; for as the shaft deepens, the ore grows richer both in quality and quantity. The yield consists of a compact, grey quartz, impregnated with cinnabar and red lead. Associated with it, is a conglomerate called by the miners Fraylesca, because in colour it resembles the blue grey of the familiar cassock worn by frayles (friars) of the Franciscan order.

The chief entrance to the mine is out of the town, on the hill side, facing the south, the town itself being on the hill-top. The main adit leads by a gallery to the first ladder, and by galleries and very steep ladders the descent afterwards continues to be made. Though the mine is one of the very oldest in the world—the oldest I believe of any kind that still continues to be worked—the workings have not up to this time penetrated deeper than a thousand feet.

The quicksilver is procured out of the ore by sublimation over brick furnaces about five feet in height, and as the furnaces are fed with the wood of cistus and other aromatic shrubs, this part of the process is extremely grateful to the senses. There are thirteen double furnaces and two quadruple ones, partly erected at Almaden, partly at Almadenejos—Little Almaden—in the neighbourhood. The minerals having been sorted, are placed in the chambers over the furnaces according to their quality in different proportions and positions, the best at the bottom. The whole mass, piled upon open arches in the form of a dome, is then roofed over with soft bricks made of kneaded clay and fine particles of sulphuret of mercury, a free space of about eighteen inches being left between the ore and roof, in which the vapour can collect and circulate. The mercurial vapour finally conducted along stoneware tubes luted together, condensing as it goes, is deposited in gutters which conduct it across the masonry of a terrace into cisterns prepared to receive it. The quicksilver there carefully collected is then put into jars of wrought iron, weighing about sixteen pounds a-piece, and each holding about twenty-five pounds English of the finished produce of the mines.

As for the antiquity of the mines at Almaden, that is immense. Pliny says, that the Greeks had vermilion from it seven hundred years B.C., and that the Romans in his day were obtaining from it ten thousand pounds of cinnabar yearly, for use in their paintings. The working of the mine fell of

course into abeyance in the Dark Ages, but was resumed at some time in the fifteenth century. After the expulsion of the Moors the mine was given as a present to the religious knights of Calatrava, and it reverted finally to the Crown more than three centuries ago.

The present workings are not quite on the old spot. Fugger Brothers, of Augsburg, farmed it in those past days; and having drawn a fortune out of it, by which they became a byword for wealth ("Rich as a Fucar," say the Spanish miners still), they gave up their lease as worthless. Government could make nothing of the mine, and therefore caused the ground to be carefully explored. The extraordinary deposit upon which the miners now are operating was in that way discovered.

AN IRISH STEW.

I HAVE found them! The rags, the bones, the sawdust and the dirt, which I was at first unable, as I endeavoured to explain in a former paper, to discover in Dublin. But I have found them now. Not in Sackville Street, or Westmoreland Street, or Dame Street, or Grafton Street; not in aristocratic Merrion Square or College, or Stephen's Green; not in the Phœnix Park—but in the Coombe.

A swift steam-engine has wafted me from the ancient city of Chester, across, or rather through the great tubular bridge, through the picturesque Welsh country, by a multiplicity of stations whose names, being utterly unpronounceable, it would be a waste of time to transcribe here, to the promontorial port called Holyhead. Whence a sea-monster has borne me across St. George's Channel. It has borne me to the clean sparkling suburb of Kingstown—once an unaristocratic, humble, lobster-smelling little village, called Dunleary, but since the visit of the Georgium Sidus to Ireland, in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, baptised, and thenceforward known as Kingstown. I may observe, however, that while he was about it, the regal toucher for the evil of nomenclature might have changed the three stations on the road between Kingstown and Dublin: Booterstown, Black Rock, and Salt Hill, into Pump-ville, Jet-ornament, and Salinopolis, or something pretty of that description.

So I have come to Dublin, and I have taken my fill of the monuments and public buildings, and of the Industrial Exhibition. But I have been keeping a wary look-out meanwhile in the rag and bone interest; hence I found myself in the Coombe. I did not know then that the Coombe was the Coombe; so I straggled out of it again, bewildered, dazed, in a labyrinth of dirty streets, rubbing the eyes of my mind, as one of the Seven Sleepers might have rubbed his corporeal eyes on his first ramble after his nap. The Lord Lieutenant (whose carriage I stopped to see sweep out of the Vice-regal yard into Dame Street) was the primary cause of my wandering Coombe-wise; but a personage somewhat removed from him in worldly station and appearance was the secondary loadstone which pointed to this pole. This was no other than a Dublin fishwoman, very much disguised or rather undisguised in rage and alcohol, who was scattering the flowers of her eloquence broadcast on a female with a barrow at the door of a whisky shop—the *casus belli* being a disputed question as to the right of property in a flat-iron—here called a "smooth." — "Isn't it the smooth that's mine?" and "Sure it's not a skirrick of it that's yours," were bandied about for some time, till the dealer in *molluscæ*, after the manner of persons quarrelling, diverged from the main point at issue to some retrospective griefs and *torts* by her suffered at the hands of her opponent. "Isn't it yerself," demanded this female Demosthenes in a concluding Philippic, "that daren't go to chapel, forbye Father M'Anasser forbad ye ivery brick of it? Isn't it yerself that kem down only Wednesday was a fortnight to the corner of the Coombe, foreninst the whole world, and called me a murthering ould excommunicated gaseometer?" With which latter trope she folded her arms and looked oyster-knives at her enemy.

At the corner of the Coombe! Where was the Coombe? I had heard that St. Patrick's Cathedral, which I was anxious to see, was down in the Coombe, but the guide-books were all silent as to where the Coombe was. I found the Coombe—which is indeed a very long, straggling estuary between houses (I cannot call it a street) running from the bottom of Francis Street to Ardee Street and Pimlico, and possessing *comitoria* seemingly innumerable, in the shape of lanes, back streets, courts, and blind alleys—to be a thoroughfare of the same description as its neighbour, with a strong additional dash of Petticoat Lane, Broker's Row in Birmingham and Newgate Market; but with an almost indescribable aspect of dirt and confusion, semi-continental picturesqueness, shabbiness—less the shabbiness of dirt than that of untidiness—overpopulation, and frowsiness generally, perfectly original and peculiarly its own. I wandered up and down and about the Coombe for hours, till I was hungry, thirsty, and tired, and I would strongly advise all travellers in Ireland, all painters of still life and *genre* subjects, and lovers of the picturesque catholicity, by no means to omit a walk in the Coombe when they visit Dublin, the silence of the guide books and the cicero-ni notwithstanding. Let me see if I can, in my small way, recall a few of the oddities I saw.

First the old clothes. A man who has seen

the Temple in Paris, and Rag-fair in London, is apt to imagine that very little can astonish him in the cast-off garment line. Let him come to the Coombe. This, its subsidiaries, succursals, and tributaries, don't teem but swarm, don't swarm but burst, with old clothes. Here is a shop out of a hundred which is a mass of old clothes, so thickly sown, so deeply heaped, that the proprietor and proprietors, squatting among them smoking their pipes, look like bundles of old clothes (they are little else) themselves. Every imaginable article of male and female attire seems clustered together in this shop. The broken windows have old clothes stuffed into their shattered panes; the sleeping department of the establishment is walled off by a screen of old gowns and petticoats; the wind is excluded by old stockings thrust into chinks, and sleeveless coats laid at the bottoms of doors. There is a tattered shawl for a carpet, and a fragment of some under-garment for a table-cloth; old clothes for counterpanes, old clothes for window curtains; the pockets of old clothes (I shouldn't wonder) for corner cupboards. All the mortals that sleep in the valley of dry bones seem to have left their garments here. All Jason's army must have deposited their civilian's costume or "mufti" in the Coombe, before they went into uniform, and took the dragon's-tooth bounty—stay! another solution: *this* is what becomes of our old clothes. How many jackets, pinafores, petticoats, tunics, skeleton-suits, tail coats, frock coats, pantaloons, waistcoats, pairs of boots and shoes, hats, caps, shirts, and stockings, have we had since we were children, and where are they now? Has any man or woman a complete set of his or her wearing apparel from his or her youth upwards? If any such, let him or her stand forth! Some we may have given to our valets (such of us as possess such retainers); some we may have bartered, sold, lost, or had stolen from us. But all cannot have gone this way. Neither can we wear a garment (be it ever so threadbare—ever so tattered) but some vestige, some remnant must remain (though I once knew an Irish gentleman who was assured, and convincingly so by his valet, that he had worn a favourite green hunting-coat for which he made inquiry—"clean out"). What, then, becomes of the old clothes? This: they take unto themselves wings and fly away—to the Coombe.

Yes, here they all are, and you may see yourself retrospectively in a mirror of rags. Here is the black frock and black sash and broad-flapped hat with the black plume you wore for your father's death. *You* wear these rags, ay! You wonder now whether you could ever have worn them, as much as when at five years old you marvelled why they were substituted for the glowing plaid merino and showy Leghorn purchased for you only three weeks before. Here are your first school-clothes, the marks of the wiped pen yet on cuff and collar, the whitened elbows attesting how doggedly you leant with them on the desk, over *verbum personale*—the wrinkled arms, and frayed cuffs, and cracked seams, bearing witness how much too big you grew for that last jacket before you were provided with a new one. Here is the tail coat you courted your first wife in; here in dank sable tatters is the black suit you wore at her funeral; and here is the blue body coat and fawn-coloured kerseymeres you made the second Mrs. Reader a happy woman in. Here is your schoolmaster's grey duffel dressing-gown, the very sight of which throws a shudder through you, even now; your grandmother's well remembered black satin (worn only on high days and holidays, and reposing during the rest of the year in a dilapidated piebald hair trunk like a quadrangular cow); your sister's cashmere shawl you brought her after your first voyage, and in the centre of which Gyp the puppy bit a neat polygonal hole. Here are all the boots and shoes you ever wore—that have paced the deck, or plodded Cheapside, or tripped along chalked floors to merry tunes, or crawled through mud and mire up to high places, or shuffled about prison-yards, or faltered in docks, or stumbled in drawing-rooms, or kept the "pot a boiling," or stood on the damp ground over the dampest clay beside the dampest grave, while you peered down to see the last of kindred or of love. Oh man, man, go to the Coombe and learn! Strive not to read futurity, but con over that past which is surely spread out before you there in ragged leaves. Did the Teufelsdröck of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus ever come to the Coombe? If he live yet—and when will he die!—let him come.

Seriously, (if among bizarre and fantastic speculations a man can claim credit for seriousness) there is really and truly a cause for this extraordinary accumulation of old clothes not only in the Coombe, but in every back street of Dublin. The Irish, from the peasantry even to the numerous class of petty shopkeepers and mechanics, are, it is patent, almost universal wearers of old clothes. At what season of national depression, what climax of suffering and destitution they were first reduced to this degrading strait is yet to be discovered; but to this day, and in this day thousands of persons (whose equals in England would disdain it) are content to wear second-hand garments—not only outer but inner and under. Again, the extraordinary exodus, which every year takes tens of thousands of Irishmen from their native shores (principally to America) creates an enormous demand for second-hand wearing apparel; for in the United States clothes are among the very dearest articles of supply, and a newly arrived emigrant without money or without some wardrobe, however tattered, would soon have to go as Adam did. And again, many many hundreds of poor creatures

(I have seen it and know it) are only enabled to cross from Dublin to Liverpool (even on the deck with the pigs and geese) at the sacrifice of a waistcoat, a shawl, or a coat sold for anything they will fetch. In like manner, in Liverpool, is the passage-money to New York often completed, or the miserable stock of provisions eked out by the sale of such old clothes as can be spared. Thus a great system of clothes barter and exchange, sale, purchase, and re-sale, goes on in Ireland. Step into the many old clothes depôts about Rag Fair, or the Clothes Exchange in London, and ask the dealer where the majority of his stock is to be exported to. He will tell you to Ireland —for the Irish market. I dare say many gentlemen of the Irish press would vehemently deny this, and asserting that the Celt, their compatriot, never condescends to wear anything but spick and span new broadcloth, and denouncing my atrocious mendacity and general Saxon brutality insinuate besides that I murdered Eliza Grimwood, fomented the Gunpowder Plot, and set the Thames on fire; but the Coombe is my evidence on the old clothes question, and I will stick to it.

Diverging, temporarily, a little from the Coombe I enter Patrick Street, which leads to Patrick's Close, and to the great Protestant Cathedral of St. Patrick. Patrick Street is of the Coombe, Coombish. One side is occupied by an imposing manifestation of the old clothes interest, the other by a continuous line of stalls for the sale of butcher's-meat and provisions in general—the stalls being overshadowed by projecting bulkheads prodigiously productive of *chiaro oscuro*, picturesqueness, rottenness, and dinginess. This and the neighbourhood is the most ancient, raggedest, dirtiest, wretchedest part of Dublin's proud city. I become sensible of the presence of incalculable swarms of tattered children nearly all without shoes or stockings, and the average number of whose articles of dress varies from one and a half to two and three-eighths; likewise of a multiplicity of grown-up females, also barefooted—the elder ones astoundingly hideous, the younger ones not unfrequently exceedingly well-favoured, and for all their bare feet, modest and demure. The men seem to carry the allowance of shoes for both sexes, exhibiting their lower extremities cased in huge shoes, which in heavy weather on heavy roads must make walking anything but a labour of love. I opine the men of all ages and the women of mature years are nearly all smoking the national short-pipe, its top protected by a small leaden cupola, perforated, like a miniature dish-cover with a hole in it. And I cannot fail to observe a salient and a melancholy national peculiarity in men and women and children. They all crouch, or loll, or cower, or lean on something somehow—on door-steps and counters, over chairs and window-sills. The climate is not sultry, it is not enervating; yet here they crouch, and cower, and loll and lean, with the same pervading, listless, wearied, *blasé* expression. The first thing I saw on landing at Kingstown was a railway porter, lounging with both elbows outspread over a truck, with a thoroughly "used up" and languid air; and I see scores of counter-parts of him as I walk along Patrick Street.

You will say that a visit to any London or Anglo-provincial district, colonised by Irish, will show you what I have been describing; but there are sights here, in addition, that you will not see out of Patrick Street and the Coombe. Groups of men and children carrying neatly-cut sods of "turfs," peat sods for fuel, about for sale; little dusky shops, full of big white jugs and huge iron-hooped buckets and churns full of buttermilk; more pork and bacon and eggs within a few square yards than you would see in some town-miles; open shops like coal-sheds, but where, instead of coals, there are piles on piles and sacks on sacks of potatoes, which the dealers are shovelling and carting about as though they really were closed, and to show the quality of which for the behoof of customers there is, on a little tripod, a plate of brown-jacketed murphies ready boiled and half-peeled; numerous stalls for the sale of salt fish—cod and ling—for this is Friday, and the Coombe, though hard by the cathedral close, is Catholic; sweep and dustman's carts jogging slowly by—the cart a long low contrivance like a horse-trough on wheels, and the vicinity of its owner being announced by a bell attached to a wire on the horse's collar. Lastly, all through Patrick Street and the Coombe, and Francis Street and the vicinity, one corner of every outlet, sometimes both, are garnished with a grocer's shop, and also a tobacconist's, and also a whisky shop. The author of Lalla Rookh and the Loves of the Angels was born in such a shop.

At the first cursory view, Dublin seems very deficient in houses of public entertainment. No swinging doors invite the passer by—no glistening bars dazzle the toper's eyes. He sees plenty of hotels and plenty of grocers, but few what may be called public-houses. When, however, he has been a very few days in Dublin, he discovers that in almost every "hotel" (the Sackville Street and aristocratic ones I exclude, of course) he may be provided with refreshment as moderate as a "dandy" of punch, or modicum of whisky and hot water, which costeth twopence; or that in almost every shop where tea and coffee and sugar are sold, there also is sold the enlivening beverage extolled by poets but denounced by Father Mathew, the "rale potheen," from a pennyworth up to a gallon, which costeth eight shillings. There are, I believe, some excise and municipal regulations, limiting the drinking of whisky on the premises, which prompt some grocers of tender consciences to provide back yards, with back outlets, into which customers accidentally

stray to drink their whisky, and find, as accidentally, such waifs and strays as "materials," *i. e.*, hot water, sugar, and lemons, under a water-butt, or what not; but, in general, there seems no disguise about the matter; and, in the dram-drinking line, the grocery as plainly means whisky, as in England, the Alton ale-house means beer.

I turn into Bull Alley, a very narrow and filthy little bulk-headed avenue of butchers' stalls—the very counterpart of a street in Stamboul. I have but time to notice that the butchers' wives and daughters are very rosy and comely looking—as all butchers' wives and daughters in all climes and countries seem to be—and make my escape as soon as ever I can; for Bull Alley has anything but an agreeable perfume, and there are puddles of blood between the uneven paving-stones, and should an animal of the species from which Bull Alley derives its name be disposed to manifest himself therein (which I do not consider unlikely), stung to frenzy by a "sense of injured merit," I would rather (Bull Alley being but contracted) be anywhere else, so I wend my way into Patrick's Close,

Where, looming large in the very midst of the old clothes, dirt, bare feet, slaughter-houses, and whisky-shops, is the metropolitan church of Dublin—the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It is a venerable majestic building—a chaste and elegant example of that most glorious period of pointed Gothic architecture, the close of the twelfth century. Originally built, so it is said, by St. Patrick, the present church dates from the year one thousand one hundred and ninety, when John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, demolished the elder structure.

It is magnificent in conception and detail, built in one uniform style, with a glorious nave and transept, a chapter-house and a Lady chapel. The banners of the Knights of St. Patrick hang over the arches of the nave. There is a fine choir, and monumental tombs, and cathedral service daily; but within and without the whole fabric is in a lamentable state of decay, and the feelings that come over one in gazing on it are inexpressibly melancholy. With its gray tower and noble proportions it dominates the city; but it stands here an anomaly, a discrepancy, an almost unused fane, unreverenced, unsympathised with, unhónoured, disavowed, disliked.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral are the tombs of Dean Swift; of the woman who loved him so truly, and whom he used with such fantastic cruelty, the unfortunate Stella (Mrs. Hester Johnson); of Michael Tregury, Archbishop of Dublin; of the famous Duke Schomberg killed at the battle of the Boyne in one thousand six hundred and ninety; and of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. The noise and riot, and lumbering cars and waggons in the Coombe will not wake them, though they may shake the chain near the communion table, from which hangs the cannon ball that dealt the death blow to General St. Ruth at the battle of Aughrim, in one thousand six hundred and ninety-one. Hie we back to the Coombe.

Pursuing my further researches in this interesting district, I am struck by the apparently irresistible liking that the Irish have for hanging miscellaneous articles, principally rags, from their windows. Pantaloons, coats, and body-linen, and textile odds and ends of every imaginable hue and stage of raggedness flutter and dangle from poles and nails and clothes lines from every window. The effect in the Coombe and in the numerous little *vomitoria* I have hinted at, adjoining it, is pictorial, scenic, continental in the highest degree, but scarcely, I should say, conducive to interior comfort—a defect I have somewhat largely observed in this aspect of the picturesque, in the course of my small travels. Further, I confess my inability to discover why the male portion of the Coombian population should monopolise the whole available stock of boots and shoes and hose, to the detriment of the ladies or Coombianæ; why they should appear to hold soap and water in such apparent detestation—the Liffey being close at hand, and a clear stream; and why they should not live a little less like pigs, and a little more like human beings.

END OF VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

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